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Harpers *Magazine*

WHY THINGS GROW OLD

BY ROY HELTON

I do not contend that there are two sorts of time in nature, but certainly man uses one of the phenomena of time to measure another that means something very different. Clock time measures the time in which things grow old. But why does any kind of time make things grow old? That is one of those mysteries that have always been taken for granted, or rather have scarcely ever been recognized as being a mystery at all. Gravitation was once thought of in a similar fashion. It too was taken for granted. And yet until we recognize the nature of time and why all things grow old, human life must be, in many respects, a battle in the dark.

Painfully and in many directions science to-day is struggling to extend the natural life of man. International statesmen are, with equal pains and more spectacular fervor, laboring to prolong the supposedly threatened life of our civilization. There are movements afoot to preserve the vitality of the English language, to hold together the somewhat weakened fibers of the British Empire, to save Christianity from the attacks of scientific

skepticism, and to preserve the life of the New Deal and the Republican Party. But underneath these efforts lies our unanswered question.

What really destroyed the Roman Empire? Was it the Visigoths? Was it malaria, was it the luxury of the caldarium and the groaning tables of Lucullus? Or was it something else that inevitably ages each civilization as it yields to it, and every man and every passion? Why do some arts, some civilizations, and some men so notably outlive all others? For four millennia Egypt was Egypt. From Menes to Cleopatra runs one unbroken line of art, tradition, and faith. In comparison Greece and Rome were mere flashes in the pan. At ninety-nine Titian was painting another great picture. At fifty Shakespeare was finished. The cultures of man rise and fall like the waves of a stormy sea. The culture of an ant hill remains immutable through all the hurricanes of human history. What is it in time that does such uneven things to the human body, and to all things, living and inert?

It is easy to become confused by the two quite different notions of time we have formed, one from clocks and one from life. Clock time is a division of the day and year. It compares two uniform motions, that of the earth around the sun and that of the pendulum of our clock. In these motions is nothing that is essentially age-recording. Whatever is age-recording about them is internal to the earth and sun and in the wear on the machinery of the clock. When we erect a dial in our garden we say that we can tell time by the sun. That is true, and it is true in two ways. With a dial we can divide the earth's daily rotation into even intervals, but there would be nothing in that process similar to what we mean by anything growing old.

Yet we might do another quite different thing with the sun. It would have, for the present, to be an imaginary thing; for there is no instrument as yet able to achieve it. The sun attracts the earth and everything on the earth with a force proportional to its mass. If there could be constructed a spring balance sensitive enough to record and measure that attraction that instrument could then be used to weigh the sun. It could also be used to tell time. For the sun is expelling energy from its surface at a rate little short of incredible, and in doing so it is losing weight by the thousands of tons every minute. So if we could weigh the sun from hour to hour and record the differences of its weight then we should be telling time in a way that has something to do with the process of growing old. For we should be measuring the aging of the sun, and not, any more, the motion of the earth about it. That would be a true measure of the kind of time that most concerns human life.

By clock time to-morrow and yesterday are equally distant. By growing-old time they are not. One is just round the corner, the other less accessible than the remotest star. To-morrow will be different from to-day in ways that are not results of any clock-measured motion through space. It will be different because of

changes inside of us, in our relationships, in our feelings, in our vitality, in our impact on nature, which is itself changing out of a past that can never be recalled.

But what does that mean—that word *never*? Light a match and let it burn to the end. The universe can never afterward be the same. If chemistry could remake that match from its heat, its gases, and carbon, the losses in the process would require an effort greater than the original energy locked up in the molecules of the match. This is an illustration of the famous principle of Lord Kelvin: "Any restoration of mechanical energy can be attained only by a more than equivalent degradation somewhere else." In those words, for nearly seventy years, was hidden the physical meaning of time—the truth no clock ever told.

What it says is this: Yesterday the energies of the universe were more concentrated than they are to-day. Stars grow old by projecting their energies out into space. An old star has diffused more of its energy than a young star. What that diffusion has done to the color of its light enables us roughly to estimate its relative age. Also the whole universe grows old by expanding and, in every part, transforming its energy into more and more random forms. All this is by now common knowledge, yet a knowledge that has seemed to touch man's life with a very slight hand.

II

I am suggesting that this wisdom from the stars comes home to us much more nearly than has been supposed. For it appears inevitable that the definition of time as a diffusion or scattering of energy applies not only to the rocks of the earth, to the earth itself, and its mother sun, but also to man's physical body, to his emotions, to his institutions and civilizations, and to every concern of his life.

What we mean by growing old is that the energies of the thing we are speaking of are becoming more diffused.

If I am right the conclusion has a certain importance; for though, in regard to

many human things, we have no control over the process by which energies are scattered, in regard to many others we do have such a control, and can at will diminish the rate at which some of those things or qualities we value most diffuse their original concentration and drift into the past before we are done with them.

But first I must offer one observation. Between organic and inorganic things there is a profound difference. Organic things concentrate energy and then lose it again. Inorganic things, so far as we know their life history, are always losing energy. This difference may be only relative; yet, for our present knowledge, it is a distinction to remember. Life concentrates energy in an energy-diffusing universe. Each living thing grows to a point of maximum power for such concentration, and then begins to scatter its energies again and at last surrenders to the universal process.

This happens not only for the whole creature, but for all his organs, each one of which is, in some senses, a separate individual. At the height of a man's concentration of energy, at what is called the physical peak, every part of a man is specialized to its own function, though the parts are often, at that point, not fully coördinated. Which is to say his psychic balance may not be adequate for the full use of his physical power. Until he reaches that physical peak specialization has not yet fully occurred. Growth up to that point, the building of the frame, the slow unfolding of functions dormant in the child, is a process of intensification, in every part, of all the potential energies each function of the body and nervous system could seize for itself in competition with all the rest. At first the stomach and lungs and heart have everything their own way. A little later dentition and the building of bones dominate these earlier and more general processes. Then comes a time when the organs of sex claim paramount and often disordering attention. But at last the man is in command of a congeries of creatures, each

one of which has struggled to concentrate in itself all the power and activity it can. From then on the physical specialization slowly proceeds from the organs into their cell life, though for a long time that fact may be compensated for through greater power of control.

In the end the specialization goes too far. The cells no longer co-operate for the general welfare. The organs, one by one, as Alfred Adler puts it, "abandon themselves to the pursuit of pleasure"—that is, to relative indolence. Their concentration for a united power declines. Their connection with the whole economy of the body grows slowly less significant. A few organs, for a while, take on burdens for all the rest. Then their effort also slackens as their cells too grow more individualized. The old man becomes less and less an integration for the concentration of energy and more and more an apparatus for its dispersal. The body heat is maintained, but little else, and as Charcot wrote so many years ago, in the first detailed medical study of old age, "The organs seem, as it were, to become independent of one another."

Some thirty years ago Charles Sedgwick Minot, then professor of embryology at Harvard University, completed a series of studies of what happens in the human body when a man grows old. He demonstrated that life commences with an intense and well nigh incredible potential energy that begins to go down hill almost immediately after conception. He based this conclusion on the power of bodily growth.

At the time of birth a child has grown five million per cent. Only two per cent of its original growth-power remains, and that remaining power declines after birth in a rapidly descending curve. So that if the decline in growth-power is a form of growing old, we have grown old faster before we were born than we ever shall afterward. It is also highly probable, though not so easily proved, that a child's power of rapid learning has declined more before he enters school than it ever will afterward; and that it steadily de-

clines thereafter, most rapidly in youth, and least rapidly in old age. To learn to speak our own tongue is probably the greatest intellectual feat any one of us ever performs. To master the integral calculus is, comparatively speaking, mere child's play.

So if one is to speak of a person's declining years he should properly apply that term to the years that end in the kindergarten. Such is one of Minot's more general conclusions, and it helps us only by the remarkable analogy it can now suggest between the history of the individual and that of the universe, each beginning with immense internal energy, in one case the energy of potential growth, in the other an atomic energy to be diffused in space and, in the physical sense, degraded in form.

Minot's important contribution is, however, more exact. It deals with the cells of the body. To strip it of technicality, it is this: in old age the cells are highly differentiated, or individualized; in youth they are not. This seems to indicate that the individualizing process which gave us our organs continues finally into the cells of the organs. Moreover he says:

"Reversed cytomorphosis (cell differentiation) cannot occur. Differentiated material cannot return to the original undifferentiated condition."

Now these conclusions or laws quite clearly give us a new definition of time, a definition based on the human body, which would say, of two states of the same body that in which the cells are more individualized is the later, and that in which the cells are less individualized, the earlier. And that seems to be the meaning time has, physiologically. How does it connect with the more general law of energy?

Consider. We begin our lives with immense energy of growth and repair. This energy first expends itself on the whole creature through cell multiplication. The body grows in bulk, at the same time becoming more and more individualized in respect to its parts. Our

organs develop and mature. But the process that produced them continues and at the far end the same power is expended on the individual cells, giving each one a final and immutable form. Once they attain such a form the old man's organs cannot repair all the losses they suffer in the processes of life, and the time comes when one of them fails so badly that the man dies. Before that has occurred they have diminished in size and their place has been filled with connective tissue of no use to maintain anything except a structural cohesion.

This process of time in man presents, therefore, an unmistakable picture of the diffusion and scattering of the growth energy into less and less usable forms. It seems, therefore, to be a special case under the general law of energy as that law affects living things. And that is my suggestion of a starting point in man's battle with time. Where that seems to lead I will later explain.

III

But my imagination refuses to stop there. For the picture I have been drawing of the human body, with a mere difference of terms, would describe also the rise and decay and fall of the Roman Empire, or might be taken to describe the rise and senescence, if you please to consider it so, of the present British Empire where Newfoundland, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, India, and Ireland have become differentiated in form of government and in the fixity of their institutions, and each has slowly achieved independence of the general body to which it still belongs. This is an analogy, and I am claiming no more than that for it, as yet. But we must admit that the expansion of the British Empire is a phenomenon of life, and since it is an example of the use of the collective energies of men, it is hard to see how it can escape obeying the general laws of nature. How it obeys those laws is the only question. Without any general principle to go on we have relied on accident and competition as our

basis for a philosophy of history. Perhaps that is not necessary. Perhaps we can begin with a law of time.

Think of Egypt. There was a land that in ancient times was almost precluded from any external scatterings of her internal energy. She was precluded from it by the way in which the river Nile commanded her civilization, and by her physical form as a valley surrounded by more or less desert and infertile land. Save in the dynasty climaxed in the activities of that restless woman, Hatshepsu, Egypt's armies rarely left the Nile. It was not typical of her to engage in foreign conquest. Her thought, her conception of life and its values, was conditioned by the Nile. It was her blood stream. She had small incentive to penetrate into regions whose life was not understandable to her. She concentrated on her own qualities. She developed them to their utmost, and in the end they destroyed her. But they did not destroy her until she had outlived a dozen civilizations, not so concentrated and thus more able to diffuse their energies in every direction.

With all of Europe to expand into, every great European empire has been dissipated by its own diffusions, save that of Britain, which is not very old. The original growth-energy spreads into the remote parts, which become specialized and not any longer interested in what the general body is up to. Or if one chooses to compare the growing thing to a cell with a nucleus surrounded by undifferentiated protoplasm, he would say that as an empire grows older the amount of surrounding protoplasm increases, and quite commonly the central nucleus gets more and more used up. As for instance right now England and France, if not definitely declining in population, are at least relatively declining, and England has lost part of her nucleus in our lifetime. This is a mere analogy, but one that seems more striking when it is known that the common characteristic of all aging cells, including those of the blood, is that the protoplasm increases in

volume and the nucleus contracts, which is to say that the random elements increase, the organized elements diminish.

Consider, as another instance, the history of an art. Architecture is the one most general, the one best expressing a racial or national energy. There have been as many styles as periods of human culture, but all styles of architecture save those not accidentally—that is, politically—destroyed present a common history, as unmistakable and as typical as the periods of a human life.

All save those which are directly derivative and, so to speak, plastered on to other styles, begin in crude and embryonic structures which increase in size and beauty to an easily recognizable maturity and then decline in a frenzy of decoration. The Tuscan, the Etruscan, the Romanesque, the pyramid-temple architecture of Egypt, all represent crude and sometimes cruel power. The Doric of the Parthenon, the Gothic of Amiens and Rheims, and the temple at Karnak are marvels of organized and self-disciplined maturity. But every great style ends in the ornate, the rococo, the flamboyant. What does this mean?

In the Doric the capitals belong to the column, as the column to the temple. Nothing asserts itself. All things are in their place and right for the whole structure. But having gone so far the development cannot stop. Each part persists in going on to an individual end, no longer for the cathedral or the temple but for itself.

Let me give you a quotation: "We find after the differentiation has been accomplished there is a tendency to carry the change still farther and make it so great that it goes beyond perfection of structure." That describes precisely the condition of the flamboyant cathedral where every finial demands the eye, of the late Corinthian temple or Saracenic mosque; but the quotation is not from a historian of the arts, but from a biologist describing the process of senile decay in man.

Are these mere analogies? Are they not rather evidences of a general truth

about energy operating in time through life and all its products?

What killed the gods of Greece and Rome who were dying one by one before Christianity supplanted them? A similar diffusion of the energy of belief. Those old gods, after unifying many scattered faiths, began to compete with one another in the popular heart. Aphrodite put on a helmet and became a goddess of war, and her later worshippers claimed for her the lower regions and the heavens, in competition with Athene and Ceres and Artemis. Apollo, god of light, became a god of growth, and of the sea, and of art, and of healing and of prophecy, and for each function must have ministers as diverse as Æsculapius and the Muses. The random elements increased until the faiths were lost in a confusion where the Roman emperors joined the gods of men, and in young Adonis was figured the mystery of death and resurrection. Meanwhile through all this scattering the once despised Jahwe of Israel, a single concentrated and concentrating power, survived the proud gods of the Acropolis and held a wandering people strong in a single faith.

IV

But let us venture into a quite different field. We know that whole orders of creatures once lived and now live no more. The great saurian races, the hugest of all land-walking animals, once dominated the earth; but we do not know that when they perished they perished to any comparable enemy. And if some beast like a weasel developed the habit of sucking dinosaur's eggs and so destroyed the race, that fact may not at all prove that my hypothetical weasel was the more fitted to survive, in any common meaning of that term; for he may also have perished very miserably when the last egg was sucked.

But if one puts the case another way, he does arrive somewhere. When a great race passes from the attacks of disease, or of animal enemies of a higher order, or from climatic changes, we do know one

thing. That race has lost the power to adapt itself to a new condition. It has gone on meeting changes of condition for perhaps a million years and then it can go no farther and becomes extinct. And that is singularly like the fate of a man or of a civilization. We know of many such cases in paleontology, and Henry Fairfield Osborn has listed numerous instances which lead to a fairly general conclusion in regard to them. When a race of animals develops what one may call a slightly erratic appearance it is probably headed toward extinction. That is, when its individuals are notably large, or very long and thin, as with eels, or much burdened with protective horn or bone, the death of the race is approaching.

Now I cannot prove that such a condition represents a diffusion, or scattering, or degradation of the life energy of a race, or that it is a precise parallel to what happens to the cells of an aging human body. It merely seems probable. But if you will permit me to imagine for a moment that some sort of director was managing the evolution of the great dinosaurs, I might be allowed to say that it was pursuing an extremely scattering form of activity as to the race, and that in each individual of the race the same over-specialization of parts which seems to be the life form of scattering was occurring. For instead of producing one species sufficiently energetic and adaptable to meet a wide variety of conditions, it produced a species for each set of conditions, and the result of that activity is evident in the queer monsters one may see in any large museum. They were excessively differentiated, and it requires only a glance at their forms and bulk for one to realize that a slight change in the conditions each became adapted to would have caused its extinction. So while one cannot quite say that a diffusion and scattering of life energy is evident in a single dinosaur, he can say that it is true for the race, and that in its evolution from a simpler and more concentrated and plastic ancestor the race scattered its energy and succumbed to time.

Though there are freakish developments, here and there among the infinite experiments of life, and degenerate forms, the rule seems sound. Time follows in racial changes a general law. It moves toward specialization.

A similar process is illustrated by the history of medieval armor. The popular fiction is of course that the development of firearms put an end to the harnessed knight. But the effect could not have been direct, for the first useful hand-gun, the arquebus, was not employed effectively until the beginning of the sixteenth century, and then by the Spaniards in their Italian wars; and body armor had by then already fallen into disfavor in England. Foot soldiers and captains had to be compelled to wear their full equipment, which had been developed past the point of mobility (just as our great battleships were developing past the point of mobility at the time of the World War). It is interesting to compare the descriptions of the knightly armor of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with what we know of the dinosaur, and of the final stages of any great architectural movement; and it is very hard to deny a common law working out in all these cases. By 1460 knightly armor which once consisted of a helmet, a shirt, and a shield, had developed "elbow cops of monstrous and fan-like shapes," very long-necked spurs, metal shoes with long sharp points, "fantastically elaborate forms," the details of the harness "taking a thousand curious shapes." In the final stage, in the sixteenth century, English armor became a ground for surface decoration, for elaborate enrichment by engraving, gold inlay, and beaten ornament. The sixteenth-century knight was a human dinosaur—but a dinosaur who could throw off his decadent structure; for man is plastic and alters his fashions. He selects now for one quality and now for another. His race is young, his power still undiffused.

In a dying race, however, the case seems different. Structural characteristics once useful go on being more and

more chosen, and more and more exaggerated, until they have passed the point of utility and become a handicap. Then the race succumbs. For once it has gone too far in a certain direction it cannot retrace its steps, any more than those tissues in our bodies, once differentiated, can go back to the period of growth and adaptation, or the ashes and heat of the burnt match be condensed again into a stick of wood.

V

You may be impatient to know what practical sense is in all this argument, and that is what I must now go on to show. If man chooses to fight an intelligent battle against time, and gain all the victories possible to him, he must study his adversary. And particularly he must realize the irreversible nature of what is going on. For it is there that he is most frequently deceived. Time does not turn backward. The burnt coal becomes heat and ash. As coal it is in the past. Its concentration has been surrendered. That moment at which Humpty Dumpty cannot be put together again divides the present from the past for the poor egg. Energy once degraded or dispersed cannot be restored to its original form without greater losses in other directions. Tissue once fully differentiated stays differentiated. This is the first law to be remembered in man's war with the old age and death of anything he wishes to be kept mature. Or, to put it another way, the past is not recoverable; for what is recoverable is not yet past.

This may seem very obvious and not worth talking about. But the difficulty is that it is not obvious to the human emotions, but only to the intellect. For instance, if a dear friend dies our minds will accept the fact that we can never see him again. But our feelings will not accept that fact, and intense and sometimes lifelong misery can result from this conflict, and very often one's personal battle with time can be lost in the effort

spent on recovering the irrecoverable past. And that can happen in wider fields than those of the personal emotions.

But the rule is plain. We fight time only by keeping alive and active whatever it is that we have. We do not fight it intelligently by groping after what has been lost, or in other words, by denying the nature of time. Nor do we fight it by reaching into the more scattered future.

Every living thing wages two battles. One with the general diffusion of energy to which the concentration of life is a challenge, and one with time in itself, which operates by the scattering of life's energy into parts of the living thing. In other words, life is fighting its own specializations, its own form of the degradation of energy as well as that going on outside of it. In some ways it can check or delay these processes. In other ways it cannot.

Let us consider these principles in connection with three familiar and important examples of the classes of things to which, even in the beginning of such an attempt, they may be applied. I shall not quarrel if you disagree with my application of these conclusions, for we shall be venturing into a field for which adequate knowledge has not yet been accumulated, and we shall be running into emotional conflicts almost at once. But that fact will not be due, I believe, to a serious error in my picture of the nature of time, but to the feelings which we have called on, in the past, to supply our lack of such a picture.

How can we fight that diffusion and degradation of energy called time in the specific cases of (1) the government of the United States, (2) the emotion of love, and (3) the individual human being?

The government of the United States can be considered as an effort to maintain the youth, the growing and converting power of a form of civilization. To that extent it is like any living thing, and has exactly the function of a living thing. It

also is an expression of collective power. It also is growing. It began in a burst of energy and has been more or less defining itself and extending itself ever since, as a growing child does. Let us consider it as a phenomenon of life, subject to the two laws of time (1) the diffusion and specialization of energy and (2) the irreversible nature of those changes.

What changes have gone on from its beginning that cannot be taken back? Or that could not be taken back without a violence which would be equivalent to the destruction of our government? The most obvious of these is the extension of popular suffrage. That is one of the things that once begun cannot be retracted; for men will not vote themselves out of a vote. To impose an intelligence test of any really useful sort on the electorate would be impossible without reversing the course of our history. This extension seems to be one of the things that grow with time. Yet it is clear enough that the necessary appeal to the least intelligent in all our policies is one of the inevitable causes of the decay of a democracy. And no matter to what level of general intelligence we may rise, the least intelligent will always have to be considered in our politics. On our present level, powerful demagogues have successfully appealed to the least literate and gained dangerous sectional influence, and sometimes affected the balance of national power. Depending on one's emotional reaction, this condition may or may not seem an instance of a diffusion that has already gone too far.

And yet one may estimate the aging of a culture by the extent to which power has been extended to the unfit. Emotionally we may be glad for each step in the direction we have taken, and regard each step as a great humane victory, and still be able to accept each step as a diffusion of power and its passing into less and less useful forms. And one may see from this illustration what I meant by the emotional conflict involved in any attempt to apply the laws of time to human things.

Another apparent symptom of aging, and one that also appears to be irreversible, is the inevitable growth of the executive power. That is also one of the things time does to a democracy. It is easy to blame Mr. Roosevelt for the growth of our executive bureaucracy, but the process was well developed before he was born. Once begun, the specialization and differentiation of function, which has gone so far in the last few years, could not be stopped. And it is easy to see how it may go on past the point of usefulness. Let us remember that in an aging animal the organs develop at first for the general purpose of the whole body, but do not stop there; for the growth process continues into the cells of the organs and they too become specialized and too fixed in their form for the whole organ to be any longer effective for the general good. If you see such a process going on now in our government you may agree with me, and if you believe in the present process you may disagree with me; but that is not the basis on which a judgment should be formed.

And if you choose to believe that our government will escape the operations of time, and the usual effect time has on living things that grow more and more specialized in their parts, I cannot much quarrel with that, for that is the way most of us feel about our own bodies and our own mortality.

However, suppose one wished to keep this process under control, in the belief that doing so would preserve the life of his institutions, or diminish the rate of their decay, what attitude should he take? I think it clear he would have to give up any hope of recovering the simplicity of the past. Too many irreversible changes have taken place. But what was this creature made for? That is what it must be constantly reminded of. To omit the unnecessary word from the triumvirate of our hopes, it was made "to ensure liberty and the pursuit of happiness" to the whole people. And it is that general function that has to be kept

active. Happiness is static, and comes to be thought of in terms of so much a month. But the *pursuit* of happiness is active and activating.

I am keeping this present discussion very general for an obvious reason. Politics is not very much of a philosophy and not very much of a science. And our policies may have other ends that seem more important than preserving our institutions or preserving the original purpose for which we joined in a government. All I am insisting on is that if we wish to keep that purpose, if we wish to preserve the present organism, those principles, which seem to me the laws of time, point in a definite direction. They unmistakably say, we should fight against any further diffusion of power downward to the less intelligent, and we should fight against overspecialization in the structure we are depending on. And they imply that we can do this only by constantly reminding the government why it was brought into being—to maintain our liberties and to preserve for us the opportunity for the pursuit of happiness—and by reminding it that these objects must not be specialized away from their original meaning. When they cease to be vital then so does the whole thing, and senile decay begins. So that the politics resulting makes a sharp division between those who would insist that the general purpose be kept more important and those who wish special functions to be more highly developed.

Now we begin to see why it is so hard to fight with time, and yet that such a fight is possible to be made. For we can see that, on one side, the Supreme Court is a device by which undue specialization is constantly being checked, and that, on the other hand, the demands of groups among us bring on the government a strong pressure for increasing specialization. Is it worth while to fight for longevity? That seems the question, rather than how longevity should be fought for. It is always the question.

VI

It is the question in regard to personal love. Is it worth the fight necessary to keep it alive? What is that fight? Here we may be more definite. A couple fall in love. An emotional organization is created between them that has many of the characteristics of a living thing. Like a form of life, it concentrates energy. It has powers of growth, of converting divided energies into a unified energy, and it also has mortality. And whatever has mortality must, in some way, fall under the laws of time.

The love is consummated. The couple live together. Almost at once diffusing, dispersing, and energy-degrading processes begin to operate on them. These forces are partly outside and partly internal. The outside forces are many: other men and other women, the efforts of kinsfolk to draw the couple apart, if only by preoccupying their minds with individual problems, or by the effort to renew and maintain emotional experiences that cannot easily be shared. This is the mother-in-law stage, which is often final. For every unshared emotion is a dispersal of the unifying energy. Woman's interests drag at the woman, man's interests drag at the man. All these efforts are toward a return to the original status, with the love becoming a more and more specialized experience, though it began as a more and more generalized feeling, affecting every department of life. Lovers begin by sharing hopes, dreams, work, play, joy, sorrow; and often end by sharing only debt. These social pressures often compel love to accept more and more limited functions, and only if they are violently resisted does the feeling retain its originally wished-for character of being a general unification of two lives.

Other specializing influences are also at work, other diffusions of energy. Children bring one which is very critical. They specialize the man and woman and also give a common interest. But

if the interest in the child is allowed to become more important than their interest in each other the resulting scattering of the energy of love may end the marriage.

Increasing prosperity brings the possibility of dispersions and degradations of the original energy. This chain is common: larger quarters, twin beds, separate dressing rooms, separate bedrooms, separate houses. The rich are over-differentiated by possessions to begin with and generally drift more swiftly apart, not because they are less emotional, but because the dispersing forces are stronger. With this process grows another which in the physiology of cells is called necrobiosis, the formation of dead material by the process of living. In love it takes the form of nest-worship. That which was to fuse and keep young the emotions of two lives can end as a mere accumulation of furniture and fittings. And this is one kind of specialization that once begun is hard to stop. It is necessary, up to a point, but tends to go on from there until the emotional concentration is dispersed into external things. The few couples I know whose personal attachment is still intense and youth-preserving after many years have accumulated few material possessions, and spend their money on the things they do together, rather than on the things they have.

When some or all of these processes, not sufficiently resisted, have dispersed or degraded part of the original energy, the lovers cling desperately to their physical union as the final and central symbol of what they wished for and are, mysteriously, not getting. But behold! That which once infused all life with a sense of unity has also become specialized and cut off from the rest. Then follows that state so beautifully described by a man who knew what it meant,

"We look before and after
And pine for what is not."

Then, frequently, comes infidelity, a search for a more concentrating emo-

tion, and if that longing is succumbed to, other dispersions are admitted into the common life—unshared experiences of deeper significance. And then, or even before then, comes jealousy, that ugly and curious monster which, like hopeless and protracted sorrow, diffuses the energy of love backward into time, in a vain insistence on the past and the irrecoverable.

Mothers spending their lives in a longing for that lost concentration of childish affection from their sons and daughters, men or women eating their hearts out in an effort to recapture a bartered love or a fugitive lover—those are scatterers, diffusers of the unifying power of emotion. They may have back the body perhaps, and that part of the spirit which has not dispersed itself; but the old thing is gone and gone forever, and craving it diffuses the energy of what is left. For, as I have said, the mind will accept, but not the emotions, this irreversible quality of time.

To hold in the present all one has is the best that life can do in its battle. That is its proper motive and function in its war with time.

Two points emerge, I think, from this far too brief discussion. The longevity of an emotion under the ordinary conditions of life is to be maintained only by a constant struggle against diffusion or specialization of its energy. If that struggle is not made, the feeling succumbs after a brief flowering to the common processes. But that early death is not inevitable; love seems often to last, in at least its psychic form, and even in some satisfactory physical form, through life. If it is worth the trouble to fight for it, it is easy to see what form the fight has to take. It is a war on differentiation, a fight to diminish separate things, separate emotions, separate relationships, and to maintain and increase common emotions and common relationships, and to waste no life energy longing for whatever is past. That, at least, is my interpretation of the way the two laws of time apply to love.

VII

As to the individual life and its maintenance, where so much has been said by hygiene and medicine, the layman might wisely keep silent. I shall venture to write no laws of health. But we have hints from individual lives that there is nothing impossible in a man surviving a hundred years and even much longer, and in a man retaining his intellectual power to the end, even though his vital speed has been diminished.

In a man's personal fight with mortality all the effects of time are emphasized by the tradition of failure. We know it is possible for a government to last a long time, and for an emotion to die only with the man, but we also know that it is not possible for a man to live to any age comparable to the span of his own imagination. We begin with that discouragement. But it is likely that it misinterprets what we are after.

The nature of a man's personal fight with time is fairly clear. He is fighting the scattering of the energy of life which results finally in the over-specialization of his cells. In that fight his emotional life is highly important, the surplus of hope over despair, of love over indifference, of motive over resignation. There, it seems to me, is the chief field of his battle; for the fight against old age is not so much a fight for the duration of the body as it is a fight for the duration of the capacity for happiness. All I have written about the mortality of love through concession and diffusion and over-specialization applies equally to the mortality of hope and ambition. The enemy in all cases takes the same form.

Other people fight a man's concentration wherever it diminishes his use to them. Inside himself it is fought by that indolence which results from the organic or emotional pursuit of special pleasure. Those who escape these processes of mental, emotional, and physical decay for longer than the common span do so because they are forced, or choose, to fight against them. Some men are com-

pelled to fight. They are too busy to grow old in the common way. Some are too responsible, some too urged by economic pressure.

The members of the Supreme Court for the past hundred years, the many men at present among us who have held or hold responsible and active places in our government and as the heads of great enterprises when well past the Biblical limit, illustrate the advantage of compulsion to any effort that unifies the man. An early success that does not compel the pursuit of further goals is a psychic danger. Shakespeare, Byron, Kipling, all great men in their twenties, were all finished young. Bernard Shaw, unknown in his twenties, little known at forty, is a world figure at eighty, living a vigorous intellectual and social life.

The recent mortality of our American Presidents is high after retirement from office, whereas our early Presidents lived to great age. Is this perhaps because our Presidents nowadays are forced into absolute retirement, and the stimulus of hope and ambition is denied them? In our early history this was not so. Presidents retired to lives of great activity, whether political or not.

Activity, up to the limits of the physical and mental power, seems to fight specialization. A steady and unremitting demand on the muscles or on the nervous system and glands of the body seems to prevent the growth energy from scattering itself too rapidly into the cell life and so dividing the body into millions of hostile camps. Resting on our laurels, retiring from active competition, whether physical or mental, enjoying the rewards of achievement, all seem to age man more than work does. And that is what is to be expected from what we know of the laws of time. Let us admit that we do not know some things we ought to know. Our glands affect our

emotions. But our emotions also affect our glands.

About that interaction our ignorance is still abysmal. But some things are clear. In most men success and activity stimulate, while idleness depresses. In other words, what the increasing diffusion of our growth energy into our cells does to our powers of mind and body we cannot now prevent; but what our activities may do to prevent the aging of our cells is under our control. That is only half of the battle, but it is half.

Here I must end with a repetition. Growing old is a diffusion of energy which in living things, and apparently in those feelings and institutions into which men transfer their life energy, takes a special form, and follows a typical pattern. This process will not retrace itself for us, and though that fact is hard to accept, it does give us an advantage in our fight against time. For it compels us to realize that what is here and now is what we have to fight for. Not what is past, lost, or resigned.

In every field we fight time by a concentration on whatever the living thing exists for. In a cathedral that was for the glory of God and not the vanity of man. When that fact was lost sight of Gothic art passed into senile decay. Its fervor was diffused into detail. In a love it is for the fusion of two lives to keep their emotions young, and when that fusion becomes secondary to lesser purposes, the energy has become random in form and the love dies. In a government it is for maintaining the youth of the spirit of a culture. When that is lost sight of in the pursuit of special functions or advantages, the government grows old. In all these cases the essence of the process is the increase in random forms of activity, and that fact seems to give us a general and usable law of time.



THE NATURE OF TELEPATHY

BY ERNEST HUNTER WRIGHT

IN THE preceding issue of this magazine I stated the case as it now stands for clairvoyance and telepathy, and I promised for the present issue all the explanation that can as yet be offered of the two apparent powers. The reader who may not have seen the evidence for them as given in the previous issue will do well to go back and begin with the article in which it was recounted. For anyone who may have to start at the present point, however, I may say that the evidence is the outcome of more than a hundred thousand tests, simple but purely scientific, made by Professor Rhine and his associates in Duke University with the aim to find out whether there is any such thing as extra-sensory perception in the form of clairvoyance and telepathy. The very various tests in question were all made with a pack of cards, twenty-five in number. Each card in the pack bore on its face one of five different designs—a circle, a rectangle, a star, a cross, or a set of wavy lines—and each of these designs appeared on five of the cards in the pack. Anyone who took the test, under whatever conditions, was simply asked to name as many of the cards as he could without looking at them and without other sensory access to them. In pure chance of course he would average one card right in every five, or five in every twenty-five; and as he continued, twenty in every hundred, two hundred in every thousand, and so on. The idea was simply to see whether anyone, or any group of persons, could steadily name enough of the cards right to show that

something more than mere chance was at work. About half of the tests were for clairvoyance and the other half were for telepathy.

The result of the experiment was seen to be amazing. About a score of men and women were discovered who could regularly name so many of the cards correctly that there was not one chance in many a million million of their having done their feats by luck or accident; and the successes of them all taken together were so great as to stagger the imagination, leaving us but little apparent choice between believing in clairvoyance and telepathy or believing in sheer nonsense. For the total score of the successes was so high that there was only one chance in an unimaginable number—a number which would require exactly forty lines in this column to print—of its having been achieved by accident alone. Along with that fact we gave many another reason why Professor Rhine and his associates believe the score was attained by intelligence, and that clairvoyance and telepathy are now demonstrated.

I know these things are not easy for most of us to believe, and I am far from asking anyone to believe them unless he finds it necessary. I have wanted only to set down the evidence and ask what we are to make of it. But before I go on to such explanation of it as its author offers us, I cannot forbear to mention a few other things that all of us implicitly believe although we have no glimmer of an explanation for them.

Many a year ago, so we believe, a great

body of torrid gas tore away from our sun and sped off through some millions of miles in space until it reached a point where it paused. How all the gas came to be in the parent sun in the first place is of course a mystery. Once the truant mass had found its place, however, it rolled into a ball and started spinning on itself and whirling round the bigger ball from which it had so lately sprung away. We have given names and definitions to the "laws" by which it spins and whirls upon its path, but why it should ever keep to these laws we yet know as little as does any day-old infant. In slow time the ball of torrid gas began to cool; and we have found out that cooling gas will first turn liquid and then solid, though we have no notion why it should do so or how it *can* do so. In the main the ball seems to have been made of iron and nickel—with finally a solid crust all round it; for underneath the crust, apparently, it is still molten iron and nickel, or a "solid gas" of the two substances. As the metals on the surface of the ball turned liquid, the impurities within them rose to the top in the form of rock, and with still further cooling a stone skin grew round the ball. Water and air appeared, and with the consequent weathering of the following ages a little of the rock was ground up into dirt; and now behold the ball of torrid gas turned into the goodly earth.

As jauntily as this we trace the steps that brought the earth to its destiny. But the reason for each step is still as dark to us, and may always remain as dark, as on the first day when we began to wonder of these matters. It is all so strange that no man would believe in any bit of our story but for the fact that every bit of it has been slowly proved to be evident.

Yet it was not a goodly earth at all, from any human point of view. It was one sheer waste of stone and clod that would have looked forever useless, forever senseless, and forever dead. But into this desert of dead matter there came another mystery, perhaps the deep-

est we shall ever meet. Somewhere, somehow, a little of the dead stuff came alive. Out of the death grew life, at variance with every "law" we know. Some of the insensate clod or slime awakened into little animate things that lived and died—and had a way of leaving progeny behind them! How this could have been is past all wondering. Little by little some of the living things began to move about and to grow into subtle organisms. In due time some of them began to have a sense of the world outside them, and slowly to develop eyes to see it, ears to hear it, and the other senses for perceiving it according to their kind. Finally some of them learned how to wonder and to think about it and to reason of its marvels; and fairly soon thereafter they were able to talk about it just as we are talking now. For now the mind of man, whatever it may be, has come to sit on high and look out on these mysteries to see what it can make of them.

So out of torrid gas have come all the manifold and subtle living organisms which amaze us with each new revelation of their intricacy. Out of torrid gas have come an eye and ear and other organs to tell us what the rest of its dead or living relics are now doing. Out of it has come a brain that vibrates to many an event occurring in the world it built. Out of it has come a mind to trace its history and to reason of its past and future. Out of dead torrid gas has sprung a creature capable of writing *Hamlet*, of creating a Ninth Symphony, of thinking out an *Origin of Species*, and of fashioning a *Critique of Pure Reason*. The very mystery of thought is little but the power of multiplying mysteries.

The idea in rehearsing these familiar miracles is not to make each one of us a mystic, though in some sense it may be hard to see how we can well escape the fate. The idea is not even to suggest that what we see about us in the present world may not be the final way of things, that nature may not yet have spent all of her powers, and that in the

ages to come the earth may grow to be as different from our own world as our own is different from the one of long ago. Far less is the idea to insinuate that we ought to embrace any new mystery simply because of all the older mysteries that we have already had to take to our bosoms. For every new mystery that has come true in the past there must surely have been a score of others that have been found false, and so it will doubtless remain now and in the future. But the idea is that if a new mystery can duly be shown to be true to reason, and only in that case, we need have no fearsome qualm about accepting it in view of all the marvels that we have already taken to our hearts. When we remember that dead clay gave birth to a critic of pure reason, what else can stagger us in any other powers of the mind if only we should find them to be real?

II

If we take the powers of clairvoyance and telepathy for real, as does Professor Rhine, what can we say in explanation of them? What is clairvoyance and what is telepathy? How do they do their work? Even if they should prove true in science, are they going to remain another mystery for us, like gravitation or cohesion, or are we going to discover something of their nature and their way of operation? We could be very happy if we knew a sure and final answer to these questions, but we are still a good deal too deep in the dark to speak with certainty. Even so, however, there are a few things we may suggest, if only tentatively—and in many cases so tentatively that some such word as *possible* or *probable* ought to be inserted in many a cardinal sentence that is now going to follow.

In the first place, the powers would seem to be truly *extra-sensory*. They do not seem to constitute a sixth sense, or a seventh, at all like the five that we already know. Rather they appear as something of another order. The five known senses all have their special

organs, but there would seem to be no organ proper to the powers we are now discussing. It is always possible of course that we may yet discover such an organ, but so far the facts all point in the other way; for they all argue that the powers in question are purely mental things, and apart from all sensation.

If there were any organ for these gifts we might have reasonably expected to discover it long ago. The men and women who possess the gifts are all firm in the opinion that they are employing no particular organ and that they cannot localize the power in the way in which they can so easily localize their sight in the eyes, their hearing in the ears, and their other senses in the parts that are proper to them. Their response is general and total, and seems to depend on no particular channel. They do not feel at all as we feel when we are seeing something, or hearing or touching something; they just know, with an immediacy of cognition. If this does not get us very far, there are still other evidences. All the five known senses are dependent in their work on the position of the percipient with regard to the thing he is perceiving. He can see only at a certain angle from the thing that is seen, and can see clearly only at a fairly narrow angle. He can hear best only as he turns his ear to the sound. He can taste and touch only in actual contact with the object; and for all his senses distance is of prime importance. In telepathy and in clairvoyance all these matters seem to be immaterial. We have already seen that the percipient's position in relation to the person or the object concerned will make no difference in his perception. Facing the person or the object, he can do exactly what he does with his back turned; and he can do the same thing when he is behind a screen, or in another room, another building, or another city^a far away. This is by no means the way in which any known sense-organ does its work, and so far there is reason to believe that it is no sense organ that is working.

We may carry this a good deal farther with the same indications. The proper science to consult about it would seem to be that of physics. Now a physicist will tell us that any sense-organ which he can imagine will work only by virtue of some sort of energy that is brought to bear upon it. The eye responds to rays of light, the ear to waves of sound, and so on for the other senses. But what energy from an unseen design upon a card on the table in front of us, or behind a screen or a wall from us, or in another building several hundred yards away, or in another town several hundred miles distant, can possibly be supposed to make its way to any sense-organ in us? And what energy from the mere image of such a card, residing only in the mind of another person at any of these distances, can likewise impinge on such an organ in us? The answer is that we know of no such energy and can hardly dream of one; or once again, that it would seem to be no organ of sense which is at work in the premises.

If there is any further guess a physicist could make for us it would probably be one of some sort of radiation that could make its way to a putative sense-organ in us. In clairvoyance this would mean that some kind of ray proceeds from each card in the pack to the percipient, and in telepathy that some kind of ray proceeds to him from another brain—wherever he may be in either case. Such a notion will soon get us into troubles quite as bad as those we have just left behind; but we are obliged to mention it and dwell a moment on it because it has so often been put forward by the kind of person who fancies that the magic of radiation is of power to clear up almost any mystery. So let us see what the supposititious rays would have to do.

The cards employed in the tests were slightly opaque to X-rays, but the ink designs on them were not opaque at all. An X-ray photograph of a single card shows only a dim outline of the card itself, with no visible design at all

upon it. A photograph of the entire pack will show a clearer outline, but still with no designs that can be seen. Now if X-rays are not obstructed by the ink of the designs, surely any rays that are still shorter would not be obstructed; and any longer rays would meet obstruction in the cardboard itself. But even if we could find a ray that would penetrate the twenty-five cards with differential absorption for each one of them, the effect of the ink designs on a sensitive plate or a sense-organ above the pack would be nothing but a general blur in the middle of it. There would be no circles or stars or wavy lines distinguishable, but only an inseparable smudge through the center of the pack.

Even supposing that the ink designs gave off a special radiation in waves short enough to penetrate the pack of twenty-five cards with undiminished force, the rays would have to be continuously emitted from cards a year old as well as from new ones, since old cards were always as good as new in the actual tests; they would have to be incapable of affecting an X-ray sensitive plate after an exposure of half an hour, for this has been actually tried; and still they would have to be detectable by the percipient at great distances away from the cards. It is needless to say that no such magic is known to physical science, or easily imaginable.

In the tests, again, the percipient often sat at a table with a dozen or more packs of cards lying upon it or in another room with scores of the packs round about. He had to name the cards from top to bottom in any given pack which the experimenter chose to specify. Now if all the cards in all the packs were sending off rays to a supposititious sense-organ in him, how did he isolate the rays from the particular pack he was to call? Surely the cards would all have been bombarding him alike; and if we can suppose him capable of choosing the rays from the right pack among a dozen, usually invisible to him, and of excluding all the others, even this feat of vir-

tuosity would seem to belong to the mind rather than to an organ of sense.

Once again, the percipient was commonly seated at the side of the cards rather than above them, at whatever distance, with the edges of the cards pointing in his direction. If there were rays coming to him in this position from the ink designs upon the cards, what would they bring him? Nothing at all but a straight line of course from any design on any card; and the circles and stars and wavy lines would send him the same pictures, with no apparent chance to tell one from another.

We may as well skip all the other difficulties and admit that we cannot see our way to clairvoyance through any theory of radiation. In telepathy we fare no better with the theory. Here we should have to think that one brain sent off enough radiant energy to stimulate another and somehow to carry information to it. Now all radiant energy declines in intensity with the square of the distance traversed, and even a short distance ought to have brought a notable decline in scoring in the telepathic tests. But the performers in the actual tests would commonly do all the better as they receded from each other; and when we find two of them making their very highest score when two hundred fifty miles apart we surely have to give up any theory of radiation that requires such a powerful broadcasting station in a human brain. We might add that plenty of other brains less far away must have been "sending" at the same time, and that once more we should be at a loss to imagine how a percipient could isolate the signals from a given brain at such a distance.

It may seem pedantic to dwell so long on the notion of radiation as a key to our enigma, but it has been better to deal with it once for all. If we appeal to radiation we must follow the notion through; and we have now seen where it will take us. If we have to give it up we are left with no known energy that is capable of working on an organ of

sense such as we have been supposing, and this really means that on the evidence so far we are left without any such organ of sense. So it would seem probable that clairvoyance and telepathy, if we accept them, must be taken for mental gifts apart from sense—for ways of knowing which are outside the sensory sphere, and which are not akin to the ways in which our eyes and ears inform us.

III

The extra-sensory power would appear as anything but passive. It would seem to be a very active function of the mind. The point is of importance if only for the reason that it puts to rest a rude but ancient notion that the first duty of a good clairvoyant is to put himself to sleep, partly or entirely, after which he may be able to "see" things as they somehow drift into his vacant mind. In an extreme form the older notion of passivity assumed that what we learn in clairvoyance and telepathy comes to us through the incorporeal agencies commonly called "spirits" or out of some vague well of truth into which we are allowed to dip from time to time; and that the best way to tap these sources is to empty our minds of all prior content first. It may be only natural that such a notion should have come into being, since it is so easy to confuse clairvoyance and telepathy with various other uninterpreted experiences reported as apparitions, voices, monitions, and veridical dreams, all of which are commonest in somnolence or sleep. All of these spontaneous experiences may deserve, and may in time receive, the same careful study that has now been made of clairvoyance and telepathy. But so far at least there is no evidence that these two gifts are like the others in needing any sort of slumber for their work. On the contrary, there is evidence in plenty that they require us to be wide awake.

It is necessary for the percipient to be alert. We have shown that a narcotic

will invariably lower his score, while a stimulant will always send it higher. A few grains of sodium amytal will bring down the best performer's scoring very nearly to the level of pure chance, if not indeed below it, and a pinch of caffeine will always send it up again. Indeed, any sort of dissociation will lower the score, and any kind of better integration will lift it. For extra-sensory perception requires a rather high order of concentration—not in the sense of straining for the correct answer, which is likely to be bad, but in the sense of quietly closing the mind to any more exciting idea or sensation. It requires full attention in the sense of freedom from all undue excitement. It is obviously injured by pain, worry, anxiety, or any other species of distraction. As it is impaired by too much sensory stimulation, at the same time it is also impaired by too much rational effort. It works best in a state of abstraction from all such stimulation; though in such a state some of the performers may just as well read an essay or a book all the while that they are naming the cards by a rapid system of pencil taps. It also requires interest. The most reliable performer cannot make a good score unless he tries to do his best. He must want to take the test, and to succeed in it; and he is fairly sure to drop to the level of mere chance if he is forced to take a test against his will. For all these reasons we may be sure that the power is one of active effort.

The gift would seem to be more delicate than most of our other mental powers. It suffers sooner than the others from dissociation or distraction. It is far more easily impaired by a slight illness or a drowsy drug. Either of these will make palpable inroads upon it long before they can be seen to interfere with sensory perception or with simple reasoning. It is more easily injured by any sort of conflict in the mind, such as a doubt of one's ability to do well in a given test or a dislike of the specific way in which the test is given. In so far it is a little like creative thought or art.

But it is less fatiguing than are these and, unlike them, it can be speeded up at an amazing rate. (A good clairvoyant will actually identify the cards faster than one can take them off the pack and read a book aloud or silently at the same time; the author has seen this done to his heart's content.) It seems incapable of introspective analysis. But it appears to be an altogether normal power, and to have no kindred with infirmity of mind or body, which can only tend to ruin it.

In all that has been said there is good reason for believing that the gift must rank among the higher functions of the mind. If so, we may surely lay to rest a fairly prevalent idea that all such experience is a lingering relic of the primitive past. We have often heard suspicions that telepathy is not uncommon among certain animals, especially some of the lower ones. We have heard of it in the amoeba, and among the ants, as also among homing and migrating birds, and possibly in primitive man. But usually we have been told that the gift must have died away in favor of the rational faculties in man as he slowly rose into possession of them. All the evidence would point the other way, however, even if it does not yet amount to proof. The gift would seem to be appearing in our species, rather than disappearing; and it is probable enough that, since the extra-sensory power is of a higher order than the sensory, it comes later in the evolutionary process. If this is nearer to surmise than most of what we are now saying, it is at least in keeping with the facts at hand, and has no other facts as yet to tell against it.

The next surmise is even a bit harder. It must not be taken as a truth we are announcing, but as only an impression which all the evidence so far would seem to favor. We may lay the evidence before the reader for consideration.

In all the tests that have been tried it has made little or no difference how far away the percipient may have been located from the cards he was endeavoring to name or from the person whose

ideas he was endeavoring to divine. Many a test was made at many a distance—of three feet, or of ten or thirty feet, of a hundred yards, of two hundred and fifty yards, or of two hundred and fifty miles; and of course at many an intermediate distance. At close quarters the percipient was often behind a screen or a solid wall, and farther away, he was separated by many an intervening barrier. But the result was always just about the same. In fact, the score was steadily a little better at the greater distances, especially in tests for pure telepathy. We can infer only that distance, basic as it is in the material world and in the world of sense, is of no import in the world of extra-sensory perception. We know of nothing in the world of matter that can elude the limitations of space and the hindrances of barriers; and we, therefore, seem to be here dealing with a mental power as non-spatial as pure thought itself appears to be.

Now at the same time it is immaterial to the percipient whether he is trying to name the actual cards as they lie in a pack or merely the images of such cards as they reside in another person's mind. If a man in a building a few hundred yards away can name the cards in the pack that I am holding in my hand, when there are scores of other packs just like it in his room and mine and other rooms adjacent, it does not look as if the cards are all sending off their images to him, which even if possible would still seem hopelessly confusing, but as if his own mind is "going out," so to put it, to the cards themselves. And if a man in a city several hundred miles away can name the images of cards which I am holding only in my mind, while all sorts of other folk much nearer to him are also holding images of many kinds in their own minds, it does not look as if I am "sending" images to him, along with all the others, but rather as if he is "coming out" from his location and somehow finding his way to me. As a matter of plain record, amply proved, a good sender (that is, a person gifted in extra-

sensory perception) will get the best results when working with a good percipient; a poor sender will still get significant results with a good percipient; but the best sender can get no results at all with a poor percipient. It follows that the gift is more important in the percipient (though curiously enough the sender always gets tired a good deal earlier); and it seems as if the percipient "goes out" to get the message, though a gifted sender may perhaps meet him part way.

Be that as it may, it looks as if the extra-sensory faculty—and this is the surmise to which we have been leading—is superior to material conditions as no sense could imaginably be, and as nothing known in the material world could be. Indifferent to distance or location, indifferent to screens and walls and all other intervening obstacles, it will work as well or ill at any distance and behind any barrier. So far the evidence would point to its independence of the world of matter. If only this may not be taken for a demonstrated fact it may at least be put down as an inference that is by no means impermissible.

IV

We now come to a point that seems a good deal surer. All along we have been speaking of clairvoyance and telepathy as of two separate things which seem to do a similar sort of work in very different ways. For the sake of clarity it may have been as well to keep the two apart up to this point; but we have now to say that they would seem to be one and the same gift manifested in two different media. For extra-sensory perception would appear to be a single power, not a double one; and the faculty that "sees" a card face down on a table seems to be exactly the same one that "reads" a thought residing only in another mind.

The evidence for this is fairly ample. So far the two gifts have been found in every person who enjoys either of them, and no one has yet been discovered who possesses either power without the other.

In everyone so far the two have been of equal vigor, almost exactly. Whatever a percipient's score may be, it is always the same for pure clairvoyance as for pure telepathy. When his score fluctuates, as it may well do from day to day or hour to hour, it goes up or down in equal measure for the two. A narcotic or a stimulant will always do just the same thing in clairvoyance and in telepathy, and so will illness or distraction or fatigue. Screens and walls affect the two in the same way; that is, they have no effect at all on either. Distance is immaterial to both. The two work at the same rate of speed—a rate, as we have said, so rapid as to make it hard for the nimblest observer to register the calls. They require all the same mental conditions for success, and are equally indifferent to material conditions. In a word, no single difference has been discoverable between clairvoyance and telepathy save only in the things which they perceive—in the one case an object external to the mind and in the other an image of an object in another mind. They are distinguishable only by the kind of thing they know about, but their way of knowing seems to be all one. So there would really seem to be no separate thing for us to call clairvoyance, with another separate thing to call telepathy; but only a single faculty of extra-sensory perceiving, which we call the one or the other according to the kind of thing which it perceives.

Now if *that* be true it may lead us to a final bold surmise which must as yet be taken as such only, and not as anything whatever more. It may not even have yet reached the dignity of a working hypothesis; and though, as we shall find, there is some evidence in favor of it, its author still prefers to call it only something like a "clinical impression" which he wants to follow until he can find out whether it is true. Before coming to it we must do a little more explaining.

All through history, and all round the world to-day, there have been and are a good many men and women having

mental experiences of various kinds which they cannot begin to understand. The kind of thing that happened famously to Joan of Arc and to Savonarola, as to many another notability, is reported to be happening still to far too many humbler folk for us to go on ignoring it. We mentioned a good many of these experiences in the beginning of our previous article, and we there stated that one out of four of the persons listed in *Who's Who* is willing to admit some such occurrence in his personal life. The experiences are manifold—dreams that come true, visions and apparitions that are seen, voices that are heard, monitions that are all too timely, feats of prophecy and "second sight," of automatic writing and of mental healing, of hauntings and of rappings and of messages supposed to come from beyond the bourne; and most familiarly of all, among much else, of clairvoyance and telepathy. At the outset of our first article we gave the reasons why we have nearly always dismissed these things from our consideration. And yet they seem, to anyone who has examined them at all, a good deal too common in experience to be any longer set aside as simple accident or curious coincidence. It may be almost as innocent to go on ignoring them as it is to fancy that they are in some way "supernatural"—a word without a meaning if there ever was one, since everything that happens must be natural, and nothing can be supernatural except what *never* happens. By all account these uninterpreted experiences are numerous enough to set us wondering by what natural process they come to pass.

All such experience has come to bear the name of parapsychology, which really means only that it is psychological experience of a nature which we cannot as yet explain. It is the realm of parapsychology which Professor Rhine has intrepidly taken for his province. As time and strength allow, Professor Rhine and his associates are eager to examine all the species of experience we have been mentioning, and to put them to every

test that science may require. Of course this would mean bringing them into his laboratory and searching them from every point of view until, if possible, he could come to understand them. Then it would mean actually reproducing them at will, like any other feat of science, in the conditions that are found proper. When he can do that for us we may say our knowledge of these things is as complete as we can make it.

So far he has isolated two of these experiences in the parapsychological field, and these the very common ones of clairvoyance and telepathy. He believes that he has proved them to be true, and to be one; and that he has thus demonstrated extra-sensory perception, reproducible at will in the conditions it requires. He feels he has made sure that many of us at least have a way of finding out a little about the world outside us without the use of any of our senses. He has reason to believe indeed that all of us will show a little of the power, or perhaps a good deal, as soon as we are more familiar with the delicate conditions that allow it to unfold; though as yet he has quite properly experimented mainly with the men and women who are most highly gifted in it.

Now it may be a signal fact that every one of the eight most gifted extra-sensory percipients so far discovered comes from a family in which one or more of the members have been known for various other parapsychological experiences. One of them had a mother and an uncle who were given to premonitions. Another had a father whose prophetic dreams would fairly commonly come true; and once on *two* successive nights *both* his father and his mother dreamed of an unanticipated event which duly came to pass. A third had a mother with unusual clairvoyant power who believed she was in league with various "spirits" and who certainly gave startling manifestations. The son has seen plenty of the manifestations, though he still declines to take his mother's explanation of them. Still another had a mother who

"saw" her son wounded and carried off the battlefield in France and duly received a cable confirming the event and the time of its occurrence. These are fair examples, and we hardly need to list the others, though they include nearly every kind of parapsychological experience. Since there has been no star performer in the extra-sensory realm without at least one relative given to such experience, it begins to look as if unusual gifts of this sort may run in families—so much so that when Professor Rhine now finds a person with such gifted or afflicted relatives he is fairly sure to put him through a test for extra-sensory perception. In no case so far has he been disappointed.

The bold surmise to which we have been leading may now follow. If the two commonest parapsychological experiences have now been isolated and discovered to be one, and if the men and women who are signal for them commonly have close relatives who are given to all of the other various experiences in the field, it may be that in these two we shall find a key to some or all of the other mysteries in the realm of mind which have so long been a puzzle for us. If two things that look as unlike as clairvoyance and telepathy are still found to be one and the same, it is at least possible that all the other puzzles in the field of parapsychology may be nothing more; and that the power of extra-sensory perception, working in various ways still dark to us, may have wrought them all and may duly explain them all. By no means must this be taken for a fact as yet. It is just a plausible conjecture which may possibly come true. To prove it true or untrue will take a great deal of toil—patient and all but heroic toil, as anyone may well imagine; and aid of any nature to Professor Rhine and his research band will be service on one of the firing lines of science. For what we need is a vast investigation along the whole interesting front, to find out far more than we have been able to say here; and the men are eager for the work on any scale for which provision may be made.



SPRINGFIELD OR BUST

HORSELESS CARRIAGE ADVENTURES, 1896-97

BY HIRAM PERCY MAXIM

ONE morning in 1896 my telephone rang. Lieutenant Eames of the Pope Manufacturing Company (for which I was working as motor expert), told me that Mr. Day, vice-president of the company, wanted to have a demonstration of Mark I horseless carriage at his house on Wethersfield Avenue in Hartford that evening at eight o'clock. Could I handle it? I replied that I thought I could.

Mark I was an electric carriage. Since I had built my first gasoline-powered runabout the year before, I had realized that the building of a sweet-running little gasoline vehicle was going to be about a hundred times bigger job than I had expected. In 1896 it was an adventure of the first magnitude to undertake a journey down town and back in the best gasoline carriage in the world; only courageous men well equipped with tools, knowledge, and spare parts, and indifferent to dirt, grease, smoke, and noise could consider going anywhere in one. An electric carriage, on the other hand, could be run by nearly anybody and would be reliable, clean, and quiet. Though its radius of action would be short, we could build it as a "stop gap" while we continued work on the gasoline-carriage problem. Hence I had designed Mark I, which we put on the road in April, 1896.*

I had a number of night runs in it

and felt confident that with ordinary good luck I could pull off a satisfactory demonstration. But this demonstration which Mr. Day now proposed would be the first public exhibit of the new Columbia Horseless Carriage, and hence was very important. I positively must put it through successfully. Great things were sure to hang upon it. There must be thorough preparation for every contingency, including exact knowledge of the road surfaces over which I should have to run. There must be some sort of provision for mechanical breakdowns and also for battery exhaustion. It was a serious business, and I went at the job with great seriousness.

The carriage was gone over with a fine-tooth comb. The batteries in the carriage, and the extra set I had been foresighted enough to provide, were put on charge with orders to keep them on the charging line up to the very last minute. I mounted my bicycle and rode down to Mr. Day's house and went over the streets in his neighborhood critically, noting all bad crosswalks, holes, and grades. I visited the Columbia Stables and ordered an open express wagon with driver to be at the factory at seven o'clock. The spare batteries were to be loaded on this express wagon. My trusty mechanic, Lobdell, was told to collect all the tools and spare parts that by any chance might be needed in case of mechanical or electrical breakdown and to have them on the express wagon at seven o'clock sharp.

* This runabout is pictured in the Personal and Otherwise columns in the rear advertising section.

My plan was to have the express wagon with the spare batteries, tools, and spare parts follow me around. In case anything failed I should be prepared with tools, parts, and men. By seven-thirty everything was in order. Instructions were given to the driver of the express wagon to follow me everywhere I went. Never, under any circumstances, was he to let me out of his sight. However, he was to keep in the background and not make it conspicuous that I had provided a traveling machine shop and storage-battery service. Lobdell was so wonderful in circumstances like these that I put him in command of this "hospital corps" and requested him to see that the general plan was carried out to the letter.

The charging cables were pulled out the last thing of all, and Connecticut's first electric motor car set forth in the streets of Hartford. With electric lights gleaming—and the express wagon at a discreet distance astern—I started for Mr. George Day's house. I was as nervous as an opera singer making her debut.

Arriving at Mr. Day's house, I pulled up at the curb and stopped, noting that Lobdell and the express wagon were pulling up a hundred yards behind. The usual flock of bicyclists, horse carriages, pedestrians, and trolley cars were present. My heart sank when I discovered what appeared to be a large crowd of people at Mr. Day's house. Could it be that he had invited a large number of persons to take rides? I had expected that there would be six or eight. If I had to take every one of that mob I saw that I was going to have trouble. I had not considered that Mr. Day was looking ahead just as carefully as I was.

I took Mrs. Day out first. After handing her into the carriage Mr. Day whispered to me that there would be only a few to be given rides; and I was just to run down the street a few houses and then turn round and come back. This changed things very delightfully! It showed that he was going to be sensible and not put up to me a job that I could not carry through successfully.

I had selected my route earlier in the day. It was round a short block; thus it avoided turning round frequently on Wethersfield Avenue and, furthermore, would give my passengers the sensation of having been somewhere. With Mrs. Day beside me, I turned the first corner and glanced back. The express wagon was coming. At the next corner I again glanced back and saw the driver urging the horse to hurry. At the last corner the horse was trotting vigorously and was having a time of it trying to keep up. As I drew up to the Day house and stopped, a glance back disclosed the express wagon in the distance tearing along as though going to a fire.

This ride was repeated eight times with various friends of Mr. Day. Each time the express wagon trailed me and each time there was this desperate effort to keep up. I have often wondered what the people on the porches of the houses we passed thought about that Columbia express wagon dashing through their streets every few minutes. If it were in such a hurry why did it keep coming back? Why did it never reach the place to which it was hastening? Eight times it hurried down the street, the driver urging the horse to greater speed! And the horse—what did he think about this continual hurrying and then the purposeless stopping? Why so much hurry when nothing happened after he arrived?

When eight persons had been given rides Mr. Day thanked me and told me the demonstration had been most satisfactory and that I better get the carriage back to the factory before anything happened. We exchanged glances and each of us realized that the other had done his part. Mr. Day never knew that I was trailed on every ride by an express wagon with spare batteries and a load of tools and spare parts!

The importance of having a demonstration of this sort a success cannot be fully estimated to-day. The horseless carriage was a brand new idea and not very many believed in it. The Pope Manufacturing Company was the leading bicycle manu-

facturer in the country. It had built up a large business by producing the best bicycle and observing the best business practices. Everything the Pope Company did must be right in every respect. As for me, I had my reputation to make. When I made a promise it must be kept to the letter. If I failed it must be evident that the failure was in spite of every precaution it was humanly possible to take. It may sound funny to-day to have been followed by an express wagon; but it was not at all funny in 1896.

II

During the latter part of 1896 I designed a small gasoline-powered tricycle (which we called Mark VII), to be used as a package-carrier in which merchants could make small deliveries;* and late in March, 1897, it seemed to me that the frost had come out of the ground enough to permit the tricycle to venture upon the country roads. I fairly itched to get out into the "great open spaces." I had detected a dry spot in the macadam in front of the factory, and it sang the song of the open road to me. I wondered if Lobdell and I might get to Springfield, Massachusetts, twenty-five miles to the north. When I suggested the idea to Lobdell he looked dismayed; considering all the breakdowns we had had and the miles upon miles of frost-softened roads we should have to worry through, it really seemed a silly sort of a suggestion.

None of the trips in which Lobdell and I indulged had been anywhere near as long as this. None had been announced officially. Uniformly I waited until five o'clock in the afternoon, when the factory closed, before starting out on one. Lobdell and I would then sally forth, returning at such time during the night as might be. When we were unable to get the machine back home that night we left it in a convenient shed or barn. Lobdell went to the factory the next morning and made such parts as were needed to repair

the machine, and after five o'clock we would go out and assemble them in the tricycle. If the rebuilding required more than a night we repeated the operation the next day. When the machine would run again we would work it back to the factory. I can point out numbers of places in the country in the vicinity of Hartford where in those early days Lobdell and I rebuilt one kind or another of a horseless carriage.

I finally poisoned Lobdell with the charm of the open road and one night we started for Springfield. A small kerosene bicycle headlight was all we had to show the way. Dodging City Hall Square, we reached Windsor Avenue and headed north. Macadam prevailed to the city line, which was just north of where the Fuller Brush Company's buildings now stand. It was open country in those days. At the city line the street lights ended—and so did the macadam. From this point the road to Springfield was a winding country dirt road. The frost had come out and had done a wonderful job. The road was about like country back roads to-day immediately after the frost comes out of the ground. It was nothing less than a quagmire. We advanced about a hundred yards, wallowing and slithering sidewise in the dark, Lobdell pushing and pulling, and everything else jangling, clattering, and rattling as the poor little engine struggled under the heavy load. Happening to glance down I saw the cylinder head of the engine glowing in the dark. It was red-hot. I had never seen a gasoline engine running red-hot before, and it appeared the better part of wisdom to pause a moment and look matters over. As things stood we should require about a month to reach Springfield.

When I stopped the engine Lobdell ceased pushing. It was very dark and very cold and the prospect was far from being cheerful. Leaning against the machine, Lobdell sighed deeply, spat copiously, and glanced dolefully at his mud-covered shoes and trousers. Then he straightened up, and raising his hand

* A photograph of Mark VII will be found in the Personal and Otherwise columns.

as though to shade his eyes, peered ahead into the blackness. When I asked what he thought he saw, he replied, "Twenty-five miles of road like this."

But I had not had enough. The machine would still run and it seemed weak for us to give up before the machine did. There was a trolley line at the side of the road. The idea occurred to me that the wooden ties would be hard, and as they were flush with the ground, we might be able to run on them. We worried the tricycle over to the track and started. In less than a minute we had to abandon this scheme as the ground between the ties was wet and soft, and the wheels sank deeply into it. Every tie had to be climbed over, resulting in a bumping that was entirely out of the question. I was beaten, and I had to admit it. We gave up at what was known in those days as "Hencoop Bridge."

It was a terrible job getting back to the hard pavement at the city line; but we eventually reached it and returned to the factory, where we called it a day. "Farthest north" for me was less than a quarter of a mile beyond Hartford city line on the road to Windsor!

After waiting two weeks for the roads to dry I could wait no longer for another try. I had a better working machine than I had ever had. The little tricycle was working admirably. I had a lot of confidence in it and I believed there was a good chance that it would carry me to Springfield if the roads were dry enough.

As usual, Lobdell and I waited until after five o'clock to make our departure so as to attract as little attention as possible. On this second attempt we were better prepared than we ever had been before, and as we pulled out of the yard our hopes were high. The engine had new and better bearings, a new hot tube lamp which would not jar out every minute had been built and installed, and I had learned the technic of operating the machine. As compared with the motor car of to-day, operating that tricycle in 1897 partook of prestidigitation.

With Lobdell sitting on the tool-box

lid and myself in the saddle, we buzzed and clattered our way out Windsor Avenue, over the city line, and on to the unimproved road that had mired us two weeks previously. The road surface was enormously better. There were evil-looking mud holes here and there which called for expert dodging, and of course every horse we met stood upon his hind legs and threatened to tear everything in the landscape to pieces, but we passed the previous "farthest north" going strong.

The farther we got from the city, however, the worse the road became. The jolting was now very serious, and I found it necessary to slow down in order to avoid smashing something. This slowing down below top speed was a new experience. All my standards were based upon opening the throttle wide and using every last bit of power the engine had. This was the first time that I had more power than I could use. The holes in the road and the rocks at the bottoms of these holes wrenched everything terribly. One moment the tricycle would be lurching down into a hole and the next it would all but stop, whereupon the engine would fetch up and lurch the machine up out of the hole. It seemed impossible that the mechanism could withstand the abuse. Finally, at a point about two-thirds of the way to Windsor, possibly two miles out from the Hartford city line, something cracked with a loud noise, the engine burst into a terrific speed and threatened to tear itself to pieces, and the tricycle came to a stop. Clearly something in the driving system had parted. We got down and examined things and discovered that the driving wheel was loose on the driving axle. The axle turned freely without turning the driving wheel. It was evident that we had a major breakdown on our hands—something which could not be fixed on the road. For the second time we had failed to get to Springfield.

Walking to the nearest house, which I afterward learned was that of one of Connecticut's most distinguished inventors, Mr. Christopher Spencer, I explained to

a very kindly woman who answered my knock at the door that I had a motor tricycle which had broken down, and asked if I might roll it into her shed for the night; I would be back the next day to fix it. This good lady was as sympathetic as though I had broken my leg. She knew inventors and their troubles. Lobdell and I pushed the tricycle into the shed and walked the two miles back to the city line, where we caught a trolley and wended our disappointed way home. We were not discouraged, but we had hoped for a better fate considering how nicely the engine had worked.

It took two days to fix this breakdown. Lobdell had to take the entire rear end of the machine apart, carry a lot of parts back to the factory, make new parts, and then carry these back to the Spencers' shed and reassemble them. The second night we had the machine running and brought it back to the factory without anyone knowing that we had done the repair job out in the country. A key in the driving axle had sheared off, which taught me that the severe strains incident to driving on bad roads called for something better than the conventional machine key. I did not know that I had unearthed one of the important features of automotive engineering. Ordinary machine keys are never used in the driving systems of modern motor cars. Instead, multiple-splined shafts are used, the splines being made solid with the shaft.

III

By the time we were ready to make another attempt on Springfield the month of May had come and the roads were dried out pretty well and the "chuck holes" were considerably smoothed over. When a nice night promised we were ready, and I decided to make the third attempt. Again after five o'clock we sallied forth and headed north on Windsor Avenue. This time we felt we were going to have a real cross-country run, since the roads were very much better and the tricycle was immensely better able to stand long

and severe punishment. We made a brave sight as we clattered out to the city line, past Hencoop Bridge, where we were mired the first time, past Mr. Spencer's house, where we broke down the second time, and on into the village of Windsor. It probably was Windsor's first sight of a motor vehicle. Through Windsor we bowled, over the ancient covered bridge which spanned the Farmington River in those days, and on into the hinterland to the north.

I suppose where the road was good our running speed was between ten and twelve miles an hour. It seemed very fast to me, and I had to be constantly on watch for rocks and holes; for to strike one at such high speed would mean the failure of the run. It was a lovely spring afternoon and I became fairly intoxicated over the thrill of bowling along through the pretty country in a gasoline-propelled machine.

Every horse we passed required a full stop and the delicate maneuver of coaxing the animal past the machine. Every fifteen minutes we had to stop and pour a cup of heavy cylinder oil into the engine crank case. Progress was horribly slow by modern standards, but we had no standards except those of the horse and buggy, and by those standards we were fairly burning up the road.

There was a railroad crossing in those days approximately a mile and a half south of the town of Windsor Locks. A few hundred yards south of this crossing there was an open field on the left. The Connecticut River was at our feet on the right. Dusk was coming on and we were abreast of the open field on the left when I noticed a horse and carriage approaching. The horse's ears were sticking up very stiff and alert. I thought I smelled trouble. I slowed down, creeping along cautiously, prepared to dismount and make a dash for the horse's head the moment he indicated a tendency to turn sharp round, which was when the damage was always done. The horse was high-spirited and extremely nervous. When we had approached each other as closely

as I considered safe I pulled over on the grass at the roadside and stopped. This would have to be done anyway, since no horse would consent to pass close to the machine.

Just as I pulled over, one of the men in the carriage, evidently having seen all he cared for, precipitately got out. I immediately recognized him as one of my neighbors in Hartford. Evidently he was persuaded that something terrible was about to occur. Not satisfied with getting out of the carriage, he hurried to the side of the road, climbed the fence, and started on the dead run across the open field, apparently with the purpose of getting over the horizon as quickly as possible. What the poor person left deserted and alone in the carriage thought of such a proceeding I never heard.

Lobdell and I observed our regular procedure, walking slowly up to the horse and speaking to him as we approached. This almost always calmed the animal; the sound of a man's voice exerted a powerful influence. We managed to get hold of his bridle without any panic, one of us on each side, and we then led him slowly past the tricycle. He was an eminently respectable sort of a horse and he came along fairly peacefully, merely snorting a bit and jerking nervously. When we had him well along we looked for the stout gentleman who had departed for the horizon a few minutes before. He had kept track of events and had seen that the incident was closed and that his friend was waiting for him. But he did not dare return straight to the highway himself and be compelled to pass the tricycle; so he climbed fences and worked his way along through the fields toward his friend's carriage. He was worse than the horse. But he had never seen a vehicle approaching along a road with no horse drawing it and he had never heard such a noise before. Later, when we became acquainted, and I chided him on his performance, he said, "Well, wouldn't it scare you to see a wheelbarrow coming down the road with nobody pushing it?"

The episode closed, we got under way

again and sailed through the village of Windsor Locks, kicking up the biggest sensation in the little main street since the hotel burned. Through the village we clattered on to the old river road leading north. From here on there was no village on our side of the river until West Springfield was reached. From our bicycle riding we knew it would be a long and lonely stretch. In addition, it was now dark, and all we had to pick out rocks and chuck holes in the gloom was the little kerosene bicycle head lamp. Driving became a task calling for the strictest attention. But the darker and more lonely it became the better Lobdell and I liked it, for it tasted of real adventure. So much time had been consumed in the many stops because of horses, oiling, readjusting, and negotiating chuck holes, that by the time we were half across the long lonely stretch between Windsor Locks and West Springfield it was late at night.

In the loneliest stretch of all I suddenly became conscious of something close ahead. Snapping out the clutch and shutting off the gas, I peered into the gloom. In the flickering glow of the kerosene head lamp there appeared to be an enormous animal of some kind reared up on its hind legs, pawing the air with its forelegs and snorting. I could hear the snorts above the noise of our engine. The sight was enough to freeze the blood in one's veins.

For a moment both Lobdell and I were stunned. Then, realizing that it must be a horse on the rampage, we both dashed ahead, knowing that if it were a horse we must get hold of its bridle before too much damage was done. We were just a fraction of a second too late. It was a horse, and as we grabbed for his bridle he wheeled round, cramped a front wheel against the body of the vehicle, and collapsed the wheel.

When we had gained command of the horse we discovered that we had on our hands an old junk wagon loaded with what-not, a collapsed front wheel, and the worst-frightened Hebrew junk dealer in

history. He was livid and too utterly petrified with fright to move.

I grasped the situation at a glance. This junk dealer, bringing a load of junk to Windsor Locks in the silent night, was blissfully ignorant of the existence of such a thing as a motor vehicle. As he wended his way along the lonely country road, up from the distance came a strange and unearthly noise, the like of which he had never heard in all his life. This weird noise became a din. The din grew louder, a little flickering light appeared ahead, and as he strove to make out what could be making such a racket he thought of everything he had ever seen on the road before. Was it a mowing machine or a steam fire engine that was approaching him? Before he could judge its distance in the dark the monstrous thing was upon him and about to run him and his horse down. And the poor horse—what could have been his thoughts? He behaved as a good horse should behave until it became evident that his trusted master was failing him. Then, just as he was about to be attacked and devoured by the terrible thing, he reared up and wheeled.

Lobdell, leaving the horse to me, unfasted the head lamp from the tricycle and, stepping very close indeed to the jittering driver and shining the light directly in the latter's face, asked him where he was going. The reply was completely unintelligible, whereupon Lobdell adopted the procedure of outraged policeman. He demanded of the poor creature what he thought he was doing, driving a wild animal down the road in the middle of the night, threatening the lives of other users of the highway and frightening respectable people nearly to death. There was a long pause after this during which neither did anything but look hard at the other. I dare say the junk dealer thought we were desperate men abroad on lonely roads at night in an infernal machine and planned murdering him and making off with his horse and wagon.

Then without more ado Lobdell applied himself to the broken wagon wheel.

We had been through several similar experiences in which buckled wheels had figured. The two of us inserted the loose spokes in their proper holes in the wheel rim and sprung the thing back into a semblance of a wheel. Then with a pair of pliers and some soft iron wire, we bound the spokes and wheel rim so they would hold together. To make a thorough job of it Lobdell took the head lamp and searched along the fence until he found an advertisement painted on a thin board attached to the fence. Lobdell ripped this sign off the fence and cutting it to proper size with his pocket knife, wired it on to the wheel by way of reinforcement. Leading the horse past the tricycle, we then speeded the distracted junk dealer on his way with a parting injunction from Lobdell never to let such a dreadful thing happen again. I have often wondered what sort of story this junk dealer told his wife when he reached home!

After a good laugh we resumed our journey in the night, the engine roaring cheerfully and the tools in the tool box clattering royally. By this time it was late at night and the country folk in the occasional houses had long since gone to bed.

It was a wonderful moment for me when we reached the South End Bridge over the Connecticut and I saw the lights of Springfield in the distance. Across the bridge we rattled and on down the silent and deserted streets of Springfield, astounding several sleepy policemen, until we reached the old Massasoit Hotel, which in those days stood on Main Street close to the railroad embankment. This hotel had the old-fashioned stable yard of coaching days. I had decided there probably would be a shed in the old stable yard. I observed a light in a window in a shed at the far end of the stable yard and I headed for it, believing there would be a watchman who would take care of us.

Just as I was about to pull up, a man with a lantern erupted from the shed. His action was so dramatic that he startled me and I kept my engine running

instead of stopping it. The man with the lantern ran toward us, suddenly halted, held the lantern aloft, and by his every action gave unmistakable evidence of being thoroughly rattled. Lobdell grasped the situation instantly. It was just the sort of thing he enjoyed. He hopped off the machine, hastened to the bewildered watchman, and peering at him in the dark with his face not more than six inches from that of the other asked in an excited and husky voice, "Say—is this Philadelphia?"

"Philadelphia!" exclaimed the watchman. "My God, man—no. This is Springfield, Massachusetts!"

Turning to me, and as though he were reporting a most surprising bit of news, Lobdell shouted, "He says this is Springfield, Massachusetts!"

Explaining his confusion later, the watchman told me he had been dozing, and when he was suddenly awakened by our awful clatter, the only thing he could think was that one of the big Boston & Albany locomotives had come down off the embankment into his stable yard and was clawing the ground up with its driving wheels.

We were accommodated for the night at the Massasoit Hotel. It was approaching three o'clock in the morning. We had left Hartford, twenty-five miles away, at five-thirty the previous afternoon; but *we had made Springfield!* It was not the first time a motor carriage had covered the distance between the two cities, since the Duryea brothers had already accomplished it in both directions. Our machine, however, was probably the first Connecticut machine to get out of its own State under its own power.

IV

It was not long after this that I was invited out to the Eames' country place in Farmington to dinner. One of Mrs. Eames's sisters, Miss Julia Hamilton, was visiting her at the time. I asked Lieutenant Eames how he was going out. The distance was about eight miles. He

replied that he was going out on the trolley and that I had better join him.

I shall never forget that moment. I was considering asking him to go out on Mark VII. It was the first time I had dared even contemplate using a gasoline machine for regular transportation purposes. It would not be safe to use the electric carriage, as the roads were hilly and soft and there would be grave doubts about getting back before the storage batteries became exhausted. Out and back would be sixteen miles. This distance might be all right for the electric on city streets; but on soft country roads and hills it would not do at all. Furthermore, I knew I should have to give Miss Hamilton a ride. This would add to the mileage. No—the electric was out of the question. The gasoline machine was the only thing that would do the job. So I plucked up courage to suggest that Lieutenant Eames join me on the Mark VII tricycle.

Eames looked hard at me for a moment. Then he welcomed the idea with open arms.

I had a couple of office chairs fastened to the tricycle platform because Lieutenant Eames ought not to be expected to sit on the tool-box lid. And Mrs. Eames and Miss Hamilton must surely have something better. The miserable little bicycle head lamp was filled with kerosene because I should be returning alone and probably late at night. Lobdell and I tightened up and greased everything, and at five o'clock we sailed out of the yard as the factory hands were going home. Lieutenant Eames looked fierce and considerably concerned, sitting on the flimsy office chair, very much out in front and with little or nothing to hold on to. He had announced generally that he and Maxim were going to Farmington on the Mark VII, so our start was an impressive occasion.

The little engine worked wonderfully. We overtook and passed the trolley with all the other Farmington commuters on it, Lieutenant Eames waving madly and bellowing greetings to his acquaintances.

We romped along the hard road to West Hartford, jouncing over the bumps and holes and making a merry clatter. West Hartford was considered quite a long way off in those days.

Beyond West Hartford on the Farmington road we entered the hinterland. The road was the conventional winding dirt road of the country. I managed to get through all right, though there were moments when Eames narrowly escaped being pitched bodily off his perch on the office chair. We pulled into "Underledge," his summer place, away ahead of time with all hands present or accounted for.

I was tremendously pleased. Nothing had let go and we had covered the eight miles in quicker time than the trolley. Furthermore, the electric carriage would have been getting along toward its last legs at this point; but we on the gasoline machine could go on with as much vigor as when we started. It was only a matter of the machine holding together, and in time we ought to be able to find all the weak places and strengthen them. Time proved us right, though we were wrong in our estimate of the amount of time it was going to take to find all the weak places. They were found and fixed and refined, and to-day, after the passage of nearly forty years, we see nothing but gasoline-powered cars on the road. Steam and electric machines were long ago swept into the discard. The gasoline engine is king.

At dinner we talked of nothing else. Eames and I were staunch advocates of the gasoline engine. Although steam and storage batteries provided a more quiet, docile, and reliable motive power, we firmly believed the gasoline engine had qualities which would beat both steam and electricity in the end. Eames held forth at length to the ladies, who probably comprehended exactly nothing of what he was driving at. Notwithstanding, we had a delightful dinner.

After dinner, just as it was turning dusk, I suggested that we all take a bit of a ride around the village. Mrs. Eames

flatly declined. We persuaded her sister, however, who was willing to venture so that she might be able to say she had had a ride in a horseless carriage.

I was not altogether happy over the outlook after we had overcome Miss Hamilton's objections. The Eames house was at the top of a steep hill, and there were no brakes of any sort on Mark VII. The hill extended down to the main thoroughfare, which was at the very bottom of the grade. With no brakes I wondered if I should be able to make the turn into this main thoroughfare. Somehow I must hold the speed of the machine down.

As we boarded the tricycle Miss Hamilton hesitated. The hill was many times steeper than she had realized. But she was a good sport and took her seat in one of the chairs, albeit a little gingerly. Lieutenant Eames took the other chair. Everything being ready, I spun the engine over. It burst into speed, as a gasoline engine will when it is started with a wide-open throttle, and Miss Hamilton thought the thing had exploded. She started to leave as hastily as possible, but Eames restrained her, shouting, so as to be heard over the roar, that this was merely starting the engine. She reluctantly resumed her seat, casting doubtful glances behind. Miss Hamilton had not known that gasoline engines have to be started before the vehicle can start. Neither had she known that a gasoline carriage would shake so violently and clatter so noisily.

I had made up my mind that once I had the machine started I would immediately shut off the gas, which would prevent the engine from delivering any power. Then, by leaving the clutch in, I should compel the tricycle to drive the engine. I hoped this would act as a brake. I intended also to keep the machine in the softest part of the road. Between these expedients I thought I had a chance of getting down the hill safely.

I had serious misgivings as we started. It was a very steep hill. I recalled being catapulted over the front of the old tricycle in Lynn, and I could not regard with

equanimity the possibility of catapulting Miss Hamilton and Lieutenant Eames. I started very slowly, determined not to permit the speed to get beyond a slow walk. I shut off the gas and made for the side of the road where it was soft and sandy and hard going. To my immense relief the engine offered such a drag that the speed of the tricycle was quite reasonable. In fact it was too slow in some places. All I had to do to speed up a bit was to ease off on the clutch. As we approached the junction at the main thoroughfare I was able to get the speed down so that one could have safely stepped off the machine. Once round the corner I heaved a deep sigh of relief, for now I was safe. With a light heart I opened the gas valve wide and the engine caught hold like a little bull dog.

It was a gay ride. Miss Hamilton shed hairpins as I had never seen hairpins shed before. We ran around the village, the lady rapidly falling to pieces, after which we climbed the hill back home. When we arrived Miss Hamilton looked as if

she had been passed through a threshing machine. She had to rebuild herself completely. However, the trip was voted a huge success. I was enormously relieved. The nervous strain had been no light one.

Late that evening I started back to Hartford alone. It was a lovely summer night, I knew the road, and as I bowled along in the dark I thought of the bicycle ride from Salem to Lynn five years before, on which I had made up my mind to try to get a little engine to do the work my legs were doing. Here was a dream come true. I had to shut my ears to the noise and the vibration; for in my dream my machine was swift and silent. This Mark VII tricycle was neither. But it would run, and that was the main thing. I did not have to dismount once all the way back to Hartford. All the horses had gone to bed. When I finally shut the throttle in the factory yard I was a pleased young man, for I had completed my first wholly successful bit of transportation on a gasoline-engine-driven vehicle.





NOTES ON PROPAGANDA

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

THEY were always numerous; but now their name is legion. All over the world thousands upon thousands of men and women pass their whole lives denouncing, instructing, commanding, cajoling, imploring their fellows. With what results? One finds it rather hard to say. Most propagandists do their work in the dark, draw bows at a venture. They write; but they don't know how far they will succeed in influencing their readers, nor what are the best means for influencing them, nor how long their influence will last. There is, as yet, no science of propaganda.

This fact may seem the more surprising when we reflect that there is something not far removed from a science of advertising. In the course of years advertisers have come to be fairly expert at selling things to the public. They know accurately enough the potentialities and limitations of different kinds of propaganda—what you can do, for example, by mere statement and repetition; by appeals to such well-organized sentiments as snobbery and the urge toward social conformity; by playing on the animal instincts such as greed, lust, and especially fear in all its forms, from the fear of sickness and death to the fear of being ugly, absurd, or physically repugnant to one's fellows.

If then commercial propagandists know their business so well, why is it that ethical and political propagandists should know theirs on the whole so badly? The answer is that the problems with which the advertisers have to deal

are fundamentally unlike the problems which confront moralists and, in most cases, politicians. A great deal of advertising is concerned with matters of no importance whatsoever. Thus I need soap; but it makes not the smallest difference to me whether I buy soap manufactured by X or soap manufactured by Y. This being so, I can allow myself to be influenced in my choice by such entirely irrelevant considerations as the sex appeal of the girl who smiles so alluringly from X's posters, or the puns on Y's and his comic drawings. In many cases of course I do not need the commodity at all. But as I have a certain amount of money to spare and am possessed by the strange desire to collect unnecessary objects, I succumb easily to anyone who asks me to buy superfluities and luxuries. In these cases commercial propaganda is an invitation to give in to a natural or acquired craving. In no circumstances does it ever call upon the reader to resist a temptation; always it begs him to succumb. It is not very difficult to persuade people to do what they are all longing to do.

When readers are asked to buy luxuries and superfluities or to choose between two brands of the same indispensable necessity nothing serious is at stake. Advertising is concerned in these cases with secondary and marginal values. In other cases, however, it matters or seems to matter a great deal whether the reader allows himself to be influenced by the commercial propagandist or no. Suffering from some pain or physical disability,

he is told of the extraordinary cures effected by M's pills or N's lotion. Naturally he buys at once. In such cases the advertiser has only to make the article persuasively known; the reader's urgent need does the rest.

Ethical and political propagandists have a very different task. The business of the moralist is to persuade people to overcome their egotism and their personal cravings, in the interest either of a supernatural order or of their own higher selves or of society. The philosophies underlying the ethical teaching may vary; but the practical advice remains in all cases the same—and this advice is in the main unpleasant; whereas the advice given by commercial propagandists is in the main thoroughly pleasant. There is only one fly in the ointment offered by commercial propagandists: they want your money.

Some political propagandists are also moralists; they invite their readers to repress their cravings and set limits to their egotistical impulses for the sake of some political cause which is to bring happiness in the future. Others demand no personal effort from their readers—merely their adherence to a cause, whose success will save the world automatically and, so to speak, from the outside. The first has to persuade people to do something which is on the whole disagreeable. The second has to persuade them of the correctness of a policy which, though it imposes no immediate discomforts, admittedly brings no immediate rewards. Both must compete with other propagandists. The art of political propaganda is much less highly developed than the art of commercial propaganda; it is not surprising.

Long experience has taught the moralists that the mere advertising of virtue is not enough to make people virtuous. During the past few thousands of years incalculable quantities of hortatory literature have been produced in every civilized country of the world. The moral standard remains, none the less, pretty low. True, if all this ethical propaganda had never been made the

standard might be even lower. We can't tell. I suspect, however, that if we could measure it, we should find that the mechanical efficiency of ethical propaganda through literature was seldom in excess of one per cent. In individual cases and where, for some reason, circumstances are peculiarly favorable, written propaganda may be more efficient than in others. But, in general, if people behave as well as they do it is not because they have read about good behavior and the social or metaphysical reasons for being virtuous; it is because they have been subjected during childhood, to a more or less intensive, more or less systematic training in good behavior. The propagandists of morality do not rely exclusively or even mainly, on the written word.

Unlike the advertisers, political and social propagandists generally work in the dark and are quite uncertain as to the kind of effects they will be able to produce upon their readers. Propagandists themselves seldom admit this fact. Like all the rest of us, they like to insist upon their own importance. Moreover, there has been a tendency among historians and political theorists to lend support to their claims. This is not surprising. Being themselves professional writers, historians and political theorists are naturally prone to exaggerate the significance of literature. In most studies of modern history a great deal of space is devoted to the analysis of different political and economic theories; and it is tacitly or explicitly assumed that the propagation of these theories in the writings of literary men had a more or less decisive influence on the course of history. In other and more reverberant words, the literary men are credited with having "built Nineveh with our sighing and Babel itself in our mirth." Let us try to discover how far the facts confirm or invalidate this proud claim.

II

Consider, to begin with, the periodical press. Rich men and politicians have a fixed belief that if they can control the

press they will be able to control public opinion—to control it even in a country where democratic institutions are allowed to function without gross interference. They buy up newspapers, partly in order to make money (for the production of newspapers is a very profitable industry), but mainly in the confident hope of being able to persuade the electorate to do what they want it to do. But in fact, as recent history proves, they fail just as often as they succeed. Thus we see that the electoral success of the English Liberal Party before the War, and that of the Labor Party after, were gained in the teeth of opposition by a newspaper press that was and is overwhelmingly conservative. It can be shown by a simple arithmetical calculation that there must be millions of English men and women who regularly read a tory newspaper and regularly vote against the tories. The same is true of France, where it is clear that many readers of the conservative press vote socialist and even communist at elections. We are led to two conclusions: first, that most people choose their daily paper not for its opinions but for its entertainingness, its capacity to amuse and fill the vacancies of leisure. Second, that written propaganda is less efficacious than the habits and prejudices, the class loyalties and professional interests of the readers.

Nor must we forget that propaganda is largely at the mercy of circumstances. Sometimes circumstances fight against propaganda; at other times they fight no less effectively on its side. Thus during the khaki election which returned the first Coalition Government under Lloyd George, and during the gold-standard election of 1931, circumstances fought on the same side as the majority of press propagandists—and fought with tremendous effect. Significant in this context is the case of Allied propaganda during the World War. Up till the summer of 1918 the propaganda designed to undermine the will-to-fight of the German troops was almost perfectly ineffective. During and after that summer, when

hunger and a series of unsuccessful battles had prepared the ground for it, this propaganda achieved its purpose. But the leaflets which Lord Northcliffe's organization scattered with such good effect during July and August could have done absolutely nothing to discourage the German troops during their victorious offensive against Saint Quentin in the month of March.

Propaganda by even the greatest masters of style is as much at the mercy of circumstances as propaganda by the worst journalists. Ruskin's diatribes against machinery and the factory system influenced only those who were in an economic position similar to his own; on those who profited by machinery and the factory system they had no influence whatever. From the beginning of the twelfth century to the time of the Council of Trent, denunciations of ecclesiastical and monastic abuses were poured forth almost without intermission. And yet, in spite of the eloquence of great writers and great churchmen, like St. Bernard and St. Bonaventura, nothing was done. It needed the circumstances of the Reformation to produce the Counter-Reformation. Upon his contemporaries the influence of Voltaire was enormous. Lucian had as much talent as Voltaire and wrote of religion with the same disintegrating irony. And yet, so far as we can judge, his writings were completely without effect. The Syrians of the second century were busily engaged in converting themselves to Christianity and a number of other Oriental religions; Lucian's irony fell on ears that were deaf to everything but theology and occultism. In France during the first half of the eighteenth century a peculiar combination of historical circumstances had predisposed the educated to a certain religious and political skepticism; people were ready and eager to welcome Voltaire's attacks on the existing order of things. Political and religious propaganda is effective, it would seem, only upon those who are already partly or entirely convinced of its truth.

Let us consider a modern example. Since the War two well-written and persuasive pieces of propaganda have figured among the very best of best sellers—I refer to Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, and H. G. Wells's *The Outline of History*. In Europe and America many millions of people read the German's indictment of war and the Englishman's plea for internationalism. With what results? It is hard indeed to say. All that we can be sure of is that nationalistic feeling was never so acutely inflamed as it is to-day and the expenditure on armaments never higher. Once more circumstances have been more effective in molding men's minds than conscious literary propagandists. The influence of Wells and Remarque, which was doubtless considerable at the time of the appearance of their books, lasted only as long as the post-war disgust with fighting and the post-war era of prosperity. A new generation, whose members had no first-hand knowledge of war, came to maturity, and along with it appeared the great depression. In the desperate effort to preserve a local prosperity, governments raised tariffs, established quotas, subsidized exports. Economic nationalism was everywhere intensified. Forevery people, all foreigners were automatically transformed into enemies. At the same time despair and the sense of having been wronged, of being the victims of a monstrous injustice, were driving millions to seek consolation and a vicarious triumph in the religion of nationalism.

Why, we may ask in passing, did these unhappy victims of war choose nationalism as their consolation rather than Christianity? The reason is to be sought not in the superior efficacy of nationalist propaganda but in the historical situation as a whole. The prestige of science is not sufficiently great to induce men to apply scientific methods to the affairs of social and individual existence; it is great enough, however, to make them reject the tenets of the transcendental religions. For a large part of the population, science

has made the Christian dogmas intellectually unacceptable. Contemporary superstition is, therefore, compelled to assume a positivistic form. The desire to worship persists; but since modern men find it impossible to believe in any but observable entities, it follows that they must vent this desire upon gods that can actually be seen and heard, or whose existence can at least be easily inferred from the facts of immediate experience. Nations and dictators are only too clearly observable. It is on these tribal deities that the longing to worship now vents itself.

One of the oddest and most unexpected results of scientific progress has been the general reversion from monotheism to local idolatries. The beginnings of this process are clearly observable among the German philosophers at the opening of the nineteenth century. Take a Moravian Brother, endow him with a great deal of intelligence, and subject him to a good eighteenth-century education and a first-hand experience of invasion and foreign tyranny: the result will be a deeply religious man, incapable of finding intellectual satisfaction in the traditional Christianity of his childhood, but ready to pour out all his devotion, all his will-to-worship, upon the nation. In a single word, the result will be Fichte. In Fichte's *Addresses to the German Nation* the religion of Nazism is to a great extent anticipated. But whereas the Nazis have invented a jargon of their own, Fichte, it is significant, still employs the language of Pietism. He writes of patriotic experiences in the same words as were used by the Moravians to describe religious experiences. In Fichte, as well as in a number of his less eminent contemporaries, we can actually study an intermediate type between two distinct species—the revivalist Christian and the revivalist nation-worshipper. Since the introduction of universal education innumerable people have gone through a process akin to that which caused Fichte to become dissatisfied with the Pietism of his childhood and made it natural for him to seek an-

other outlet for his will-to-worship. The Napoleonic invasion gave intensity to Fichte's religion of nationalism; defeat and an imperfect victory in the World War have done the same for the Germans and Italians of our own generation. In a word, all the historical circumstances of recent years have conspired to intensify nationalism and throw discredit on internationalism, whether religious or political, whether based on Christian Theology or a rationalistic view of the world. At the same time of course governments have deliberately fostered nationalistic fervor to serve their own political purposes. To these causes must be added the apparently normal human tendency to delight in periodical changes of intellectual and emotional fashion. The very popularity of an author during a certain period is a reason why he should become unpopular later on. The conversions due to the preaching of Wells and Renan were in general superficial and short-lived. It is not to be wondered at.

But now let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that these conversions had been for the most part profound and, in spite of changed conditions, lasting. Would that fact have greatly altered the present situation so long as the world's rulers had remained unconverted? It is possible to argue that the really influential book is not that which converts ten millions of casual readers, but rather that which converts the very few who, at any given moment, succeed in seizing power. Marx and Sorel have been influential in the modern world, not so much because they were best sellers (Sorel in particular was not at all a widely read author), but because among their few readers were two men, called respectively Lenin and Mussolini. It may be that the future ruler of some great country will grow up with a passion for Wells. In that case *The Outline* will be not merely a record of past history but, indirectly, a maker of history to come. Up to the present, in spite of its circulation it has not affected the course of history.

III

Social and political propaganda, as I have said, is effective, as a rule, only upon those whom circumstances have partly or completely convinced of its truth. In other words, it is influential only when it is a rationalization of the desires, sentiments, prejudices, or interests of those to whom it is addressed. A theology or a political theory may be defined as an intellectual device for enabling people to do in cold blood things which, without the theology or the theory, they could only do in the heat of passion. Circumstances, whether external or internal and purely psychological, produce in certain persons a state of discontent, for example, a desire for change, a passionate aspiration for something new. These emotional states may find occasional outlet in violent but undirected activity. But now comes the writer with a theology or a political theory in terms of which these vague feelings can be rationalized. The energy developed by the prevailing passions of the masses is given a direction and at the same time strengthened and made continuous. Sporadic outbursts of feeling are converted by the rationalization into purposive and unrelenting activity. The mechanism of successful propaganda may be roughly summed up as follows: Men accept the propagandist's theology or political theory because it apparently justifies and explains the sentiments and desires evoked in them by circumstances. The theory may, of course, be completely absurd from a scientific point of view; but this is of no importance so long as men believe it to be true. Having accepted the theory, men will work in obedience to its precepts even in times of emotional tranquillity. Moreover, the theory will often cause them to perform in cold blood acts which they would hardly have performed even in a state of emotional excitement.

Our nature abhors a moral and intellectual vacuum. Passion and self-interest may be our chief motives; but we hate to admit the fact even to ourselves.

We are not happy unless our acts of passion can be made to look as though they were dictated by reason, unless self-interest be explained and embellished so as to seem to be idealistic. Particular grievances call not only for redress but also for the formulation of universally valid reasons why they should be redressed. Particular cravings cry aloud to be legitimized in terms of a rational philosophy and a traditionally acceptable ethic. The moral and intellectual vacuum is perpetually in process of formation, and it sucks into itself whatever explanatory or justificatory writing happens at the moment to be available. Clean or dirty, brackish or sweet, any water will serve the turn of a pump that has been emptied of its air. And analogously, any philosophical writing, good, bad, or indifferent, will serve the turn of people who are under the compulsion of desire or of self-interest, and who consequently feel the need of intellectual and moral justification. Hence the extraordinary success at a particular historical moment of books that to a later generation seem almost completely valueless; hence the temporary importance and power of manifestly second-rate and negligible writers.

Let us consider a concrete example. The organization of eighteenth-century French society was hopelessly inefficient, and its pattern so anachronistic that great numbers of individual Frenchmen, unable to fit into the scheme of things, suffered acute discomfort. The sense of grievance and the desire for change were intense; and correspondingly intense was the desire for a philosophy that should rationalize this desire and legitimize this grievance in terms of pure reason and absolute justice. Yearning to be filled, the moral and intellectual vacuum sucked into itself whatever writings were available. Among these was the *De l'Esprit* of Helvétius. This is a thoroughly bad book, full of preposterous stuff. But, though obviously untrue, some of its theses (such as that which affirmed the equality of all intellects and the con-

sequent possibility of transforming any child at will into a Newton or a Raphael) were well suited to rationalize and justify the contemporary claims for political, religious and economic reform. During a few years the book was invested with a significance and exercised an influence which its intrinsic literary and philosophical merits could not justify. Its fortune was made not by the ability of its author but by the needs of its readers.

There have been writers whose influence depended neither upon their own powers nor yet on the necessities of their readers, but simply upon fashion. To us the writings of most of the fourteenth- and fifteenth-century humanists seem wholly unreadable. Nor are we singular in our judgment; for within a hundred years their works had fallen into an almost complete oblivion. And yet for their contemporaries, these works were exciting and persuasive. The fact that a man could turn out a tolerably specious imitation of Cicero or Sallust was, for two whole generations of Renaissance readers, a sufficient reason for attaching importance to what he wrote. Gian Galeazzo Visconti of Milan was often heard to say that a thousand Florentine cavalry could not do him so much harm as a single Latin letter from the chancellor of Florence, the humanist Coluccio Salutati. The rediscovery of ancient literature was an event of profound significance. It is easy to understand why so much importance came to be attached during the fifteenth century to pure Latinity; why it was that scholars like Valla and Poggio should have wielded such extraordinary power. But the fashion which, a century later, invested the ruffianly Pietro Aretino with the almost magical prestige that had belonged to the original humanists is wholly unaccountable. Aretino was a lively writer, some of whose works can still be read with interest. But why he should have wielded the influence that he did and why all the kings and princes in Europe should have thought it worth while to pay him blackmail are mysteries

which we cannot explain except by saying that for some reason he became the mode.

At every period of history certain writings are regarded by all or some members of a given society as being *ex hypothesi* true. They are, therefore, charged with an unquestionable authority. To show that this authority is on the side of the cause he supports has always been one of the propagandist's tasks. Where it is not possible for him to make them serve his purposes, the propagandist has to discredit the existing authorities. The devil opens the attack by quoting Scripture; then, when the quotations fail him, trots out the Higher Criticism and shows that Scripture has no more authority than the *Pickwick Papers*. At any given moment there are certain fixed landmarks of authority; the propaganda of the period has to orientate itself in relation to these landmarks. Correct orientation to existing authority is one of the conditions making for success of propaganda.

IV

We see, then, that the effectiveness of propaganda is determined by the circumstances of the time when it is written. These circumstances are of two kinds—circumstances external to the individual, and internal or psychological circumstances. External circumstances may change catastrophically, as during a war; or gradually, as when means of production are altered and economic prosperity is increased or diminished. Changes in external circumstances are of course accompanied by changes in internal circumstances. But internal circumstances may also change on their own account, independently, to a certain extent, of external circumstances and according to an autonomous rhythm of their own. History pursues an undulatory course; and these undulations are the result, to some extent at least, of the tendency displayed by human beings to react after a certain time away from the prevailing habits of thought and feeling toward other habits.

(This process is greatly complicated by the fact that in modern heterogeneous societies there are numerous coexisting groups with different habits of thought and feeling. But it is unnecessary to discuss these complications here.) The autonomous nature of psychological undulations is confirmed by the facts of history. Thus the ardor of all violently active religious and political movements has generally given place to relative indifference and worldliness after a period of anything from a few months to twenty-five years.

"All active religions," writes Professor Crane Brinton, in the concluding paragraph of his recently published *Decade of Revolution*, "tend to become inactive within a generation at most. The wise, experienced, and consistently inactive religious institution known as the Roman Catholic Church has always been threatened by outbreaks of active religion. Until Luther, at least, such outbreaks were tamed, strait-jacketed with laws and institutions. . . . Since the Reformation the great outbreaks of active religion have taken place outside the Church of Rome. Of these the earliest, Calvinism, has long since been sobered. . . . The second, Jacobinism, has in the Third Republic made its compromise with the flesh. . . . The third, Marxism, would appear to the outsider to be entering the inactive stage, at least in Russia." It is worth while to illustrate the undulations of history by a few concrete examples. It took the Franciscan movement about twenty years to lose the passion of its early zeal. Francis founded his first cell in 1209, and the Bull by which Gregory IX set aside his Testament and permitted trustees to hold and administer property for the benefit of the Order was promulgated in 1230. The French Revolution had its Thermidorean reaction after only five years. Savonarola ruled the city of Florence for eight years, but the popular reaction against his movement of religious and moral reform had begun some time before the end. The great Kentucky Revival lasted from 1797 to about

1805; but the Welsh Revival of 1904 was over in two years.

It is probably true to say that movements make up in duration what they lack in intensity. Thus it seems to have taken a full generation for educated Englishmen to react away from the genteel religious skepticism which prevailed at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Addison complained that in his time the very appearances of Christianity had vanished; Leibnitz could record the fact that in England even "natural religion" was languishing. And these are opinions which the facts confirm. The literature of unbelief was as popular as fiction. For example, Woolston's *Discourses* against miracles sold upward of thirty thousand copies.

But a change was at hand. In a letter dated 1776 and addressed to Gibbon on the publication of the first volume of his history, Hume summed up his impressions of contemporary English thought in the following words: "Among many other marks of decline, the prevalence of superstition in England prognosticates the fall of philosophy and decay of taste." Fourteen years later, in 1790, Burke remarked that "not one man born within the last forty years has read a word of Collins, Toland, Tyndal, or of any of that flock of so-called free-thinkers. Atheism is not only against our reason; it is against our instinct." Forty years is probably a pretty accurate computation. Charles Wesley was converted in 1736 and John in 1738. By 1750 the movement of which those conversions were at once a symptom and a cause must have gone far enough to spoil the market for deistic literature. After several minor fluctuations, a new period of educated skepticism set in about the middle of the nineteenth century and was succeeded toward the end of the century by another reaction toward faith. Owing, however, to the assaults of nineteenth-century rationalism, this new faith could not be exclusively Christian or transcendental in character, but expressed itself in terms of

a variety of pseudo-religious forms, of which the most important was nationalism. Rudyard Kipling was the early twentieth-century equivalent of Cardinal Newman and Wesley.

The mistake of all propagandists has been to suppose that the psychological movement which they observe in the society around them is destined to go on continuously in the same direction. Thus we see that in a time of skepticism, skeptical propagandists announce with triumph that superstition is dead and reason triumphant. In a time of religious reaction Christian and nationalistic propagandists announce with equal satisfaction and certainty that skepticism has for ever been destroyed. Both, it is hardly necessary to say, are wrong. The course of history is undulatory, because (among other reasons) self-conscious men and women easily grow tired of a mode of thought and feeling which has lasted for more than a certain time. Propaganda gives force and direction to the successive movements of popular feeling and desire; but it does not do much to create those movements. The propagandist is a man who canalizes an already existing stream. In a land where there is no water, he digs in vain.

V

In a democratic state any propagandist will have rivals competing with him for the support of the public. In totalitarian states there is no liberty of expression for writers and no liberty of choice for their readers. There is only one propagandist—the state.

That all-powerful rulers who make a regular use of terrorism should also be the most active propagandists known to history seems at first sight paradoxical. But you can do anything with bayonets except sit on them. Even a despot cannot govern for any length of time without the consent of his subjects.

Dictatorial propaganda aims first of all at the legitimizing in popular estimation of the dictator's government. Old-

established governments do not need to produce certificates of legitimacy. Long habit makes it seem "natural" to people that they should be ruled by an absolute or constitutional monarch, by a republican president, by a prince bishop, by an oligarchy of senatorial families—which ever the case may be. New rulers have to prove that they have not usurped their title, but possess some higher right to govern than the mere fact of having grabbed power. Usurpation, like any other crime, has to justify itself in terms of the prevailing code of values—in terms, that is to say, of the very system which brands it as a crime. For example, in Italy during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries there were two acknowledged sources of political power: the Empire and the Church. For this reason the men who had succeeded, by fraud or violence, in seizing the government of a city, generally hastened to have themselves appointed Vicars of the Church or Hereditary Captains of the Empire. To be able to tyrannize effectively they needed the title and appearance of constitutional authority. Since the French Revolution the recognized sources of power have been the People and the Nation.

When modern despots have to legitimize their usurpations, they do so in terms of nationalism and of that humanitarian democracy they themselves have overthrown. They issue propaganda to prove that their regime is for the good of the people or else, if the economic facts make nonsense of such a claim, for the good of that mystical entity, different from and superior to the mere individuals composing it, the Nation. But the general acknowledgment that his government is legitimate is not enough for the totalitarian dictator; he demands from his subjects that they shall all think and feel alike, and he uses every device of propaganda in order to make them think and feel alike. Complete psychological homogeneity occurs among primitive peoples. But the conditions of such homogeneity are, first, that the population

shall be small; second that it shall live in an isolation due either to geography or to the exclusiveness of the local religion; and, third, that its system of production shall be more or less completely unspecialized. European dictators may wish and try to make their peoples as homogeneous as a tribe of Melanesians, to impose upon them a conformity as complete as that which exists among the Australian aborigines. But circumstances must finally prove too strong for them. Fifty million professionally specialized men and women cannot live together without emphasizing one another's natural diversities. Nor, with the best will in the world, can the dictator isolate himself from all contact with the outside world. This is one of the reasons why, in the long run, he is bound to fail.

Meanwhile he is sure of at least a partial and temporary success. Dictatorial propaganda demands obedience and even considerable financial and other sacrifices; but by way of compensation it assures the individual that, as a member of a chosen nation, race, or class, he is superior to all other individuals in the world; it dissipates his sense of personal inferiority by investing him with the vicarious glory of the community; it gives him reasons for thinking well of himself; it provides him with enemies whom he may blame for his own shortcomings and upon whom he may vent his latent brutality and love of bullying. Commercial propaganda is acceptable because it encourages men and women to satisfy their sensuous cravings and offers them escapes from their physical pains and discomforts. Dictatorial propaganda, which is always nationalistic or revolutionary propaganda, is acceptable because it encourages men and women to give free rein to their pride, vanity, and other egotistical tendencies, and because it provides them with psychological devices for overcoming their sense of personal inferiority. Dictatorial propaganda promotes the ugly reality of prejudice and passion to the rank of an ideal. Dictators are the popes of nationalism; and the creed of national-

ism is that what ought to be is merely what is, only a good deal more so. All individuals seek justifications for such passions as envy, hatred, avarice, and cruelty; by means of nationalistic and revolutionary propaganda dictators provide them with such justifications. It follows, therefore, that this propaganda of the dictators is certain to enjoy a certain temporary popularity.

In the long run, as I have said, the impossibility of reducing a huge, educated population to the spiritual homogeneity of a savage tribe will tell against it. Furthermore, human beings have a strong tendency toward rationality and decency. (If they had not they would not desire to legitimize their prejudices and their passions.) A doctrine that identifies what ought to be with the lowest elements of actual reality cannot remain acceptable for long. Finally, policies based upon a tribal morality simply won't work in the modern world. The danger is that in process of proving that they don't work the dictators may destroy that world.

Dictatorial propaganda may be classified under two heads: negative and positive. Positive propaganda consists of all that is written, negative propaganda, of all that is not written. In all dictatorial propaganda silence is at least as important as speech, *suppressio veri* as important as *suggestio falsi*. Indeed, the negative propaganda of silence is probably more effective as an instrument of persuasion and mental regimentation than speech. Silence creates the conditions in

which such words as are spoken or written take most effect.

An excess of positive propaganda evokes boredom and exasperation in the minds of those to whom it is addressed. Advertising experts are well aware that after a certain point an increase in the pressure of salesmanship produces rapidly diminishing and finally negative returns. What is true of commercial propaganda seems to be equally true, in this respect, of political propaganda. Thus most observers agree that at the Danzig elections the Nazi propagandists harmed their cause by "protesting too much." Danzig however is a free city; the opposition was allowed to speak, and the ground had not been prepared for positive propaganda by a preliminary course of silence and suppression. What are the effects of excessive positive propaganda within the totalitarian state? Reliable evidence is not available. Significant, however, in this context is the decline since the advent of Nazism in the circulation of German newspapers. Protesting too much and all in the same way, the propagandists succeeded only in disgusting their readers. *Suppressio veri* has one enormous advantage over *suggestio falsi*: in order to say nothing, you do not have to be a great stylist. People may get bored with positive propaganda; but where negative propaganda is so effective that there is no alternative to the spoken and written suggestions that come to them, all but the most independent end by accepting those suggestions.



THE HOUSE OF THE LABURNUMS

A STORY

BY MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

"THIS is the house—number eighteen."
"Oh, yes."

She backed to the edge of the pavement, lifted her head, and looked doubtfully at the upper windows. The young man from the agent's office stooped to put the key in the lock.

"It's a bit stiff. But all it wants is a touch of oil."

The back of his fresh-looking neck and the tips of his raw downy ears were red with the exertion of the little tussle. He glanced up, smiling anxiously. He was young and keen to please.

"What an old-fashioned lock."

"Oh, it would be a simple matter to fit a Yale. These are old-fashioned houses, you know. Early nineteenth-century, I should say." The key turning at this moment seemed to give him confidence. Patting the stucco pillar of the porch, he added more firmly, "Even earlier perhaps. I think you will agree it's full of atmosphere."

"Ye-es."

They stood in a hall papered in some dark mottled design above a chocolate painted wainscoting. It was lit by a landing window which had small lozenge-and-diamond-shaped panes of three colors, crimson, deep blue, and a harsh purple. The young man opened a door that led to the front room. Turning, with one hand on the door knob and the other hand impressively waving the typewritten list of addresses, he gazed at his client earnestly with his perfectly

round blue eyes, and his voice squeaked and boomed.

"This is just the type of house that everyone is after. Everyone, I can assure you. We don't keep this kind of thing on our books for two minutes."

And the house seemed to be on the point of sprouting wings and flying away, so impatient did he make it sound.

It was situated in a terrace in St. John's Wood. Acacias and laburnums gave it a country air. Someone who had once seen a pagoda had tacked a pointed and latticed verandah to its honest face, and this bit of Chinoiserie darkened the downstairs rooms considerably. It was in bad repair. Paint had cracked and plaster wreaths flaked from the ceilings in a Vesuvius trail of ashes.

"But it is going for a remarkably low figure," said the young agent winningly.

"It's certainly the lowest on your list."

"Oh, it's an absolute bargain. We shan't have it on our hands long, I can tell you, madam. The air in this part of London is so good." His firm, it appeared, had the air on their books as well. "And the quiet."

He skipped to the window and opened it.

"Yes, the street seems very quiet."

"At night nothing passes." He frowned sternly. "You might be in the country."

She agreed that the laburnums were very pleasant. But the house oppressed her strangely. She told herself that this

was because she was tired. Tapping her upper lip with her finger, she tried to bring the rooms to life by imagining her curtains at the windows and her furniture against the walls. She tried to picture tired people sleeping here, hungry people eating, and people in a hurry running up and down the stairs. It was in vain. She knew that she could never live here. Perhaps it was the fault of the day, which was gray; but the upper rooms seemed as dark as the rooms downstairs that were shadowed by the verandah. She felt the most acute depression and a longing to get out in the open air. The place smelled stale and muggy—the sort of atmosphere you get in a crowded room where the windows are all closed, the fire roars, and the flowers in the vases are not fresh. But there was no one here and the grates were all cold.

This feeling seemed to crystallize in the big bedroom, a fine room with two windows. She felt as though she were swimming through something warm and heavy. She could hardly move, she was so languid.

"How trying this spring weather is," she murmured.

"Yes, it is close—very close," the young man agreed eagerly.

He led the way to the top landing. Preparing to follow him, she paused in the doorway and looked back. A sharp pain shot suddenly through her head, producing a slight sensation of dizziness. As though it were a tableau revealed in a spurt of magnesium ribbon, she saw that the empty room was now occupied by two people. Pale curtains were looped from the wall over a bed on which lay a young woman. Beside her a man knelt and choked her to death. Intent and speechless, almost like lovers helpless with fascination, they gazed in each other's faces. Her eyes stared, her face was dark and convulsed. He was a big man with hair of a peculiarly vivid shade of red. He was in his shirtsleeves, and his brawny wrists, seeming to shoot out of their cuffs, were covered with curling hairs of gold and red.

The room was perfectly empty. On the sweet pea-covered wallpaper were patches of brighter sweet peas where other people's pictures had hung.

On the top landing the young man glanced out of a window and saw a tennis court where two girls in bright sweaters ran. He thought swiftly of tennis, of his young lady, of warm summer nights, long kisses, dimmed headlights of cars parked on the crunching red grit of new side roads. Sighing, he turned to his client. She was not there. Leaning over the banisters, he saw her standing on the lower landing. She called up to him.

"I don't think it is any use going on."

He ran down the stairs. He was considerably crestfallen.

"But you haven't seen it all, madam. There are several excellent rooms—"

"I have seen quite enough. It won't do at all. It is not what I want."

And she hastened downstairs, past the red-and-blue window, with the young man trotting in his beautiful brogues after her. She was pale and shaken; her head was splitting with pain. She felt convinced that what she had just seen had been a terrible episode called up out of the past. Although she had had no experience of the kind before, the peasants in Ireland, where she had spent her childhood, had told her that she had the seeing eye. It never occurred to her that her tired brain might have played her tricks. The two faces, the man's and the woman's, were so clear in her mind. She had been right to feel that this was a sad, exhausted house.

As they went through the hall, she asked:

"Who lived here before, do you know?"

Rallying from his wan reverie, the agent's clerk started forward like a watcher to the bedside of a patient who has decided not to die.

"A Miss Wilmott—an old lady, I believe. When she died the house came on the market."

"She had lived there for many years?"

"Oh, I think she had lived there all her life. That explains the old-fashioned wallpapers and the dark colors, you know. Fresh paint would make a wonderful difference—it would be a new place altogether."

"Nothing has ever happened here, has it?"

"Happened?" He stared. His tie was striped like his cheeks, pink and white.

"There was something in the atmosphere," she murmured.

Relieved, he caught joyfully at the word.

"Yes, it has got atmosphere, hasn't it? It's not like these modern houses. It really is an exceptional little property. Early nineteenth-century—ab-so-lute-ly—period. You don't feel . . . ?"

"No, no, it won't do."

She could not get the experience out of her mind. Whenever she thought of it she had a sharp and dreadful sensation of horror. Again and again the two figures went through their helpless silent charade in her memory. Far from diminishing in strength, their faces expressed the most violent life that made the living people round her seem like phantoms. She began to sleep very badly. Afraid of herself, she told her husband, who listened attentively, laughed, and patted her shoulder.

"Nonsense! You were over-tired, the house was depressing. All empty houses are depressing."

"You don't believe that I saw them?"

"You saw *something*, my dear; but what you saw was in your own imagination. Don't let yourself get fanciful. Take a good tonic."

And he pottered off in his carpet slippers to pack his books in wooden crates, ready to be taken to the new house; she had been successful in her search.

Some weeks later she came face to face with the young woman whom she had seen on the bed in the empty house. It was at a friend's home. The young woman was introduced to her as Miss

Ellen Caber, the niece of the hostess. Good God! There could be no mistaking that face, although it was now prettily colored and smiling. With a feeling that she was struggling in a nightmare, she watched Miss Caber show off a fine ring with all the little airs of the happy engaged girl.

"You are going to be married soon?"

"I think so—quite soon. We have found a house already. Robert signed the lease this morning. It is in St. John's Wood—Fulke Terrace. Do you know it? Oh!"

"I'm so sorry—how terribly clumsy of me. Has it gone on your pretty dress? Yes, I know Fulke Terrace quite well."

"I come from the country, you know, so the trees and gardens up there rather please me. Just now all the lilacs and laburnums are out. At the present moment the house is frightful, but I think it can be made nice. And it's quiet. Robert particularly insists on quiet."

"Is your fiancé here?"

"Yes, there he is. You must meet him. Robert!"

As they shook hands, she looked down and saw the red and gold hairs curling over his wrist under the starched cuff. The young couple glanced at her strangely once or twice, for her conversation seemed wild and straying. As soon as possible she went to find her husband and said to him in a low agitated voice:

"You remember my story of the empty house in St. John's Wood? That is the couple I saw."

"What, Miss Caber and her fiancé? Don't be ridiculous!"

"It is quite true. They have taken the very house. What shall I do?"

"Do? Do nothing of course. What's the matter with you? I've never known you as nervy as this before. It's a coincidence, that's all."

"You don't understand. I feel the most terrible responsibility. Whatever I saw, it was a ghastly tragedy and they were the people in it. I'd know them anywhere."

"Listen, old girl, you mustn't let yourself get in such a thoroughly morbid state. I've never seen a less spooky couple than Miss Caber and Gates. Why not tell them? They'd enjoy the joke."

"No, I can't. That would be . . ."

"Well then, have a drink."

He strolled off to get one for her. He chuckled to himself, putting the whole thing down to his wife's vivid Irish imagination which was always bursting out in little "feelings"; quick and often entirely misleading intuitions about people and places. This dash of livelier blood entranced him, and he was fond of pointing it out to strangers as though it were the indigo tongue of a Chow, a sign of genuine stock. He was a plain man himself and went through life without seeing anything peculiar. He relied on his wife for the racy trimmings that lend spice to a solid dish.

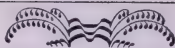
She could not decide what to do. From her friend she learned that Robert Gates and Miss Caber had been married and had now settled down in Fulke Terrace. Several times she was on the point of going to see young Mrs. Gates; each time something happened to prevent it. She felt that if she could only see the house looking normal, with sunlight streaming through the open windows, new curtains fluttering, half the horror of her experience would be gone. That unlucky visit to the empty house seemed as though it were going to obsess her whole life. It would return to her suddenly, bringing an appalling feeling of uneasiness. She recalled the calm and happy face of Miss Caber, the smiling face of her fiancé. But she found that she could remember far more vividly the sweet pea pattern of the wallpaper in the stuffy bedroom. She saw the pink and mauve flowers, the delicate tendrils, brighter in patches. She saw the faces,

the eyes, and sometimes she felt that she must really be going mad.

One summer evening she was in St. John's Wood, walking to her bus from a visit to a sick friend. Turning a corner, she found herself in Fulke Terrace. The lilacs and laburnums had faded; the young green of the trees was white with dust, and from the tennis courts came the ping of balls and the sound of voices, ringing at once vibrant and languid on the still summer air. In one of the little gardens a man in shirtsleeves potted happily with a trowel. Everything was peaceful. She was on the opposite side of the road from the Gateses' house. She paused and looked over. The little house looked smart with new paint. Light curtains hung at the freshly polished windows; she could see stacked deck chairs in the verandah. She told herself that it had lost its frightening anonymity and was now a happy home belonging to happy daylight folk. Long drying pods hung from the laburnum trees.

But suddenly this would not do. Standing on the pavement, with the shirt-sleeved man making soft little comfortable scratching noises with his trowel in the warm earth behind the railings, she felt sick with dread. All at once she had a deep conviction that something was slipping from her. Her heart beat loudly; her knees shook. She knew that she must cross the street as quickly as possible, ring the bell, and ask for Ellen Gates. For a moment she was unable to move. Behind her the man, squatting on his haunches, scratched in the dirt and the odorous decaying geranium leaves; slowly the tassels swung from the laburnum trees opposite.

As she took a step forward, the door of number eighteen burst open, and a maid, apron strings streaming, terror pasted chalk white across her face, ran shrieking into the street.



JOHN JAY CHAPMAN TO WILLIAM JAMES

A PACKET OF LETTERS

EDITED BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

WHEN John Jay Chapman died in November, 1933, there were relatively few to realize what a loss, if only in terms of personality, had befallen the contemporary scene. He was seventy-one years old. He had written a number of books, in prose and verse, on a variety of topics. None of them achieved a popular success, though some of them seemed to the small circle of the most discriminating to stand, through their originality, vigor, and mastery of expression, in the first rank of American writing. These books—of which perhaps it will suffice to name *Emerson and Other Essays*, *William Lloyd Garrison*, *Memories and Milestones*, and *Letters and Religion*—carried the knowledge of him beyond the circle of friends, though not so far as might reasonably have been expected. His talk and his letters—singularly like his talk—were the treasured possessions of intimates. The talk, alas, is silenced, but many of the letters remain, and in their pages—witty, outrageous, profound, according to the mood of the moment—the vivid colors of his personality are revealed as if by his living voice.

A friend with whom Chapman felt a peculiar sympathy was William James. One has only to read the sketch of him in *Memories and Milestones* to feel how close of kin their spirits were. "Jack, you talk like an angel," said James to him at the end of an evening in a country-house where they were fellow-guests.

Some years later, when Chapman wrote to James an abusive letter printed hereinafter about philosophy, challenging even the existence of a "concept," James replied (See *Letters of William James*, II, 321), "A certain witness at a poisoning case was asked how the corpse looked. 'Pleasant like and foaming at the mouth' was the reply. A good description of you describing philosophy. . . . There are concepts, anyhow." Thus they could give and take with perfect understanding and sympathy. It is when these relations exist that good letter-writers are at their best. The lively vein in which James could write to Chapman has already been shown forth in the *Letters* edited by his son Henry and in Professor Perry's *Thought and Character of William James*. Here are some evidences of Chapman's power to maintain his part in the correspondence.

New York

March 17, 1897

MY DEAR PROFESSOR JAMES,

I am driven to write to you because I so narrowly missed seeing you and regretted it so much. Also because I am concerned about Royce. I never heard a man talk so much nonsense in one evening—and a man too who is such a splendid fellow, a unique nature, and a very wonderful mind. The inroads of Harvard University upon his intelligence, however, have been terrible. He said he

was writing a paper on originality and his conversation betrayed some of the things he is going to say in it. This was that everything was imitative—in art you “imitate the ideal.” This ought to be stopped. He is misleading the youth. I see why they killed Socrates. I say it is pernicious emptiness he is teaching your boys out there.

I know you would say that it's mere philosophy and not to be taken seriously; but these things do have some influence sometimes. That man—mind you I love and revere him—but he's not as interesting a man as he was ten years ago. His mind has less of life in it. His constant strain and endeavor to evacuate his mind and have nothing in it but destruction is beginning to tell. I hear he is going abroad. I am awfully glad. Let him have no money. Let him come in grinding contact with life. Let him go to Greece and get into a revolution—some-where where he can't think—I mean do this thing he does, which is not thinking. Let his mind get full of images and impressions, pains, hungers, contrasts—life, life, life. He's drawing on an empty well.

I am just awfully glad you are going to speak at the Shaw Monument. Down with the literary people. It might have been Norton or Eliot—very good—no offense in them—but Lord God, we have had literature done enough—hawked and styled to deadness. Let us express ourselves with brickbats or pictures of ganglia—it's what we're coming to—but no more traditional English grace. Get up and say Shaw did well and sit down.

And do remember this—if your speech pleases that audience, it's bad. If you get adopted into that hypocrisy—the war reverence—the war cant—the eulogy business—any enthusiasm which doesn't concern the present instant! These very fellows you're talking to are brought up on this tradition. I think Judge Holmes' speeches are the veriest rot—the veriest unmanly sentimentalism and arid stuff. I know you couldn't do this, and he can't

help it, but I don't want to lose you as figure of a live creature. Every year I hear more about you and I know you have put life into your whole science all over this country. I see the younger generation—run across them in one way or another—and trace back their vitality to you.

Please remember me to Mrs. James.

Very sincerely yours

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

New York

June 3, 1897

MY DEAR MR. JAMES,

I hear nothing but good of your address.* This is damning enough. They say “a fine bit of English”—“such fine feeling,” etc. I put the worst first, for I concede that it went well with the occasion—and “Forward the 54th” belonged in the ceremonies as a keystone belongs in an arch. I don't see how you had the face to do it all the same.

But seriously I delighted in the part about any country having lots of boys like Shaw, and the praise of the mugwumps and civic virtue. I wish the whole occasion could have been devoted to the idea. It was a good little celebration—aunts, uncles, and cousins. Do you know it made the Massachusetts community seem so small—of course just the '61 crowd were there and about all of them were there. It lacked the present.

Booker Washington was the only man who took the matter seriously—for even you made your moralities rather reflections. I say damn the war. I believe these celebrations send everybody home comfortable and happy and prevent 'em from subscribing to the lost causes on which the future depends.

Booker Washington was grinding his axe. The rest were celebrating and waiting for the strawberries and cream. . . .

I understood you to say that something I had said about “truth” was rot. Do you know that in your big two volumes of psychology there's an advertise-

* At the unveiling of the Shaw Monument in Boston.

ment stating that your psychology is based on *American facts*?

Sincerely yours

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

New York
March 4, 1900

MY DEAR JAMES,

. . . I am going on to Harvard at the end of this week for a séance of some sort with the Civil Service Reform association. I do hope we can make it discussion and not lecture. Of course if an audience is cold piety and comes to learn—you must give your talk, bow, and move. But the things I'm interested in, anybody knows about and I'm going to make a hard try to just have a conversational evening and let the thing take what direction it may.

There are many signs of life over here. If only the Boers can beat back the barbarians till our fibre gets a little stronger, we may develop a civilization. I am horribly afraid this militarism which arose in North Germany, swept over Europe, and is now threatening England, may conquer us. It's a terrible reality. England has lost her head. The state of mind of the average Englishman is bête and pitiable. The thing is like an infection—I'm afraid I'll get it myself and these ignorant well-meaning fellows, the American citizens, will catch it—and then—why, we'll have to wait for a new era and five hundred years later a rediscovery of free government.

J. J. C.

18 Commonwealth Ave.

Boston
March, 1900

MY DEAR JAMES,

. . . By the way, the people of Massachusetts are the most unselfish people as a community, the most self-respecting and honest and agreeable, in the world—I notice it in the streets and in social life. The old puritan religion has got into them and qualifies them. Have had a splendid time here, seeing so many people I know, and not having to be hostile to them—for life in New York is

a steady fight, steady discomfort. I can't go out to dine without armor on, and no doubt it would be so here if I lived here and made myself so unpleasant as I do in New York. It is a great and wonderful change, coming on here—and I'm going to try to remember how it feels to really give way to liking people and try to apply it to those sons of Belial in New York when I go back.

Look here, the *Manchester Guardian* is the ablest paper in the world, and the sort of Anglo-Saxon alliance that is needed is an international monthly or weekly on those lines. Just bear it in mind—I don't know how I could benefit America more than to send a copy of the *Manchester Guardian* for a year to every editor in America. The degree of gross ignorance that exists in the U. S. as to the principles of liberal government—the ignorance of what the Boer war means—an ignorance accentuated by the fact that our sympathies are with the Boers—and yet you don't know why—gives me the shivers. By the way, you don't know anything about England—you see enlightened people when you go there—awfully educated and nice people of ideas. Now listen—*Those that you know* are about all there are in England. You've got to see London drawing-rooms—the average M.P., the average banker and merchant and swell and nobody—to see 'em for four months as we did to get any notion of the state of civilization on the island. I like the Americans much better. They are religious beings compared to the English—I mean the English from May to August, 1900, for this war will qualify the whole temper of every one—make an epoch—and I hope an epoch for the better before it is finished. . . .

Affectionately yours

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

Barrytown, N. Y.

May 29, 1906

MY DEAR JAMES,

I have been desperately hoping and do still that somehow you and Mrs. James

will spend a week with us before we all die. And now if you are getting so old and contemplate that form of suicide—living abroad—I am going to lay wires, use influence, and take steps to bring about some sort of reunion soon.

Why, of course, of course—I wonder how you have stood it so long in the treadmill—how you have kept free from the shackles of pedagogy, institutional life, Cambridge, Boston, Massachusetts, and the era, which is eating up all these and transmuting them into corn cobs? I have always wondered at it and wondered whence you draw the vitality to do it. And now that you have borne the burden and heat of the day and shined your light abroad—and it has been a real light, and has helped many and steaded much—why now you can be turned out to browse and live peaceably at Oxford or Florence or where you will, with the respect, gratitude, and affection of everyone who has ever heard your name following you to your grave.

I do not suppose that with your active mind and an unimpaired vigor, you will really escape the fate that seems to fall on Americans who go to live abroad—the fate of coming to regard small things as important. Were you worn out you would be safe, but your energy will destroy you. But it is folly to talk like this. You have never been influenced at home—then why abroad? And I don't care what you do. Go and lead the brigands, go and give your sanction to the Pragmatists—you still cannot stay the sweet influences of the Pleiades which will be in your work. But if you do not—if your destiny leaves you still bound, like a sort of only half-inspired Prometheus—you will hear before you die the strains you have waited for so long—and stopped your ears to so earnestly—and which are heard only when search is exhausted and curiosity is dead and stillness follows because there is no power of motion left. Then the wind from without blows upon the soul and having blown it out—or seemingly out—blows it to a new life, steadily, and the old is seen to have been

but a blustering and beating of the same power, and to have been a part and origin and necessary stage leading to the exhaustion, and all the past has been controlled and ordered—and we have come from the beginning, as a calf is made to go into his stall. . . .

325 West 82 St.

New York City

Feb. 13, 1907

MY DEAR JAMES,

I found I had a dinner party and so cut your last lecture, and, by the way, I afterward met a lady—not one of your auditors—who says quite seriously, "Ah, Fragmentism—such a good name too." So you see you and your footnotes are making a big inroad into the metropolitan consciousness. . . .

James Crosswell is my candidate for President of Harvard. But he is not worldly enough to suit. He'd get 50 blackballs out of 51 votes. A College President *must* be worldly. You said so yourself—though not in those words. Well, it's not true. I used to care somewhat about Harvard College; but since those circulars about Eliot's 70th birthday and the three million fund, and all that bombast and vulgarity, I cannot go it. I cannot bear to be called "a loyal son of Harvard." This chest-thumping, back-slapping, vociferous and cheap emotionalism, done to get money and land money, is too much like everything else. I felt so clearly that the whole age's decay of scholarship and decent feeling could be shown from the Eliot circular, that if I hadn't been sick (and sworn off anyway) I should have come to Boston and given a lecture on the *English* of the document—the mere tone of it. Everything seems to be a baseball team—jolly-ing, rough good-feeling, and a thorough-going belief in money and *us*—and it's bad form to be accurate about anything except cash. Harvard is a baseball team, and they'll bid high to get the best man they can, even if they have to outbid the Sioux City Nine. The truth is, I don't know much about Harvard, and don't

doubt there's much else in it—only I always happen to meet the boom-side of it. Eliot has boomed and boomed—till we think it's the proper way to go on. He *must* or lose foothold. Well, why not a man who does not boom? Is boom the best thing in life? Is it all boom? Is there now and to be nothing ever but boom, boom, boom? Is there not something that operates without money—not anywhere?

Why, my dear fellow, Eliot and the crew of howlers have wasted and destroyed more by their buildings and their gates—they are submerged in their improvements. It will take hair shirts to get the sky clear. It is no one's fault. They done the best they knew; and the next generation can pick up the pieces and painfully recover and reconstruct the idea that a university is a place of thought, truth, religion. . . .

If Eliot is a great man, I want a small man.

All this sounds to you remote—because you never, perhaps, were in an office—but in the offices of men entering the field, comes one form of the struggle between light and darkness, and it comes very quick, within a month or a few days—and it always comes; and it is always elementally the same—lawyers, architects, engineers, doctors are up against the commercial forces just now—very distinctly. Well, they are daily doing better, seeing more clearly, understanding the thing more clearly, but they need light, not fog, from the headlights of humanity and progress.

Of course you will say, "Yes, but they never have got it from them in the history of the world." That's all I mean.

Yours affly

J. J. C.

[When the following letter was written James was delivering at Oxford the series of "Hibbert Lectures" afterward published in "A Pluralistic Universe" (1909). The Chapmans and the Jameses were on the point of motoring together in the Cotswolds.]

39 Clarges St.
Piccadilly, London
June 2, 1908

DEAR JAMES,

It's too bad I didn't know about this before the lectures are over—I'd have posted down to Oxford, and got you to leave ten minutes at the end of the hour and invite questions. Then I'd have opened up with, "Well, Protagoras, I understand you to maintain," etc.—we'd have shown them what a philosophical lecture ought to be like. But it's chiefly "good form," as you say, that is choking them. I ran across a very over-educated, finical, cross man called Robert Brydges [*sic*—a poet—who was full of curiosity about you and spoke of your vast following. He is the sort of man who has lost the power of admiring and is used to having the last word in a circle of ladies—yet a good fellow at bottom. He had gone so far as to go in to one of your lectures—and came out again because he said the air was bad. He said you had the face of a sage which shone as you talked—but not when you were reading. I felt he was about to hesitate dislike about Pragmatism, so I knocked him down first, and then gave him a lecture on what I understood it to be (Lord forgive me) and rather to my surprise he ended with, "I quite agree, I quite agree."

Well, if you have aroused this degree of interest in this world-weary Oxonian skeptic who has always had money enough to pick up culture with a tongs, and who goes out of curiosity because James is in the air at Oxford, you have prevailed further than you know.

We meet you and Mrs. James at Bibury on Wednesday, June 10th, Swan Inn. We can stop for one night only and I'm not sure of our route—but somehow we shall make it.

Yours affectionately

J. J. C.

My wife says she now sees why I desire to see you. It is because we both desire to lock arms and groan.

Charing Cross Hotel
June 13, 1908

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

For to this it must come. We seem to be about to embark, though I will not believe it till it happens. Well, I went to see an old lady, sort of second mother to Elizabeth. I thought it would be a gracious act to say good-by to her—especially as I have been rather eccentric and almost rude in avoiding a host of dear people. Well, I got through it I thought very creditably—and this morning Elizabeth tells me I went on like a cross child railing at everybody—nobody good enough—nothing to suit me. And she who had been nursing the tradition that I was a lofty prophet whose seclusion was merely the necessary shroud to a beacon-like benevolence. It's too bad—and the cause was barber-shops and the buying of umbrellas—fatigue. There are certain conditions when fatigue is a crime—and the only crime. You made a tremendous effort at Oxford—be content. I was under a great temptation to read you my play at Bibury but it would have spoiled a rare occasion—and besides—*cui bono*? A play must speak from the stage—and, if it can be managed—from the page; but an author's reading is no fair and reveals nothing.

I also had a temptation to open up a sort of Platonic suggestion that philosophy was only an inexpressive form of poetry and that you would end by teaching poetry if you make philosophy speak. It becomes poetry. But while this seems to be true in theory, and while you gain fullness of expression in a certain sense, I question whether it be not the dry thought that gets farther in the end, changes people more like dropping a compressed watchspring into somebody's mind which expands at last, and functions of itself, becoming part of the life. The excessive abstraction of the thing you were getting at in your lectures only became plain to me when I began to give an account of it to others. I found I was remaking it—or it me—in the exposition. I question whether poetry does

this. It is too emotional and posed. It says, "Stand here, and you will see this."

As for my own poetry—it is not poetry but clever verse—and this play could or might only have the importance of showing that the stage can very easily return to verse. If the lines are properly recited no one need discover that they are verse, but merely feel that language has become more expressive. Plays in fact must be in verse in order to get into the region of natural human feeling.

We must start doing this in order to give the poets a field when they come.

Yours affectionately

JACK

On board the *Kroonland*
June 20, 1908

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I have read a little in Aristotle's *Ethics*. It seems to be a rapidly written book and to deal with age-old topics. One is not so much in contact with Aristotle as with a thousand years of talk. It's pretty shop-worn—and class-room-worn—I don't mean *now*—but, in its substance, was so in Aristotle's day. It's like a game of dominoes—old, smooth, yellow. But the thing that strikes me is the remoteness from life of all of it. I suppose the Greeks were as profoundly indifferent to ethics as any people could be—and as enamored of conversation—and polite culture. But really, you know, this is pretty cheap stuff. It has no actuality. It reminds me of those pastime romances, the *Heptameron*, the *Cortegiano*—the parliaments of love or conversazioni among triflers. I know that, of course, you will say that as soon as a thing has actuality it ceases to be Ethics. It becomes religion or poetry or politics, and I think this is true. *Ethics* is the old box of dominoes—the same box. Which is part of the historic possession and toy collection of the race. On the steamer it comes in handy. Now I like Aristotle, and think him a nice man and a very clear thinker and able arranger, but he would have been greater if he hadn't accepted the old categories of education

and felt himself bound to write an Ethics. If he had frankly said "to hell with Ethics" I should have admired him more.

I have been reading plays by some of Shakespeare's contemporaries. I can't understand their reputation or make sense out of what the critics say in their prefaces. I believe it is all a vast illusion and unconscious conspiracy, revealing the non-critical character of the English mind. It must befog the young. The plays are for the most part incredibly dull and ill-planned—showing every cheap device of lust, murder, incest, mad-houses, torture, etc. which yet fail of effect on account of their crudeness and lack of preparation. There are good lines now and then and bad ones very often—and how people ever sat through them becomes the main question of interest. I wish I knew where to turn in English for sensible, well-instructed criticism. If I had a wider reading I could do it myself—just unpretentious attempts to prepare people for what the thing is—like Sainte Beuve. It requires enormous knowledge—that's the trouble. The Mermaid Series probably represents English scholarship. It is perfectly useless, misleading, and ignorant. I know less about an Elizabethan poet after I have read an essay by Swinburne or Symonds or Havelock Ellis or Charles Lamb, or Hazlitt or Saintsbury or Chesterton—or any of them—than I do before I read it. I am exceedingly glad I never read these plays before—or at least at an early imitative age—for they seem to me to be as bad as bad—as far from true drama, good sentiment, natural expression, competent or comprehensible workmanship, honest understanding of their craft, as they can possibly be—and, though redeemed by strokes of genius, the very most dangerous models either for playwrighting or poetry in general. We have had a most smooth uneventful voyage and are almost at land. . . . Please remember me to Mrs. James. Elizabeth sends her love to you both.

Yours Affly

J. J. C.

SYLVANIA

BARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON

April 25 [1909]

MY DEAR JAMES,

The Pluralism has come and I am reading it with real pleasure, at least the essay on Hegel, (I have temporarily dropped the book out of the carriage on a drive and am getting another copy). The trouble is, I lost it just as I was beginning to be convinced I had some good ideas.

You said something about a *concept*. Now what is a concept? Where does it begin and where does it end? *Are you sure that there is such a thing?* If you were sitting in your capacity of President of the Society for Psychical Research and the story of one of these concepts were brought before you, would you not put it down in that name of science, quench and dissipate it, and show it to be a mere mist and vagary and never-twice-alike will o' the wisp—in the name of modernity and evidence and intellect and X-rays? I can just imagine your polite "not proven." But when you get on your tripod, you go puffing out these things at the top of the smokestack in perfect unconcern, in perfect belief that you are in good society and that no one will find you out.

Modern Philosophy since Kant is a game and so many thousands are in the conspiracy that almost anyone may be tempted to throw a few *louis d'ors* on the table as he passes through the gambling hell. With three years' practice I could play it myself.

I have recently been reading Thomas Aquinas (in the notes to Dante) and I find that he is a very serious man and has meanings that any man can understand—at least any man can feel the reality in Thomas Aquinas. The same is true of Kant. Kant was not playing a game, he was inventing a language. But all you fellows since Kant and including Hegel, are living on Kant and haven't the initial force to use him, as for instance Dante uses Thomas Aquinas—simply quarry out of him or take words

which you reinfuse with your own meaning. You are using words at second-hand and are dabblers. I got several ideas out of the essay on Hegel and when the book turns up —

But can't you see you ought not to encourage this Volapuk society? Let it alone! Don't call attention to it! Then it will die out. Thousands of young men are yearly ruined at your gaming table—their intellects gone forever. Desist, Desist!

Yours

J. J. C.

Barrytown, N. Y.

Oct. 12, 1909

[This was written six days after the installation of President Lowell at Harvard.]

DEAR JAMES,

It's all a question of getting the reality of the mysterious side of life before the public. No discussion can do more than end by suggesting—what everybody knows—that we are surrounded by goodness and power flashing about and we must not get in the way of them. . . . The Lord was not in the whirlwind. What I ought to have said was—"How wonderful that such a board of Trustees has done so well—for there are several good things about Harvard) and now—wonder, of wonders, these young idiots, the Fellows of Harvard, have chosen a scholar for President! It's the millennium." That would have been more just and philosophical—but I didn't think of it.

Well, now, since Lowell is in, the cat's-cradle is in a new form—and what Lowell will need is *support*. As so often happens, the support he needs can best begin by punching his head. He needs protection against the pressure of the old machine, and he needs play for personal impulse. The Harvard professors must fight out their own standing-ground—no one else can do it for them. At present they are cowed by false ethics, and are like a pack of hounds to be sold on the death of a tyrant. They laugh on only

one side of their mouth when Eliot is mentioned. They fear the roof will fall. This is a service *you* could have done—and would have done if it had occurred to you, years ago—standing up for ideas against the oppressor. And, by the way, your influence in the community is, I think, largely due to your public fight—on healers and doctors. You have an extra-University following. That's what every professor needs. The fight for ideas must be done by men in the university. They will have to risk their jobs of course. . . . I've been talking to younger professors and I find them cautious. Their career—their specialty—they do not see that here is a career and a real one. The great public must be relied on always, not the small public. You must always be on the sea. . . .

All this is a mere sample of the general state of the U. S. You and your notion of "what people want" for education are a horrid exhibit. Ghostly. Every man should teach what he wants to teach—not what others want to learn.

There is no allowance to be made anywhere in the universe or in the system of the university for what somebody else wants. That is the devil. That is corruption. That lies.

Pick up a school English primer (perhaps in Mass. they are better—but come to New York and pick one up). This book has been put together by a man trying to give what somebody else wants. The whole wealth of English Literature is lost on him. He is rushing and shoving down hill to chaos—rubbish—degradation—because he is filling a want. *De te fabula*.

That is—as a side-light on pragmatism.

I have a notion that I could tell you what is the matter with pragmatism—if you would only stand still.

A thing is not truth till it is so strongly believed in that the believer is convinced that its existence does not depend upon him.

This cuts off the pragmatist from knowing what truth is.

J. J. C.

12 Mount Vernon Street

Boston

Jan. 24, 1910

DEAR JAMES,

. . . Academic honors! I don't count it against you one bit. You are a natural target for these things—a spiritual law of some kind shies them at you. Represents weakness, of course—moral weakness. Any one who takes an academic honor trades upon the baseness of others—or a decoration from a King. What are these French Institutes but the refuge of royalist national sentiment? Bergson feels toward the Institute as Joan of Arc felt toward the royal line. It is the ark of the French covenant. What rot! I say truly, seriously, in soothest sadness—and looking deep into your eyes—how can you help build up this rubbish?

Old Bryce of the bushy eyebrows was made a very fine order of Elk by the King. He said the King had made it a personal matter, poor old deluded man.

Why it's putting incense on the altar of Baal. It's condoning, and smiling, and playing priest, and sipping and simpering, and selling out the gift of prophecy for a seat in the synagogue.

It seems to me that if you had had an ounce of manhood in you you would have replied to Bergson when he announced your election as one of the eight non-resident honorary members of the Corps of Moral Sciences and Inscriptions—"Sir: The first principle which morality inscribes upon the heart of man is contempt for institutions. You think you

are inscribing my name on your walls, but in reality you wish to inscribe your darned old institution on me. Yours, W. James."

J. J. C.

[It was after the preceding letter was received that James wrote to Chapman: "You, dear Jack, are the only reincarnation of Isaiah and Job, and I praise God that he has let me live in your day. *Real* values are known only to you." See *Letters of William James*, II, 329-30.]

TO MRS. WILLIAM JAMES

[William James died August 26, 1910. His posthumous volume of essays, *Memories and Studies*, appeared in October, 1911.]

SYLVANIA

BARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON

Oct. 21, 1911

DEAR MRS. JAMES,

The new essays came just as I was leaving Barrytown yesterday morning. Thank you ever so much for them. What a rate he was writing at during those last years. He could not stop. He had the public ear and a surge of facility—long files and cues of waiting utterances, like the box-office when Sarah Bernhardt is coming. I shall read them with mingled feelings, and shall ever believe it's dangerous to look forward to writing or doing. Perhaps our work is finished now.

Yours sincerely

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN



LIVING ON \$50,000 A YEAR

ANONYMOUS

WHEN you read the lists of salaries above \$20,000 that are published in the newspapers you will find my husband's salary as president of a large corporation, listed at \$30,000. The Brookings Institution would place him in a group designated as "wealthy" (incomes of \$25,000 and over). In 1929 his salary and other income amounted to \$75,000, but since 1929 we have slid down into what might be called the great middle class of the taxable-income group. There are 34,357 of us in the whole country (incomes of \$20,000 or over), with a moneyed aristocracy just above us of those whose "income exceeds \$50,000"—there are only 7,964 of these—and a proletariat below us of 88,982 people whose incomes are over \$10,000.

We in this over \$20,000 group live in the more prosperous suburbs, in Georgian or French or Italian houses, with at least four baths, set nicely back from shaded streets on an acre or more of spruce lawn; or in large apartments in town given to white satin draperies and red lacquer closets, and entered from a baronial first-floor hall with marble benches, tapestry, portrait of a lady in a ruff, and sometimes an open fire, at which no one lingers but the elevator man.

One of the advertisers who make diligent use of the publication of these salary lists says this of us in his pamphlet to customers who desire our names and addresses, all carefully tabulated and classified: "*Typical of income group over \$20,000 a year*—President of a graphite products manufacturing concern rated

\$200,000 to \$300,000—director in three corporations . . . \$100,000 life insurance . . . 9,845 shares of stock owned . . . owns 1934 Packard and 1932 Ford . . . has large home in suburbs . . . belongs to one country club and one city club . . . wife belongs to two women's clubs and is prominent in society . . . \$3,000 personal property schedule."

What a delightful picture of carefree security and gracious social life, lived in a setting of spacious homes and luxurious clubs! No wonder our mail is a Niagara of advertisements. The pamphlet just quoted goes on to classify us further according to our buying power: "These men are buyers of high-grade investment securities, household furnishings of quality, the better class of automobiles, wearing apparel and personal effects of distinction, expensive jewels and furs, case buyers of fine wines and liquors, prospects for world tours and the more expensive vacation trips." They know practically everything about us except our favorite color. I feel as though I had played them false when I think of our six-year-old car, the holes in the slip-covers, my old caracul coat with torn places now and then which I have glued down, my rhinestone bracelet, our few bottles of this and that, and our total lack of world tours.

Such exalted ideas of life in the upper brackets are widespread. Ask Mr. Jones, who makes \$3,000 a year, how he would live if he had an income of \$35,000. "Would I live! I'd have a country place with my own swimming pool—take a

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couple of days off a week. Four cars so we could each have one. An apartment in town in the winter probably. And travel—I would certainly go places and see things!”

Ask Mrs. Jones what she thinks her life would be like if her husband's income should be multiplied by ten. “Breakfast in bed,” she responds promptly, having thought this all out many times before, “or on a chaise longue smothered in lace pillows. A few orders to the housekeeper. A drive in town for luncheon and the matinee in a mink coat and pearls. A dinner party at home for perhaps twenty. Flowers, candles, coffee in the drawing-room. And travel—I should travel a great deal, with fitted bags and striped trunks and in drawing-rooms.” Mrs. Jones has read things.

Then there are those other commentators on life as it is lived in Upper-Bracketdom, Mr. Martin for example: “Wouldn't you think a man with his income would be ashamed to give me only \$100 for the Boys' Camp at Wisketonsing?” Or Mrs. Finney: “She only took two tickets for the Benefit! With his income and the way they live, my dear!” Or the Parlor Pinks or the Communists, who exhaust their vocabularies of epithets to describe our gluttoned prodigality.

Because I believe my family is typical of families having an income above \$20,000, and because in these times of groping for social and economic order any honest survey of conditions in any stratum of society has its value, I propose to appoint you an Investigating Committee to determine if the K family in spending its 1929 income of \$75,000, or its 1936 income of \$35,000 a year, is guilty of wastefulness or riotous living.

There is only one way in which I believe we are not typical. I do not know of another family whose accounts are kept in the complete and meticulous way in which ours have been over a long period of years. All bills are paid from my husband's office, the household bills having been O.K.'d by me, and the large thin black expense book in which all disburse-

ments are entered has to this day the relentless, accusing look it bore when, a bride of a year, my husband handed it to me without a word, as though I had eaten all the food, worn all the clothes, and smoked all the cigars through the entire year. These are the books I now open for your inspection.

First I should say we are a family of four, my husband and I, our daughter, and my mother who lives with us. We live all the year round in the suburbs in a conventional Georgian house, brick with green blinds and white trim, set on a little less than an acre of ground. It is a sturdy old house of sixteen rooms, built twenty-five years ago, with high ceilings, and the four baths that are said to indicate one's exact financial and social standing.

II

Now to the books. I want you to turn back the pages to 1929, when we were in the higher brackets with an income listed at \$75,000 and expenditures totalling \$56,000, so that you may compare it with 1934, when income had nose-dived to \$35,000 and expenditures to \$26,000.

Fixed Expenses are headed by the item Taxes. Our Federal Income Tax in 1929 was \$10,380; Federal Government Tax \$154 (this covers club dues and theater tickets); Personal Property Tax \$218.

“Aha!” says bright-eyed Mr. Jones, “you pay a tax of only \$218 on the furnishings of a sixteen-room house such as you describe?”

Come right in and look round, Mr. Jones. Sorry to disappoint you and the advertisers who have been misled about our buying power. Here are no costly rugs, just the usual taupe Wilton, with a few Orientals scattered here and there; the draperies are chintz, the furniture undistinguished, except for an old table, a cabinet, and a pair of nice old chairs; the books without a fine binding in the lot; two rather good paintings, a few etchings, a twenty-year-old piano. *Objets d'art?* Nothing worthy of the name.

Jewelry? Perhaps in this instance I am not a typical wife of a successful man. A diamond pin seems to be the glittering badge of a husband's eminent financial status, but I have seen them so often on plump but far from solvent bosoms that I prefer not to have the responsibility of amassed wealth on my chest and on my mind. Many of my friends of similar incomes and tastes are likewise practically jewelless. Some one gave me a rather elaborate jewel box with many rose-velvet compartments for rings and beads and bracelets. In it rattle round one wrist watch, one rhinestone bracelet, two strings of imitation pearls and earrings, one amber bracelet, one antique ring with flaws in the emerald, one costume ring. This assortment of jewels has proved adequate for social life, even for our appearance at balls and the opera.

Under "Personal Effects" the tax schedule lists clothing. When I open the closet doors of the K family upon their respective wardrobes, you will find no fur lined coats for Mr. K—just a fifteen-year-old "tails," a ten-year-old dinner coat, and five business suits ranging in age from one to six years. No mink coat for Mrs. K, but a caracul which in its eight-year span of life has appeared in various forms: coat, short cape, suit-trimming, hat, or muff. I have also an aged fisher scarf, a silver fox, and an evening wrap with an ermine collar. This exhausts what might be considered the more valuable articles of my wardrobe. What price the entire lot at a "voluntary sale"?

Of course our automobile isn't always six years old, but it was in 1929, and of such venerable conveyances even the tax assessor has no opinion: "Six year or any prior model—may be listed at owner's valuation."

So it would seem that to place a valuation of our personal property at \$5,000—upon which the tax levied is \$218—is equitable.

Thus we arrive at a total of \$10,752 for taxes. That is to say, before we even start to spend our income of \$75,000 we haven't got it to spend.

Interest on indebtedness: "If I just owned my own home with no rent to pay. . ." Do you know how many houses in the whole of the United States have no mortgages, Mr. Jones, and therefore nothing to pay except little items of taxes, special assessments, repairs, and upkeep? Only about thirty per cent of them, according to a survey I ran across the other day. Our house in 1929 was valued at \$65,000. There was a \$35,000 mortgage: a typical amount for such a house. Payments of interest on this, together with taxes, etc., came to about \$4,800 for the year.

Insurance: Our advertising friend affirms that a man with my husband's income carries \$100,000 insurance, basing this estimate presumably on insurance company statistics. The uncanny precision of these statistics has always depressed me. I feel as though if I didn't die when they planned I should upset the whole apple cart; so that when I divulge that my husband carries \$135,000 life insurance I suppose the statisticians will get in a huddle and revise all the mortality tables.

Of course we are fortunate that my husband is able to carry such a relatively high insurance. Three women are the direct beneficiaries (women, they tell me, are the beneficiaries of eighty per cent of the 65,000,000 life insurance policies now outstanding); but when you consider that my husband's responsibilities for his immediate family and other relatives are such that ten people would have to be maintained, this policy does not seem unduly generous. Add fire, accident, burglary, and automobile insurance premiums, and we have a total of \$1,857.

Taxes, interest, and insurance have now reduced our income to \$57,591 and still no fun for our money! Not even, in all these years, a pleasantly exhilarating fire or burglary or accident.

III

Depreciation: "You'd be surprised," says my husband, "how many business

men there are who fail to understand the real meaning of depreciation." I try to look not only surprised but grieved, feeling, however, very sympathetic toward these fellow-souls who share in some degree my own bewilderment. As a matter of fact, I don't find it difficult to grasp the business implication of "depreciation." Your stock deteriorates or your machine wears out and an amount covering this estimated loss is set aside with which to buy more stock and more machinery when it is needed—which is done. The joker about the item of depreciation in household accounts is that your furniture and rugs and draperies wear out at a scientifically determined rate, and the amount this represents is charged up to expenses every month. But there is nothing scientific about the replacement of these things. In my muddled way, when the springs of the davenport lie down never to rise again I think cheerfully of the neat sum that has been accumulated at the rate of \$150 a month for just such catastrophes and would away at once to furniture marts. But deductions, it seems, are all wrong. "Got too much furniture anyhow," says the head of the K household. "Took a big loss on A Y & F this month. Just haven't the money to put into non-essentials right now. Can't you get it fixed up?" Useless to expostulate. There it stands, month in, month out, \$1800 a year charged to depreciation on household furniture and automobile. Of course the time does come eventually when it is necessary to buy a new chair or table—and there, in theory at least, is the money. Let us pass on to items less esoteric and annoying.

Charities: When I asked my husband's secretary to jot down a list of the charities to which we contributed, since the expense books show only the amounts, she typed two pages of the names of various and sundry organizations, totaling sixty-one. Many of these received small amounts, but I believe the number indicates the wide range of charities to which we in the upper brackets feel both obli-

gated and privileged to contribute. And these represent response of some sort to only a fraction of the appeals that come in every mail. We were sorry not to give more than \$100 to the boys' camp at Wisketonsing, Mr. Martin. And I should have liked the gratification of saying, "Oh, yes, I'll take ten seats for the benefit, Mrs. Finney." But Mr. Martin and Mrs. Finney may not realize the penalties of being listed in *Who's Who*, the *Social Register*, and various club memberships, which provide names to whom every charitable or civic or art organization, not only in the city but throughout the country, sends its appeals and upon whom it depends for its support.

It is not easy to drop carelessly into the waste basket every day these pleas for help that seem to cover the whole range of human needs, physical, moral, cultural. On our list are those whose interest is public health such as the American Eugenics Society, The League for the Hard of Hearing, the Red Cross, the Fresh Air Funds, the Visiting Nurse Association. Youth clamors for aid in the Boy Scouts, the Off-The-Street Clubs, the Children's Homes, the Infant Welfare organizations. The Voter's League, the Municipal League, the Crime Commission, the Council of Social Agencies are but a few of the organizations laboring for civic betterment. Music claims its share of support in Civic Music Associations, Business Men's Orchestras, Boys' Bands, and Choral Societies. Art has its Public School Art Societies, its Art Museums, its Industrial Arts. Contributions to the church we attend are augmented by checks to the YMCA, the YWCA, other Church Missions, the Salvation Army, and Sunday Evening Clubs. Because my husband's office is in the city and we live in a suburb, there is often a duplication of appeals when there is a quota to be raised and one naturally wishes to respond to the call of each community. The Community Chest in our suburb for instance covers the local Red Cross, Boy and Girl Scout organizations, and Infant

Welfare Society, which must also be taken care of in the city.

The books show a total of \$5,000 charged off to charity in 1929.

Now we come to the Aunt Hatties and the Cousin Bills and the nephew Johnnies—what family is without them—the old, the sick, the unlucky, or the wastrels? The books of the K family for 1929 show a monthly allowance to Aunt Hattie, to eke out her slender teacher's wage which must support her and her aged father. Cousin Bill, always in debt, always hopeful, had quarterly "loans" to swing the various gadgets that were to make his fortune. Nephew Johnnie's tuition was a yearly item; old man Hughes in the Home for the Aged must have his little luxuries. This was in 1929. The following year, and through all the years of the depression, like thousands of others, my husband has supported almost entirely two families with jobless fathers.

Club Dues: Bereft of the fat capitalist at his "well-warmed and well stocked club" the demagogue and the cartoonist would have to rustle up some other symbol of bloated greed. "If they'd just cut down on their expensive clubs," says Cousin Bill, "they could afford to put more into my proposition." To cut down on expensive clubs was probably the first universal step in personal retrenchment during the depression. This meant very little deprivation to the club members; but what of the moral obligation to sustain as long as possible organizations employing waiters, cooks, elevator operators, janitors, stenographers, manicurists, bus boys? That is a little problem I am pleased to dump on the laps of the economists.

Our own clubs fall into two classifications: those in which membership is, if not a business necessity, a most desirable asset, and those in which membership is upon an entirely personal basis. The former include engineers' clubs, technical societies, Chambers of Commerce, and Rotary clubs; the latter include several town clubs, one country club, and various clubs or organizations

frankly cultural in their aims. It seems to me the dues to those clubs having only business implications may be lumped with other necessary expenses imposed by the business status in which one finds oneself. In 1929 these business clubs cost us \$1,275.

IV

Add up the items I have been listing: Taxes \$10,752, Interest on Indebtedness \$4,800, Insurance \$1,857, Depreciation \$1,800, Charities \$5,000, Dependents \$3,000, Business Clubs \$1,275. They come to \$28,484. Subtract this total from the salary of \$75,000 (in 1929) and you have just \$46,516. Now at last we may begin to buy yachts and diamonds and to stock the cellar! But there are a few more fixed expenses incurred in operating a home that add nothing much to our gayety. Fuel oil in 1929 cost \$475 for the year, electricity \$144 (or an average of \$12 a month), and gas \$137. If the electricity charges seem high it was not because we were always illuminated from attic to basement like the pictures of the old homestead on a snowy Christmas Eve, but because of our many electrically operated devices.

The telephone bill may seem high: it was \$380 for the year. But that was chiefly because we live in a suburb, it costs twenty-five cents to call the city, and there is something about a toll call that lays a restraining hand on the most devoted and affluent of friends. They will send a hurried note urging me to telephone them upon its receipt, or they will telephone my husband's office, or they will send a message by a friend—anything to save that outrageous quarter. There are also long-distance calls when my husband is away from home. To be able to telephone him five minutes after the child's tonsils are out or to consult him promptly when the chauffeur takes to drinking endears the Telephone Company to me.

The water bill in 1929 amounted to \$80.

Servants in the household back in the

good old days of '29 airily demanded high wages and got them and as airily sped from place to place in their own cars seeking the softest jobs for the most money. "Couples," both the succor and the scourge of suburbs and country, got as much as \$200 and \$225 a month—and were also provided with room, board, uniforms, laundry, garage space, transportation to town on Thursdays, guest privileges, magazines, and newspapers. I have never had a couple (with one or two exceptions) who ever bought a bar of soap or a wash cloth, a magazine or a newspaper, or who ever borrowed a book or evinced any ambition or anxiety about the future. What has become of them, I wonder, in these years of the depression when "couples" have often had to be replaced by "general maids"? They are doubtless numbered among those making up the slack of 240,000 in domestic service.

An exception to the dreary procession of shifting and shiftless couples was the Gustavsons who were with us in '28 and '29. He was a good-looking pink-cheeked farmer boy, she a slim young teacher who was an excellent cook and not at all afraid of work. They had decided that the quickest way to make money enough to equip a farm for themselves was to work as a couple. So for two years the K family paid them first \$150 and then \$175 a month. She did the cooking and he the driving and cleaning and thousand odd jobs about a house. For two years, too, pretty little blonde Mabel acted as nurse to my seven-year-old daughter, took care of the upstairs rooms, and waited on table. We paid her \$18 a week. The laundress received \$5 a day and came for two days each week. The gardener, who wore a gold earring in one ear only and whose given name, believe it or not, was Narcissus—a clear case of predestination—worked three days a week at a rate of 75 cents an hour. Extra cleaners at house-cleaning time, occasionally a caterer or an extra waitress, made up a total of \$3,690 paid out to service in 1929.

I wonder if you consider this a luxurious number of servants, Mrs. Jones. The family across the street, with an income somewhat less than ours, employed cook, second maid, nurse, gardener, and chauffeur. Do not believe that three servants in the house means three times as much leisure for either the housewife or the servants.

I have the chaise longue smothered in pillows, to be sure, but breakfast served beside it is a rare luxury. I confess to the old-fashioned urge to see my child off to school and my husband on his way to the train. Then the ordering must be done early so that the groceries will arrive in plenty of time for luncheon. Clothes must be picked up for the cleaner—a suit sent to the tailor—some winter clothing put away—a medicine chest cleaned out—linens checked up for replenishment—things selected for the Salvation Army—sewing-room needs listed—flowers arranged for dinner. I know very few women, no matter how well staffed their households, who do not perform these homely tasks, and I know very few who could be called idle. They manage their homes efficiently; they work in clubs, church, politics, charities, civic projects, and cultural movements. And in their spare time they sell tickets for the thousands of concerts and plays and dances and card parties that help to support so many good causes.

Food: "They won't touch stews and hash. They hate left-overs. All this talk about vitamins don't mean a thing to them unless they're getting what they like to eat." Mrs. Penter Hoe is speaking from the pages of that classic of the Great Installment Era, *If I Have Four Apples*. The K family has not been permitted to acquire such elegant gustatory habits. The consumption of left-overs is accepted at least with a certain fatalistic equanimity, if not with enthusiasm. I am a little depressed myself each morning as I open the refrigerator door, knowing full well I shall be confronted by three slices of pineapple, a haggled end of roast beef, a few string beans, two

pallid potatoes, and half a cucumber. These fragments from other days are solemnly entered at the bottom of the page in my book of daily menus and reappear nobly disguised in hash and salad and fruit cup. Pot roast, liver and bacon, hamburg steak, corned beef and cabbage, dried beef in cream are served with regularity on our table. One of the penalties of living in the suburbs is the higher price of foodstuffs. Overhead being less and wages being lower than in the cities, the only reason I can see for this is the policy of the merchant to base his price on "all the traffic will bear." Meats, in particular, are higher-priced than in apartment districts for instance. In 1929 our meat bill for seven people for the year was \$528.

To be sure the chain stores have invaded the most elegant suburbs, and bored chauffeurs, basket on uniformed arm, daily swell the throngs of "cash and carry." But the Shroeder Market is raising a family in the community and the Litney Grocery is paying taxes on a house and lot and has two sons in High School, so that I feel they are entitled to our patronage, except sometimes when, in a spasm of economy, I hook a basket over my own arm and load it with soap and spaghetti and cereal and catsup and ammonia and sardines. Butter and eggs amounted to \$360 in spite of adroit economies with top milk, and the chickens and eggs bought from the farm of Antoine, who was also the suburb's best hairdresser. He used to deliver freshly killed pullets and freshly curled transformations with complete impartiality, but finally gave up his beauty shop entirely in favor of nature in the raw on the farm. The total food bill for the year was \$2,811, which comes to about 37 cents a meal per person.

Foodstuffs could not have fluctuated very greatly in price from 1925 to 1929 because I find in looking over our books that the variation in the totals was as little as \$34. During the four years from 1932 to 1936, however, there has been a steady rise in food costs, with a differ-

ence of \$502 between '32 and '35—and this in spite of much greater efforts at economy. To keep the price to 37 cents a meal per person in 1935 required some study.

I realize that thousands of families have been well fed on very much less, that other thousands have been scarcely fed at all on next to nothing. I submit only that geography, quality, and variety considered, 37 cents a meal cannot be considered extravagant. The K family is well but not luxuriously fed: we have hearty going-to-school breakfasts; luncheons of left-overs, enlivened with fresh salads; and dinners of three courses—a soup, a fish or fruit cocktail or simple appetizer first; meat, vegetables, and often salad; a dessert of puddings, less frequently pastry, most frequently fruits.

Perhaps our liquor bill is not at all typical, certainly not if the advertising company's contention that we are "case buyers of fine wines and liquors" is correct. But our friends, except those few who make of the serving of wines and liquors a passion and a fine art, have seemed to adopt a fairly standardized pattern: sherry precedes dinner, or, in spite of the horror of connoisseurs, a light cocktail or old-fashioned, followed by one wine with dinner, possibly two, and on some occasions champagne. When I remember that the government collects a tax of \$17 on every case of champagne, I feel remiss in my patriotic duty that our own champagne occasions are so few. In the K household we like to use wine in cooking, but almost never serve any wine or liquor except when there are guests.

V

Clothing: As I look back over my husband's expenditures for clothing over a period of ten years I am seized with compunction. My own wardrobe expenditures are mercifully hidden in the general account "allowance," entered each month in the family expense book (although of course itemized in my personal books). But his are put down un-

equivocally as "clothing" and nothing else, and I am chagrined at the modesty of his needs compared to mine. The next item of "cigars" alleviates my suffering considerably. There was one year when he spent more on cigars than on clothes! That was certainly when there were more customers for his business than there are now. His tailor's chagrin must equal mine; he buys suits only when they are obviously needed, pays \$75 for them (he used to pay \$135) and becomes fonder and fonder of them each time he can find a pretext to check up ostentatiously on their age, as indicated on the label inside the righthand coat pocket. Buying clothes is just a nuisance to him; he would like to buy them all over the telephone. In spite of this very casual attitude I have to admit he always looks well dressed. In the past twelve years his all-time high for clothing expenditures was \$864 in 1930. By contrast, he maintained the appearance of an executive on \$116 for the year 1935! In '34 he spent only \$286, in '33 \$275, and his average over ten years is \$410 per year. Advertisers, tailors, shirtmakers, and shoemakers please revise mailing lists.

If to a woman the masculine clothing item seems frugal, not so the cigar expenditures. In 1929 the sum of \$373 was contributed to the smoke screen that hovers over conferences, round tables, and banquets. "Scarcely a dollar a day," defends my husband, "and besides look at 1933—\$143!—and at 1934—\$128!—and at 1935—only \$121!" I suppose almost any vice becomes a positive virtue when you cut the cost of it a third. So we'll say no more about it and do some prying into the personal expense item termed "miscellaneous." This includes suburban railroad tickets, luncheons, taxis, more cigars, and the thousand and one things a man pays out of pocket. In 1929 this amounted to \$2,700.

Education: In 1929 Susan K was seven years old. She went to a private school where the tuition was \$385 a year. She took two piano lessons a week and on

Fridays—in smocked dress, strapped slippers, and bitterly resented white gloves—she went to dancing school. Every Saturday plump and childlike little Madame LeComte, who taught in the winter and had spent her summers with us acting as nurse and pseudo-second maid since Susan was four, came for a day of French and breathless games of "*Sur le pont d'Avignon*" and "*Mademoiselle, voulez-vous danser?*" In the summer there were swimming lessons and the summer play and sketch class four days a week. This all amounted to \$731 and kept creeping up a little each year until she entered a public high school two years ago; it dropped to \$476 in '34. In '35 it soared again to \$720, because it cost \$450 to give her two months at camp. The music lessons have continued, though there is only one a week, and now the dancing is classical, in a chiffon wisp and ballet slippers, as well as ballroom dancing, now almost sophisticated in puffed-sleeve blue crêpe and baby French heels.

I freely admit that she is receiving every advantage, educational, physical, cultural, that we can give her. But she has been taught to consider them not as a right, but as a privilege, which she is under obligation to justify by clear thinking, high living, and service for the common good. She takes care of her own room, washes her stockings, mends her clothes, goes to school on the trolley, and takes a hand when needed at the skillet and the snow shovel with equal fervor. Last summer she made eighteen Christmas gifts at a total cost of \$10.17 and sewed diligently, if stickily, at odd moments all during her vacation. She has no thought but to take her place in life after her school days are over, as a producer, not merely as a social time-server.

Susan's Clothing during her growing years was a kaleidoscope of gay gingham, with hems let down—Scotch plaid kilts and hems let down—pink silk party dresses, hems let down, best coats, red or green and squirrely, hems and sleeves let

down, tennis dresses, school dresses, Sunday dresses, hems—hems—hems! But in spite of indomitable lengthening and many economies in making over plaited skirts into blouses, blouses into scarves, old dresses into jumpers, in 1929 her clothes amounted to \$313.10. The coats and dresses that she was obliged to discard through no fault of her own except ambitious and persistent growing, were passed along to a cousin, the gardener's brood, and Mrs. McGuire's numerous offspring. When at last hems became static, except as fashion vacillated, costs began to ascend, until now the size eighteen that Susan wears means that her clothes are woman-size and woman-price, but are vigorously subjected to twice the wear and twice the cleaning and, therefore, half the life of adult clothes. So I have found it an economy to buy her better and fewer clothes. Her coats have cost \$75 but they must last three years, her dresses \$25 and \$35. Skirts and sweaters and blouses, dancing-school frocks and fancy-dress costumes, and a high rate of obsolescence in shoes merely suggest the barest needs of the female young without which life is just oatmeal and spinach.

My own allowance covers not only my personal expenditures for clothes, but my club, charity, insurance, and medical costs, and that pleasantly vague item, miscellaneous expenses. In 1929 it was \$4,800 a year. Of that, \$50 a month went to Aunt Olivia; for many reasons known to tactful wives I preferred to make this expense a personal matter. Three clubs—an athletic club, the local woman's club, and an arts club—had dues amounting to \$250 a year; and various civic and charitable and political organizations and cultural groups such as Drama Leagues and Friends of This and Friends of That, vocational societies, summer outings, women's political leagues, brought the total of expenses for organizations up to \$500. Insurance premiums came to \$105. As for medical expenses, repairs and upkeep of the old chassis—optical, dental, medical—came to only

\$125. Cleaning bills came to \$180; personal gifts, showers, birthdays, books, etc., totaled \$205.

I confess that during the depression I have constantly vacillated between two schools of thought when it comes to expenditures for clothing. Almost any woman, when occasion requires, is willing and able to effect really drastic economies in her clothes budget. I had a certain sad and heroic satisfaction in reducing my wardrobe to a minimum when my allowance began its downward swing. Then one day I went into my favorite shop determined to buy a dress suitable to wear into town on the 10:17, for luncheon, for tea, and (with the subtraction of jacket and the addition of earrings and white gloves) for restaurant and theater, and so on gayly into the night. Mrs. Ransom, the white-haired woman who had taken care of me for several years, confided to me it was her last week there: "Business has been so poor, Mrs. K, they are letting out four of us." I knew she was supporting her mother and her thirteen-year-old son. I bought three dresses instead of one, hoping it might help. That night I swung over violently to the "Spend Till it Hurts" school after coming upon this paragraph in the economic studies of Foster and Catchings:

This is the Dilemma of Thrift. Individuals as well as corporations must save; yet savings tend to thwart the social object of thrift. For the individual as well as for the corporation, a penny saved is a penny earned; but for society a penny saved is a penny lost if it results in curtailed production. And often it does. For every dollar which is saved and invested, instead of spent, causes one dollar of deficiency in consumer buying unless that deficiency is made up in some way.

I remembered the figures I had seen on unemployment in the textile and clothing and millinery and shoe industries. To be consistent, I felt I should taxi from shop to shop (to help take up the great slack in taxi drivers) and spend, spend, spend.

But economists to the contrary, the

frugality of my Scotch ancestry asserted itself. I knew that to spend more than my allowance would create domestic strain and maladjustment; I couldn't help feeling that our whole economic salvation would be accomplished only by recognizing as elemental and simple a principle as this. And now the economists seem to be saying the same thing (in erudite and modern technical terms). I notice that John A. Hobson says "Spending means buying consumptive goods; saving means buying production goods. Spending causes more commodities to be produced; saving causes more forms of capital to be produced." It would seem better to invest the \$100 with which I might buy a dress from Mrs. Ransom, so that it could be used to finance an apartment building that would give Mike Flynn a job so that he could go out and buy a suit of clothes and a radio. Since the output of consumption goods has been reduced 25 per cent, while that of capital goods has fallen off 75 per cent, it is evidently more important to society that the Mike Flynn rather than the Mrs. Ransoms get the jobs.

I spent \$2,790 for clothes in '29. Does this seem large? A mink coat, Mrs. Jones, that you visualize as your first purchase if your income should leap up several brackets, might as well be a steam yacht so far as I am concerned. I cannot imagine a time when the family exchequer could be drawn upon to the tune of four of five thousand dollars without too great a dislocation of the budget. Even a caracul every five or six years is quite a financial event. I pay from \$75 to \$150 for my coats or dresses and wear them two or three seasons; hats are from \$10 to \$25; shoes \$15; hosiery from 85 cents for service wear to \$1.15 for daytime wear and \$1.50 for sheer evening luxury; girdles are \$15—stepins and nightgowns \$5. I have no desire for variety, and I would rather wear the tail feathers off a really good frock than have three of inferior line and fabric. Only occasionally do I kick over the traces and startle the family

with a red chiffon dinner dress or exotic black satin pajamas.

Sounds pretty staid and middle-aged, doesn't it, Mrs. Jones? Perhaps I should add that I have permanents regularly with frivolous gray curls in the back; that I am addicted to rakish hats, have a pair of scarlet slippers, and dote on Nuit d'Amour perfume.

The *General Entertainment* account of the K family reflects, I suppose, a taste for sober and mature, not to say elderly amusements. There are tickets for lectures, the symphony, chamber music series, little theater seasons, occasionally a box for some benefit concert or play or ballet, and sometimes theater parties of six or eight, with dinner in town. My husband frequently has groups of men for luncheons or dinners; I have luncheons at my club for other ladies with girlish gray curls. Once a year, in good years, we have a large musicale or tea. In summers there are the small parties for Sunday night buffets at the Country Club and now and then we gather up a group of young people for the Saturday evening dances.

Except that hope springs eternal in even the most experienced wifely bosom, I should have asked the Travel Agencies long ago to remove us from their mailing lists. They are an almost daily menace to domestic tranquillity. There has been no vacation *en famille* in the K records for five years, since the three of us spent a fortnight in Mexico. My husband removes his nose from the daily grindstone only to bury it doggedly in the evening portfolio, bulging with graphs and charts and production sheets and monetary treatises. Though I still point out the error of his ways at decent intervals, my protests have become feebler since I have followed the fluctuations of employment in the plants of his company, which normally employs 8,000. When I realize that upon his wisdom and final judgment depends the comfort or the misery of several thousand men and their families, to harp upon California sunshine and Florida breezes seems out

of perspective. For all the comparative modesty of our amusements in 1929, we spent \$3,200 for entertainment (which included the Mexican trip).

Only three more accounts remain on the books: miscellaneous gifts and Christmas expense, \$1,690; subscriptions to magazines and books, \$363; and medical expenses for my husband, who in '29 paid out \$1,682 for a minor operation and hospital expenses, the charge being based upon his ability to pay, as is usual with men in his position. Which is no doubt as it should be; but it would be nice if those who get treatment at less than operating costs would remember that this is possible for them because men like my husband have paid a good bit above those operating costs.

So we have a grand total of \$56,000 spent in 1929, from an income of \$75,000, leaving \$19,000 as savings to be invested. Although we were in 1929 but a little over two per cent of the entire population—we with incomes of over \$10,000—we contributed over two-thirds of the entire savings in the nation. "Whether we like it or not," writes a leading economist, "we still have to look to the saver for salvation. Is it not wiser to store up capital than to consume? We shall yet have to recognize the law underscored by every writer of note on political economy, that the prosperity of industries is in proportion to the wealth of the country and is dependent on that wealth. Industries can flourish only as capital increases. Good times cannot return and capital cannot be restored except by producing more than we consume."

VI

What is the picture in 1936 of the K family expenditures, with income reduced almost half—from \$75,000 to \$35,000? How have we cut our pattern to fit a cloth so badly shrunk?

The pattern remains to all appearances the same. Impossible to rent or sell our house—we tried to. Property taxes remain the same. It is necessary to pay insurance (that cannot be reduced), to pay

repairs, doctors' bills; to eat, to be clad. Income tax, to be sure, is reduced. The roof gets patched instead of shingled; instead of papering where the leak shows, Great Aunt Susan's portrait is hung over the spot. My husband (with his usual business acumen) having indulged in his operation in boom times, had no medical bills to speak of, nor—fortunately—had the rest of us last year. Having lopped off clubs persistently each year during the depression, we brought the item of dues, which had been over \$2,000 in '29, down to a low of \$900 last year. My allowance was cut one-half, my husband's "miscellaneous expenses" he slashed ruthlessly to less than half (and was tiresomely cocky about it). Lower wages and also a reduction of the household staff from three to two servants, with a gardener a day and a half a week instead of four, made a saving of almost half in the service item. The couple who came to us three years ago for \$75 a month, we have been paying \$125 for the past two years. Employment agencies quote \$100 as the top for couples in household service; some here in the suburbs pay as little as \$60 a month. But for competent and trustworthy service—the present couple being the second exception to my general indictment of the whole group—I do not feel that this is too high.

Food cost, as I have said, was just \$500 more last year than in '32. At that, I managed to get it \$400 below the 1929 total without a general strike being declared. Of course curtailed entertaining at home accounted for some of this reduction.

Economies sprang up like dandelions and sometimes quite brightened the gloom of the depression years with their incongruities. A picture I'll always cherish is of my husband stubbornly wearing pajamas with blue coat and lavender trousers, or vice-versa, as a result of his habit of scattering sections of his night apparel over all the Pullmans in the country. He wore one suede glove and one kid glove together for some time until detected.

I recall too another scene: the annual Fourth of July celebration and picnic at one of the plants of my husband's company, with a governor, a senator, and a mayor pompously flanking pompous President K in the flag-bedecked stand. Just as pompous was Henry, our chauffeur (also houseman, butler, what-have-you) when he opened the door of our nice old '31 model to admit these dignitaries. I distinctly saw Mrs. Senator look peculiarly at his chauffeur's gray Norfolk coat and his *blue* trousers. Doesn't she know that trousers wear out first and that uniforms cost \$50? At any rate that evening, I defied her to detect that the quite smart black velvet cape I wore was the flounce off the bottom of a coat, that went right on serving as a coat, though it had acquired a new and stylish box-effect. If that isn't making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, I ask you what is. Uninspiring little economies such as binding bath towels, covering comforters, seaming-up split sheets with the outside edges on the inside are an old story in the K family.

Where retrenchment has been most difficult and unhappy is in charity and in the little sums that have been going monthly to the aunt, the uncle, or the nephew. These have had to bear their share of curtailment, because during these hard years, we have had also to make sufficient contributions to two families of relatives, with unemployed fathers, to keep them going, as well as finally financing Cousin Bill in one of his projects which seemed his one hope of livelihood.

But we have managed to keep the pattern inside the cloth by a little twisting and turning and show a total expenditure of \$26,081 for last year. This is exactly half of what we spent in 1929.

To say that this reduction in our income has entailed any hardship for us would be ridiculous. The only problem

has been to contract our upkeep within a rigid framework of obligations impossible to escape. You can walk out of your rented house or apartment, Mrs. Jones, and find another within your reduced means; ours we must live in, or let stand vacant and depreciating, or go through bankruptcy to be rid of. Sales and rentals of houses of this type have been practically nil for the past six years. This is just one of the obligations that it is pretty hard to lay down.

As I look back over our retrenchments I realize that the real hardships have all been suffered by the people we and others like us couldn't employ, and the merchants, the decorators, the grocers, the caterers, the florists, to whom we gave just as little business as possible. Mabel has had a hard time finding a place as second maid. Mrs. McGuire operates the washing machine only three days in the week; Narcissus of the single earring wields the rake and trowel only four days; G. Nelson, painter, has gone out of business; Adele, Hats, is living with her married sister.

When as a child I was led firmly to my little bank on the dresser to deposit a few moist pennies in that perfect metal replica of the First National in our town I remember the sense of finality that overcame me. My pennies were gone forever—worthless—no good to anybody. I see now that that was sound economics. Money has no more value than dominoes until it is spent or invested. To get anything at all you must spend it to buy services and labor or the products of labor or invest it as capital, which makes possible greater employment of labor. No matter what our wealth, we are only the temporary custodians and distributors of it. How we spend it should be of greater importance to the world than how much we have.

With that I rest my case.



FAUST IN SUMATRA

BY LADISLAO SZÉKELY

In preceding articles Mr. Székely has told of his arrival in Sumatra and of his exhausting introduction to tobacco planting. The present account of a Sumatran holiday concludes the series.—*The Editors.*

I HAD three days' leave; I was going to the city to see the dentist. After three years I was leaving the plantation for the first time. From morning till night, day in, day out, year in, year out, I had toiled; but for three days now I should be my own master, could sleep as long as I wished, could sit down outside the hotel at night and drink ice-cooled beer, and for once talk with people other than the inhabitants of Kwala Batu. Not that I did not like the comrades at Kwala Batu, but God knows I was pretty sick of them! And they of me. We knew one another inside and out. Had nothing new to say to one another. Well, now I would manage to see other people, proper cultivated city people. . . .

Puffing, the train ran into the station of Medan. How long was it since I had been here? Three years? Lord, it seemed to me more like thirty. Or three hundred. I still carried a faint memory of my arrival in Sumatra on the *Prinz Ludwig*, and of Van Kuit with the crooked neck, and of Lohuis and Meerens. I wondered whether they were still alive. Not once had I thought of them since then, and it was a marvel that I still remembered their names.

The hotel looked deserted. Individual transients sat about on the terrace, bored. A number of Englishmen from Singapore sat at the bar table drinking their whisky. The white-clad boys blinked sleepily from behind the pillars.

This was an ordinary work day, not Hari Besar. The planters were working, and the city people in their bungalows were eagerly awaiting the evening.

I sat on the terrace enjoying my freedom, the town, the cold drink, and the traffic I had not seen for so long. God! How easily one could get unaccustomed to all that. The handful of tinkling little carriages, the few trotting rickshaw coolies and the lounging Malays meant the traffic of a big city for me. For I had seen nothing for years but virgin forest, swamp, coolies, and endless rows of rubber trees. Yes, and the handful of Europeans. But I had heard no noise. It was quiet out on the plantations. What a noise these few carriages and strolling Malays were making! Or did it only seem so to me? My ear was no longer used to noise, and I wondered how it would feel to be back in a European city.

In front of the hotel was a large open space, surrounded by senna trees, the so-called *alon-alon*. There walked Malays in bright sarongs, Mohammedan women with veiled faces, long, thin Tamuls, Chinamen with their upper parts naked and with wide black trousers; strong Chettiers, shaved absolutely bald. In the center of the *alon-alon* was a playground. Fleet-footed little Japanese were playing ball there, agile and well-disciplined. They obeyed every word of the troop leader as if they were on a parade ground.

It was said that they were spies, the whole lot of them. The dentist, the photographer, the druggist, the proprietor of the hotel: all were spies. For that was the most widespread occupation among the Japanese. It was said they were all officers. Who knows? It was possible. In any case they were particularly fond of staying in the Dutch colonies.

It began to grow dusk. A swarm of sparrows in the *waregin* tree with loud twittering searched for a shelter for the coming night. On the terrace life began to stir. The carriages of a few planters of the neighborhood rolled up over the pebble-strewn path. A few city fellows with pale faces had also strayed out here, but all behaved well, even the planters.

Town life was fine, I thought to myself, but somewhat boring. And it was hot. It was evening now, the sun had gone down, but the half-molten asphalt still literally exuded heat.

It was winter at home now. December. People were skating in furs. Furs! Ugh! You could not bear to think of them here. Even the thin linen shirt burned on one's bare body.

I went to my room, undressed and stood under the shower. That was good: cold water and fragrant soap. . . . In the bathroom next door the water was splashing too, and a hoarse voice sang an accompaniment. The water rushed, the neighbor stopped singing from time to time and spluttered. The cold water seemed to suit him well. I too stretched and shook myself under the refreshing shower and I too began singing.

I felt like a new person. A good mood seems to be catching. Ordinarily I never sing in the bathroom.

"Hal! Lovely, this cold water, isn't it?" my neighbor shouted across to me. He did not need to shout; every word could be heard distinctly because the wall did not reach to the ceiling. A little space had been left at the top so that the air could pass through.

"Yes, lovely!" I replied.

"Then hurry, and we'll drink a glass of beer together outside on the terrace,"

my unknown neighbor shouted, with no logical sequence whatever.

"All right, when I've finished dressing, I'll call for you," I shouted across.

He did not know me, and I did not know him. He had no notion whether I was old or young, poor or rich. And all I knew of him was that he was a European, a white man. That was sufficient. When shortly after I knocked at his door and went in, we greeted each other as old acquaintances.

"That you, neighbor?" he asked. A tall, lanky fellow, a little older than I. A planter, you could see that by his red face and brown-black hands.

"Hurry, for it's near supper time, and I'm terribly thirsty," I said in a tone as if I had known the man for years.

"Yes, yes, I'm coming," he replied and slipped into his white shirt. "Now we can go. Where d'you come from?"

"From Kwala Batu," I answered and gave my name.

"And I from Sungei Bulu. My name's Van Alphen. Are you here to go to the dentist?"

"Yes. You too?"

"I get toothache twice every year," he said, and with a laugh showed me his snow-white healthy teeth. "I'd never get out of that God-forsaken place any other way. They are obliged to give you leave to be treated by the dentist. And these three or four days' rest do one a lot of good."

The beer was excellent. Fresh from the tap, not bottled beer. Regular draught beer. What a long time since I had tasted any!

Stretched out at our ease, we sat in the broad rattan chairs, luxuriantly blowing cigarette smoke into the air and delighting in our free, gentleman's life. Kwala Batu and Sungei Bulu were far away now, far away the endless rubber trees, the quiet, dead-alive houses, the hot kerosene lamp, the monotonous music of the cicadas, the tepid drinks, and the feeling of nausea in one's stomach. Those stomach troubles were probably due to nerves. Now of a sudden I had

an appetite! So all that could be attributed entirely to the terrible solitude. A different milieu, a little change, and one was perfectly fit.

The terrace now became populated. Heavy, boorish Hollanders, saucy Germans, dry, red-cheeked Englishmen, and also a few corpulent middle-aged women. But no young girls. There were none in those parts. And why should there be? The Europeans here come out as young couples, and if a child is born to them they send it home, to Europe, so that it may be decently educated.

But how lovely it would be if I could talk now and then with a young girl! With a real European white girl. With such a one as Elsa. To joke and play a little, as we used to do at home . . . to do a little courting . . . God, I'm only twenty-four after all. And I haven't seen any girls for four years. Very few women either. And what women at that!

"Tell me, are there any women in your section? European women?" I asked my new friend.

"No-o. Perhaps six in the whole region, but you never get to see them. Why d'you ask?"

"Oh, nothing. I sometimes have a yearning to talk with a white woman."

"Well, I don't exactly yearn for that. They just get headaches out here, and feel the heat, and turn up their noses when one drinks a little more than one's thirst requires. A *nyay* is all I want. And there are plenty of them here. Listen," he said suddenly, "I'd like to go to the Bangsawan after supper."

"Fine, we can do that. There's nothing else to do here anyhow. We'll get a chance to see a Malay theater that way."

The food was good. There was smoked eel, lobster, herring, salmon, and the meat was something like our regular boiled beef at home. Only the pancakes had something unpleasant about them. Large slices of bacon lay in a thick dough, and the whole was basted with burnt syrup. Bacon with sugar! But still I liked it. After our meal we went outside the hotel entrance. Opposite was the

rickshaw stand, and the coolies rushed up to us like a startled swarm of wasps. Apparently in this line of business too competition was terrific.

We took our seats in one of the rickshaws.

"Bangsawan!" cried Van Alphen.

"Ho," answered the Chinaman and trotted off over the warm asphalt with his sinewy legs. The little carriage rolled smoothly along on its rubber wheels, the carriage lanterns threw a yellow glow on the brown sweating back. It seemed as if every muscle of that back had a life of its own. With every movement the strongly developed muscles extended, and the sweat poured in little rivulets through the rill of the spine. But the coolie ran at an even pace, swaying a little, and the leather pieces tied under his soles shuffled over the asphalt.

"*Tjaboh?*" he asked in a low voice and grinned as he half turned, searching our faces with his crafty and crooked eyes. At least six gold teeth glittered in his mouth.

"*Boh!*" Van Alphen growled at him, "what's one to do with a woman so early in the day?"

The coolie bowed his head and trotted on. Sometimes he coughed hard, then squinted at us to spy the effect.

We soon had the European quarter behind us, and were now coming to the Chinese section of the town. In a dense throng the half-naked pigtail men with their yellow, shiny skin swarmed through the sultry, stinking narrow alleys. In the small and dirty workshops, glaringly lighted with carbide lamps, naked yellow shoemakers' or tailors' assistants squatted in long rows on low stools. Outside the stores sat pot-bellied old *taukehs*, sucking repulsively smelling Chinese tobacco from squalling water-pipes. Naked Chinese children were running and playing about in the dust. Wretchedly emaciated dogs snuffed in the gutters at the edge of the alley and jumped away yapping when some high-spirited shoemaker's assistant hit one of them over the side with his last. In some of the workshops an old gramo-

phone was playing weird, croaking, whining Chinese melodies. The traveling kitchens of the itinerant innkeepers and those who squatted on the edge of the pavement spread indescribable odors. Our wheezing rickshaw coolie had great difficulty in advancing; Chinamen lounging about blocked his path, wooden slippers clattered in front of him, children were squabbling, and the air was sultry and nauseating.

The Bangsawan stood on a spacious square. Outside the large frame building there was a swarm of people: Malays, talking in muffled voices, loudly screaming Chinese, individual tall-grown Bengalis with a princely bearing, a couple of constantly drunken Tamuls, and sly-looking Arabs.

In the booths of the opportunity vendors and in the traveling kitchens everything could be seen that eye and tongue could desire. Large stacks of fragrant pineapple, yellow, dark-red, and bright-green bananas, oranges the size of a child's head, mangosteen, *manga*, and *rambutan* lured the passerby. And in the traveling kitchens all sorts of nasty-smelling dishes were simmering. The rival innkeepers sometimes jostled one another, cursing and swearing in a loud voice, then one of them would creep under his bamboo pole and move on a few paces with his restaurant.

A barefoot Malay policeman stood in the midst of a crowd and started a violent debate with a couple of Malays on the qualities of the prima donna. This not so stern guardian of order, except for a uniform that was too big for him, had nothing to invest him with an air of authority, nor did he carry a weapon. He was on duty, yes, but why should he not debate with his friends? Quiet and order obtained in any case. Or if not, then nothing could be done about it. Everything happened as Allah ordained. An orthodox Malay policeman should not meddle in the affairs of the all-highest court.

Our arrival at the theater created a great stir. The loitering Malays respect-

fully cleared the road for us, and the meritorious director of the Bangsawan company with humble scraping and bowing invited us to approach.

"What are you giving to-day, master?" Van Alphen asked the smart-looking Malay comedian.

The director straightened his cowboy hat on his head, bowed low, and said with affected pathos:

"To-night we are giving 'Tuan Paust'."

For the Malays cannot pronounce the letter "f" and say a "p" in its place.

"So you're giving Mr. Faust to-night. That's something one really should see at the Bangsawan."

In front a few seats were reserved for the notabilities that might possibly be coming. These were followed by wooden benches placed in all directions, just as they came. The stage was lighted with carbide lamps, and on the curtain a very badly designed angel, painted pink, was throwing gold pieces from a large vase into white balls, probably clouds. In front of the stage sat the orchestra: three Malays who were to play on a decrepit, out-of-tune piano and two violins.

When the orchestra saw us coming, it struck up "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary." First this old hit, then a sentimental waltz. The fellows played so out of tune that one's ears ached, yet I hummed with them.

In front of the stage two ice vendors had taken up their stand at opposite ends. They had started squabbling and were yelling rather strong swear words at each other across the orchestra. The wiser one gave in, seemed to be thinking, and began breaking up a large piece of ice on a grater. The other continued bawling incessantly. One could hardly hear a sound of the music.

Naked Chinese and Malay children were playing tag in the audience. Meanwhile the public talked in a loud voice, ate mangosteen fruits and spat out the pips.

The performance began. The curtain went up, but the stage was empty. The background represented a canal in

Amsterdam. The orchestra loudly and frantically played "Yankee Doodle."

Still the stage was empty. At last a Malay appeared in black shorts, white canvas shoes down at the heels, and a sun helmet. He twirled the ends of his bold black mustache and introduced himself: "I am to-night the Tuan Paust." Then he bowed and left the stage.

After him a small, fat Malay stepped forward. He wore yellow football shorts and torn, long white cotton stockings; on his head was the infantry helmet of the Dutch colonial troops, and at his side a sword. The upper part of his body was covered with a checkered cowboy shirt and an open waistcoat. He introduced himself saying that to-day he was the Tuan Mepisto. Then he made his bow and retired, fully conscious of the dignity of his part. Now Gretchen appeared. Her attire too left nothing to be desired by comparison with that of her male colleagues. She wore a not very clean, white and red striped morning dress, in her hair an enormous bright green bow, and on her feet red cotton stockings. She had no shoes. Her ankle-bones—over the stockings—were adorned with rattling and clanking brass rings. Gretchen too introduced herself and sang the "Blue Danube." Her singing was a discordant nasal whine, but the public liked it; the entire hall whistled, which in those parts is the strongest expression of applause.

The two ice venders were still quarrelling. One of them—the wiser—had become bored with being the wiser: he too was now shouting. They both shouted together; a couple of sympathizers hurried to the wiser's assistance, whereupon the other one stopped. The children kept running through the hall and romping around with loud yells.

After Gretchen's exit two clowns, dressed in rags and painted red and white, introduced themselves: Tjeloreng and Djuki. They were not tuans. But they too had important parts in the Faust performance. For the clown is always the principal attraction, he may not be absent in any play.

When Tjeloreng caught sight of us he improvised a welcome in a well-put speech. We sent him a bottle of beer through a Chinese ice vender. Tjeloreng drank it at one draught and handed back the empty bottle to his colleague. Djuki would not stand for that and gave a dance to win us over to himself. Then he got down from the stage, squatted down in front of us and turned two somersaults. His fee—two bottles of beer—he carried triumphantly up to the stage; but then Mr. Mepisto appeared and with flashing sword demanded one of the bottles. Paust got entangled in the fight, and now the performance proper began.

Gretchen and her suite danced a distorted one-step, their ankle-rings rattling.

Toward the end of the play Mepisto killed Paust, married Gretchen, and wanted to make Tjeloreng Minister of the Interior—for Faust here appeared as King—when a noisy party arrived outside the theater. Six young planters, talking loudly, entered the hall. The director hurried to meet them and led them respectfully to their seats.

"The performance seems to be almost over," said one of the young Europeans.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," the director eagerly consoled him, "we'll simply add another act or two."

And it was done! In the first additional act Paust rose from the dead. Filled with joy, the drunken planters ordered beer to be taken to him on the stage. This gave Paust courage, he conspired with Djuki whom Mepisto had insulted because he had not appointed him Minister, and chased off Mepisto. Gretchen too went over to him, and with her entire suite, six scantily clad maids of honor, passed into Paust's harem.

This unexpected turn greatly pleased the public, and the planters treated the prima donna, the maids of honor, and the victorious Paust to beer. Later they sent Paust away and withdrew with the ladies.

Fully satisfied, the public left the theater.

The rickshaw coolie trotted off with us.



MACHINES AND INDIVIDUALS

BY PETER VAN DRESSER

THE average man doubtless does not think very intently about "the future," that is, the fairly distant future, the things that will happen after he is dead and buried. If you ask him he will speak vaguely of super-skyscrapers and double-decked highways, of gigantic airliners and private planes as thick as flies, of super-scientists vanquishing space and matter, and super-engineers creating bigger and better machines and providing everybody with leisure and luxury. He has doubtless been to a moving picture or two painting vividly these marvels; perhaps he has read stories or seen advertisements dramatically illustrated by glimpses of many-terraced cities of the days to come. He may think vaguely that it would be rather difficult to feel really cozy at home in a living cubicle on the two hundredth floor, or that it would perhaps become a trifle tiresome if one couldn't go anywhere unless one went at a hundred miles an hour over a super-highway—but then these are the things that the professional prophets say will accompany the coming Utopia, so they are probably quite sensible. At any rate, let our grandchildren worry about all that; taking care of the present is enough to occupy one's attention these days.

Now utopias are of course intangible and unattainable creations of the imagination which interest the average man only fleetingly, but this does not entitle us to ignore them. By serving as a sort of remote and dimly conceived goal, they may influence strongly the course of human events, through cumulative effect

on massed minds. Each age and race has its characteristic utopia; that toward which contemporary society is evolving is an economists' or engineers' or sociologists' utopia. A nation is conceived as a machine, whose complex parts are to be designed to function with the least friction and the highest efficiency. A country resolves itself into a beautiful and supremely intricate mechanism, a vast fabric of scientifically managed farms and mines and factories and power-plants, knit together by swift transportation systems and embellished with magnificently engineered park cities and well-planned home and recreation centers; the functions of all parts to be co-ordinated through the nerve-channels of a highly developed communication system, according to a designed economy which permits of no waste and which utilizes natural resources and human talents in the most intelligent and harmonious way possible.

The modern world which sees this vision was, at least ideally speaking, born in reason and reared in science; and its most whole-hearted devotion has been to technics (over and above of course the business of eating and mating and struggling for existence, which, statistically considered, is always the major occupation of any civilization). The machine, in its broadest sense—as a nexus of controlled and co-ordinated forces—is quite naturally the basic life-pattern in such a world, and its concepts are those of science and engineering and mathematical philosophy. Its vision of the ideal

mode of life does have a kind of beauty—a beauty somewhat like that of a great engine. It is, moreover, a sort of beauty which seems to have enthralled at least one of to-day's great nations. But it is an appalling kind of beauty, one which sets men in a world of machines, and freezes the hearts of many with the fear of regimentation, of universal mechanization, and submergence of merely human emotions and merely human happiness. The great "cities of the future," even æsthetized by a Hugh Ferriss or dramatized by an H. G. Wells, seem no fit habitations for flesh-and-blood people; the collectivized farms or planned living sectors seem stark and unappealing; the whirl of traffic along super-highways and super-airlines and super-railways induces a kind of depressing dizziness.

Yet civilization must progress or degenerate, and some such future is the only one to which prophets of the machine age point with any agreement. The warning fingers of men who occupy such opposite poles as Wells and Marx are parallel from this point of view. Yet have we correctly interpreted the message of the age of technics? Are we justified in assuming that such a rebuilding of society is the logical outcome of technology?

In the first place, if we seriously believe that engineering principles may be applied to the organization of men into political or business or economic machines, then we must certainly be prepared to admit that the psychic factor—the human equation—so introduced is part of the responsibility of the engineers who are to design such machines. Strikes and labor troubles are as much inherent defects of a big factory-machine as fatigue of metal is for an airplane engine. Mass depression is just as possible a phenomenon in a countrywide business network as unwanted regeneration is in a poorly balanced radio circuit. All history teaches us the inexplicable diseases to which are liable even the loosely knit economic-social machines so far produced. Panics, depressions, hysteria, corruption, group prejudice

and hatred, mass-dehumanization, slowly strangling superstition—these are some of the "bugs," to use the machine designer's term, to which the human equation renders social machines liable. Mass manifestations and mob-psychology are notoriously vicious and uncontrollable. The ethics even of great enlightened nations, governed by thoughtful, conscience-ridden men, are undeniably lower than apeline. Men as masses cannot create; they cannot even accomplish without degrading their minds as nearly as possible to the automaton level. Big cities mean bigger corruption; big organizations of any type crush and obliterate, distort and frustrate a large proportion of the men-cells which compose them or which come in contact with them. Never by any chance are their policies wise and humane unless they are dominated by one or a few powerful men who happen also to possess these characteristics.

Where is the super-engineer who will for one moment pretend that he is equipped to meet such problems as these, to design on a rational basis even a small machine involving men? And if the ambitious blueprints of world-remodelers are to be put into execution, problems enormously exceeding the abilities of whatever rudimentary social engineering we have to-day must be solved. Remember the Quebec bridge failure—the tragic result of a very conservative bit of extrapolation beyond known limits of engineering knowledge? Change of scale, as every scientist and engineer knows, brings into play factors very difficult to foresee. Molecular cohesion is an important force to us in our dealings with stone and metal; in cosmic events this force is negligible. The hot-air engine functions admirably as a model; full-size it is a failure. The surface tension of water is a minute phenomenon to the nonchalant lifeguard; if he were reduced to the size of an insect he would take care to keep from its deadly grip.

These colossal economic machines which we are attempting to construct are

so out-scale that they awesomely surpass all possible ranges of rational or even empirical knowledge. The massing together of a hundred million human beings into one great economic engine designed to hoist the standard of living, if it is ever really accomplished, will have unimaginable results. The terrific psychic stresses set up along unexpected strata and nerve-filaments of this great machine of human lives, the shock-waves of panic originated from unpredictable centers of conflict and propagated with terrible efficiency through its close articulation—the Black Fridays of a past era would be mere ripples in comparison. It is fair to ask whether technology's contribution to human welfare is really best realized by such ambitious schemes based on an alleged science of social engineering which is actually no more than a wish-born analogy to true physical sciences.

Granting that the machine—which we must not forget was impressed deeply into our culture to the accompaniment of terrific intellectual and social upheavals—has become the archetype of the forms of modern thought, of the modern way of organizing the world, if this is true, then it is of vital importance to realize that the machine itself evolves, and this evolution effects not only our external social world but also our intellectual world. It is furthermore in the nature of things that there should be a definite lag between the evolution of the archetype and of that which it inspires.

Perhaps this lag is plainly manifest in our interpretation—or misinterpretation—of the essential character of the machine age. *Perhaps the whole concept of the planned economic superstate springs from a period in the development of technical and scientific knowledge whose midpoint has already been passed, and which all future development will tend to leave farther and farther in the background.*

II

The machine has evolved enormously in the past few decades; its very nature

and philosophy have been changed and will probably continue to change. A steady torrent of creative thought has been pouring into technology for three generations; under the pressure of this flow machinery has exhibited a graph of development clear cut and charged with order and intelligence to a greater extent than that of any other kind of human achievement. Machinery no longer clanks, it is no longer ponderous and uncompromising and rigid. Machinery becomes daily *less mechanical*; as subtler forces are bent to its purpose its organization becomes more flexible and fluid, its reactions and capabilities more adaptable.

In almost any phase of technological achievement this evolutionary trend may be traced, sometimes manifestly, sometimes potentially.

Mechanized transportation first expressed itself in the railroad, which is practically one vast machine, requiring rigid mechanical co-ordination of all its parts and demanding, in return for its service to men, discipline and inflexible submission to its needs and methods.

Following the railroad came the motorized road vehicle, giving to the individual man a mastery of distance which the first permitted only to groups. The automobilist functions much less as a single cog in a great machine than does the railway passenger. Standardized roadbeds, block signals, schedules, dispatchers' orders are not necessary for the man who sets out to drive his car or truck from Florida to Oregon.

Aircraft mark the latest phase of the machine's attack on the problem of transportation; and aircraft, potentially, offer the most flexible means of travel conceivable, since they are independent even of a system of highways. Light and radio beams are the only avenues these vehicles require, and the instinct of the aeronautical engineer works toward flying characteristics (extreme stability and reliability, hovering descent, accurate instrumentation) which will make the craft

of the future less and less dependent on ground aids.

Mechanical power in general since it was first achieved has become constantly more versatile. Lumbering steam engines effective only in large units, requiring massive foundations and the establishment of a regular phalanx of attendant humanity to satisfy their needs and utilize their output, have been replaced by a world of compact power sources—gasoline and Diesel engines, the smallest of them light enough to be carried in one hand. Electric motors have adapted themselves so as to become veritable accessory organs to the hand. There have appeared innumerable small machines that condense the powers of technics to the scope of individual control. A homely example is the automatic refrigerator, which has rendered obsolescent large central ice plants. Power-driven tools and machines of every sort are built in compact yet beautifully engineered units, so that small shops may now use the methods of modern technology in a way that formerly none but big establishments could manage.

It is true that this breaking down into small units has taken place only on the fringes of our big-scale production systems; in other words, many of these small machines emanate from great central factories. But that so much decentralization has taken place already is due solely to changes in the nature of the machine itself (which is the subject of this discussion) and has run counter to current political and social ideas and also to the present trends in economic and financial organization.

New angles of attack, new points of view are accomplishing the same results on all fronts of man's war with the physical world. His methods grow continually subtler, less dependent on elaborately ponderous equipment. With some poetic license it may be said that, just as modern physics seems to be approaching metaphysics, so modern technology grows less material in its handling of matter.

A few decades ago energy was carried

laboriously across country in the form of coal or coke; now it darts intangibly through slender copper wires. As if this refinement were not enough in itself, already it is proposed to replace heavy converters and transformers necessary to handle electric power at terminals with new types of vacuum tubes able to do the same work. Communication has discarded even so material a medium as metal wires in favor of the impalpable and highly speculative ether. In the handling of stubborn steel, welding and cutting by means of the gas torch and the electric arc are introducing remarkable freedom and versatility. New developments in this technic eliminate various massive old-school machines for cutting and fabricating metal. Small sewage-disposal systems have made it possible for the isolated dwelling place to meet this mundane problem with scientific tactics hitherto reserved for elaborately equipped cities. The electric power-plant itself has spawned miniature and remarkably effective replicas. Home preserving apparatus enables the individual to can fruits and vegetables as effectively as central plants, and so lessens the need for lengthy shipping and handling and re-shipping of foodstuffs. In this same field, the quick-freezing process of preserving perishable foods substitutes a non-material change of temperature for a material metal or glass container which must be refined and shaped and sealed through a lengthy production process. Such examples could be cited indefinitely, for they occur in all spheres of technical activity.

In a word, machinery—perhaps because it is one of the purest products of present-day genius—is actually evolving in the direction which it should. It is becoming more and more the efficient and effective multiplier of man's physical powers, at the same time requiring less and less that man sacrifice himself spiritually, burden himself with heavy material impedimenta, and debase himself to the level of an auxiliary device in order to attain this end. It is becoming con-

sistently less necessary for society to defile itself with soot and filth, to cramp itself into great industrial prison-houses in order to profit by the services of the machine.

Probable future achievements—where they are true technical creations and not simply reorganizations of society to fit the deficiencies of present-day machines—trend in the same direction. Fuel alcohol from waste vegetation, which would provide a uniformly distributed energy source, capable of decentralized manufacture and eliminating the need for enormous petroleum production and distribution networks. . . . Sun and wind power, which reinforce this possibility. . . . True scientific agriculture, which quadruples the yield of land and ends big-scale shipping of foodstuffs about the globe. . . . Organic chemistry, which makes silk purses out of sows' ears, structural material out of waste cellulose, and in general enormously increases man's manipulative powers over substances which lie ready to hand and need not be ripped from the bowels of the earth or dragged from ten thousand miles away. (Henry Ford's experiments with small-scale production of plastics from soy-beans are an interesting exploration of these possibilities of organic chemistry.)

In the light of this powerful metamorphic force at work in our body of technical knowledge, we may well question whether the mechanized superstate is the goal to which machinery as we know it to-day, and shall know it to-morrow, is forcing us. There can be no doubt that political and psychological habits obscure the inspiration we draw from machines and the methods of applied science which are the creations of our natural genius. We have not even discarded the century-old notion that a machine to be good must be big. Recently we have become faintly aware that dirt and noise are not inevitable accompaniments of technics, but our concept of the influence of technics on humanity has been warped by a superficial analogy between machinery

and social organizations which properly dates from the era of the French Revolution. The mechanistic explanation of the universe and the human mind reached its widest acceptance in the Nineteenth Century and is now on the wane; it has, nevertheless, persisted in our dealings with social and economic matters and seems in this sphere to be more powerful than ever.

III

Just what are the reasons for that organization of mankind called society, and what is the logical bearing of technology on those reasons? Briefly, mankind must be organized or there is no civilization and no culture. Two broad reasons may be adduced for this fact, one physical, the other mental.

First, man must organize himself if he is to master the outside world—if he is to eat regularly, live securely, clothe himself warmly, shelter himself comfortably. He must create of his kind an artificial body social, with specialized organs—artisans, farmers, miners, sailors, clerks, executives—better able to handle the multifarious operations on the physical world than any single individual could possibly be.

Second, man must organize and group himself if he is to provide a sufficiently rich intellectual medium to support the delicate manifestations of culture—speech, arts, sciences, manners, and so on. Those dense aggregations of humanity called cities are the most frequent means of meeting this need, and in them culture often reaches its peaks.

To the fulfilment of these two immemorial needs, machinery and the scientific method bring—perhaps for the first time in history—the possibility of totally new and original modes of action. In the past the only means men have had to remedy their physical weakness in the face of nature has been to band together, to create superbodies. This process has, therefore, gone on quite necessarily since the dawn of history (to the accompaniment of course of practically continuous inter-human warfare due to the complete

lack of moral or ethical sense in such superbodies).

Men now have a way to multiply their strength as individuals.

The machine does *not* demand that men now organize their material world more thoroughly than it has ever been organized before. On the contrary, the more nearly the machine approaches perfection the more it makes it possible for us to reverse this trend without the sacrifice of civilization which such a reversal has always before entailed.

Certain terms of this statement must be defined precisely if it is to remain defensible. A "perfect machine" in this context might be defined as a system of directing physical forces so that the result of their interaction shall be useful to man; a system, moreover, in relation to which man remains on a purely creative or directive basis. According to this view, all machines which require the factory system for their operation are but pseudo-machines, they demand human participation in their routine working cycles. (Also, according to this view, the ordinary sewing machine is one of the most nearly perfect machines we have produced. Its stable form for the past few decades substantiates this assertion.) Not the perfection, but the imperfection of present-day technical knowledge forms the only support of the theory that the machine *in itself* requires increasingly complete material organization of humanity.*

It must also be noted that the organization here discussed is that of material life only. While it is true that the more nearly the machine approaches perfection the less it requires men to band together for physical reasons, this same perfection demands just the opposite of men from the intellectual point of view. A high standard of science cannot exist without skilled practitioners, without research and exchange of information,

without thoroughgoing education and training, without a large body of organized scientific knowledge. In fact, it is in the fulfilment of this condition that the true spirit of the Age of Technics rests. It is not in the building of huger and more elaborate engines, it is not in the forcing of society into the form of a fantastic super-machine. It emphatically is in the building up of as high as possible a level of enlightened scientific education, so that the modern individual can go forth into the world with the strength of ten men in his hand and the stored knowledge of generations available to his mind, and solve his problems of terrestrial existence more masterfully and skilfully than they have ever been solved before. This greatest achievement of technology is not material—it cannot be measured in horsepower or in tons of apparatus. It does not even necessarily express itself so much in tangible machinery as in ways of living and doing things. A log-cabin pioneer without a single machine to help him, yet with a grasp of modern scientific knowledge bearing on his problems, could manage the material circumstances of his life more effectively than one not so equipped. Failure to understand this principle leads to the development of the lamentable art of gadgetry rather than applied science.

The predication of a high standard of "technological culture" recalls the second great reason why banding together has always been necessary—*viz.*: to maintain a sufficiently rich intellectual atmosphere for culture in general. The culture of the machine age is no exception to this necessity. But, just as it offers a new point of view on the need for physical banding together, so does it with the need for intellectual banding together. Men no longer need to rub shoulders, jostle elbows, tramp on one another's toes to be in mental contact with one another. This achievement of the machine age, through the medium of printing, swift transportation, and electrical communication, is so patent that one hesitates to point it out once more. Yet in spite of

* Prophets of the coming age of wonders, who seem instinctively to feel the fault of the big-scale "pseudo-machine" or factory, strive to correct it by imagining that some day all goods will be produced in vast and entirely automatic factories overseen by a few technicians, while the rest of the world occupies itself in recreation. This fantastic notion is in reality a splendid *reductio ad absurdum* of the current philosophy of the Age of Technics.

the number of times it has been pointed out, current thought as a whole ignores it. Years ago Frank Lloyd Wright showed that the "modern" skyscraper is an anachronism, an archaic habit seizing the powers of modern technical skill to carry itself to a forced and hysterical extreme. The "modern" megalopolis is no more than ancient Rome or Ur of the Chaldees using the tricks of applied science; it harks back to the pueblo, the cliff colony, the ant-heap.

IV

Such things are not the logical outgrowths of to-day's science and technics. Actually, modern knowledge is putting into our hands the tools to create a truly new kind of civilization—a civilization of ample spaces and unstained skies and uncramped individuals. A civilization whose people dwell, not like bees in a transcendental hive, but like men in their own homes and communities, meeting their own practical problems with superlative skill and knowledge; whose bulk material needs—the production of food, clothing, shelter, tools—are met self-sufficiently in each region, and in a manner scientifically adapted to that region; in which economic life is decentralized, and sprawling hypertrophied production-consumption networks do not exist, with their masses of rootless, bewildered, exploited laborers, with their billions of weary ton-miles of shipping and reshipping of raw materials from field and minehead to factory-city to wide-strewn purchaser. . . .

A garden-civilization of cared-for individual homes, with its centers and cities not inflammations of violent acquisitive passions and cramped industrial operations, but rather foci of educational, co-

ordinative, and cultural activity. A civilization whose marvellous communication system (perhaps without even the intervention of so material a medium as wires) keeps its physically isolated citizens as closely in touch with the play of intellectual life as if they were inhabiting one great city, whose winged transportation horsepower is used by those who travel for knowledge and appreciative pleasure. . . .

A civilization where little premium is placed on mere physical bigness, where material problems are purposely restricted in area so they can be handled and grasped by individuals or communities; where even such apparently large-scale problems as the Middle-Western drought are met more by intelligent co-operation and scientific land cultivation on the part of all the landholders of the Mississippi Basin than by necessarily inefficient centralized projects. . . .

A civilization whose great governments confine themselves to purely coordinating functions through maintenance of communication and kindred systems that by their wide range and universality prevent intellectual narrowness and degeneration of regions or communities.

Such an imaginary civilization of the future seems every whit as plausible as the superstates now in fashion, and infinitely less difficult to actually achieve. . . . Ladies and gentlemen, for its influence on your daily lives and on the dreams of your children, for its effect on your decisions involving yourselves, your community and your country—I give you the improbable Utopia of *co-ordinated individualism* as against the fantastic and wholly uninviting mechanized superstate, whether socialist, communist, fascist, or technocratic!



MONEY AND BANKING IN RUSSIA

BY RICHARD HELLMAN

AN INDIANAPOLIS merchant returning from one of those ten-day excursions to the Soviet Union said in great bewilderment to an acquaintance: "Everything is upside down over there. If you're a business man you're out, you're nowhere. Yet they have banks and sell government bonds and people have what might as well be checking accounts. It doesn't make sense."

Most of the American public is in the same state as the Indiana merchant. The progress of affairs in the Soviet Union—as it has been reported in the newsreels and the American press—has been largely a series of sensations, Russian primers and *réclame* for the Five-Year Plan—as though there were something mystic and powerful in the very words. The Hearst papers unceasingly devote themselves to shuddering accounts of Russian horrors and blood-letting; American sympathizers and supporters of the Soviet Union balance this with loud pæans of triumph not always noteworthy for accuracy or precision. Caught between these fires it is not surprising that many Americans are bewildered. Yet the fact remains that in a country dedicated to the establishment of communism, with all the "withering away" of institutions, money and banking still keep their place. Why?

In looking for the answer to this question we must not expect to find anything resembling the credit and banking system of the United States. It was, typically, Andrew Jackson, an ex-general of the Army, who one hundred years ago, as President of the country, inaugurated our

notorious era of wildcat banking. Our traditions have always made it possible for Hanks the county grain-dealer or Hicks the grocer to set up and run a bank in accordance with his own peculiar ideas of good management. To our American mentality, therefore, it is not odd that we have a free and independent banking system for each State and a forty-ninth Federal Reserve System, with a total heterogeneity which has defied classification and become the object of fatalistic acceptance. Post-war trends, however, foreshadow an enlarging control of the credit system by the federal government, while the possibility of nationalization of our banks has become, in informed circles, the subject of increasing discussion. Under these circumstances, it is with a flavor of anticipation that one surveys the role of money, credit, and banking in the most completely socialized country on earth.

The banks of the Soviet are the watchdogs of the economy. Through a universal system of accounts, every factory, farm, and co-operative group must have an account in one or more of the half-dozen kinds of banks. In general, bank accounting parallels planning. Lodged in its impressive offices on the Avenue Karuninskaya, Moscow, the State Planning Commission (Gosplan) lays out the general lines and details of construction, consumer production, and trade, and the banks parcel out the credit resources accordingly. If the plan calls for the opening of new mineral deposits in Siberia or an increased number of styles of silk

stockings the banks must provide the credit needed to pay for wages and materials.

As it pays out credits the bank is constantly watching to see that their use is followed by the production of goods. No credits are granted automatically. They are disbursed only as shoes, bicycles, or bath salts are produced and the plan fulfilled. In London or New York the banks may do the same in an informal way in order to guarantee the repayment of their loan, but in the Soviet the procedure is actually a legal burden on the bank.

In the event that credit should be wasted and goods not be produced, the banks will stop credit immediately pending an investigation. A representative of the bank calls on the plant involved to examine the books, and as a result a spectacular trial accompanied by charges of sabotage against the people may be called. Occasionally foreign governments may be drawn into the affair, as in the Metropolitan Vickers case of a few years ago. On the other hand, all that may be involved is the dismissal of an incompetent executive or instruction how to use delicately adjusted high-speed machines. When normal conditions have been restored credit begins to flow again under the ægis of the bank. In this manner the Russian credit system has made an effort to release funds only for the immediate creation of values.

As an instance of the actual procedure which is followed when organizations buy and sell goods, the Red Triangle Rubber Plant, let us say, will ship a carload of balloon tires to the auto plant in Gorky. If the manager of the latter finds that he receives what he contracted for he will send a memorandum to his bank, which will deduct from his account the price of the tires and notify the branch bank at the Red Triangle Plant to add an equal amount to its balances.

This method of painless and prompt settlements, in which no money changes hands, checks no longer bounce back, and no poor creditor hounds a poorer debtor,

was for a time extended to include the "public utility" items of the home. When the housewife of Kiev received her monthly telephone or electric bill she no longer waited two or three months before deciding to pay. She already had an account at the neighboring savings bank. Upon receiving the bill from the postman, she sent it to the bank. On its ledgers her balance was reduced, while that of the power trust or telephone company was credited. This function was temporarily suspended in the spring of 1935 because the staff was inadequately trained to meet the added burden of routine and novelty. Presumably, after the necessary preparation, the practice will be resumed.

When the housewife of Kiev sends her electric bill to the savings bank for payment by accounting changes and when Mrs. Ginsberg of the Bronx pays her bill by sending a check on the Corn Exchange Bank to the Edison Company, obviously they are doing things which have much in common. In our country check accounts have been commonplace for decades; it has been estimated that in recent years ninety-four per cent of our dollar volume of business has been done by check. But in Russia, as in all continental countries, the check account has been largely unknown.

One hundred and sixty-nine out of one hundred and seventy million Russians, few of whom have ever enjoyed liquid wealth until the past ten years, would no more accept checks in lieu of hard cash which they can feel than they would any other scraps of paper. While the system of direct bank clearances of household items is simpler than checking, its intangibility and newness have proven barriers to its widespread adoption.

The Soviet system of bank accounting has a great deal in common with the method by which a bank in Rochester can clear transactions with one in Staten Island through the Gold Settlement fund of the Federal Reserve Banks, through the clearing houses which operate in the larger cities, or through correspondent relations which out-of-town banks have

with the institutions of large cities. The communists, however, have carried the idea to a more direct and perfect integration. For all practical purposes all the banks in Russia are members of a single system. When a Tuscaloosa haberdasher sends a glovemaker in Gloversville a worthless check it may not be detected until it has meandered back, via New York and Atlanta, to the Tuscaloosa bank. In the Soviet, however, when a boxload of kingpins moves out to a kid-die-car factory the seller sends out an invoice at the same time to the buyer's branch of his bank, which will stop delivery immediately if the buyer does not have the necessary credits; thus lawyers' letters and lawsuits, so familiar to American business, have been reduced.

II

The careful and rigid division of credit into two kinds—the long term and the short term—each of which is independent of the other, is one of the most striking characteristics of the contemporary Russian credit system. There is no such overlapping as in the American system (where it contributed to the frozen condition of our banks in the current depression).

The financial giant of Soviet Russia is the State Bank—the Gosbank—in which four vital functions are combined. As the sole issuer of money, it is charged with the maintenance of a stable currency—thus far a chimera, as will be shown in the discussion of Russian currency. As administrator of the state budget, supervising the accumulation and redistribution of the greater part of the national income, it assists in executing the economic plan of social reconstruction—as such it is the treasury department of the country. Since all other banks keep their funds with the Gosbank, drawing them out when needed, it is also a central bank. And, as the great commercial bank of Russia, it plays an important role in the development of industry and trade. The bank does not grant long-term credit to an enterprise directly.

All short-term credit in the Soviet Union is handled exclusively by this State Bank. Normal minimum requirements for wages and materials are provided out of the annual budget without recourse to borrowing. When production spurts seasonally, however, and in periods of emergency and unusual industrial activity, the State Bank is asked to lend credit for wages, material, and transportation. The sudden success which followed on August 30, 1935 the application of some intelligence and observation of his job by a Donbass coal miner, Stakhanoff, gave way to a mass wave of Stakhanovism which enveloped dairymaid and boot-maker alike and caused phenomenal increases of production. With the Soviet laborer on piecework wherever possible, wages and bonuses rose to Santa Claus proportions, with the demand for materials growing apace. This type of expansion, while unpredictable in the plan, is financed by Gosbank.

Russia's budget is also her blueprint. While it does not include one hundred per cent of the total income and expenditures of the national economy, the division is based on a peculiar philosophy of property. There are three kinds of enterprises: the petty private trader, legally permitted to sell only home-made products, but frequently carrying on sub-rosa activities, who is always hounded and kept insignificant by the state; those enterprises (like the railroads and state farms) which are run by the government directly; and, third, the trusts which have been organized by the government and have been assigned capital and equipment, and thereafter function like independent commercial enterprises. The last two categories find close parallels in such New Deal corporations as the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. For the most part they are not included in the budget and expend their own incomes. In this way complete responsibility for conducting its business without a loss is placed on the trust or state enterprise itself, while the government exercises a su-

pervisory check through the accounts-control of the banks. The extent to which communization has progressed is indicated by the fact that in 1936, 98.5 per cent of the national income will have come from the socialized sector of the economy.

The State Bank's internal organization is laid out in eight departments corresponding to the broad divisions of industry with which it deals. Enterprises turning out gingham dresses or toys for children deal with the section of light industry. Steam-roller mills and bridge builders come under the purview of the heavy industry division, while the sale of Russian sable at the Leningrad fur auction to a Fifth Avenue buyer will be handled through the foreign department. Department stores bank at the internal trade section, while the railroads, timber cutters, and farms have their own divisions. The eighth department of the bank prints and issues the national currency.

Deposits with Gosbank receive interest varying from $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The higher rates are paid principally to farm groups in order to encourage them to keep their unused cash in the bank. In the summer of 1936 the bank announced a new and lower set of interest charges on loans which compare most favorably with those of any Western country. The new rates, which supersede charges of 6 to 10 per cent, are as low as 2 per cent on loans for which warehouse or freight receipts are deposited as security. The rate for unsecured advances is 4 per cent, and on overdue paper, 6 per cent.

In the United States during these days a company with a well-advertised name and a good credit reputation might borrow on short term in New York for as little as 4 per cent. But your local department store would generally do no better than 6 if it is a fair risk. It is informing to draw a comparison of what the interest rates should have been in the Soviet according to either the classical economics or our own American history.

Adam Smith and David Ricardo have pointed out that, because of the greater demand for capital in a country which is growing rapidly, the rate of interest is normally higher than in a country which progresses at a slower rate. We may recall that in 'Frisco during the days of the gold rush—when wharves, theaters, business blocks, and red and gold bagnios were going up overnight, interest rates were fantastically sky-high. For sixty years before the beginning of what Wells has termed "Hoover's Forty Year Depression" the normal rate of progress in the United States had been roughly 4 per cent annually. The Soviet rate in the past ten years has outstripped 15 per cent. If the Soviet financiers had been good capitalists we can imagine that the rate might well have exceeded 20 per cent.

Generally the bank's income from interest and commissions will exceed its expenses. One-half of the surplus is donated to the government, about 5 per cent is used by the employees to improve their cafeteria, make their library or recreation rooms more congenial, or in some other way to better their welfare. The remainder enlarges the reserves of the bank. Except for the 5 per cent going to the employees, this division duplicates exactly the practice of our Federal Reserve Banks prior to the Banking Act of 1933.

The growth of Gosbank naturally has closely paralleled the expansion of production. Beginning with a capital of worthless currency in 1921, its progress has been phenomenal. Between 1924 and 1934 its credit operations increased twenty times!

The institutions of long-term credit number four. The Long-Term Credit Bank for Industry and Electrification (Prombank) finances all state capital construction. The great plants on the Volga and the Don are its wards. The Agricultural Bank (Selkhozbank) supplies credit for the quasi-state collectivist farms. The combines that reap and thresh the wheat of the Ukraine were bought with credit supplied by it. The Co-operative

Bank (Vseobank) maintains relations with co-operative producers except housing. Those great experiments which purpose to introduce Ivan Ivanovich to plumbing, central heating, and swimming pools come within the province of the Public Utilities Bank (Tsecombank). To Tsecombank also go the municipalities who want credit for street lighting, paving, and bridges for Moscow. If the sewers of Odessa are in a bad way the new-style city fathers must apply via the Plan to Tsecombank for aid. If it is decided that a completely new city shall be erected, then it is this bank which advances the credit which later blossoms out as Novo-Sibirsk or Bolshoe Zaporozhie.

The banks which reach into the pocket of every other citizen in the Soviet, however, are the Savings Banks. Their outstanding functions seem to be to invest their funds in the bond flotations of the state and to provide a clearing mechanism by which such items as rent and electricity may be paid by book entries. Foreign trade is handled by Gosbank in the West and by its subsidiary, the Bank of Foreign Trade, in the East.

These comprise the legally established banking institutions of Communist Russia. No provision has been made for private initiative of any kind. Should some citizens of Kiev see a market there for clothespins, there is no bank in Russia from which they could get credit for the enterprise. They may obtain bootleg credit in petty amounts, but the loan is illegal, unenforceable in the courts, and social anathema. The rate of interest is sky-high, frequently exceeding 50 per cent. American loan sharks who deal out "personal finance" to our little bourgeoisie afford an interesting contrast, since they enjoy recourse to the law to collect their 36 per cent or more, and they are blessed with the right to call their rates "legal."

The institution which grants long-term credit to state-constructed enterprises is Prombank. Of the several banks of long-term credit it is the most important. Those tremendous undertakings which

have become the focal point of the outside world's views of the Soviet "experiment"—Dnieprostroy, Magnetogorsk, Donbass, Stalingrad—are financed by Prombank. In this institution we find the apotheosis of orthodox communism. For this bank charges no interest and asks no payment of principal. It debits an enterprise under construction with costs, and upon completion credits it with an equal amount of assets, wiping out the transaction. In effect, Prombank's "loans" are unrepayable grants out of the state budget and have been recognized as such.

The preponderant part of the bank's resources is received from the state budget. An interesting feature of its income is receipts from depreciation reserves set aside by Soviet industry. All such allowances are paid to Prombank and become its property. In capitalist countries where private ownership and economic rights exist, depreciation reserves are of course disposed of as the owner or board of directors sees fit. Prombank, however, is enabled to redistribute this recurring supply of capital in any direction, irrespective of the source.

Thus Prombank controls the investment of capital, and is able to avoid the sort of mistake which was one of the root causes of our depression. It is said that during the '20's, in pursuit of individual interests, we invested too much capital in producers' goods—machinery, plants, etc.—which should have gone into consumption of goods directly. In Russia, on the other hand, the point of view which prevails is that of the total society, and capital is invested in the direction which is determined to be the best for the general welfare.

In addition to the income which Prombank receives from the state budget and depreciation reserves, all industries contribute a portion of their profits to it. But, the bewildered capitalist will ask, why profits in a communist utopia? Profit in Russia, however, is a bookkeeping item. It is not a source of dividends to avid investors or a fountain of bonuses

for the top executives, but, to paraphrase the words of a great American, it is a tax of socialized industry, by socialized industry, for socialized industry. It arises from two types of operations: on one hand, every factory is supposed to sell its product at something above its cost, as provided in the plan; on the other hand, when Maria Demchenko hurls out a cry to Russia that "we will flood the country with sugar," and proceeds to produce daily more of the product than it formerly turned out in two or three days, costs of production go down sharply and the profits over the contracted selling price become bigger than anticipated.

"Profits" of this nature are divided several ways. The workers obtain a percentage to use in making their lives easier. They may enlarge their community center or buy a gramophone, or they may band together with workers of nearby factories and buy a small sailing yacht for their leisure time. A second portion of the profits may eventually be allotted to the factory earning them for needed improvements or extensions. A third portion goes to the state, while the fourth part is contributed to Prombank's resources. Profits, it must be emphasized, do not accrue to individuals directly, so that the Soviet has no millionaires.

III

Like most other things in Russia to-day, savings are planned. Of a total government revenue for 1936 of 79 billion rubles, 4 billion are to be raised through the sale of bonds and an additional 800 million rubles through increased savings accounts. This has been going on since 1924. Nearly everybody who can buys bonds and has a savings account—each year for a period of several weeks following a traditional "Bond Holders and Savings Bank Depositors Day" new depositors and investors are wooed. These savings are considered to be a patriotic necessity, and the door-to-door canvasser persuasively impresses upon his prospect that a bond bought will help to drive the

last bolt into the new Moscow subway or will bring over one of those new American automats for Stalingrad's cafeteria.

Undeniably, bonds in a state which purports to be communistic are a distinct anachronism. It would seem that their existence can be justified only on grounds of expediency. It is more euphemistic, if less principled, to pay a man two thousand rubles a year and borrow back a part of it than to pay him the difference offhand; since on the one side he can show paper evidence of his "patriotism," while, on the other, the government has his money, and thus far has paid nothing on the principal and has just converted the entire outstanding internal debt into a single loan due in 1956. Moreover, while the average contribution need not be, and indeed is not, large, when multiplied by 50 million it comes to quite a tidy sum.

Thus, for a total population in Russia in 1936 of 170 millions, of whom about 70 millions were gainful workers, as compared with 128 and 53 million respectively in the United States, there are over 50 million individual bondholders and 40 million savings accounts. The average savings account is 117 rubles, or nominally \$23.40, and pays individuals 3 per cent or 70 cents a year in interest. The average bondholding, if the 40 per cent held by non-individuals is excluded from the calculation, is about 250 rubles, or \$50. As the interest rate on the non-lottery bonds (the lotteries will be considered presently) is 4 per cent, if this is assumed to be the average yield for both lottery and interest-bearing issues, the yield per year is about \$2. These returns, after more than ten years of bond issuing, presage no future millionaires in Soviet Russia, although the idea of bonds certainly is reprehensible in a communistically inclined state.

The most important role of the Savings Banks is the absorption of state bonds, whence it follows that their primary function is to help build up the Soviet edifice. The close relationship between savings and state bonds is heightened by

the fact that these banks also act as agents of the government in the sales of bonds direct to the workers, in paying interest, and in delivering premiums.

An enlightening contrast is afforded by a comparison of our American commercial banks with the Russian investment bank. The only type of bank upon which an indebtedness representing capital construction may be levied with justice is the savings bank or long-term credit institution. According to sound banking theory, the commercial bank is intended, not to build, but to facilitate the movement of goods through the channels of trade and transportation and, therefore, its assets should be limited to such forms of loans as 90-day commercial paper which covers the cost of material to be fabricated, goods to be moved from one user to another, and the final sale of the article to the public. Thus government bonds on the Golden Gate bridge or gilt-edge securities of United States Steel, while they may be economically sound investments, are not proper fare for commercial banks except in insignificant amounts. But when the toymaker in Racine needs some extra credit until he begins to collect at Christmastime it is perfectly good business for his bank to lend him the money, since the goods are sold and the loan "liquidates" itself in a short time.

In Soviet Russia the distinction between the short-term credit institution and the investment banks has been maintained scrupulously; but in the United States, stronghold of economic individualism, sixty per cent of the thirty-four billion dollar federal debt is in the hands of our banks, including the commercial banks! There is not a depositor in the United States who, through his bank, does not own a share in our government bonds. Indeed, of late it is said more and more often that our banks are becoming a glorified holding company for the national debt.

The Soviet citizen's savings deposits are generally not converted into cash except for serious "show cause." There is

a technical similarity between this practice and the "thirty-day" clauses which can be found printed on the inside cover of your own savings bank book. Our thirty-day clauses, however, are generally unpracticed formalities, becoming real only in times of severe pressure for liquidity. In noting this rigidity of convertibility, on the other hand, one should bear in mind that the function of savings in America is principally against a "rainy day," whereas the Soviet worker is not supposed to have any rainy days of the capitalist kind, being assured of a job and presumably enjoying miseries and good fortunes on a footing of equality with his compatriots.

"Why, then," asks a monthly sponsored by "friends" of the Union, "do people save money in the Soviet?" They save, it goes on to reply, "for luxuries and pleasures"—radios, bicycles, a camera, a suit of clothes, or a vacation trip.

There is some question, however, whether savings deposits and radios will become interchangeable during the next ten or fifteen years. It will take at least as long as that for the output of necessities to reach a point where the satisfaction of producing more bicycles will be greater than that derived from the equivalent production of food, clothes, and more comfortable homes.

Whatever a Russian might wish to do with his money, irresistible social pressure persuades him to invest a large fraction of his "excess" in bonds, and another fraction in savings. Other parts are siphoned off through taxes and contributions to various welfare funds; so that while some financial inequalities of income will remain, the danger of capitalism is largely eliminated.

The ultimate investment of savings deposits in both the United States and Russia is almost identical. When Tillie, the file clerk, puts her two dollars into the Bowery Savings Bank every Saturday the money may go into the erection of one of those new six-storey apartment houses in Brooklyn. In Moscow, Tanya deposits her weekly five rubles, and the

money will help to dig the new Moscow canal or develop the new Archangel. The major difference is that Tillie's dollar, if it is invested in government bonds, finances (among other things) relief—a worthy and absolutely essential purpose, but, nevertheless, in large part unproductive and ultimately not self-liquidating.

An analogy may legitimately be drawn between progressive income taxation levied upon us by Uncle Sam and bond purchases in the New Eden, since the extent of such taxes in the Soviet is not great. The bond purchases, however, are not valueless, while the stringency in the convertibility of savings deposits may be expected to relax as the pressure to build is relieved by growing abundance. The purchase of state bonds may still be a role of the bank. It will be increasingly superseded, however, by the function of saving for an automobile or other items of high initial cost.

In order to encourage the practice of bank savings and the direct purchase of bonds, the State has established over 58,000 branches of the Savings Banks throughout the republics of the Union. This is the most far-reaching system of financial catch-basins in the world, thrusting out over the steppes and tundras through every Russian village, factory, and farm, operating in post office, telegraph station, and railway station. In comparison, the whole number of banks in the United States, including 3,000 branches—from the marble citadels of Wall Street to the one-room bank at Indian Run, Iowa, open three hours a day—is only nineteen thousand.

Indicative of the great returns which the investment of capital has brought to the Russian people is the high rate of interest of 8 to 9 per cent formerly paid on deposits. At the same time, the more stable financial situation is reflected, it is claimed, in the successive reduction of the rate to 3 per cent for individuals and farms and 1 per cent to all others. Similarly, the return on bonds in which savings bank funds are invested has been lowered to 4 per cent.

Under the blanket conversion of last September, the total internal debt of the Soviet is represented by a single twenty-year loan aggregating 20.6 billion rubles. In these figures is revealed a remarkable policy of pay-as-you-go. For the national income of the country is estimated in the plan for the fiscal year at about 120 billion rubles, or six times the total debt. And in the United States Secretary of Commerce Roper estimates that the national income for 1936 will be about sixty billions, or less than twice the federal debt!

Turning away from the domestic scene, we come to an unequaled phenomenon of modern times, the Soviet Union's foreign trade—state-monopolized and centrally co-ordinated. In a comparison with the relatively free system of the United States, our choice has been dictated not so much by considerations of efficiency as by a tradition of *laissez-faire*. The procedures of Hitler and Mussolini, on the other hand, which are often linked to the Soviet system, offer a distorted comparison. One is a practice faithfully based on principles; the others are unprincipled makeshifts.

Foreign purchases of the Soviet have generally been financed by credits obtained in the country of purchase, which run for periods varying from a few months up to five years. Thus Baldwin locomotives are purchased on credit found in the United States. At maturity these debts are paid off through the State Bank—the Gosbank. The fact that in the whole period of the foreign trade relations of the Soviet Union there has not been a single case of defaulted payment is attributed in a considerable measure to the centralization and planned control of payments abroad—a record to be envied by capitalist and fascist nations alike!

In the initial years of her struggle to make the Five Year Plan a success the Communist state was forced to pay exorbitant rates of interest on foreign trade credits, and, furthermore, she had to like it; for the pressure to bring over

dynamos, assembly lines, and grease guns quickly was the supreme consideration. Since 1933, however, the pressure has subsided: a favorable balance of trade has permitted her to become independent on this point, so much so that where she cannot buy for credit on favorable terms she will buy for cash.

For this, among other reasons, Russia's foreign debt has declined from a high point of 1.4 billion gold rubles at the peak of her imports to meet the needs of the first Five-Year Plan, to 86 million gold rubles on July 31, 1936. As the gold ruble is worth 87 cents in American money, the trade debt stood in that month at 75 million dollars, or 44 cents per person! Her gold production has also added to the strength of her foreign position. At present this is second only to the output of South Africa, while within the next two years she is expected to become the first gold producer of the world.

IV

Why do the Soviets retain money? The communists have associated money with evil and selfishness; yet everywhere in Russia wages are paid and goods bought and sold in rubles.

Among the characteristics of money, its exploitative power has always been anathema to the communists, whose Testament on this point is Marx's famous equation relating money to production. Exhibit "A" in this formula is your baker, who invests his money in flour, yeast, and wages for his workingmen, sells you bread, and gets back his investment of money with a little extra as profit. So long as the profit is reasonable the communists, while they must object to this form of "exploitation" in principle, do not become ferocious about Exhibit "A," and indeed they imitate him in Russia.

But Exhibit "B" is the man whom they excoriate. In New York or Boston he may be a promoter indulging in the more distinctive stock-market practices which have been exposed so often; in Chicago, a bear on the grain exchange; and in

Germany he may be a food profiteer. But in the Soviet they have successfully crushed him. There are no stocks to be bought and sold on a bourse, land never changes hands, and even gold prospecting in the wilderness of the Ural Mountains has become an honest business. Some petty lending among individuals may exist; but what there is of it is illegal and unpopular, and when discovered is severely chastised.

Having deprived it of one of its powers, oddly enough, the Communists have turned about and exploited money as an incentive to increased production per man-hour of labor. After the dark days of 1932-1933, when thousands of farmers killed their animal stock and in cases refused to grow enough crops even to feed their own families, the government instituted a policy of allowing the dairymaid and the wheat farmer better prices for their grain and milk. A sharp increase in output followed, so that the steel worker and the storekeeper had more and better food to eat.

What is involved, however, is a transfer of purchasing power from the city to the farm. The factory hand pays more for his food and buys less of clothes and other things, while the dairymaid sells her milk for more and is enabled to purchase an extra dress or a new coat. But the machinist finds that with more food in his stomach he works better and produces more each day. The dairymaid notes that she is receiving more shoes, clothing, and even perfumed bath soaps than she has ever dreamed of possessing hitherto. In the aggregate, the judicious use of money as an incentive has succeeded in raising the general level of production and the standard of living for all consumers in the cities and towns and on the farms, although supplies are still very inadequate.

The Communists, it has been noted, have been distinguished for their phobia against speculation; and yet the greatest lotteries in the world are sponsored by the Soviet government while the most numerous participants are the Russian

people. Bonds are issued in two parts: one pays interest and the other pays nothing in interest but entitles the owner to a chance to win in drawings which are held several times yearly. Thus the current issue of four billion rubles yields four per cent on interest-bearing bonds, while the all-premium bearing serials participate in four drawings a year for the twenty-year life of the bond or until it wins and is redeemed.

The bonds vary in size from 10 to 500 rubles and the winnings from 150 to 3,000 rubles on a 100-ruble bond. The returns are tax exempt from state and local levies of any kind.

The business of collecting winnings is so multiplex, however, that the lucky holder frequently does not know of his good luck for years, if ever. Prior to the latest conversion there were 860 million individual bonds of seven different loans—five for every man, woman, and child in the country. Checking winnings was so difficult that tens of millions of rubles went unclaimed during the course of ten years!

The Soviet heritage from tzardom was a partially depreciated and badly corrupted currency, whose inflation was completed during the years of civil war and NEP. In 1924, at the time of the stabilization of the currency, the rate of exchange was 50 billion of the old ruble for one of the new. Soviet currency now exists in two principal forms, the *chervonetzi* and the treasury notes. The issue of both is a function of the State Bank. The *chervonetz* is the stable element of the two, based on a reserve of twenty-five per cent in the form of gold, firm foreign currencies, and platinum. The treasury notes may be emitted to the amount of one hundred per cent of the *chervonetzi* and require no backing; in effect, therefore, the total currency has a minimum firm backing of twelve and a half per cent. At present coverage is strained as far as it can safely go.

Foreign exchange does not exist, as the importation and exportation of the cur-

rency is prohibited. The ruble used to exchange for about four cents on the "Black Bourse," compared with a value for the gold ruble of eighty-seven cents. Under the realignment of prices which went into effect in February of this year, an official exchange within the country was established at five rubles to one dollar. The senator from the State of Arkansas, who is going to visit Soviet Russia and perhaps bring back an exposé, cannot yet take his dollars to the Chase National Bank and exchange them for rubles, as he would do with pounds sterling. He may arrange with Intourist on Fifth Avenue in New York to take a prepaid all-expense tour. Or he can go directly to Russia, and when there exchange dollars at the State Bank for rubles at the rate of five to one. Until this year he could have bought goods at the Torgsin stores, paying in dollars; but all that has been changed since February. The Torgsin shops have become state stores where anybody may trade, and there is no legitimate place now where anything can be purchased for anything but the domestic ruble.

The decree revaluating the ruble from what was in effect four cents to twenty cents has attracted considerable comment abroad. Interpretations of the decree should be made with caution. It will have no effect on Russia's foreign trade transactions. The exportation and importation of the ruble is still unlawful. To permit such would serve no purpose to the State, since foreign trade constitutes its complete monopoly. To do so would expose the ruble to speculation on foreign exchanges, a practice which traditionally has been anathema to the communist temper.

The decree will have no effect on those Russians, and they constitute nearly all, who never have foreign currency. Thus the domestic economy will be left untouched.

Foreigners such as visitors and diplomats would seem to be the only ones who might be adversely affected by the action. It is highly improbable, nevertheless, that

its influence will be as drastic as seems offhand. When the Torgsin stores were first established the Russian economy was badly weakened. Inhabitants tolerated the discrimination as a necessary temporization. To-day Soviet life is more generous, and the discrimination has become a nuisance, engendering much ill feeling, as was illustrated in an analogous case last year when the foreign envoys were compelled to stand at the Opera House in Moscow because the workers were given preference. Thus a desire to eliminate a situation no longer justified is probably at bottom of the decree of November, 1935, which revalued the ruble in relation to foreign currencies.

It may well be, as is being heard in many quarters, that the State intends to stabilize the rate of ruble exchange. But if the general level of food prices is to drop fifty per cent, salaries and costs cannot remain at their former high level. For there would be more money than goods. Those who got to the stores first on payday would buy them out, while the late arrivals would be left with money but without food. It is, therefore, probable, as reported in a New York *Times* dispatch, that "Actual stabilization will take place . . . as soon as production costs, salaries, and prices have been deflated." *Deflation* has been a meaningless word in the Russian vocabulary. Perhaps conditions in Russia, however, have improved to the point where the Communists may introduce to the nation one more unprecedented innovation.

V

It is now possible to draw up a summary view of the American and the Russian art and social theory of banking. In the United States in the year 1936 there are about 16,000 banks, each of which is a private institution. Within the banking macrocosm, each one constitutes a microcosm. The active initiative and responsibility for the allocation of the credit resources of the country—the decision as to who is a good risk and

who is not, as to whether a new whiskey distillery with prospects of good profits shall be built with their money, or a new hospital—resides in the main with the individual banks which possess the deposit resources of the country. By the sum total judgments of these 16,000 virtually independent entities, the history of our nation has largely been fashioned. To their judgments, in a large measure, was due the disproportionately rapid and even reckless growth of our country in comparison with European countries. To them too we owe the panics of 1837 and 1907, and many of our present difficulties can be traced directly to the policies which they have chosen to follow.

In Soviet Russia since the year 1926 the opposite has been true; the banking system has been an instrument of government, reflecting a single integrated policy. The great commission which sits in Moscow, working hand in hand with the people in the mine shafts, on the kolhoz farms and in the steel works, charts the course for their future growth, plotting new communities for the Arctic, the exploitation of areas previously untouched by man, the construction of a thousand new schools, or the enlargement of the Soviet House of Models for the satisfaction of the feminine in the Russian woman. The "bankers" then obediently distribute the credit, following the general directions handed down from above. The banks play a passive role.

To expedite the movement of credit, both countries have elaborate systems of credit accounting and cancellation; but whereas the Russian is more finely worked out theoretically, at present the American is more highly developed in practice. Our railroad systems are among the best in the world, and our mail deliveries and transportation of goods benefit accordingly; but in Russia still it is often uncertain whether goods will not wind up several hundred miles out of the way, so that while the proper documents of cancellation have been sent to the proper banks, it is of no avail when the wandering *corpus delicti* is missing.

In this country there is no guarantee that when a bank lends a coal merchant \$10,000 to carry a shipment until the fall he will not turn round and put it on the stock market. In an informal manner, but without legal authority, it may examine his books and recommend policies for the merchant to follow; but so long as he can repay the loan he is under no compulsion to obey. In the Soviet Union, however, the banks are actually charged by law to exercise a preventative supervision over enterprises in the use of credit. As soon as they detect irregularities or disrupting inefficiency in the operation of a client's business they may step in and stop credit.

In an important sense these differences may be laid to the fact that in our country the dominating motivation to operate a bank, as it is commonly held, is profit-making. We in America are in business to get on in the world, to make money. Subject to certain legal limitations, to

evade which we employ a legal staff, we will seek these objectives together or "every man for himself." Adam Smith held that this activity was closely related with the social good, and this has come down as our philosophy from a period when men lived under tyrants. Close scrutiny by many disinterested persons, however, has resulted in the conclusion that the social good by no means always emerges as a product of individual profit seeking and that the relation between the two is only casual.

In contradistinction, the Soviet system of money and banking, as is true of the total economy, holds that there can be no profit in their system which does not belong to the government and, therefore, to society. Whether credit is to go for a new school as against a new cinema is not determined by the bank from the point of view of its own interest as it views it, but by an agent superior to the bank for the social good.





AMERICA TALKS DEBT

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

I HAVE recently returned from an expedition which might be described by eminent statesmen as a journey of conversational husbandry. During the campaign I spent six weeks on six thousand miles of highway in a dozen "crucial" States, trying to discover what was agitating the national mind. I went, as it now appears, totally unprepared for Public Agitation Number 1. I had assumed, in my journalistic innocence, that the national debt was a technical question—a bookkeeping problem involving so many astronomical digits and deductions that nobody but the professional thrift-preachers and learned students of finance would be greatly interested in it.

Yet in the vast, and politically decisive, parallelogram of land between Washington and Topeka and between the Twin Cities and Vermont, I found the thirty billions of I.O.U.'s which the New Deal has piled up to be the most efficacious of all fuses for exploding the political passions. Conversations would begin with Mr. Roosevelt's radiations of charm or Mr. Landon's radiations of folksy virtue and wind up with, "But, my God, where's the money coming from?" Wrangles would begin over the necessity, or frivolity, of policing business against unfair practices, and terminate in wild outcries that the nation's future was being mortgaged by a "spendthrift maniac."

Friends of left and right dictatorships would work round to citing the thirty billion dollars with gloomy joy as evidence that democratic capitalism was approaching its ultimate bankruptcy. And

meanwhile the plain people—to say nothing of the fancy—were ready and anxious at the drop of a hat to manufacture theories of public finance out of their fragments of personal experience. I quote samples from my random notes.

. . . Wisconsin roadside sandwich-stand waiter: "And this young squirt comes in here kicking about cigarette taxes, and I says to him, 'In the first place this tax ain't a Roosevelt tax, and in the second place if it hadn't been for the money Roosevelt's spent on young squirts like you, you wouldn't be *buyin'* cigarettes. You'd be panhandlin' 'em the way you did back in '32 when the seat of your pants was out.'"

. . . Indiana river town—farmer's auction in abandoned livery stable. Two old farmer hangers-on are talking: "And look at too the way they're piling them debts up on us. Nope, we'll never see things right again in our time."

"Nope. They'll never be able to pay all them billions off and make things right for the farmer while we're alive."

. . . Iowa tourist-camp owner: "I got a cousin back East, and they took away his sawmill and five thousand acres of the finest timber land in Maine because he couldn't pay these damn fool New Deal taxes. Did you ever think about it, that the deeper this crazy Administration runs in the hole the nearer the government comes to owning your and my business? You mark my words. We'll find out sooner or later that the people behind all this is those dirty socialists."

. . . Small-town hotel clerk in Missouri

claims that he works from twelve to sixteen hours a day seven days a week for forty dollars a month "and the wife and three kids have to live on it. . . . Why can't a big country like this make its own money instead of owing it to the bankers? Won't the bloodsuckers steal it the way they always do? Lemme tell you, if they let the bankers steal this fifty billion dollars [*sic*] the way they done before with the war debt, there's going to be a Communist [accent on the second syllable] revolution and no fooling."

I quote these observations not for their diagnostic precision or intellectual cogency, but because they seem to me to reveal some interesting things about our American mass psychology as of 1936. Nobody is inhibited by the technical complexities of the subject from having specific and violent opinions about the national debt, for nobody is thinking about the technical complexities. Our debt status, in a word, is to the general public not so much a matter of accountancy as of melodrama. The sheer bulk of the thirty billion dollars, the fact that it is the epic obligation of human history, stirs public emotions in the United States almost as romantically as a heavyweight championship.

II

Eventually, however, as the ear grows accustomed to the confusion of responses, one begins to recognize definite tone levels. To take the most vociferous note first, the tone of the business community is one of prolonged and uncompromising outrage.

Now and then a small merchant in a prairie countyseat would begin his deliverance by admitting that AAA checks "around here" had done a good deal, at the depths of the depression, to save small mercantile bacon. But suddenly he would turn in his tracks as if he felt his soul in danger of class apostasy.

"But look at the money the WPA's spending to keep all the bums in this State from going to work as farm hands," he would rage, gathering conviction as he

felt the ground of righteous sentiments under his feet. "And look at the billions they're squandering on reclamation dams out West when they had to plow under the corn to keep up our own farmers' markets. A lot of good that's doing the farmers in this country, isn't it? And where will a little business like this be when my grandchildren get through paying the bills for it?"

"Sure, the PWA was a good thing for the town when it started," a hardware dealer told me in a minor Iowa metropolis which was down to rock-bottom on payrolls before work was begun on a series of flood-protection dam projects. "But what makes me see red is to read in the papers about how they're spending fifty million dollars on a cock-eyed youth movement. Why, when I was a boy, the only youth movement I needed was having my old man tell me if I didn't get a job delivering groceries and earn my keep through high school, I'd get the stuffing lammed out of me. Youth movement, my eye! If they hadn't put business on the bum by blowing in thirty billion dollars on that kind of foolishness, I could make my own kids go out and get jobs and make men of 'em."

This, however, is near the bottom of the business structure where there is a certain amount of instructive across-the-counter contact between entrepreneurs and New Deal beneficiaries. As one mounts in the scale toward the industrialists and financialists, and talks with the satellite sub-executives and public-relations counselors of the management group, even these faint acknowledgments of the priming services of the AAA and the PWA are silenced. To the standard-gauge American business man the debt is sheer evil by three canons of a virtually universal dogmatic theology.

1. The thirty billion dollars were spent on "crazy experiments," rather than for "patriotic purposes" like the twenty-seven billion dollar war debt and, therefore, were wasted.

2. The debt is blocking business expansion, because "how can you make plans

ahead when you don't know what your taxes are going to be—or, for that matter, what the bill for New Deal extravagance will be to your children and grandchildren?"

3. In spite of reviving orders and increasing dividends, confidence is impossible.

Everywhere I went I found business men brooding over these solemn mysteries with angry self-pity.

"How the hell can I hire the force I'd like or buy the machinery I need even if I am out of the red?" I heard this so many times that I entered it in my notes as the management group's No. 1 cliché. "Little Money-Bags down in Washington may not have to balance his budget, but I'd like to see what the stockholders would do to me if I don't balance mine."

"We hired this fellow Roosevelt to do a big job for us and we trusted him," said an executive in one of the country's most powerful industrial corporations, speaking to his classmates at their reunion at an Eastern university last summer. "And now do you want to know how I feel about him? . . . I feel exactly as I would if the head of our company went over to the banks and borrowed up to and a little beyond the limit of our credit, and then proceeded to gamble it away on the race track.

"Except," he added satirically, "that our company carries a certain amount of insurance protection for such emergencies, and the law would be able to do something about it."

His scandalized classmates gave him a round of applause.

But there are men in the management group who darkly suspect that Mr. Roosevelt's borrowings have not been the result of mere fiscal irresponsibility. A Middle Western corporation lawyer of some national reputation spent several hours of a summer afternoon demonstrating to me that the debt was a Marxist stratagem.

"Look at the things they've used the money for," was the burden of his argument. "They've mixed up their finances with the banks until they practically own

the national banking system. Their RFC and HOLC and farm-mortgage loans have given them a stranglehold on pretty nearly half the key industries and the real property of the country. The rest of it they've spent on this WPA and CWA bolshevism, whooping up class hatreds.

"Can't you see what they're shooting at? When they get the class hatred to the boiling point they'll be in a position, or hope they will be, to take over the whole financial, industrial, and agricultural set-up—liquidate the kulaks—by a simple foreclosure proceeding. Have their revolution and start the Communist state clean by a simple little device like taking your and my money to run us into general bankruptcy."

He leaned back in his chair with a long sneer for my incredulity. "I don't know whether you Washington correspondents know what's going on," he said sarcastically. "But you go back and study your government loan figures and the people who put him up to this. And if you don't agree that the Reds are back of it, you'll find it out some fine morning when you wake up and find a soviet foreclosing your newspaper."

The management group listened to such absurdities reverently—and to other curious theories too. There was the man in Minnesota, for instance, who exposed the thirty billion dollars as the war club in a plot to revive the NRA with intensified frightfulness. In the second Roosevelt Administration, he darkly prophesied, a time would come when the President would cash in on impending national bankruptcy with an ultimatum. He would go before the business community—presumably the annual convention of the United States Chamber of Commerce—and offer it a choice: "You can either take a capital levy or the kind of regimentation I want."

The management group's most popular deduction, however, was to the effect that the national debt was the key device in a wicked and circuitous stratagem to buy an infinite series of Democratic election victories. The President had deliber-

ately built up the debt so that he could "soak business" with crushing taxes, keep the employer too poor to absorb unemployment, and, therefore, always have a reservoir of between ten million and twenty million voters dependent on the public payroll. Business, in other words, was being deliberately stagnated so that there would be triumphs of Farleyism in politics and "parlor bolshevism" in the White House, world without end.

Occasionally, when time and the diplomatic atmosphere permitted, I tried to break through the logic of this sad fatalism with a question. "If some miraculous Santa Claus paid off the whole thirty billion dollars to-morrow morning," I would say, "could you go back to your 1929 employment peak?"

There were, I soon discovered, three potential answers to this question, and all three were adroit hedges.

Dealers in consumers' goods would tell me that of course employment would pick up because look at the way things would start booming in the heavy industries.

Dealers in durable goods would tell me that of course employment would pick up, because look how ultimate consumers would get their confidence back and begin spending their money again.

Or dealers in both types of commodities would put their reply on an oblique anecdotal basis.

"Why right here in town, just to show you what would happen," they would exclaim spacioisly, "there's a young fellow who started in making a cheap, salable gadget in a two-by-four factory at the very bottom of the depression. And, man, you ought to see his payrolls and his bank account to-day and the plant he's got."

This interesting "young fellow" proved rather difficult to locate. He usually was either out of town building trade empires in remote sections of the Republic, or, if at home, was too busy to make appointments with visiting journalists. But on the one occasion when I ran him to earth, he proved to be the management group's lone heretic.

Not only had he failed to consider the thirty billion dollars as a symbol of doom; he hardly seemed to have thought of it at all.

"Let's see," he said casually. "Thirty billion dollars is about half the national income? Well, if I ever owed less than half my annual income on the things I'm planning ahead for I'd think I was cheating the bankers."

III

Outside the management group, I found, if not less confusion, at least less standardized lamentation about the thirty billion dollars. "The hands" in the factory, the housewives in their kitchens, the farmers in the dell, and the relief workers on their WPA projects are less concerned over the future of individualistic capitalism than over the way in which the proceeds of Mr. Roosevelt's borrowings are being spent in their communities and what they, individually, are getting out of them.

Consequently, once you get below the economic level of junior vice presidents and confidential secretaries you begin to encounter actual controversy. Plenty of people—perhaps a majority—think so well of the results of the Roosevelt spending operations on their own affairs that they regard our thirty-billion-dollar indebtedness with admiration and gratitude if not with positive affection. On the other hand, when there are objections, they tend to be launched with the violence of parochial, not to say personal, grievance.

Are maids for domestic service hard to get, for instance, because of the competition of WPA payrolls? Did Mr. Roosevelt have the little pigs killed several years ago and has the price of bacon gone up since? Are certain notorious town ne'er do wells living fatly on the federal government's relief rolls instead of paying the traditional penalties for economic incompetence in the county poor farm? Is it costing the WPA fifty thousand dollars to do that road-widening job over in Lost

Creek township although the local private contractors are all on record as claiming, more or less sketchily, that they could do it better for five thousand dollars?

When the right group of protestants is gathered together, any one of these themes is good for an extensive indignation meeting at any service station between Bellows Falls and Neosho.

No grievance, I found, was too intimate to be charged against Mr. Roosevelt. There was the lady in the Kansas City suburb who told me about her cook. The cook had three small children and had supported them for several years on whatever standard cook's wages are in Kansas City suburbs. Suddenly she had learned that by some adroit manipulation of her family relief status she could draw down an even larger allowance by serving her government, and incidentally could take care of her brood by living at home. The cook had left and the lady still seethed. To her Mr. Roosevelt was more than an agent of Moscow; he was a monster who had "taken thirty billion dollars" of "other people's money" to steal a lady's cook!

Then there were the two middle-aged farmers whom I found looking reproachfully at a handsome \$50,000 swimming pool which the WPA had just constructed in the public park of a Minnesota county-seat. They had two objections to it. In the first place, it was built directly in front of the bandstand, "so how can the deaf folks crowd up in front and hear the music?" In the second place, a muddy old-fashioned swimming hole had been good enough for them, so "what does the government mean by puttin' \$50,000 in a luxury like this for a lot of slick-haired high-school brats and soda-jerkers?" They wandered away still muttering about "where all this throwin' away money was leadin' us to."

Even more curious, there were countless outcries about Mr. Roosevelt's extravagance from direct beneficiaries of Mr. Roosevelt's spending policies. Farmers who thought well of their AAA checks and soil-conservation contracts looked

askance at the largesse that went into other pocket-books. Supporting crop prices was one of the government's bounden fiscal duties, they would agree, but think of them choosing a time like this to spend \$300,000 on a new National Guard armory in Centerville! And what about paying \$2,000 to that young whipper-snapper artist to paint pictures in the Big Bend post office? . . . And you could say what you please, but what good did it do anybody to take a husky young fellow and feed him on the fat of the land and pay him good wages just for taking a six months' vacation in a CCC camp? He'd be better off hoein' corn at old-fashioned farm hand's wages. . . .

But protesting beneficiaries of the thirty billion dollars were by no means confined to the farm bloc. CCC boys snarled at the inefficiencies of WPA operations as though every dollar wasted on inferior road work came out of their own commissary budgets. WPA workers envisaged the cash spent on the CCC camp accommodations as a vast fund subtracted from the allotments for their own proper wages.

"Now if they'd only turn loose some real wages for us family men," the relief workers protested sourly, "these young fellows the President's putting through these nice private schools could take care of themselves."

Often too a relief worker would hit out viciously at the emptiness of his own job, and denounce the fallacy of borrowing good money for boondoggling.

"I'm drawing down my relief wages regularly and I suppose I got no kick coming," complained a middle-aged carpenter one torrid afternoon as he came off the job of laying cinders for a high-school track on the open Missouri prairie. "But when they're mortgaging everybody's income to build athletic fields where there can't be any gate receipts, where's the money coming from to give a carpenter an honest-to-God job?"

There were far too many such protests from relief beneficiaries for an inquiring stranger to ignore them as exceptional.

IV

Yet the last thing I should care to intimate is that the thirty billion dollars have filled the continental air with grievances. The overwhelming majority of WPA workers look upon the national debt with a large and airy tolerance. Indeed, the prevailing opinion in relief circles seems to be to the effect that we could do very well with more of it. "Now if they only paid real money on these jobs and started a few things like giving real pensions to the old folks," I heard so many times that I entered it on my list of clichés, "this country would really start going places. . . . Turn the money loose—that's what Roosevelt's got to do if he's going to bring real prosperity back."

On all members of this group whom I could induce to consider such matters, the problem of the relation of taxes and government credit to economic revival sat lightly. Quite evidently, to men and women who have spent most of the nineteen-thirties on the short commons of doles and "made work" allowances the wealth available in the incomes and property of the self-supporting classes looks like an inexhaustible source of revenue. "Sure, the rich can pay it," I was informed constantly. "If they had to go through what we go through every week to get beans and shoes for the kids it might give 'em something to really holler about." Often this point was made with a definite class vengefulness. "Sure the big fellows are squawkin' about taxes," was the conclusion of a Hoosier road-menders' conference over beer cans and lunch buckets. "But don't they always? And who was it got us into this jam?"

The youngest generation looks at the situation with, if possible, even greater optimism. Rather frequently, indeed, the boys and girls of the 1935 and 1936 classes at the high schools and colleges let me know that they considered it rather a merit in our borrowers to have scaled the debt to the size of our continental

land mass and their own productive energies.

"Sure, thirty billion dollars looks like a lot of money to the old folks," they would say indulgently. "But twenty-five years from now the country will be so much bigger and richer that everybody will wonder what it was we were fretting about." . . . "Unless," an occasional prophetic young mind would add darkly, "we get smashed up in a war, and then what the hell difference will it make?"

Beyond this self-confidence there were inferences of gratitude and even of personal affection toward the thirty billion dollars. "If they hadn't spent all that money getting things started," asked the young men and girls, "wouldn't we still be looking for jobs like the kids who came out of school when the depression was toughest?"

An older and numerically much more impressive group tends to see the debt as no more than proportional to its own sufferings during the depression. "Look what I was up against in '32," say the industrial and white-collar workers who have fought their way up from unemployment, pay cuts, loss of savings, loss of homes, or the burden of suddenly indigent relatives, to some kind of a competence again. "And look where I am now! Suppose Roosevelt had gone on pinching pennies the way Hoover and Coolidge did!"

The boss's tax tribulations and his premonitions of national insolvency leave this group cold. Its members may, or may not, work in close touch with outraged sub-executives, but they are too far outside the management group's circle of personal intimacies to feel that their jobs may depend on the orthodoxy of their opinions.

Under the circumstances, unorthodoxy flourishes—often rancorously. "Why shouldn't they owe Roosevelt money for pulling 'em out of the hole they got themselves into?" I heard this so often that I suspected it of being a campaign slogan.

"Who was it that started this recovery?"

This little two-by-four factory in a corn-field? Or Mr. Roosevelt?"

"Debts or no debts," they jeer at the alleged hardships of the rich, "the big fellows still keep the dividends and the fat salaries rolling in and they got enough to keep a couple of swell cars in the garage and half a dozen servants. They ought to have to pay till it hurts the way we did in '32 when the rent collector came around."

Now and then I heard a jibe at the sincerity of the management group. "I'll bet if they could get us into a war tomorrow on a cost plus basis," suggested a Hoosier glass-worker, "they'd run that old debt up to a hundred billion dollars and think nothing of it."

But on the whole I think the heartiest admirers of the thirty billion dollars were the nation's chronic dissidents. The Communists and extreme leftists spent hours in variations upon the happy theme that the debt was the final symptom of the collapse of the fiscal structure of capitalism. Currency theorists and "money nuts" argued that the calamities which would follow this last epic badger game of the iniquitous bankers would lead to universal enlightenment on the evils of private finance and the perfections of an improved currency. Amateur fascisti saw the totalitarian state about to emerge, heard the rumble of the dictator's oratory. Surviving prohibitionists argued that since we were sloughing off debt during the Volsteadian 1920's and have piled it up again since repeal, "we'll have to get rid of the redeye before we get out of the red."

And once, rocking comfortably on the front porch of a cabin in the Ozarks, I encountered the *odium theologicum*. My hostess was generously proportioned and in many ways tolerantly disposed toward the errors of sinners, but the evil done by the borrower and his borrowings was plainly beyond her capacity to forgive.

"What did they use that money for when they got it?" she demanded with angry vehemence. "They spent it plow-

ing the crops under, that's what they done with it. They used it, in plain words, to fly in the face of God's bounty with, and that's a sin because the Bible says it is.

"Let me tell you, young man, that debt will never be paid," she added ominously, "because God won't let it be."

She was positive about it—and immensely delighted.

V

The more I think about this somewhat cloudy symposium, the more I am persuaded that the overwhelming majority of my fellow-citizens are not thinking about the thirty billion dollars as a debt problem at all.

They are thinking about vast and catastrophic consequences—private and public bankruptcies, the smashup of economic systems, shadowy rehabilitations of "underprivileged" classes and lurid financial punishments of the rich and wicked—which their romantic imaginations see at the far end of debt's long trail. They are thinking of these exciting eventualities with glowing self-pity for their personal hardships and misfortunes, past, present, and future, and with a subtle disposition to regard the hugeness of the national debt as an excuse for not putting forth too great an effort to improve conditions as they are. They seldom seem to realize that the essence of a debt problem is mathematical: How to pay it off?

I do not as a rule feel at home among accountants, but there were times during my journey I longed for an old-fashioned practical arithmetician who would get out his pencil and put the situation as follows: "Here is our interest and sinking-fund problem on one side, here are our possibilities with the national income on the other, and here is what we can do about it."

But in all my long list of lay and professional debt commentators he never appeared. If he had, I doubt if he would have been popular. For in any debt-talking circle that I can recall he would have spoiled America's best monetary melodrama since the 1929 bull market.



JAPANESE SENSIBILITY

BY SAMUEL I. HAYAKAWA

The author, born in Canada of Japanese parents, was educated in Canada and the United States and made his first long visit to Japan after he had reached maturity. His observations are, therefore, neither those of a true Japanese nor a true foreigner, but of one who is something of both.—*The Editors.*

IN ALL the thousands of beautiful sights and objects which a visitor is shown in Japan it is not difficult to separate the three different cultural forces that have met in the country during its long history. There is first of all the Japanese sensibility, the distinctive native æsthetic sense, which is unlike that of any other nation or race I know. Then there is the influence of Asiatic artistic culture—Chinese and Hindu and Korean—rich and grotesque with profuse use of gold, lacquer red, embroidered and arabesqued ornament—a form of sensibility that most forcibly manifests itself in the infinite ornamental elaboration of Buddhist temples. (This influence represents of course not one but several artistic cultures, which came to Japan at different times and from different sources. But since they mostly came from China, or by way of China, I have somewhat rudely thrown them all together as “Chinese”.) Finally there is Western art, most frequently found in public buildings—railway stations, office buildings, governmental offices, and monuments.

With these three different styles of beauty in Japan, the result is, at first, a queer jumble of effects. There are many compromises, Western-Japanese, Chinese-Japanese, and Chinese-Western—and one wonders if at any distant time the three forms will ultimately coalesce, to form a new type of æsthetic consciousness al-

together. But after getting inside Japan—that is, inside the Japanese home, inside the temples, inside shrines, inside public buildings, it becomes apparent that no such merging will ever take place. Each type of thing has a separate place in the life of the people, and each will probably maintain, in spite of popular confusions, its individual character. This conclusion is almost compelling when one considers that the Chinese art forms have been in Japan since the 6th century A. D., and that even to this day there is no genuine merging. The Chinese forms have been slightly chastened, the Japanese forms have sometimes been enriched, sometimes been given greater formal perfection and philosophical significance; but the two styles remain quite distinct.

The typically Japanese sensibility is known to few in the West. The reason for this is perhaps that Japanese art is known to Westerners principally through woodcuts—color-prints such as those of Utamaro, Hiroshige, and Hokusai. While these are not un-Japanese, they do not represent what seems to me the Japanese sensibility in its purest form. The color-print was, after all, a popular art, developed for the delight of theater-goers and other such popular audiences. The fact that the color-print has no place in the decorative scheme of a typical Japanese home is an indication of its position.

The first and most striking aspect of the

Japanese sensibility is the austerity of its taste. For example, a Japanese drawing-room is so much a matter of plain surfaces and straight lines, so meticulously devoid of warmth or color, that it takes the breath away. The walls are of white plaster, the floor is straw-colored and made of straw matting, the woodwork is of white unpainted cedar. In one corner of the room is an alcove (*tokonoma*) protected on one side by a pillar of white, brown, or black polished, unpainted wood. On the *tokonoma*, which rises like a small platform a few inches above the floor, is a small carved ornament, a vase with two or three flowers or branches in it, and a *kakemono*, a painting on silk, done in sober colors with the utmost simplicity and restraint. There is no furniture in the room—only soberly colored surfaces interrupted by straight lines. One end of the room opens out on the garden, from which a fig tree or a pine tree seems to reach out a branch into the room itself. The garden, which seems almost to be a part of the room, also has a kind of sobriety. There is no grass, but only the plain brown earth, stamped down to perfect flatness or covered with white sand. There are trees and shrubs, arranged with a casualness that can only be the result of centuries of study. There is a stone laver, and perhaps a pond with goldfish. As you sit in such a room, with your face half turned toward the garden, surrounded by the restraint and faultless chastity of everything about you, a calm settles upon you—a purging of the hasty passions and silly irritations of the market-place and office. It comes, therefore, as no surprise to learn that every detail of the room, every detail of the garden, has been planned by an age-old tradition that has endeavored to create exactly that frame of mind—the *clean* feeling, both of body and of mind, enjoined by Shinto.

This same austerity of taste pervades many other aspects of the life of the Japanese. A Shinto shrine, for example, is a perpetual marvel to the traveler, who cannot help asking how anything can be

so beautiful when ornament has been so studiously avoided. In a shrine there are nothing but trees and shrubs, gravelled courtyards, and buildings of unpainted cedar done in purely linear designs. You touch the silklike surface of the mammoth pillars, breathe the clean smell of the unvarnished wood, and gaze down the corridors of subdued sunlight, and again you know you have reached the core of a genuine spiritual secret. In the inns you will find something of the same secret, and in hundreds of small details of everyday life—the shape of a bamboo spoon, the pattern of a scarf, the arrangement of your breakfast on a tray—there is an element of quiet surprise that comes from things being done with such simplicity that neither custom nor use can destroy their freshness.

The second principle involved in the Japanese sensibility is an attitude toward nature that has not, I think, any exact equivalent in any other art. In savage art, says T. E. Hulme, the human mind imposes a geometrical symmetry upon nature, which is capricious and hostile; in religious art natural objects are made to symbolize supernatural things; in both classic and romantic art nature is treated in its relations to humanity, that is to say, either humanized or domesticated as in Virgil or Collins or Thompson, or else made the mirror of human emotions and sentiments, as in Wordsworth or Turner. The Japanese approach to nature is different from all of these.

The only English writer I know who has an attitude at all comparable to that of the Japanese is D. H. Lawrence. Lawrence seemed, by means of an unusual sensitiveness or insight, to know experience on non-human levels—to be able to feel snake-life as a snake would feel it, or a tree's blind force as a tree would feel it. One must respect, Lawrence insisted, the "otherness" of these living things—their own integrity and character—and not try to impose upon them a solely human significance. The Japanese feeling toward nature in this regard is akin to Lawrence's. They love living things

not for what they "mean" but for what they are.

Of the thousands of objects that illustrate this attitude, I can give only a few examples. There is, for instance, the delight that the Japanese artist seems to derive from his tiny animal carvings—for example a mouse eating into a turnip—and the mouse is nothing but mouse, being a mouse for all its worth. Similarly in cloth patterns, on vases, in gardens, and especially in the small carved objects to be placed on the *toko-noma*, there are turtles asleep, fish clambering up waterfalls, insects darting between leaves, night herons flying against the moon; the idea always being apparently to capture in art every natural object at the moment when it is most completely itself, at the highest moment of its existence. A very famous Japanese poem goes something like this: "The morning-glory has wound itself around my dipper handle; I think I shall not draw any water to-day." Look at the morning-glory, it says. What's it doing? Winding itself around things, as every good, healthy morning-glory ought to do! The dipper was left out all night, and as soon as no one is looking there's the morning-glory, up to its old tricks. It is a moment of rare delight to the Japanese heart.

It is everywhere, this love of the shapes and colors and movements of natural things. It is found in the broad, green, fragrant leaves in which the Japanese love to wrap their cakes, the sprays of small vegetation that garnish their dishes, the curious trick of floating tiny aquatic plants in clear soups so that you feel as if you are drinking a miniature pond, the casual way in which branches of trees slip through openings in fences, the unplanned and unturned pillar of wood that is often the most expensive and most prized ornament in a room, and in the designs of dress goods in department stores—eggplants with vines, maple branches, snails, and grasshoppers, fish in whirlpools, rain on waterlilies—many of them printed on the cloth in natural

colors, without any formalization whatever. Even when formalization occurs it is never a matter of geometry or symbol, but an attempt to reduce the natural object to its essential character.

In this attitude toward nature there are none of the feelings customary in occidental or oriental art, neither sentimentality, nor worship, nor human condescension toward the sub-human, nor awe, nor terror, nor indifference. The people who produce such an art as the Japanese must have been, one feels, long and intimate friends with nature. But it is one of these rare, gentlemanly friendships, in which perfect intimacy is not made the excuse for claims and impositions upon the friend. The crickets and caterpillars, the lobsters and dragonflies, the pine needles and sparrows that are all so curiously alive in wood and bronze and silk and porcelain, indicate the respect and love in which the Japanese artist holds the living thing in its own right and on its own terms. After seeing this attitude toward nature in so many details of Japanese life one remembers the popular American belief that Japanese gardeners talk to their plants to make them grow, and feels almost persuaded that they do!

Is this Japanese sensibility, this simplicity of taste combined with a love of natural things, native and indigenous, or is it, like so many other aspects of Japanese culture, imported from outside? The shades of Buddhist philosophy that lurk behind landscape design, tea-ceremony, flower-arrangement, and domestic architecture, as well as the Buddhist teaching of the sacredness of all living things, seem to suggest that it is an importation. There is no doubt that the work of the chaster periods of Chinese art did much to sharpen perceptions and perfect technic. I would, however, venture the opinion that this sensibility is original with the Japanese people, and antedates the influence of Korean and Chinese Buddhism, partly because so many of its manifestations are associated with primitive Shinto, but principally

because I know of no other art that looks for the same things or carries the same feelings. There is no doubt that Buddhism has probably clarified its aims, given it formal and philosophical definition, superimposed some of its own disciplines; but the original substratum seems to lie nowhere but in the hearts of the Japanese people themselves.

Almost directly opposed to this Japanese sensibility is the wanton luxury of the Hindu-Korean-Chinese tradition of red, purple, green, and gold, demons and dragons, gilded idols, giant bronze lotuses, incense and temple gongs, lacquered treasure-chests. There is the absurdly expensive Nikko, the shrine of the shōgun, Tokugawa Iyeyasu, that is so rich in color and ornament that it wears one out to look at it. It served the purpose, in the days of its building in the seventeenth century, of keeping the tax-paying barons so impoverished that they could never lay aside enough funds to start a rebellion. To-day it is still brand-new, opulent, and impressive—a sort of Radio City among temples. But it captures the heart and endears itself at once, because a flawless Japanese taste has completely surrounded the luxurious buildings with a grove of enormous cryptomeria trees, the size and grandeur of which reduce the gaudy magnificence to a sprinkling of brightly colored jewels in a vast green setting. But Kiyomizu is better. Kiyomizu temple in Kyoto is one of the best examples of the chastening by Japanese standards of the luxuries of the Asiatic imagination. What subdued fantasies of ornament there are have been beaten down by time into the dull, rich brown of weather-beaten wood. We came to it at evening after climbing the long, winding lane approaching it, where hundreds of little shops sell incredible tiny wares, and wandered for hours through the temple yard, and tried to make out the faded pictures hanging within the darkening halls (by a rare stroke of luck I found an Ever-Ready flashlight sitting on a sutra-table near the sanctuary), and leaned over the bal-

conies where we could see, far below among the trees, worshippers standing in the waterfall, praying as the holy water fell on them. The Japanese grow sentimental about the charm of Kiyomizu; but after one has felt the peace this splendid, worn temple imparts it is not difficult to understand their enthusiasm.

Of æsthetic delights in Japan there is God's plenty indeed. Perhaps my amazement and joy were but the natural response of any North American visiting an older civilization for the first time. But to be immersed to the eyebrows every day in new æsthetic problems that arise out of completely strange artistic traditions, most of them older than any single artistic tradition we have in the Occident, is a heady experience. For it is not only the sculptural triumphs of great artists like Unkei, the sublimity of formalized religious drama as in the Noh-plays, and the powerful conventions of the art of flower-arrangement and other formal arts, but it is the lively presence of art in all the details of everyday life—even in the forms of ordinary social intercourse—that provide daily problems in the analysis of the beautiful. The study of æsthetic principles, the philosophies and attitudes that underlie these daily sights in Japan, is the one imperative call that Japan makes to me.

II

The gravest mistake one can make about Japan, and one that is constantly made by all Occidentals, is to think that the process of "westernization" is killing, driving back, or rendering obsolete the things that are traditionally and essentially Japanese. It is a universal occidental assumption that a mechanical or industrial civilization cannot co-exist with traditionalism in moral, religious, and æsthetic matters. (We are told constantly, for example, that we must get beyond the "horse-and-buggy days" in our social thought in America. Perhaps we ought, but the logic of the appeal is not beyond reproach.) The Japanese

are amused by this attitude, which they cannot help regarding as an indication of hopeless naiveté on the part of Westerners in regard to things of the spirit. "Because we ride in motor cars and subways do we owe any less respect to our grandparents? Need my electric refrigerator diminish my pleasure in flower-arrangement, or my telephone reduce the necessity of courtesy? Has the dynamo made spiritual serenity any easier to attain?" So the Japanese retain their respect for traditional virtues in spite of the onslaught of the machine.

To account for this fact one important dissociation needs to be made. In the Occident the application of scientific discovery to the material enrichment of life was accompanied by a wave of materialistic thought; people believed, for example, that trade was practically synonymous with civilization, that education could be improved by building larger and more expensive school-buildings, and that human nature could be regenerated by the provision of ample material comforts, without any such old-fashioned notions as renunciation or discipline. This belief in progress, materialistically conceived, is a product of Occidental thought naturally repugnant to the Orient. The Japanese, therefore, imported the dynamo, but did not import the philosophy that materialistic philosophers had wound round it. Consequently the Japanese have not let themselves in for the moral anarchy that has accompanied the machine everywhere and made it the object of the futile curses of many of our moralists. Instead, they have managed with remarkable success to keep the machine in its place, and have every reason to regard it as a blessing.

It may be objected that this apparent security of traditional values in Japan is due only to the fact that Japan has not been industrialized long enough. In reply to this it is necessary to point out the full nature of the "great awakening" of Japan since the Restoration and the introduction of Western ideas. The vast

activity of Japan, which has startled the world in the past seventy-five years, has not been entirely devoted by any means to the building of factories, railroads, and steamships, and the adaptation of foreign inventions and technic to Japanese life. Great as these activities have been, they present only half the picture. Western civilization has been of course the motive force behind most of the more spectacular achievements of Japan, but people outside of Japan do not know the catalytic effect that Western civilization had in awakening into life myriads of native arts and activities.

Almost everyone knows how powerful the national religion, Shinto, is at the present time, and how little sign it shows of losing its authority. Few people, however, realize the neglect and obscurity into which it had fallen prior to the opening of Japan. Native arts likewise have been flourishing which had been permitted to fall into decay during the long slumber of the Shogunate. Buddhism, challenged by Christianity, is stronger and better organized now than it ever has been, so that Japan is now the world-center for Buddhist scholarship. The *kabuki* drama, which had been driven from pillar to post during the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, has achieved a golden age since the Restoration. Many arts, such as the "tea-ceremony," flower-arrangement, and the *Noh* drama, formerly restricted to aristocrats, have been made available to the general public, and the tremendous increase in demand for instruction in these arts has led to systematization and order, wide-spread research into tradition, the clear discrimination between conflicting schools of thought, inquiry into theoretical æsthetic foundations, the systematic preservation of ancient documents and relics, and, in general, a complete resuscitation of ancient traditions which had previously been falling into disorder. The Japanese national consciousness, awakened for the first time to compare its civilization with that of other nations, took a sudden pride in

those accomplishments peculiar to its own genius. The fortunes made in cotton goods, traction, and the manufacture of fountain pens and celluloid toys have been flowing into the development of such indigenous arts, into native architecture, into Buddhist and Shinto temples, as well as into the building of new subways and power-plants. To say, therefore, that Japan has been "westernized" is telling only half the story. The Japanese have undergone at the same time a complete renaissance in most of the respects in which they are distinctively Japanese. Traditional Japanese disciplines, both artistic and ethical, maintained through long centuries under every kind of difficulty—poverty, civil war, neglect, and class restriction—are now flourishing as never before, under official guidance and popular support.

And what about the "inevitable clash" between Western and Japanese ideas? I feel a bit silly now about having asked the question both before I went to Japan and while I was there. The Japanese feels no sense of strain or discord about combining Western and Japanese features into his everyday life. Because of all the claptrap learned since early childhood about the ultimate incompatibility of East and West, I found it at first absurd that a Buddhist priest in a decayed temple, dressed in a costume centuries old in cut, should be examining his temple treasures under a high-powered microscope. It didn't seem right that neon lights should advertise raw fish and rice dinners, or that geisha parties should be transported in Packards. The sense of incongruity is of course the fault of our Occidental thought.

The modern Japanese, however, sees no such incongruity. He is the inheritor of a double—in fact, a triple—culture, Japanese, Chinese, and Occidental. All three he takes for granted, and each has a part in his life. The incongruity is not in him; for like all civilized moderns, he accepts the accumulated cultural herit-

age of the world as his natural right. The Japanese high-school girl, expert in calligraphy, flower-arrangement, a skilful performer on the *koto* or *samisen*, knows also her Tolstoi and Shakespeare, can usually play either the piano or violin, and can recognize the themes of the major symphonies. The Japanese gentleman is at home in the manners and courtesies of both East and West. If we find this difficult to believe or understand—if we continue to feel that "there must be a clash somewhere"—it is because our attitudes are a bad mixture of condescension and romanticism: we find it difficult to look upon a non-white people even under the most sympathetic circumstances without a consciousness that we are, in some way or other, bridging a gulf. Consequently we wonder "how the Japs are getting along" or else we have sentimental regrets because of what we believe may be the "harmful effects of westernization"—the destruction of native simplicity and native genius by an over-enthusiastic and uncritical adoption of Western novelty.

But one soon discovers that the Japanese are not worried over "incongruities." Nor do they fear the decay of those elements in their traditional culture that seem to them worthy of preservation. Having long passed the stage at which they must learn about scientific method, they press science forward in new fields of their own, and plan greater conquests over nature. And with the same energy that they devote to scientific and industrial enterprises, municipal sewage-disposal plants and underground railways, they press forward their traditional Japanese ideals of what is desirable: the greater perfection of the tea-ceremony, the achievement of even greater glories in landscape gardening, the perpetuation of the central Japanese virtues of family virtue and "Bushido," and the building of lovelier and more lasting Shinto shrines and temples. The Japanese are the world's coming cosmopolites.



The Lion's Mouth



MANHATTAN NOCTURNE

BY NANCY BARNES

MR. MARTIN arranged his three pillows with care, pulled the covers up over his shoulders, and closed his eyes.

The woman in the apartment above ran across the floor, her heels pounding sharply on the bare boards. A man's heavy tread followed her. After a moment, while Mr. Martin waited, she ran back. Her gait was what Mr. Martin always thought of as a hand-gallop, though he'd never known just what the term meant. He smiled and settled himself deeper in his good bed. Odd that she always ran, he thought drowsily. Since they'd moved in three years ago she'd never once walked across the floor. Extraordinary home life they must have—probably people with no conversation.

Their rugs had been up two weeks now. At first Mr. Martin had been pleased about that, thinking they must be going to move. Then he realized you never could tell who might move in, remembered the time he'd lived beneath the Folk Dancers Association, and stopped being pleased. After all, one small running female is infinitely preferable to twenty assorted leaping ones.

It was only in the last few days that Mr. Martin had begun to be worried about the missing rug. Once the idea that they'd been sold because of poverty occurred to him it refused to be downed. Visions of his fellow-tenants subsisting leanly upon the furniture haunted his sleep.

The woman ran back across the floor. No hungry woman could run as hard as that, he concluded comfortably. Perhaps she'd discovered she could run better on bare floors. He dozed.

When he reluctantly opened one eye

his bedside clock's illumined hands stood at three. He lay still, wondering what could have waked him. Then the loud thump and the three smaller ones that followed brought him upright. This was something new.

He listened but could make nothing of it. For a time the short sharp raps were so regular that, almost, they might have been Morse code. Fear stirred in his stomach. Could the woman, bound and gagged by burglars, be making a desperate effort to communicate with him? His mind raced frantically. There was the old pistol his father had left him. But no, the maid in 76th Street had stolen that. . . . He wiped his forehead.

Before he was able to decide between the merits of the poker and the fire tongs as a weapon, the pound of the woman's familiar trot sent him limp with relief. The heavier tread followed her, further reassuring him. The unfamiliar raps had now begun to race in a flurry of irregular sound. Decidedly *not* Morse code. Mr. Martin shook his head, deploring his own melodramatic tendencies. He must cut down on detective stories, he decided ruefully.

He puzzled for a quarter of an hour before he admitted that that way lay madness; he couldn't not know any longer. It was, he was sure, more than any man could bear. Or should be expected to bear, he added firmly, searching the telephone book for the name he'd seen on the mail box under his. No man could be expected to lie awake *all* night trying to figure a thing out. He dialed briskly, but when the duet of footsteps trotted to the spot just above his own telephone he had a moment of panic. "Are you a man or a mouse?" he inquired aloud, hastily covering the mouthpiece

when he heard his own voice. He did not answer himself. He'd never quite cared to go into that.

When a masculine voice said, "Hello," Mr. Martin made his necessary question very businesslike, but the torrent of apologies it brought appalled him into his more usual manner at once. "No-no-no," he hastened to explain. "It isn't disturbing me a bit. Not really. It's only that—you see if I knew what it was I shouldn't have to wonder about it."

It was, the voice told him earnestly, a dog. That was, it was a bone. "An artificial bone we bought him because he's a sort of unhappy dog. We're terribly sorry. We had no idea. We'll take it away from him at once."

Mr. Martin put the telephone down, feeling guilty. Only a crusty old bachelor would think of interfering with the rights of others, to say nothing of depriving an unhappy—perhaps a really miserable—dog of his first toy.

There was a good deal of audible scurry before they caught the dog; quite evidently he was a good runner too, Mr. Martin thought, profoundly disturbed. When the footfalls merged into one large scrambling noise the shriek of canine rage that rent the night testified to his neighbors' success. There could be no possible doubt that they'd taken his bone away from the dog. Unhappy was a feeble word to describe that dog, Mr. Martin decided. Only acute melancholia, if not actual insanity, could cause sounds like that. While Mr. Martin cowered in his bed the animal proceeded to prove his virtuosity to the world. Low harsh growls, high nerve-shattering yelps and then, holding the note, a long, spine-chilling howl echoed against the walls of the back courtyard. Before the echo died he would begin all over.

True, there was an interval when muffled strangling noises went on for some moments, accompanied by rolling scrambling ones, and Mr. Martin's forehead beaded afresh. If they tried to hold his mouth shut and were bitten and got hydrophobia . . .

He watched lights spring up in the hotel across the court. A hotel for people of quiet and distinguished elegance, the advertisements said it was. One of the elegants now hurled a milk bottle which smashed against the wall of Mr. Martin's own house. Another, perhaps a shade less elegant, said: "Stop that damned dog!" with a lung capacity that did stop the dog. Struck dumb by professional jealousy, the dog was, Mr. Martin decided, sweating gently.

Then, to his relief, the ominous quiet above which had succeeded this admonition was broken. Sounding soft and infinitely pleasing, came the small irregular thumps. Mr. Martin listened happily. He even found himself smiling when he heard the woman's high heels click across directly over his head, followed by what he had long ago decided must be hobnailed boots. They were making for the telephone of course. When his own telephone rang he reached for it eagerly. He would never have been able to sleep a wink without reassuring them and he had hardly liked to disturb by calling them again. Decent of them to realize that.

The youngish voice said: "I'm terribly sorry. We *did* get it away from him but you see . . ."

Mr. Martin broke in. "Don't think a thing about it. I quite understand. And now I know what it is, it's all right."

It was then that the young man said the one thing necessary to assure Mr. Martin of an unworried night. "You see we sent the rugs to be cleaned . . ."

Of course! And he had thought they were pawning things! "I'm so glad. Why, that's perfectly splendid, isn't it?" Mr. Martin said enthusiastically.

The young man's "Eh?" made him blush in the dark. "I mean I always think it's so nice to have one's rugs clean." He felt pretty feeble about that, but the young man's agreement was hearty if a little surprised. "They should be back to-morrow, I don't expect you can hear the Beazel then. Beazel's the dog."

Mr. Martin said he was sure he couldn't

and laid the telephone down, feeling a glow of pleasant warmth at the fellow's decency. Nice kids, they must be. They hadn't been angry a bit at his butting in on them like that.

He pulled his covers up and smoothed them neatly across his chest, holding his eyes tight shut. It would be no time at all until he got used to the bone-thumping noise and then he wouldn't have to squint so hard. Probably after a week or two he would sleep like a baby right through it.

THE SHOE DOG

BY WILLIAM MITCHELL

SELLING shoes isn't what it used to be. A generation ago, when the art was leisurely and ingenuous, the family shoe store set the pace, and none of us realized it was slow until the chain stores emerged. They introduced revolutionary changes. It was only a matter of time until most of the little fellows were snowed under. They looked into the glittering windows of their giant competitors and attributed their defeat to the "latest" shoes on display. But it was more than sparkle and glitter that pushed them out. They would have done better to look for the cause of their defeat on their own shelves, loaded down with the outmoded styles of a decade.

The secret of the chain's success *was* partly style, but the price of style was rapid and complete turnover. To make this possible the chain stores introduced a new kind of salesmanship, the black magic of selling people not what they want but what the store wants to get rid of.

To-day the art of selling shoes is feverish and disingenuous. And it works! Watch Miss Jones while she shops for shoes. She is inspecting the lavish display in the windows of the XYZ Shoe Store. What a multiplicity of styles and colors! But Miss Jones has something very definite in mind. She wants a pair to go with her new brown outfit — an oxford perhaps. Suddenly her eyes light on

just the thing. "Two nine two seven." She reads the ticket identifying her selection and enters the store.

The XYZ is one of a chain of shoe stores. Its front is flamboyant and modernistic. Its interior is the last word in mercantile *décor*. The manager, suave and nattily dressed, approaches Miss Jones with a smile, and conducts her into the store ceremoniously.

Miss Jones is a typical customer. It doesn't take a shoe dog long to sense that. I tackle her with confidence, smiling brightly (the lexicon of salesmanship says that a smile at the outset is half the battle), and make some comment on the weather. Miss Jones is agreeable—a fatal defect. She returns my smile, agrees with my remarks about the weather, and asks for "two nine two seven," the shoes she spotted in the window.

Miss Jones of course hasn't a chance in the world of getting the shoes she wants without a struggle, unless I am very busy or feeling low. I measure her foot on the Brannock device, a ritual which makes a certain impression on Miss Jones, however subtle a one. Scientific orthopedics! Then I hurry off to get the shoes she asked for. I return shortly with three different styles. The first is the one she asked for, and I slip it on her foot. She appears to like it, but I have other ideas. While she is deliberating I suggest that she really ought to try on one of our newer styles and, without waiting for her agreement, I take off her chosen "two nine two seven" and try on one of my own selections, praising it very highly. She is doubtful, likes the first shoe best, so I try on the third style. Neither seems to please her very much, but that doesn't keep me from persisting. Leaving one shoe on her foot and the other within easy reach on the floor, I now remove "two nine two seven" to its box. And I return with still another style which I praise with well-learned pat phrases.

By watching Miss Jones closely I have by this time decided which of these styles has aroused her resistance the least. Now, concentrating my attack, I talk

glibly about its beauty, its "style," its fitting qualities. I assure her it is an exact reproduction of an exclusive model in one of the high-priced shops. Miss Jones is weakening. She demurs, but only half-heartedly. Leaving the shoe on her foot, I go after a new weapon—"a purse to match." Returning, I devote some time to showing off the purse, then thrust it into Miss Jones' hands. She is too well-mannered to refuse to inspect it.

Meanwhile I exhaust every adjective which flatters the shoe and her foot. A truly aristocratic foot it is, long and narrow, and the shoe enhances its naturally fine lines. Miss Jones forgets she is a stenographer at fifteen dollars per.

I bring on the mate to the shoe I have been plugging, at the same time removing all other shoes to prevent the possibility of distraction. Miss Jones rises, both shoes on her feet, and approaches the mirror, while I continue my gentle persuasive flattery.

Now to divert her attention from the shoes for just a moment! I fish a tube of shoe polish out of my pocket, unscrew the top and squeeze out a little of the cream, explaining that this particular brand of polish will put the finest luster on *any* shoe, and what's more, it will preserve the leather in its pristine glory. Now back to the shoes! Her resistance is gone. To forestall a change of mind, I immediately begin on the purse again. A nice ensemble, shoes and purse to match. And what of shoe-trees—and polish? And stockings? Whatever her answer to the last suggestion, I take Miss Jones to the girl at the stocking counter who will bludgeon her anew while the shoes are being wrapped.

So Miss Jones gets her shoes—not "two nine two seven," but the style *I* wanted her to buy.

Why all this effort to keep the lady from getting what she wants? Because "two nine two seven" is a new style, and there is neither glory nor profit in selling it, whereas the shoes I picked out for her are what are familiarly known as "P.M.'s." A P.M. is a "past model," or as some smart

shoe dog suggested, a post mortem. It is also known as a skig. It is a shoe which for one reason or another is not selling well. It may be a style that never appealed to customers, or it may be a novelty that was too popular for a short time and thus lost favor. Or it may simply be a one-season model with which the company is overstocked. Whatever the cause of the P.M., in order to stimulate its sale the company gives the shoe dog a cash bonus for every pair of skigs he sells. Of course I didn't want Miss Jones to get her "two nine two seven" if there was any chance of giving her a skig.

With the more reputable shoe chains a P.M. on a shoe is only an indication that the style is "out" for some reason. But in some of the cheaper chains there are fewer scruples. It is not uncommon practice for such companies to buy up shoes in a new style which would ordinarily retail at three dollars a pair. For the first few weeks the shoes are pushed at four dollars a pair, and the shoe dog gets a twenty-five cent P.M. out of the extra profit. When the first flush is past, the shoes are marked down to three dollars—and the P.M. is removed.

But selling P.M.'s is not entirely a matter of getting commissions for the shoe dog. He is required to sell a certain quota of skigs every week. It is a mark of loyalty to the company to help get rid of what they don't want even if it means selling it to a customer who doesn't want it either. He is constantly reminded that the man with a high average of skigs is in line for promotion. So, with an eye toward a store of his own, he flatters and cajoles the customer and is rewarded with at least a commission for his efforts.

At least once a week all the shoe dogs in the store are assembled and told how to greet a customer, how to clinch a P.M., how to suggest handbags, polish, and rubbers. In one of the stores in which I worked these little lectures took place every morning. We were told how much business the store had done on the same day in the previous year and were urged to regard this as a goal to be reached and

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passed. Each man was allotted his share in the day's quota.

There were also days of specialties, to boost our sales of accessories. One day it was handbags, and another shoe-trees. We were told to concentrate on the item selected for the day, in addition to selling our quota of shoes and P.M.'s. The inspiration for these specialty days sometimes came from an unwonted burst of energy on the part of one of the shoe dogs. Someone would take a sudden interest in shoe-trees and sell as many in a day as the rest of us had sold during the entire week. The next day would come the query: Why couldn't everyone come up to A's excellent record on shoe-trees? And we were given quotas.

On a famous Friday one shoe dog surpassed all records by selling arch-supporters to sixty per cent of the customers who fell into his hands. In the course of fitting one unsuspecting customer after another, he would inquire of each one whether she didn't tire easily, while he kneaded her feet gently. Usually he received an affirmative answer, and he invariably traced the trouble to an ailing metatarsal. He beat us all in commissions that day. But most of us felt a few pangs of sympathy for some of the unfortunates who had no need for arch-supporters, and were being helped into, rather than out of, arch trouble.

The average shoe dog takes pride in his ability to fit quickly. Catch him in an idle moment and he will boast about the number he wrapped up last Saturday. Yet he judges other clerks only on their ability to fit well and gets a malicious pleasure out of the return of a badly-fitted skig—to a fellow-clerk. He has nothing but scorn for the man who is always using a stretcher or a "jimmy." But the truth of the matter is that no clerk can sell shoes under pressure without resorting to both these aids. The jimmy especially is indispensable. It is a half insole made of cork that is inserted beneath the factory insole in women's shoes. If one jimmy is not enough, two may do. Skigs usually run in broken

sizes, with the most common sizes missing. So, with the consciousness of a quota to be filled, the shoe dog all too often finds it necessary to make a 6B into a 6C with a shoe stretcher, or the same shoe into a 6A with a jimmy.

Customers are not always all they might be, according to the shoe dog's notion of things. Men, as a rule, are not very troublesome, and frequently buy the first pair of shoes they try on. Some come back year after year and repeat a style that has given them satisfaction and comfort. Sometimes in busy stores they are handed a shoe-horn and asked to wait on themselves, which they do willingly. It is the women who cause the trouble, especially those whose chief concern is style rather than comfort. They fuss about the slightest differences in heels, vamps, and toes. Women are occasionally gracious, frequently unreasonable, and always vain.

All of this does not make the shoe dog's job a happy one. One minute he is striving to please an imperious lady who expects him to jump at her every request. The next he silently serves while mother insists daughter shall wear flat heels, and daughter is equally eloquent on the subject of Cuban heels. Still later he is patiently explaining to an incredulous woman that a foot which measures seven will not long be comfortable in a size six shoe. And later still he listens while a woman whose foot troubles restrict her to vici kid bemoans the fact that such shoes lack chic.

But while women are more capricious than men, they are also more profitable. They buy the skigs and the accessories that mean increased earnings for the shoe dog. With practice he becomes inured to their eccentricities.

A few words in defense of the shoe dog. He cannot be accused of wilful chicanery. What he sells and how he sells it is determined by the policy of the chain store which employs him. And his job depends on how well he performs the tasks set him. So he sells skigs. If they fit, well and good. If they don't . . .



SEED CORN AND MISTLETOE

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

NO ONE can approach through winter darkness a house from whose windows light shines out on the snow without feeling quieted and heartened. Psychic subtleties may be at work in such a response, but there is no need to invoke them; for the obvious facts provide all the explanation we require. A house means warmth and shelter, light means human society. Snow and the dark have simplified the detail of the picture and deadened sound—they suggest tranquility, which may mean much at the end of the day, and food or drink for restoration, and the talk of friends or family. The human mind is addicted to symbolism, and here is an image of ease, comfort, and reassurance that speaks directly to us in early childhood and from then on. . . . It is likely that very few people seeing a light on snow and quickening to the thought of warmth within pause to inquire whether the warmth comes from a gas furnace controlled by a thermostat or from the hickory logs burning on a spacious hearth to which a poetic sense would more properly attribute it. The light shining on the snow is quite as beautiful and quite as heartening when power to furnish it has been carried along a hundred miles of copper wire and stepped down through a transformer as when it comes from a candle dipped by hand.

Somewhere here is a text for a sermon, and sermons are appropriate to Christmas time, though with the clergy currently talking about a planned economy which will plow them under altogether, they

may have to be preached by laymen. And everything about Christmas fares badly among the cerebral, who deplore its clearly reactionary nature, mutter about its vulgarization by trade and commerce, protest against its evil effects on children, and complain that it isn't what it used to be anyway and never can be again. Let us deal with these indignations first; for though the cerebral are always running a slight temperature on logical grounds, if the winter festival does indeed constitute a menace to society even a lay pulpit should take notice of it.

About the children. There are no statistical tables to tell us how many of them are still being deceived with an old and probably capitalistic myth called Santa Claus. Probably millions of them, for the mass of mankind has a gratifying disregard of theory, and parents continue, in spite of the heroic labors of educational psychologists, to deceive their children because they themselves were deceived a generation ago, remember liking it, and observe that their children like it too. The myth offends both a moral theory which holds that it is wrong to lie to children about anything and a highly scientific one which holds that you must not confuse a child's sense of reality by adding to his difficulty in dealing with real things the further difficulty of dealing with the altogether fictitious. Yet everyone knows that a child's sense of reality is quite incommensurable with an adult's and that children will make up fantasies of their own to supply the lack of any that

may not be given them by others. The people who object to lying to children about Santa Claus must perforce lie to them about all the daily phenomena of existence, if indeed it is possible to say what a lie to a child is. And the very people who object to Santa Claus as a myth are prone to instruct them in such conceptions as human brotherhood, justice, and the classless society.

Both objections are on the level of the nostalgia which feels that the festival was all right for children when they themselves strung popcorn and cranberries to make decorations for the tree instead of the machine-made tinsel of to-day (but if this be Group Participation, is it not also Child Labor?), and that colored electric lights are tawdry whereas little candles once had a simple purity—it apparently being all right to burn the house up on Christmas Day so long as you keep the festival simple and pure. This is on the same level with that other sentiment of the thoughtful which sets out to make wars impossible, along with racketeering and unfair competition, by keeping toy guns, cannon, and lead soldiers out of the hands of children. Beat the toy sword into a toy steam-shovel, the notion goes, and you will turn the child forever to the ways of peace, at whatever cost of overproduction in the heavy industries. But if you do not permit the normal warlike fantasies of the child a normal expression at the right time you head straight for trouble. Either you will render him unfit for normal aggression later on, thus making him an easy prey for the combative, or you will insure such fantasies getting an abnormal and delayed expression, thus making war inevitable.

The unregarding behavior of untheoretical people is certainly sounder. They act on an assumption that the important thing is to make children happy. If you can give a child an experience of authentic awe and wonder and anticipation by telling him that a mythical fat man with a kind heart brings presents to children, why, the thing that counts is giving him the experience. If children

like to play with toy guns, who is harmed? And if a child catches his breath in ecstasy because here in the living room stands an evergreen that has blossomed with colored lights, why that is everything in itself. You have given the child an experience of ecstasy, which needs neither justification nor analysis on logical principles.

One is constrained to be equally skeptical of the indignation that sees Christmas as a conspiracy against the public peace and interest by people who have Christmas presents to sell. Like so many other causes of the cerebral, this presents itself as a benevolent championship of the exploited, whereas it is really a contempt of the common man. It is the old, old cry of Utopians: the people are fools. The people, that is, are weak, gullible, infatuated, unstable, venal, too foolish to follow after righteousness—give us machine guns and we will make them virtuous. Cerebral dictatorship, ever so kindly but quite firm, would safeguard them from exploitation by the hucksters, defend them from the seductions of advertising, deliver them from the pumped-up hysteria of crowds. How pitiful that they should give one another presents because the department store tells them to, how intolerable that the system should make money from a sentiment that the people only think they feel! See how mechanically the common man jerks about on his wire and how slavishly he does what he is told to do by conspirators in the service of commerce. Therefore let us save him from himself, teach him that his emotions are not his own, and deliver him into self-knowledge and emancipation—at the point of a bayonet. . . . A lay pulpit must denounce all this fervor as propaganda—Fascist or Communist, whichever epithet will most affront the kindly theorist. It is an ancient despair uttering an ancient cry, the lust of the fretted to save the people by force. The people should ignore it altogether.

As of course they do. They go on giving one another presents at Christmas

time no matter how the profits of the hucksters may pile up. They spend as much as they can afford to, and usually a good deal more. If trade prospers and the banks can state Christmas in the form of graphs, the public is not appalled. Nor is its feeling degraded. The cathedrals of the age of faith, which the theories treat with the greatest respect, were fenced round by the booths of traders, and an earlier Christianity managed to combine a good deal of commerce with its devotion—and the roads to the American camp-meeting were thronged with peddlers whom the devout patronized without in the least diminishing their pious exercises. Not the trading booths but the devotion was the important thing about the cathedrals, and the important thing about Christmas is not that the people are sold presents but that they give them to one another. The most diverse and even the most irrelevant motives may enter in, many of them doubtless a good deal less than ideal; but the principal one, the one without which none of the others could possibly operate, is the human warmth of friends and relatives seeking expression and finding it. Christmas may be commercialized till it has become indispensable to the business system and vulgarized till a sensitive theory shudders when dealing with it, but people go on making gifts to those who are dear to them. The custom has the natural force of a stream flowing and takes its curve as a stream does, from its own nature. It is the popular fulfillment of human need and desire. The people behave that way, and you can do nothing whatever about them.

That is the firstly of a lay sermon. The secondly goes on to point out how, though in the American Christmas are recognizable many elements taken from many places, the whole is something altogether in its own terms. Our Christmas Eve is English and our Christmas morning looks very German. The carols sung in our churches and streets (and, to advertise soap or engine oil, in our broadcasting studios, a native touch probably loath-

some to the sensitive) come from all over Europe but are French to a functional anthropologist, and medieval French at that. A good many of the conventional symbols are Asiatic, and the firecrackers which children set off in San Francisco and New Orleans exorcise demons and propitiate gods that are clearly Chinese. The mistletoe is Norse, and a vigilant suspicion, observing the holly and the egg-nog, can detect compulsions bubbling in the blood of pagans far older than the rise of that star in the East which they are used to commemorate. Yes, a hodge-podge of rituals and symbols and even of beliefs gathered at random, but it has taken a shape of its own which no one who has experienced it can ever possibly confuse with any other Christmas. One who has known the American Christmas as a child, a lover, or a parent knows a festival which has shaped his thought and patterns of emotion lying far deeper than thought, in a way uniquely its own. In whatever corner of the earth he may find himself on Christmas Eve, the rhythms pulsing in his nerves and the images translating them will have reference to the common and unique experience of Americans. That remembered, remembering child seeing the filled stocking and the lighted tree, hearing a Catholic carol so illogically sung in a Congregational meeting house, hurrying to deliver a holly wreath to a friend of his parents in order to try his skates the sooner on the ice of country pond or city sidewalk—is set off from all foreign children in things remembered and things experienced. An American tradition, different from all other traditions, has created its own symbols.

There are a good many like them, and a lay preacher would call them into remembrance at Christmas, a time dedicated from its origin to remembering the justifications of hopefulness and disregarding the foundations of despair. Autumn comes and the President of the United States summons the nation to render formal thanks for its harvest, and lesser magistrates repeat his proclamation.

Meanwhile at half the farm doorways in New England pumpkins stand on the stoop, a splash of color against the dulling landscape, though no one can explain the custom. In rural places across the continent boys nail on the barn door the tails of woodchucks and chipmunks and red squirrels they have shot; beside them, and on the walls of garages in the towns, their fathers add last year's automobile-license plates to the column of those that have gone before. Seed corn hangs in bunches on the wall that gets the sun, and the corn is shocked. The corn is shocked to dry, and so is the wheat, and the form and structure of the shocking are peculiar to the United States. We shock our corn differently, and the image also calls up associations unique to Americans; for it is part of an intricate organization of skills and customs and emotions, of social beliefs and relationships, of a way of living with and in society that is our own way and no one else's. A live symbol to Americans, and one whose meaning is beyond the instinct and out of the comprehension of all other people.

A symbol of an American way of life. Let it be remembered at Christmas time, and with it a great company of its kind, since Christmas is a time for symbols. Light shining on snow through winter dark is as universal as the star going before the Wise Men on their way, but also to all who have lived in America it has a special reference, being as well the light from a cabin in the clearing with the forest beyond them stretching toward the unknown West. Few Americans now have ever lived in a cabin or ever seen a clearing in the forest, yet the words mean something to them that they mean to no one else on earth. Fewer still have ever ridden in a stage coach climbing toward Cumberland Gap, or plodded beside a canvas-covered wagon toward the land where the streams sink out of sight, with

Indians possibly crouching behind the next rise. It is a long time since a mythical Indian princess interceded for a probably lying Captain John Smith; none of us has driven the *Sovereign of the Seas* round the Horn to beat the clipper fleet; none of us has ridden down the Natchez Trace or forced a plow for the first time through matted grass roots to prairie soil; Andrew Jackson and Abe Lincoln and Buffalo Bill and Daniel Boone are dead; Huck Finn is only someone in a book, and Paul Bunyan is not even that but only talk sleepy at best and now no longer uttered. But though none of us ever saw the Wise Men coming from the East, we still make gifts to our friends and children on Christmas Day. And the cabin in the clearing, the clipper fleet, the departed heroes, and the corn standing in shocks are systolic in us, part of the rhythm of our breath and of our desire—and part too of our fate. They stand for our own way of life, they are our living tradition; and we understand them, being shaped by them and being inescapably obedient to them, and no one else understands them. That is the way our corn is shocked.

That may as well be remembered at Christmas time, at Christmas time especially in a period of tribulation. The cerebral—people characterized primarily by fear and by contempt of the unconsidered multitudes and by a lust for absolutes and for absolute power—tell us that America must choose between two ways of life, both European, both essentially the same, both intolerable. Let there be read to them the prayer appointed to be read in churches on Christmas Day: they are fools and liars and the truth is not in them. That is not our choice but an alien one, and our choice is foreordained for us by our own tradition; our native way of life formed by our own systole and diastole. Our corn is maize, and Europe had no maize.



Harpers *Magazine*

THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN MOSCOW

BY E. M. DELAFIELD

TOURISTS in all the Intourist hotels in all the principal towns of Soviet Russia exchange the same fragments of conversation.

"Have you done Moscow yet?"

"No, I'm going there to-morrow night. I came in by Odessa. I've done Kharkov and Rostov and Kiev."

"Ah, then you're going out by sea from Leningrad. Unless you're flying from Moscow?"

"No, I shall be going by sea. Have you done Odessa and the south?"

"No, I've done the Caucasus. You should do the Caucasus. What is Odessa like?"

"Odessa is delightful. The hotel at Rostov was good except for the cockroaches. The food was bad at Kharkov."

"Ah, there was a Frenchman here yesterday who had just come from Kharkov, and *he* said the food wasn't good."

And at this gratifying coincidence everybody looks pleased.

Sometimes it is a little like the survivors of a shipwreck meeting on a fragment of desert island.

"Are you still all right for soap?"

"Yes, I shall just last out till Kiev. What about you?"

"Oh, I'm all right. I brought a great deal. But my ink is pretty low."

"There's an American lady who can let you have ink. She gave me some in Leningrad and she's coming on here. She had safety-pins too."

"How marvelous! Perhaps she'd like some soda-mints or aspirins. I have heaps of those."

"I dare say. Or Keatings. Or perhaps you could lend her a book."

People part at Moscow and meet again, sometimes most unwillingly, at Yalta. They ask one another how they have been getting on, and if they met the French astronomer and the English journalist and the noisy young Finns with the portable gramophone. Those who met at Leningrad, and were in the same train coming from Moscow, and parted gracefully at Tiflis only to be once more confronted with one another at Gorki, are bound by some unwritten law to sit at the same table for meals. At first, I often

wondered whether they really like to do this, or if they just feel obliged to do it for old sake's sake. Later on I fall under the same spell, and the question is answered.

In Moscow I meet Peter—but not as one meets stray French astronomers and English journalists and gramophone-playing Finns. It is a meeting that was arranged—incredibly, as it now seems—in Bloomsbury, some four months ago. I have had the name of his hotel and the dates when he expects to be there in my diary ever since I left England.

His dates have been altered—so have mine—all knowledge of him is denied at the Metropole Hotel, where he ought to be—and Intourist tells me: (1) That there are no letters for me and no messages, (2) That if there were I couldn't have them because it is a Day of Rest.

It is anything but a Day of Rest for me, whatever it may be for Moscow.

I have traveled all night, and walked about looking for Peter half the day, and I have not yet got used to having my luncheon between three and five o'clock in the afternoon, and the hotel to which I have been sent is on one side of the Red Square—which no trams traverse—and everything else in Moscow is on the other side.

All the same, the Red Square is very beautiful, and they are quite right to allow no trams there. In the evening I walk across it once more, and admire the huge walls and towers of the Kremlin and the long row of fir-trees against the gray stone and the pure, beautiful lines of the Lenin Mausoleum, perfectly placed before the great fort, and the strange, Byzantine domes and whorls and minarets of the ancient Basil Cathedral.

Sentinels with fixed bayonets guard the Mausoleum, and there are long, long queues of people—they must number hundreds—waiting to pass inside. From the top of the Kremlin flutters the red flag, and from somewhere beneath it a light strikes upward, so that the brave scarlet color shows as plainly against the clear evening sky as it did in the morning sunlight.

One walks across the Red Square more safely than anywhere else in Moscow. Not as regards one's feminine virtue (*that*, I think, would be safe anywhere in Russia, were I a quarter of my present age and as alluring as Venus), but simply as regards life and limb.

Everywhere else the traffic is shattering, and the comrades, running for their lives in every direction—as well they may—are a menace. So are the trams, which bucket along on uneven rails and draw up with a slow jerk which gives a misleading impression altogether. One feels that here are deliberate, rather uncertain trams, that may very likely require a good strong push from somebody before starting at all.

And on the contrary, hardly have they stopped and hardly have hundreds of Comrades fought their way out of them than a bell clangs and they start off again, leaving hundreds more biting and kicking and pushing their way inside, hanging on the step and very often being violently shoved off it again.

The tram-question—one of the less picturesque and endearing characteristics of the new regime—is complicated in Moscow by the reconstructions that are going on everywhere. Whole streets are lying more or less inside-out, caverns yawn in the middle of roads, scaffolding suddenly blocks up pavements, and irrelevant-seeming pyramids of earth and loose stones and rubble rise up in quite unexpected places.

The trams do their gallant best, and often remind me of the story of Jules Verne in which the driver of a passenger-train negotiated a precipice by previously going full steam ahead and causing the train to jump the chasm. The trams too do something like that, but even so they have to make colossal detours, and every few days their route is, without any warning, altered, because the old route has become impassable.

In Leningrad there were hardly any cars. In Moscow there are a great many, and they all go hell-for-leather and make a point of sounding their horns only at

the very last minute when the lives of the walking comrades positively hang by a thread.

In Moscow, as in Leningrad, people throng the streets. They keep on walking; they are like Felix the Cat. The In-tourist guides, as usual, point out how purposeful they all are, how they walk with an object. One guide, more honest or less well-trained than the others, tells me that the housing shortage is very acute, and so perhaps it is more agreeable to spend one's free time in the street rather than in the home. A kind of Scylla or Charybdis.

These grim impressions dawn upon me little by little as I cross the Red Square, for perhaps the fourth time in twenty-four hours, to make another assault on the Metropole and Peter.

To my own unbounded astonishment, I am successful. There is a note from Peter. It has, I have no doubt, been there all along. It says that he is at the National Hotel. Have I got to cross the Red Square all over again? It is very beautiful, but I don't seem to care about crossing it again just yet.

I haven't got to. The National Hotel is only a few hundred yards from the Metropole.

If Peter and I were in London I should not run, like an excited hare, up four flights of stairs to his bedroom. Old friends as we are, I shouldn't scream aloud with joy at the sight of him, nor he at the sight of me. In Moscow, however, we do all these things. We behave, in a word, almost like two foreigners.

And we talk and we talk and we talk.

Our impressions of Soviet Russia, most fortunately, coincide. We have had identical experiences with fleas, guides, indiscreet indulgence in Russian bread, and the non-arrival of letters from home.

We offer each other soap, biscuits, Bromo, and soda-mints. It is almost like two Eastern potentates exchanging gifts, especially when Peter generously says that I shall have his clothes-brush when he leaves—I forgot to pack mine—and I, in return, gracefully offer to wash his pocket-

handkerchiefs when I do my own. And I stay and have supper with him—at about eleven p.m.—and at one o'clock in the morning cross the Red Square once more.

My bedroom window overlooks the river. I am pleased about it until I notice that a particularly zealous form of reconstruction is taking place on the bank, and that Comrades in vast numbers are operating a huge drill. They are a night-shift, and a kind of *mieux de la mort* overtakes them at two in the morning, when they evolve a special series of noises, indicative of terrific energy. Then it all dies away and the next shift doesn't begin till seven o'clock.

II

Peter is under the auspices of an organization which takes an interest in literary tourists and the organization is very kind to him, and gives him theater tickets and special facilities and a guide all to himself. These benefits he shares with me.

I am secretly terrified of the guide, who is youngish and very tough and has a swivel eye. She has lived in the United States and says that she once hiked from Denver, Colorado, to California. It can't have been half as exhausting as hiking from one end of Moscow to the other, which is our daily achievement.

We visit museums and picture galleries and crèches and factories and schools and clinics. We see, at a rough estimate, a hundred thousand busts of Lenin and ninety thousand pictures of Stalin.

The guide has a curious habit of leading us briskly along over the cobbles, round such bits of reconstruction as lie in our way, for some time, and then abruptly stopping while she asks a passer-by the way to wherever she is taking us. This always turns out to be in some quite opposite direction to the one in which we are going. All is *à refaire*, and we turn round and begin all over again.

The result, not unnaturally, is that we always arrive late for our appointments.

"The Little Monster has no sense of

time," says Peter—this being the endearing *sobriquet* by which he refers to the guide.

"And she evidently hasn't any bump of locality at all. Some people haven't," I say—having the best of reasons for knowing what I'm talking about.

Peter only replies, not unjustifiably, that to have no sense of time and no sense of direction seems to him a poor equipment with which to set up as a guide.

Sometimes we board a tram together. It is invariably bunged to the roof with pale, grimy, heavily built comrades, too tightly jammed together for strap-hanging to be necessary, or even possible. No one sits down. There *are* people sitting when one gets in, but I think it is because they have got wedged there and can't move.

On one occasion the Little Monster, startlingly and suddenly, says in my ear:

"A pregnant woman may go in the front part of the tram, where there is more room. It is a law."

I wonder whether she thinks I am going to make a fraudulent attempt to take advantage of this concession. But I don't. I remain where I am, leaning heavily on the shoulder of a man in a blouse, with somebody's portfolio digging into the small of my back, and an enormous female Comrade grasping my elbow with one hand and wiping the sweat off her face with the other.

I often think of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

The tram jerks and jolts and stops, and more people get in, and the Little Monster—who isn't more than five feet high—disappears from view altogether. This time I think of the House of Stone, in *The Four Feathers* and how those who fell down there never got up again. A mind well-stored with literary references is said to be a great comfort to the possessor. I think my references must be of the wrong kind.

Peter, who is a large young man and stands like the Rock of Gibraltar in the tram, is much more of a comfort to me than any number of literary references.

He always knows when to get out, which I never do, and the guide seldom.

Getting out of the tram is a very tense and difficult business. Every inch of the way has to be fought for, and there is always a sporting chance that the tram will start again before the people in front of one will let one go through, or the people behind one have ceased to try to push past. I carry a bruise on one ankle for days, where one of the more impetuous Comrades gave me a vigorous kick, in order that I should get out of his way.

I ask Peter if he knew about the pregnant women going in the front of the tram, and he says Yes, but he doesn't see how they're to get there. Neither do I unless they confide their pretty secret to the conductor and he or she passes it on to all the comrades in the tram, and a way is cleared. (Like Charlotte Brontë when she went to a party, and everybody stood up and made way for her.)

"We might ask the Little Monster," Peter suggests. Any delicacy which either of us has ever possessed at home has long since left us. There are no inhibitions in Russia.

It is in a spirit of simple *camaraderie* that he and I and the Little Monster go together to a clinic for the welfare of mothers and babies—actually a most excellent institution, admirably organized—and are given much full and intelligent physiological information, with Lenin-aged three—looking benevolently down on us from the wall.

As there is practically no wall in Moscow from which I have *not* seen Lenin looking down—either as an infant or as an elderly man exhorting the workers (there is no intervening stage), I have ceased to notice him consciously; but on this occasion I prefer him to the other pictures with which the walls are covered.

I prefer him to the unwholesome-looking red and blue maps of the human organism. I prefer him to the things in bottles on a shelf. I prefer him, a thousand times, to the masterpiece which the woman doctor who is showing us round, has kept to the last.

"This tumor is one of the largest we have ever . . ." I say it is interesting—which I suppose it is, if I could bring myself to look at it, which I can't—and Peter says nothing. I think he is stunned. He is looking with a fixed, unnatural intensity at an artificial tomato, carrot, apple, and beetroot in a little case. Necessary items in the diet of infants, says the notice.

I think perhaps if one had seen all this—not the tumor, which *can't* be essential to anybody's education except a medical student's—but all the maps and photographs and measurements and the instructions—at a much earlier age, before one had grown squeamish and when one's curiosity was young and strong, it might have been a very good thing.

It *does* give vital information, and it does give it in a scientific, impersonal way, and it does stress the importance of bodily hygiene.

"Are school-children ever brought here to be taught physiological and biological facts?"

"Yes, often. They come in groups."

The last piece of information is superfluous. The Comrades, especially the school-children, go everywhere in groups. They are taught from the very beginning to lead the collective life.

Peter and I agree that the mother-and-babies Welfare Clinic is one of the best things we have seen in the Soviet Union, and that we approve of the visits there of the school-children—with a mental reservation excluding the tumor.

From the Clinic the Little Monster takes us—going first in the wrong direction but afterward recovering herself—to the Court of Marriages and Divorces. It consists of a desk in a little room, with a middle-aged woman in charge, and two plants that look like india-rubber-plants in pots in the doorway, each tied up with a pale, frail bow of papery white ribbon—like the ghosts of dead bridal decorations.

There are, as usual, Comrades sitting about and waiting, and the guide says that they have come either to register their marriage or to get a divorce. They all look to me equally unexhilarated, and

nearly all of them are holding small children.

A young Russian is at the desk, and has said something, and it has been written down in a ledger, and he has, in his Russian way, settled down on to a hard-looking stool as if for life.

"He has just got a divorce," says the guide, and she asks him a great many questions about his private affairs and translates his answers. (I am, and always have been, thoroughly aghast at the way in which private individuals in Russia are turned inside-out for the benefit of tourists; but I am bound to say that they never seem to raise any objection.)

It seems that the young Russian is not pleased with his wife. She reproaches him, rather strangely, with spending his money on amusements and on presents for her. It makes her, she complains, into a slave. They quarrel. He has, without telling her anything about it, got a divorce. When she reproaches him this evening because he wishes to take her out to a cinema or a café, he will simply confront her with the *fait accompli*.

"It is very simple," says the Little Monster, looking unspeakably superior. She knows that in capitalist countries nothing, least of all divorce, is as simple as that.

"Are marriages equally simple?"

"Yes, they are. This couple with the two children have come to register their marriage."

The husband with the divorce smiles at us very amiably and makes way for the couple with the two children. Some people might think that it is a little late in the day for them to come and register their marriage. But the guide, after the usual questions and answers, is able to explain it all.

They have been eight years together. If they should get tired of each other and decide to separate it will be very much simpler to make arrangements for the welfare of the children if the marriage has been registered. So here they are.

The whole thing—barring the questions of the guide and her translations of the

replies to us—takes about five minutes.

We have witnessed a wedding in Moscow.

I wonder, sentimentally, whether the woman—who is sufficiently middle-aged to remember the old days—gives a thought to a new dress and music and flowers and a wedding party.

I don't suppose she does. I see her grasp one child by the hand, and the husband takes the other, and they depart, without so much as a vestige of Mendelssohn's Wedding March to encourage them.

Peter, who collects information much more assiduously than I do, asks intelligent questions, and enters the answers in a little book, and the woman at the desk—I suppose she is the Registrar—is very obliging and only breaks off once or twice to divorce or marry a few people who drift in and out.

As I return to my hotel—by way of the Kremlin, the fir trees, the Mausoleum, and the Basil Cathedral—I reflect that Moscow, whether through its fault or my own, has a most depressing effect on me. I think it's partly the number of Comrades who walk the streets and throng the trams and stand in queues outside the shops and the cinemas, all looking rather drab and unwashed and solemn. And one has caught such depressing glimpses, through unshaded windows, of dormitories with beds packed like sardines. Besides, it is never exhilarating to see such quantities of wholesale destruction going on as is necessitated by the Soviet determination to make a completely new city of Moscow.

I quite see that wonders have been achieved in a very short time. I haven't any doubt that the condition of the workers before the Revolution was abominable beyond description. I haven't really any serious doubts that they are working toward a better state of things than they have ever known.

But I have a bourgeois longing to see gaily dressed shop windows, and perhaps gaily dressed people in the streets as well, and to see more individualism and less

collectivism—and, in a word, there seems to me to be a total absence of *fun* in Moscow.

Beauty, there is. In some of the buildings that have survived, in the Ballet, in the Gallery of Western Art, in many of the theater productions. "Romeo and Juliet" was a beautiful production. So was "Eugène Onegin" at the Opera.

Probably I have come to Moscow in quite the wrong spirit. I am making the mistake of comparing its newly begun institutions—of which, God wot, I have seen plenty of examples—with similar institutions in England and in America. Absurd and unreasonable.

The Soviet institutions—clinics, welfare centers, schools, crèches, hospitals—are all working under difficulties and are all hampered by lack of experience and lack of appliances. (They handicap themselves still further by a cast-iron determination to accept no outside criticism whatever and by assuming that perfection has already been achieved, which is far from being the case.)

A recollection—inaccurate, as usual—comes to my mind of some uncivil aphorism of Dr. Johnson's about women writing books or pursuing any other intellectual avocation.

"It is like a dog that walks upon its hind legs, sir. We do not ask whether the thing be well or ill done. The wonder is that it should be done at all." I am sure that I had better remember about Dr. Johnson and the dog when I try to collect my impressions of Soviet Russia.

III

At eleven o'clock at night an American acquaintance of Peter's appears and suggests taking us to pay a call on a man who writes books—a Russian. He has said that he will be at home between twelve and one.

He isn't, and we all settle down in his kitchen—situated on the staircase, and which he shares with five other families in the same building—and wait for his arrival.

At a quarter to one he comes, bringing three friends—a woman and two men.

We all sit in the bed-sitting room and talk. There ought to be a samovar, but there isn't. Only a wireless. I think my ideas are out of date.

The conversation is about the law concerning abortion (naturally, for it is the most popular topic in Russia), the new Metro, a poet who has annoyed the Government by one of his poems and has been sent as a punishment to work at the construction of a new bridge across the Neva—where he will surely be of no use whatever—and the state of literature in England.

I do not join in this intelligently. For one thing, I am getting sleepy, and for another, nobody in Russia has ever heard of me as a writer—and wouldn't be interested if he had—as none of my works is political or sociological—so nobody refers to me. Just as I am thinking that with any luck nobody will notice it if I do go to sleep, my host abruptly inquires of me which writer of fiction is leading the younger school in England now? Which indeed?

I *must* think of a name, and I must try to think of one that will convey something to my hearers into the bargain.

I hope to combine a modicum of truth with a certain amount of diplomacy by saying: "Dreiser."

"Theodore Dreiser?"

"Theodore Dreiser," I repeat firmly, and I really think I have displayed great presence of mind, considering that I am more than half asleep.

"I meant," says my host, "which of the *moderns*. Theodore Dreiser is the literature of the grandmothers, yes?"

Not of any of the grandmothers I know, he isn't. But I don't say so. Theodore Dreiser and I retire together into the ranks of the grandmothers and are disinterred no more.

Only just before we go away, at three o'clock, the only other woman present asks me rather sharply if I have any silk stockings, aspirins, lip-sticks, cotton frocks, or nail-scissors to sell.

I suppose she thinks it's all I'm fit for—and I am disposed to agree with her, and make a rendezvous for next day, for her to come to my hotel and inspect my belongings.

Shortly afterward I say good-night to Peter at his door and continue on my way—Red Square, Kremlin, Mausoleum, fir trees, Basil Cathedral, Old Uncle Tom Cobby and all, Old Uncle Tom Cobby and all.

IV

The Russian lady keeps her word. She much more than keeps it. She not only comes and buys everything that I want to sell, but swoops down on a large number of things that I *don't* want to sell, and says she'll take them as well. She opens my wardrobe and takes down my frocks, she lifts up the pillow on my bed by a sort of unerring instinct—like a water-diviner—and discloses my pajamas, and she looks inside my sponge-bag. (What can she possibly suppose that I am hiding inside my sponge-bag?)

"Look, I take this ink-bottle off of you as well, and if you have a fountain-pen I take that, and I take for my husband the blue frame (he will not want the photograph; besides it is your children, you will like to keep it) and for myself I take those things what I have already bought, and the red jumper, the pajamas, the two frocks. Have you any boiled sweets?"

No, I haven't any boiled sweets. And nothing will induce me to part with the safety ink-bottle or the blue frame or my only two frocks.

It takes a long while to convince the Russian lady that I really mean this, and I have eventually to concede the red jumper and the pajamas. She still looks so fixedly at the ink-bottle that I become unnerved, and distract her by an offer of meat-juice tablets—for her husband—and handkerchiefs and safety-pins for herself.

She buys them all and pays me in roubles on the spot. When I put the money away in my bag she says she will

buy the bag, and when I hastily thrust the bag into my suitcase she says she will buy the suitcase.

I get her out of the room at last by giving her a lip-stick as a sort of bonus, like a pound of tea for a cash sale.

When, in the passage outside, I refer to our morning's work she says, "Hush! Not so loud," and I realize that the whole transaction has been an illicit one and that Comrade Stalin would disapprove. We might perhaps even find ourselves, like the ill-conducted poet, constructing a new bridge across the Neva.

All the same, if I'd known what a shortage there is of pretty, brightly colored odds and ends in the Soviet Republic, I think I should have brought a great many more of them with me—and not only for the sake of turning a doubtfully honest rouble out of them either.

V

One morning Peter and I go to Kolominsky escorted by the Little Monster. She says it is an ancient monastery, and when we get there it *looks* like an ancient monastery but she recants and says it was a Palace of Ivan the Terrible. I don't know which she means. Prefer to think of it as a monastery.

Much the most peaceful spot I have seen in Russia—no Comrades, no reconstruction, not even a picture of Lenin with outstretched arm and clenched fist.

Just as I am sitting on a stone wall under the lime trees and looking down at the fields and the river, the guide tells me that on this exact spot Ivan the Terrible used to watch the peasants being flogged.

It is a great pity she cannot let well alone. However, it is to-day that we hear her, for the first and last time, make a joke. On the way back to the tram, passing through a tiny village, we see a little calf lying on the roadside, with a small pig nuzzling affectionately against it, both of them fast asleep in the sunshine.

Even the swivel eye of the Little Mon-

ster softens as she gazes down at them and she says:

"Look! In a Socialist state—no prejudice!"

For the moment, as we all three laugh, she seems quite human.

It doesn't last. She becomes as hortatory and tiresome as ever long before the tram has lurched back into Moscow with us, and makes us get off at the wrong stop, so that we have to walk several additional miles to Peter's hotel.

"It still seems odd to be lunching at four o'clock."

"Yes, doesn't it? Shall you have Bortsch again to-day?"

"Yes, I like it."

"How fortunate you are. But their fish is better than their meat, and the ice-cream is good."

"Excellent. Much, much better than the *compote*."

"Oh, the *compote*!"

We do not describe the *compote* to each other. It is not necessary, as we have met it, both here and in Leningrad, at every meal. We know all about the rather tough, acid little fruits in the top of the glass dish and the sliced apple below and the two rather consoling little bits of tinned apricot at the very bottom. Curious, how very much one seems to think and talk about one's food in Moscow.

Also one's drink. The mineral water is good but expensive. The ordinary, plain water—what, in any other country, would be the drinking-water—arrives on the table boiled. And very well-advised too. But either the boiling or its own natural properties have turned it pale yellow and given it a strange smell and a very peculiar taste. The remaining alternative, since neither of us drinks wine, and the beer—which is excellent—is a ruinous price—is tea in a glass.

Meals, it is scarcely necessary to say, take a very long time in Russia. Hours elapse between the moment of sitting down, and detaching from its book the coupon that represents food, and the moment when the waiter comes to take one's order. Hours more between each

course. (The coupon entitles one to three courses. I have never tried to ask for a second helping, but I don't think the coupon would run to it.)

The tea comes at the very end, and is always much too hot to drink, and so necessitates another long wait.

Sometimes Peter and I talk like the thoughtful and intelligent people we really are, and discuss Socialism, and Communism, and tell each other that we *really* ought to have seen Russia *before* the Revolution in order to judge of the vast improvement effected. (When Peter says this to me it is very reasonable. When I say it to him it is simply idiotic, as before the Revolution he was an infant in the nursery.)

Sometimes we discuss our neighbors.

"I saw that man over there when I was in Batum. He speaks Dutch."

"Does he? Yes, he looks as though he might. There are some Germans at my hotel. They've made friends with Mrs. Pansy Baker and she went with them to see an abortion clinic—and a boot-factory."

"What fun. Have you seen a single pretty woman yet in Russia?"

"No. Have you?"

"No."

Once, when a blonde with black eyelashes and a tightly fitting white frock comes in and sits down all by herself at the table next to ours, Peter hisses at me through his teeth:

"If ever there was one, I'll take my oath that's one of the few we know there aren't any of in Russia!"

I understand him perfectly.

In Russia now, we have repeatedly been told, there are no prostitutes.

They have all been collected and placed in a sort of Home of Rest, like aged horses in England.

It is, I believe, possible to go and visit them. I suppose if we ever do, they will be expected to answer any indiscreet question that any of us may, through the guide, elect to ask them.

[Another installment of the *Provincial* next month.—The Editors.]

I think, on the whole, I won't visit the prostitutes.

Sometimes Peter and I just talk about England, and Hartland Quay, and the Fourth of June at Eaton, and people we both know in London or Devonshire. It feels like looking back into another life, and on those occasions—which are generally in the small hours of the morning after a gruelling day of trams, comrades, museums, clinics, and factories—I go past the Kremlin, the fir trees, and the Mausoleum without so much as noticing them. I go on down the hill, and past the reconstruction on the river-bank, where the drill is hard at it, and into my hotel.

The dining room is brightly lit and full of people, and a little orchestra is playing "*Sous les Toits de Paris*"—as it does nightly.

I look in as I go by.

Mrs. Pansy Baker, the American communist, it at a table with her Germans, talking to them very earnestly. She is saying: "I have had a sad life."

I think this must be the beginning of a reference to Mr. Baker. Very likely he too has had a sad life.

In my bedroom is one cockroach. I don't like it at all. But it is headed toward the door, which I civilly hold open for it, and out it goes. A lull in the reconstruction work has set in, and I think what a good moment this will be in which to go to sleep.

The orchestra, now playing something very odd that I keep on thinking I know but can't identify, is nothing.

Sometimes I win this nightly race with the reconstruction, sometimes I don't.

To-night it has only *reculé pour mieux sauter*. And they have got quite a new tool to work with—something like a hammer, dropping slowly down a flight of steps, over and over again, one step at a time. At last it drops once too often, and they don't pick it up again.

We are back once more at "*Sous les Toits de Paris*." *Sur les lits de Moscou* . . .

Lady's Russian impressions will appear



CONVERSATION AT MIDNIGHT

FOURTEEN POEMS

BY EDNA St. VINCENT MILLAY

The following poems are selected from a sequence. As will be seen from the numbers which they bear, some of them are printed here in the order in which they appear in the sequence, while between certain others there are gaps of several poems.

The time is the present; the place New York; the scene the drawing-room of Ricardo's house, an old house a few blocks north of Washington Square and just west of Fifth Avenue; it is the drawing-room of a wealthy bachelor of considerable culture, who has furnished his house to his own taste.

The men taking part in the "Conversation" have dined with Ricardo. Dinner is over; they are having their coffee and brandy, continuing discussions started at the dinner table, or bringing up new matters. The names of the characters have no meaning in themselves; they are just the names they happen to have; Pygmalion is a nickname. Ricardo is the son of an Italian petty nobleman and an American woman; his parents are dead, and he lives alone in the house which he has inherited from his mother. He is about forty. He was born in Italy, and in the same village lived Anselmo, an Italian boy somewhat older than he. Anselmo is now a priest. The two have been friends since they were children. Merton is an American, a stockbroker about sixty; he is very rich, very much interested in literature, and has a racing stable. John is a portrait-painter, financially not very successful. He envies Father Anselmo his faith and wishes he could share it. Pygmalion is a successful short-story writer, gay and attractive. Carl is a poet, and a Communist. He has written previously two volumes of poetry which both Ricardo and Merton consider very fine; Carl himself is no longer interested in them, and is impatient if they are talked about.

The "Conversation" does not end with the last poem printed here, but continues for some time.—E. St. V. M.)

IV MERTON (to Carl)

IT IS not at all necessary to call a spade a spade; it is only more dignified
To do so. . . . A spade is a spade no matter what you call it.

*Now that the House of Hanover is the House of Windsor, does the less German blood
Flow in the veins of Edward?*

*The Avenue du Bois de Boulogne has been re-named
The Avenue Foch;*

*The Prado is now the Paseo de Marti;
The name of the Piazza di Spagna is about to be changed,
I hear, to the Piazza Generale de Bono.*

*To what purpose? Why? What will have been effected beyond a wholesale
Re-painting of signs and an inking-out of defunct addresses
On letter-heads?*

And will it be to-day,

*When St. Petersburg is Leningrad, or to-morrow, when Leningrad
Is Stalingrad,
That a boatman on the Neva at night will ferry to the bay
In a weighted chest and drop overboard, not only out of sight
But out of fact, the bones of the brilliant, gay
And cruel capital?*

When Rome

*Is Mussolinium,
Will the Fountain of Trevi give me back my pennies? Will the past be annulled?*

*Unfilial and boorish times: our splendid heritage
In pawn-shop windows!
Shall you not one day regret having given the royal dolls to the children of the poor? . . . These too
Were your history. Only the past made possible
This outraged present.*

*Sack the palace if you must; if you need the Gobelins
For bed-quilts, take them.
But restrain, I beg you, if you have the time, the sticky fingers
Of the children from smearing them.*

V CARL (to Merton)

*You want things just as they were when you first knew them; you want nothing changed.
Things change, however, and the changing of their names is also
Part of their history.
How far into the past shall we go back to please you? . . . to the time when
The Avenue du Bois de Boulogne was called the Avenue
De l'Impératrice?
Would you like perhaps to see the fountains in the Place de la Concorde
Playing in the Place Louis Quinze?
Shall the Champs-Élysées become again the Nouveau Cours?*

*And what will you call the Avenue Victor Hugo—the Avenue d'Eylau?
The Avenue de Saint-Cloud? . . . Would you like it by its original name perhaps,
The Avenue Charles X?
Would it please your wife perhaps to buy her Paris gowns
In a city named Lutetia?*

*No, no. You want things just as they were when you
First knew them! . . . You want the Tzar back; you want your youth back:
The carriages, the corsets, the cotillions, the favors and the fans.*

*All this means nothing to me; the English primrose pressed in your copy of Wordsworth
A pressed primrose is to me,
And it is nothing more.*

*God, I'm so sick of the smell
Of faded personal tokens fluttering out from between the leaves
Of second-hand books!*

Oh, let the dead past

*Cremate its dead, I say! We have no room here even for its bones
In these city blocks that must house the living world!*

* * * * *

VIII MERTON

*Anselmo, if I wished to sin and thoroughly enjoy it,
I should join your Church.*

*Alas, I fear that since I was a child, and dreaded my father's wrath, and received my mother's
pardon,
I have never known in its fullness the ecstasy of sin.*

*The Anglo-Saxon, four-square, Protestant man not only strives
To be upright, but intends to be:
Perfection is not only the mark by which he steers, but the port where he means
To drop anchor.*

*This voluptuous sinning-and-forgiving, this quarreling-and-making-up is not a northern thing.
Your typical angular Protestant, setting out for heaven,
Knows he has sinned, and prays that his sins be forgiven, not because,
Being man, he is sinful, but because he means to sin no more.
And he travels light; the taper and the ciborium are heavy; and he proposes to arrive
In heaven on his own feet.
(An impious attitude this to Catholic ears)*

*As for me, if I did not think I should some day crunch
The carrot before my nose, I should balk in earnest,
And sample the wayside weeds, from that moment on,
With a gourmet's respect.*

IX PYGMALION

*Unwavering hypocrisy, however, and a high ideal
Make shift to keep us on the road.*

*Observe, for instance, the sheepy eyes of the next wolf
You see in a Tuxedo, haranguing the lambs in the town hall
Over a pitcher of water and under the Stars and Stripes:
He means what he says—why, yes, he does—look here,
"Abraham Lincoln!" that's what he says—doesn't he mean it?
"Our glorious country!" "Proud to be an American!" "Free
And equal!" "Fought and bled!" "This glorious flag!"*

Weak eyes? . . . hell, no! . . . them's tears!

*Do you think he thinks he's nothing but a mouth full of teeth? . . .
A larynx raw with lies and in need of a gargle? . . .
A head full of soup? . . . A shirt full of sawdust, packed
Tight about a frozen heart? . . . Hell, no; he thinks
He's a darned fine guy! and he means every promise he makes—
Means it as a promise, I mean. And that's just what I mean.*

X ANSELMO (to Merton)

*To enter into a state of grace with the avowed purpose of more poignantly
Experiencing a lapse from grace, is of course impossible.
Our Lord was the victim, mind you, never the butt
Of the unperceiving world.*

*Faith will not enter even for a moment's time the disingenuous heart, or be the tool of crafty enter-
prise.*

*Believing nothing, believing no longer even in yourself, your witticism
Gone sour on your tongue before the serene and implacable beauty of the Mass,
Aware that in the presence of duplicity, because of you, the drama,
Sacred to the single-hearted all about you in that place, of the anguish suffered
For the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ their Lord, was being celebrated, shame
Would rise from your sickened breast into your hot cheek, and your repentance
Would precede your sin and become, as like as not,
Your initial act of Faith.*

*Strange, that a man who would not play with fire, will play with God!
You run grave risk, my friend, of being scorched by Faith.*

XI RICARDO

*It is I who have faith, not John, and not you, Anselmo.
You are doubters both; you are forever thrusting your fingers into the wounds.
The Church has built up a ritual so elaborate that the humble person,
Hurrying from Mass to market, has no time to doubt.
But you have time; Pascal had time; you all have time
Who have time to think.
Your Church is built upon a rock of doubt—on three
Denials and twelve hearts of little faith.*



*What a man believes, he lives with quietly.
They build*

*No Church upon the daily rising of the sun, who howl not
With terror while the dragon eats the sun.*

*As for me, I am on a ship in midocean; my vision extends outward
Like the spokes of a wheel, five miles in all directions to a round horizon;
And beyond that horizon is Mystery.
It has no face; it is not faceless; it is not conscious; it is not unconscious: it is Mystery.
I believe in the existence of that, the nature of whose existence
I cannot apprehend; for I am not equipped with the organ of apprehension
(Nor was ever a man so equipped)
In that dimension.*

*It is you, Anselmo, who are stiff-necked and arrogant, not I;
It is you who refuse to submit your will.
You cannot conceive that there might be that of which you cannot conceive; you are arrogant;
You endow all things with human attributes; you do not hesitate
To call the inconceivable "Father."
In vain do you strike your breast; in vain do you say
In a humble voice, "Domine, non sum dignus,"
Whose arrogance knows no bounds; who have presumed to name
A mystery "God" and give it a bride and a child.*

XII JOHN

*It is not arrogance, Ricardo, it is utter
 Terror and loneliness
 That drive a man to address the Void as "Thou."
 Man cannot breathe in an atmosphere that neither pities nor condemns.
 This Life, this All-I-Have, my treasure,
 Is it indeed in a dark unfathomed cave that it sends forth its purest ray serene?—
 No ray, then, nullified by darkness, never seen?
 It is against the nature of a man, it is against his deepest instinct to accept
 That his articulate mouth in anguish to the earless Inconceivable speaks on and on,
 That his tremendous, his important struggle to be kind, to be wise,
 Is witnessed by no eyes,
 And if he broke, or kept
 With fortitude his proud and arduous vow
 Not only does not matter here and now
 But never mattered, nor ever will, and so he lives and dies.
 And is not even gone
 From where he never was—though there he lies.*

*Has not the elaborate cunning of this torture over and over stated
 That though he is not loved, though he will never rise
 Out of the grave, he has at least been hated?*

* * * * *

XVIII RICARDO

*Let us not hope to survive the other sheep, the other weasels; surely the wild boar
 Is chiefest among swine, and should outlive us by a wide margin.*

*Let us not hope to survive the monkey and the beaver: these too have built bridges and dams.
 The salmon too can mount the rivers; the eagle too can fly.*

The bee and the ant, with their intricate, ordered societies—let us not hope to survive them.

*Not so strong as the lion, nor so beautiful as the leaping
 Antelope is man.*

*With what shall we pay our entrance into an exclusive
 Paradise, from which the beaver and the ant are barred?
 With a non-functioning excellence, an atrophied
 Superiority?
 With this vestigial Mind?*

*O Reason! O ill-starred!
 Our single talent! We have buried you in a mole's house, chuckling
 That the mole was blind.*

*Let us abdicate now; let us disintegrate quietly here, convivially imbibing
 The pleasanter poisons.*

* * * * *

XXXIV CARL (to Merton)

*Don't worry, we can work it out, we're quite as brainy as you,
And we've no mental alimony to pay to an incompatible Ideal. . . .
That saps a man's resources.*

*A class that must daily construe
Its evil deeds in terms of righteousness has a part-time job to do
That will eventually exhaust it for the day.*

*The class that need not conceal
Either from the world or from itself what is its real
Objective proceeds at once from the will to the act, with no terrain
Of hilly evasion and swampy compromise to cross before it gain
Its goal.*

*Split men go forth to war in vain
Against the undivided. The flawed cannot defeat the whole.*

MERTON

*Interesting, of course, if true; but if true, then as true
Of the Hitlerite, and of the termite, as of you.*

RICARDO

*If, however, singleness of purpose and direct approach could contend
With deviousness and guile, we should not be here, my friend.*

*Sealed in Jurassic mortar the just bones repose
Of many a race that knew what it wanted and followed its nose.*

PYGMALION

Objection, your Honor!

RICARDO

*Objection sustained. Jura could tell
How in that closing fist were caught the conquered
And the conqueror as well.*

* * * * *

XLII PYGMALION

*The world stinks. It stinks like a dead cat under a doorstep. It stinks to hell.
Wherever I step I have to hold my nose, the world stinks so.
I can't get to windward of the stink, there's not a breath of air
Stirring, just a big stink squatting under the hot sky.*

JOHN

Pyg, you're drunk.

PYGMALION

*You bet I'm drunk. Do you think I don't know
Which side my gin is bittered on? Have you had a good whiff
Of this stinking world, and still you want to stay sober?*

* * * * *

XLVII RICARDO

It is difficult to dramatize the liberal attitude; therefore we have no following.

*Our flag,
Unless it flap at half-mast, floats too high
For the crude of vision to perceive.
We weave
No pattern of uniformed men in the shape of our emblem; we sing no lusty song; we have no battle cry.
Bright color and insistent noise attract
The multitude, without whose perilous favor
We may exist, but cannot act.
The simple man wants food, and wants to fight and sing.
How shall the thoughtful, the unshouted thing
Prevail with him? Though it should feed him better than ever he was fed before,
Offering no outlet for his intense but simple spirit's need, no marching,
Monotonous . . . hypnotic; no dances easy to learn;
It offers him food, and nothing more.*

*Only by self-defilement could a liberal party earn
A place among the branded herds; and to return
From shoddy years, from Avernus, is not easy. Caught
In the amorphous amber of vulgarity would sit at length,
Helpless and fossilized, the winged, the noble thought.
Vulgarity alone has strength.*

XLVIII JOHN

*If that were true,
Ricardo—and you will bear with me, for I am quoting you—
We should not now be here.
Not through the headlong, indiscriminate advance
Of unicellular minds, nor yet through the adroit
Juxtapositions of sardonic Chance
Do those great miracles appear
Which all men use, and better their condition by; and though they are unaware
To what extent superior is that egregious force, or with characteristic debonair
Assurance give it no thought at all, yet the egregious force is there,
Feeding the herd that otherwise would go,
Starving, in search of grass in exhausted pastures where it has ceased to grow.*

*The liberal, the deliberate, the low of voice
Might well adopt by choice
And charter what is their fitting and historic role:
These are the whisperers-together, these from all time*

*Have been the angelic spies in the loud councils of the confident lost,
The insidious lobby, plausibly in terms of saving and cost
Planting the untemporal seed; the insistent leaven
That leavens the reluctant whole.*

* * * * *

LIII MERTON (to Carl)

*You speak, my friend, in most ecstatic terms
Of life upon this negligible sphere;
An excellent protein, doubtless, for the worms
Is man, but food for thought . . . are you sincere?
It's true, at times a not inglorious figure
Leaps to a wave-crest and harangues the waves:
The Ship of State sails on, from fore to jigger
Her dirty decks aswarm with thieves and slaves.*

*I must confess, these recent altercations
Within the Left, between the Left and Right,
Have nipped somewhat my autumn aspirations
Toward Comradship—a budded thing, though slight.
Now, for your borsch of bullet-lead and jam
I would not give a tax-exempted damn.*

* * * * *

LVIII CARL (to Merton)

*You, an individual . . . you, you regimented mouse?
You Harvard Club, Union Club, white tie for the opera, black tie for the theater,
Trouser-legs a little wider this year, sir,
I would suggest dark blue instead of black, sir,
Pumps are no longer worn, sir,
Mahjong, cross-word, anagram, backgammon, whist, bridge, auction, contract, regimented mouse!
Why, you're so accustomed to being flanked to right and left by people just like yourself
That if they ever should step aside you couldn't stand up!*

*No, that's the least of your troubles, my beamish boy.
We know what you'd skinny up a tree with if the jabberwocky came—
Unless it was too heavy to climb with, in which case you'd
Stay on the ground tugging at it until you were clawed to death.*

*The trouble is, you are regimented to no purpose:
Millions of you in your golf-stockings goose-stepping nowhere.*

*You, an individual?
You salad for luncheon, soup for dinner,
Maine for summer, Florida for winter,
Wife-pampering dog-worshiper!*

"Mertie, I believe I left my knitting in the living room."

(Well, what the hell's that to me?—Are you paralyzed?) You don't say it though.

"Mertie, we're having dinner to-night with the Doolittle-Doolesses."

(Like hell we are) You are though.

"Damn it all, has that dog of yours got to have the only chair in the room where there's a light you can read by?"

Answer is, yes.

Knit, knit,

Read in the dark.

House full of dogs' chairs,

Cadillac full of dogs' hairs.

"Mertie, don't you think you ought to take the dogs out?"

Millions of you taking the dogs out, standing respectfully

Waiting, while they mess up the sidewalks.

Oh, sweet, mild night! . . . Park Avenue deserted, and the moon shining down

On all the little dog-heaps.





SHENANDOAH, PENNSYLVANIA

THE STORY OF AN ANTHRACITE TOWN

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

YEARS ago someone with imagination surveyed the wild and gloomy character of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania and said that if one stood on the crest of the Alleghenies and looked eastward, he might see not hills and valleys, but long rolling breakers of stony surf, petrified waves a thousand feet high. In the trough of one of these waves lies the coal-mining town of Shenandoah. This is the story of Shenandoah—a story that reflects the rise, power, and decline of a great industry.

The traveler, looking down from Bear Ridge, can see a large hummock thrown up on the valley floor; Shenandoah is on the hummock. The houses are huddled and crowded together, the roofs close, sloping gradually to a rounded peak at the top of the hummock, with only the Latin crosses and the bulbous Greek Catholic domes rising above the town. In the rain and mist of an autumn twilight the prospect is strange and forbidding. Ordinary life is concealed; the winking lights of a distant breaker are foggy, the rumbling of the machinery is dulled. The road down from the Ridge is steep and winding, and over the precipitous edge a blackened colliery can be seen, shut down now, all dark and still.

The road goes on down the mountain, reaches the valley, and then begins to rise toward the hummock and the town. On the right is the Shenandoah City Colliery, also closed down. It was painted red once, but the coal has blackened it

and now, with a thousand window lights smashed, the dark mountains of culm behind it, it is a wild ruin. There isn't a light or a puff of smoke. The great stacks are rusted, the engine room is shut up. On a spur track that runs up to the breaker are four empty Reading coal cars, but the tracks are rusted too. On the town side runs a little stream of blackened water overhung with blackened willow trees, and between the stream and the breaker the weeds grow up. The only person to be found near this Melrose Abbey is an old watchman who smokes a foul-smelling pipe and, like his charge, is sullen and without speech.

The road rises a few feet more and then enters Shenandoah, a memorial to the age of rampant industry. Pottsville, the county seat, may lay some claim to elegance. There, in the early day, the coal operators built their mansions; many are still standing. The burial ground, which the town now surrounds, has bending trees, an ornamental gateway. The winding streets give an impression of wealth. The Civil War memorials, the shaft to Henry Clay, the huge old courthouse looking down from its steep height on the town, the red sandstone Gothic jail, dating from the fifties, the river and the mountains with their green that push right into the town—all are solid, satisfied. There the amenities of life had a chance. But not so in Shenandoah. Here there is no concession to æsthetics. This is and has been a mining town, where the work

is done. Most of the wealth has gone elsewhere; what trade there is here depends on miners' wages. The houses along these steep streets are and always have been miners' dwellings. Most acutely the traveler feels that he is standing on a battlefield, and that is almost an exact statement of the case. For seventy-five years this has been a battleground and it still is.

Much of the town dates from the great fire of '83. The general impression of the place, despite new store fronts, is that of a town of the eighties grown old and dingy. Main and Centre Streets are the principal thoroughfares, and the buildings clustering round their intersection tell the story. Max Levit's haberdashery is in an old three-storey red-brick building with a white cornice. Across Main Street is the Ferguson Hotel, a gray-brick building, with the damp and musty odor that forever hangs round small-town taverns. On the northeast corner is the five-storey limestone Shenandoah Trust Building; but the depression disposed of the Trust Company, and now the banking room is occupied by Stief's Cut Rate Drug and Quick Lunch.

Aside from some packing plants and a shirt factory or two, established when factory labor laws drove the business away from New York, there is no industry here except coal. It is coal that makes this town live and breathe. Stand in any street and look down it, the sole prospect is coal—railroad tracks, culm piles, breakers, and the mountains rising up behind them. Dingy the town may be but not desolate. The wild and almost melodramatic character of the region, the dark mountains that wall the place in, the very place names—Raven Run, Dark Water, Ellengowan—combine with the mines and the miners to give an impression of strong, restless, flesh-and-blood life.

The streets—some paved with cobbles, some with crumbled macadam, and some only dirt—are pitched at crazy angles. Where the land has caved, the houses are jacked up with the front steps at the street level and the back porch twenty and

thirty feet above ground. The vacant lot where once John Mitchell addressed the miners is now a rocky hollow where boys shoot craps. Down the dirt path comes a priest, umbrella in one hand, the other lifting his gown out of the puddles. The Catholics, Greek and Roman, predominate, and their huge, ugly churches are at every hand. St. Michael's Greek Catholic Church, a big, gray structure with Byzantine domes, overawes this part of town with hideousness. Behind it is a dirt alley, crowded with miners' houses. Down past Sakalosky's garage, five children are crowded on a doorstep, quarrelling over a division of penny candy. A young Polish girl of perhaps eighteen, her blond hair in curl papers, shod in black-satin mules with pink ostrich pompons and dressed in a wrapper, is picking her way through the wet to the corner grocery.

Two blocks away, the Zaleskis' kitchen is in an uproar. It's Labor Day and raining, so the holiday is off, and instead there will be a beer drinking in the basement. Old man Zaleski, who came from Poland in '93, sits near the stove. He has wiry gray hair, almost white, and a heavy black mustache. When he greets a visitor he gets up gravely and says "How do you do" in a soft guttural and then goes back into his silence. His eyes are gentle and he is kind with the children, but he is tired and glad enough for the warmth and that his mining days are over. Sometimes though he will wake in the morning at the whistle and, so strong is the instinct, half turn to get out of bed before he remembers that he will never go down in the cage again and that he has seen the last of a gangway. There is not much left in his age but cigarettes, which he likes, and perhaps the contemplation of a life that goes back and back to the day when he was called up from his gray Polish prairie to serve his time in the Tzar's army.

Leo, with whom he lives, is the youngest of his sons and a miner like the rest. He never knew Poland; he went to school in Shenandoah. Tall and blond, he has no accent. He talks Polish to please his

father, but not otherwise. In the grandchildren, save for the tow hair and blue eyes, the Pole has vanished.

Uptown, things are booming. Even this early, since it is a holiday, the saloons are running full blast. On all four corners at Main and Centre, groups of men are lounging about. Some of the younger miners wear blue wool jackets with zipper fasteners and snappy bow ties. One man is dressed up in a blue suit with a fawn-colored shirt and a light cap. He has straight black hair and a swarthy skin; alien still and his clothes uneasy. But the young Pole—call him that for identification—beside him in gray flannel pants and a white pullover sweater isn't an alien, and there's nothing alien about the young bucks in the pool room over the way. In the pool room window is a blackboard and on one side are painted in white letters a list of the collieries, "working" or "idle," in the region roundabout: Kehley Run, Locust Gap, Bear Valley, Alaska, Mahanoy City, Potts, Packer No. 5, Raven Run, and many more. Any miner can pass by and at a glance know what is doing in the valley.

From the north end of the town, where the mountain rises abruptly once more, the picture is complete. There is the town on its hummock; away over ahead is the road that climbs Bear Ridge and winds through the little coal towns, over the hills, to Pottsville, the county seat. Below on every hand are the collieries and toward the southeast, the huge new St. Nicholas Breaker. In and out, criss-cross, all over the valley, thread the railroad tracks—Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania, and the Reading. On a wet night all this vanishes. Through the mist come foggy lights and wisps of smoke from mines that are working, while nearer at hand the dim gaunt shapes of abandoned breakers rear up in the dark like ruined fortresses. That is Shenandoah.

II

The history of Shenandoah is bound up with the career of Franklin B. Gowen.

In Gowen were brought together forces that influenced and altered the whole history of the anthracite region. He died, a suicide, nearly fifty years ago, but his name still lives in Shenandoah.

The son of a prosperous merchant of Philadelphia, Gowen—like Morgan, Hill, Rockefeller, and many another ambitious young man—could see small opportunity in the Union Army for him to get on in the world. In 1862, being then twenty-five years old, he was elected District Attorney of Schuylkill County at the southern end of the anthracite country, a very small domain of four hundred and eighty-four square miles in the eastern part of Pennsylvania where practically all of the hard coal of North America is confined. Coal was known there before the Revolution, but it was not until the second quarter of the nineteenth century that the rush and the speculation began. There were thousands then who participated in the mad scramble. With the Civil War the demand skyrocketed and fortunes were made. It was just about this time, 1866, that the borough of Shenandoah was incorporated.

The industrial era was beginning. A wilderness of natural wealth was spread out before a nation hardly conscious of its riches. Resourceful men, untroubled with scruples and reckless of social consequences, could snatch prizes—and did. Young Gowen was spirited and he was ambitious; the peach was on the bough, the oyster open before his eyes. And he reached out to snatch. In 1864 his energy was known; his appointment as counsel to the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad gave him his opportunity.

This railway, chartered in 1833, had thrust itself up from Philadelphia to Reading and on into the coal region, where it spread out, pushing its branches up the valleys and absorbing other little railroads. In those days there were hundreds of coal operators scattered about over the mountainsides and through the hollows. There were other railroads in the anthracite, but in this domain it was largely the Philadelphia and Reading

that carried the coal. If ever there was an ideal prospect for a monopoly it was here. How would it be if the operators were dispensed with and the Reading owned not only the road but the very freight it carried, the coal itself? Gowen was entranced with the prospect and so were the Reading stockholders. In 1870, at thirty-three, he was elected president of the road and set about the business in hand.

To accomplish his ambitious scheme Gowen had to do two things: he had to get his hands on the coal lands and he had to get the miners under a firm control. He succeeded; in the end, though the road was mortgaged to the hilt, it had the coal, and the miners were prostrate. And as one of the results of his efforts, young Gowen set a wall round Shenandoah, set metes and bounds and determined the environment in which thousands of men and women should live and in which other thousands of children yet unborn must grow up. It was what these men and women—miners and their wives—did about it that made Shenandoah and the wild country roundabout a battleground.

Most of the obligations of the Reading were owned in England, and to the security holders there Gowen addressed himself. The British bankers could no more withstand the man's wooing than could the prudent and godly John Wanamaker of Philadelphia. In that era of gaudy, hideous display Gowen moved like a stage financier. He captivated the greedy and the skinflint. He could do anything. He was in life the novelist's idea of the gilded age; in him nature improved even upon art.

The admiration of the coal operators for Gowen was tintured with some doubt; he could honey them when calling for war on the miners, but in acquiring the coal lands he could squeeze them to the wall. If the operator were desperate for cars he might be informed that there were none available. If he had cars he might find freight rates trebled. Sometimes, so great was Gowen's headlong

rush, the operator found himself in a position to demand and get several prices for his mine. Within four years Gowen had acquired 100,000 acres of coal land and had spent \$40,000,000 in the process. Competition was ended, for the anthracite roads would act with him in concert and the few remaining independents were swung into line.

In a short time the Reading came to occupy a position of overpowering influence. "Although its [the Reading's] system is confined within a circle described by a radius of one hundred miles," said Gowen, "it moves far more tonnage than any railroad in the United States." It owned the railway, it owned the mines, it owned the telegraph lines, it controlled the iron works; often it owned the houses in which the miners lived and the stores in which they were forced to buy their food, and, just to keep things in order, it owned a police force. The presiding genius of this compact system, the man who gave the orders, was Gowen. Actually, he was the social trustee of a population of thousands. On occasion he would get aboard one of his own trains and go down to Harrisburg as the field general of the mining interests and the railways of Pennsylvania; he knew all about legislatures and had even assisted in writing the new State constitution. He was an ubiquitous character.

All this did not go unnoticed; the cry against monopoly has been heard in the anthracite region for more than one hundred years. Mr. Gowen heard himself and his road denounced before committees in the most blistering terms; through his doings his road had come in "like a cormorant to take that which other people had built." These castigations did not seem to trouble Gowen; he enjoyed the sensational. Upon occasion he would hire a theater and invite the stockholders thither and address them. Like an actor he would recount his combats with blood-thirsty miners and jealous bankers and stock gamblers and then have his orations published!

He was an able, bold, ingenious, talk-

ative, and showy plunger; a man of small intellect, he perceived the merit of organized monopoly purely in terms of private advantage. Tradition makes him say: "I'll turn Schuylkill County into a howling wilderness before I give in to the miners." What he did has shaped and straitjacketed the life and history of Shenandoah—and many another coal town—to this day. The town and its inhabitants, a little capital of great natural wealth, were in effect completely under the thumb of this man. What he did not control directly in mine and rail and otherwise, he controlled indirectly. On his decision, ultimately, rested the wages, the very life of thousands. Occasionally local politics got out of hand, but little else. What a day that was when he rode through the region in an engine cab, proudly defiant when along the way he was stoned, jeered, and cursed. The Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company at this moment perforce follows the path that Gowen marked out. He has an interesting memorial. Once long ago his cook, a young Irish girl, married and went to live in Shenandoah. Mr. Gowen presented the bride with two ottomans, and in the front parlor of the bride's son, now approaching age himself, they remain. Two ottomans are what Mr. Gowen gave Shenandoah in exchange for what he took away!

Who were the miners? They were all native-born Americans in the beginning; but the demand for skilled men became so intense that the English and Welsh miners came over in great numbers. They were hardy types, with ideas about independence. Their religion was one of Baptist meeting houses and prayer. On their heels, after the potato famine of '47, came a flood of Irish, young, hardy, and truculent. America was the land of liberty; they would have it.

Then they found the English and the Welsh already in the mines, regarded as the most valuable of all the coal diggers because of their skill. This meant that the Irish as unskilled labor were given the lowest pay and heaviest work. What

would have galled them in any event now appeared intolerable on account of race feeling. Reared from childhood in hatred of the British oppressor, they found him still on their necks. To this feeling the English and the Welsh replied in kind. The Irish, fighting back, turned to organization and to politics.

Round about Shenandoah and the other little towns were the coal patches. Clustering near the breakers were wretched one- and two-room hovels, thrown together from cheap pine, seamed with cracks open to the cold, the broken window sashes stuffed with old petticoats. In such dwellings Denis McCann and Angus Lloyd and Ivor Jones and the rest lived and raised families of ten children—and let them all be boys! At eight or nine the little boys entered man's estate and became slate pickers, rising before dawn and working until nightfall, always under the shadow of the terrible chute boss with his club.

At nightfall the miner made his first stop at the saloon if his tick was good. A round of grog, the miner who had fought at Gettysburg quarrelling with the miner who had been at Chancellorsville, mine gossip, wages, and how much longer was a miner to cut his timber after his day's work was done, and are we men!—and would the Hibernians parade at Mahanoy City or here in Shenandoah this Patrick's Day, and so Galvin was an Orangeman, was he, the bastard, and so at last home to the shanty and the wife who was waiting to wash her man's back and give him supper and bear him a child each year.

They were a haughty lot and their pride sprang in part from their skill, their indifference to danger, and the fact that once a miner was underground and working at the breast, no man was his boss. It was up to the miner to fire the shots, to use the most delicately exact skill in placing the timber. The work required an alert mind and great physical strength; the miner had them both and he was quite willing to admit it. The pitching coal veins made the work never the same;

sometimes erect, sometimes on his knees, sometimes on his side or back, the miner worked in an endless night, a soft black velvet darkness, with only the light of his miner's lamp to see by. The mine enfolded these men in her dark embrace, and in return the miners gave her a strange devotion. They might war with the operator but they were wedded to coal and the mine. Blindness and broken backs, sudden death from gas or fire or rockfall, slow death from miner's consumption, or an asthmatic quaking old age—the prospect of none of these things could kill off their attachment. To see in 1936 a miner at a coal pile bend over and pick up a handful and then say "Beautiful stuff, beautiful stuff," is to get a stray flash of this feeling. In many ways these men were as intense individualists as ever lived; it was the mine that held them together.

Years before they had stumbled toward the idea of a union (the first coal strike in America occurred near Shenandoah in 1842) and the influence of the mine itself, the close interdependence of all who worked underground, served to make them act as one. It would be inaccurate to say that the miner's attitude toward the union resembled that of the Roman toward the citizenship, but the feeling invoked is as powerful and as subtle. To utter the word is to touch a vital nerve. The union may be hoary with age, may be wrecked with faction, officials may be corrupt, a miner's card may have lapsed years ago, he may be a stalwart or a renegade, he may be a judge on the bench after a slate picker's childhood, he may have quit the mines and the region—it makes no difference. Under all these ashes the idea of the union is still a live coal.

In 1864 a young miner of St. Clair, a coal town nearby, began the first sustained effort to organize the miners. His name was John Siney. Irish-born, young, over six feet, magnetic, he achieved considerable success. Aided by the rise of war prices for coal, he built his forces, and when the inevitable slump came he was

able to hold wages somewhere near in line. No more profound than Gowen, he did grasp the importance of economic pressure. It was with this man that Gowen now prepared to fight. The miners knew the fight was coming. An itinerant versifier of the day put it thus:

They met each night and discussed the news,
Opinions gave and made comments
Of the acts of Siney, Gowen, Grant,
The three then ruling presidents.

Yet racial feeling muddled the water and confused the miners. A young Irish miner, sparking his girl, might stop at Dillman's Garden on Main Street. A young Welsh miner is there with his girl also. A word, a look, a gibe, and a fight has started with glassware flying through the air, bystanders yelling, and gunplay or knives a possible finish. Shenandoah lived in the taut atmosphere of Deadwood or Virginia City during the gold rush. This state of affairs made Siney's progress with the union difficult. The Irish formed the most militant element, and this quality he valued, but he dreaded guerilla fights. The combination of race feeling, discrimination in the mines, wretched wages, and hot temper had already caused numbers of the Irish to start the fight against the operators on their own account.

III

Not many years before, an American branch of the fraternal Ancient Order of Hibernians—a benevolent society of the usual sort—had been set up in New York. This order in due time established lodges in the anthracite region, and from its Irish membership—it was later charged—there sprang still another organization which took on the mixed complexion of early Nihilist terrorists, a frontier vigilance committee, and Tammany Hall. They were known as the Molly Maguires, and Shenandoah was one of their strongholds.

It is sixty years since Franklin B. Gowen broke the Mollies and even now it is difficult to come at the truth about them. Nothing in our history quite parallels

their career. It is significant, however, that to this day among the older Irish in the Shenandoah region the mere mention of the name calls forth reminiscence bitter as gall. The charge that the Mollies were connected with the Hibernians was never proved. The Mollies who were convicted and executed never confessed the murders of which they were accused. Much that was written at the time about them was vicious and distorted; in later years attempts have been made to present them as gallant heroes in the class struggle. Neither version is true. Careful investigation long ago led to the conclusion that if Gowen had been able to keep up his coal tonnage at low cost the "outrages" would not have bothered him. Life in the region was accustomed to violence and sudden death; terrible mine accidents were constant, so were saloon brawls and killings. But if Gowen could, by a campaign against the Mollies, involve Siney and the union, then his fight was won. And that is what happened.

This appears to be the story: In retaliation for discrimination in the mines, the Irish embarked on a violent course. The body of an English or Welsh mining boss would be found at the bottom of an abandoned shaft or a horse would turn in at a familiar house, reins in the dirt, the buggy empty, with the dead driver on the ground a mile away by a turn in the lonely road. Presently any violence would be laid at the door of the Mollies and the Irish. Things were at this stage when on the 10th of February, 1874, a young Irishman named James McKenna arrived in Shenandoah.

He found friends at Muff Lawler's saloon on Coal Street, presently became popular for his skill in rough and tumble fighting, his repertoire of songs, jigs, and breakdowns, and his capacity for rot-gut whiskey. Within two months McKenna became a member of the Mollies, taking oath on his knees in the presence of Lawler, the bodymaster of the local chapter. He speedily proved his merit and became known in Shenandoah and the county as one of the most active of the Mollies.

Word would come from over the mountains that a mining boss was marked for death. Two strangers were wanted for the job. It was up to McKenna's organization or some other one in the valley to furnish the men. This exchange device was used to avoid recognition and increased the mystery that surrounded the Mollies.

At this moment—December, 1874—Gowen came to grips with Siney and his union. Previous struggles were only preliminaries; this was to be decisive. Gowen vowed that the union must be obliterated and to that end, set up the Coal and Iron Police and brought in Pinkerton men to officer them. One by one the mines at Shenandoah shut down; all work ceased. Day after day, week after week, month after month the feeling grew tighter and tighter in the dark, winter-blocked valley. There were outbreaks and on one occasion Shenandoah was in the possession of a mob. But there was a limit and hunger finally did its work; the miners' ranks wavered and broke and the strike collapsed. Siney, worn out with strain and disappointment, did not long survive; the union was broken. Gowen had spent, or so he said, four million dollars to do it. The ranks of the Coal and Iron Police—the Coalies—were kept intact and for more than a generation were a terror in the region.

But resistance was not quite over, for from the Mollies came one last convulsive effort. In September, 1875, a mining boss was killed just over the county line by two Mollies from Tamaqua, a town not far from Shenandoah. The Mollies fled over the hills, but they had been seen and recognized, the news clicked off the wires at Tamaqua, and when bedraggled and soaked with perspiration they reached home they were seized, put aboard a coal train, and rushed back over the county line.

Then something very queer happened. When the Mollies were indicted and brought to trial the defense found that every day its moves had been anticipated. Somebody was giving information. The

verdict was guilty in the first degree, and the panic of the Mollies turned into a rout. Going up to Girardville on the train, John Kehoe, the most influential Molly in the county, was beckoned aside by the conductor and told that McKenna, the secretary of the Shenandoah lodge, was a spy. Kehoe realized the Mollies' peril and demanded McKenna's instant death. Realizing his peril, McKenna vanished. Wholesale arrests waited only for a signal; it came. Captain Alderson, of the Coal and Iron police, "strolled into the telegraph office" and sent this message to his men throughout the region: "Spring the trap."

Spring came on. The country was about to celebrate the centennial of its independence at Philadelphia, to announce to the world that America had come of age. The Corliss engine, the largest ever built, would prove our mechanical pre-eminence; the orchestra of Theodore Thomas and Patrick Gilmore's band would show that we had not neglected the arts. If any of the visitors to the exposition had wished to see at first hand an exhibit of our social progress they could have done so by taking a short ride from Philadelphia up to Pottsville. For there on the 4th of May, 1876, the Mollies were brought to trial.

From Shenandoah and all the other coal towns the miners and their wives and children came to crowd the courtroom. There were many sensations but the greatest of all was provided by the president of the Philadelphia and Reading, Franklin B. Gowen, who appeared as chief counsel for the Commonwealth and put upon the stand James McKenna. His real name, it appeared, was McParlan; he was a Pinkerton detective. Three years before he had been hired by Gowen and sent into the region. He had joined the Mollies, become a bosom companion of many of them, a power in the organization; now he was to betray the whole wretched story of their hopeless, violent resistance.

On the bench were the presiding judge and his associates. Below was Mr. Gowen, resplendent in evening dress; on

the stand was the detective. In cross examination the lawyers for the defense asked the detective about a meeting at which the accused had arranged a murder. "Were there other persons present than those you have named?" asked the defense. "If so, who were they?" Mr. Gowen directed the witness not to answer the question. Being asked by the Court to state his reasons for this objection, he turned toward the crowded gallery and said, "We object, because the answer to this and similar questions might defeat the ends of justice. There are others besides these persons, some of whom are now present in this room—who ought to be, but are not yet, in the hands of the officers of the law. We object to giving them the notice which may enable them to escape!"

Only fragments of reminiscence recall the blind hatred with which the miners looked down at this man. Gowen, Gowen, forever Gowen. Wherever they turned Gowen stopped the way. A miner worked for Mr. Gowen in the mine, paid two prices at Mr. Gowen's stores, paid Mr. Gowen rent, lived under the shadow of Mr. Gowen's police, and when he went to town rode on Mr. Gowen's railroad. The spy in their midst had been Mr. Gowen's agent working for Mr. Gowen's money, and when they were finally brought to trial, there was Mr. Gowen himself to demand vengeance upon them. When at last the trials were over and there were hangings in three countyseats on a single day, Mr. Gowen's special trains were waiting at the station to carry away the bodies brought from the gallows in coffins "of the best material and workmanship." This was the price that Shenandoah paid in order that Mr. Gowen should get on in the world. They are paying for it yet.

There is a little more to say about Gowen. In the end he overreached himself; there were limits beyond which his glowing arguments could not carry him. The debt of the Reading mounted, the British bankers deserted him, there were two receiverships, and in '85 Gowen was forced out. He retired to private prac-

tice as a corporation lawyer and prospered. But something was wrong and on the 14th of December, 1889, he locked himself in a hotel room in Washington and put a bullet through his head. No reason for it was ever found, but the miners of Shenandoah made up a reason of their own and handed it down to their children—remorse!

IV

Then the Slavs came. Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Lithuanians, Russians, Croats—from the early '80's on they crowded in, straining the tight boundaries of the town to bursting. Roundabout everything belonged to the operators who would not sell the surface land, so that in the town the houses pushed up closer and closer, almost on top of one another, and with mingled rage and bewilderment McShanes and Lloyds found Kovaleskis and Ancerawiczs squeezing up to their back fences.

Some were short, round-headed, and dark, some were tall blond giants; all were hardy types. Into a community where Welsh meeting houses and Irish whiskey-drinking wakes had been the rule, the Slavs, both of Greek and Latin faiths, brought their own customs. They built in Shenandoah the first Greek Catholic church in America. Once mass was over, they regarded Sunday as a holiday for rejoicing, lager drinking, love-making, and general excitement. "It was terrible," said a Baptist deacon; "saloons full blast, singing and dancing everywhere. It was Sodom and Gomorrah revived."

They needed what release they could find, for never were newcomers given less hospitable a reception, not even the Irish a generation before. The newspapers abused them, complaining of the "mixed population with which we are afflicted"; in Main Street stores they were laughed at when in broken, guttural-choked English they tried to buy; they were stoned and their children tormented. Says an observer of the time, they were "cuffed

by jealous workmen and clubbed by greedy constables, exorbitantly fined by justices of the peace and unjustly imprisoned by petty officials; cheated of their wages and denied the rights of civilized men, driven to caves for shelter and housed in rickety shanties not fit to shelter cattle." But they survived; they were told that this was the Land of Promise and they proposed to possess it.

They were given the poorest paid work in the mine (they had been brought as "cheap labor") and aided partly by a powerful physique and partly by a stolid temperament, they held on. The experiences of the earliest comers are too grisly to recall. Such rigors killed the babies off like flies and brutalized many of the older ones. It is evidence of the bravery of these people that they got through it somehow and preserved in many an exuberant joy in living and a moving sweetness of character. They picked the huckleberries on the mountains behind Shenandoah, they were industrious gardeners and raised onions, cabbages, and potatoes. They kept pigs and made pickles, they consumed quantities of cheese. They were deliberate and careful—save when drunk when they fought like maniacs—and they watched what other people did. By degrees they got their mining papers. Not for them the easy-going ways of the Irish; the Slavs were so careful of the blasting powder, for which they had to pay so exorbitant a price, that they measured out each shot by the spoonful and then carefully saved the powder kegs.

Once, on the Fourth of July, there was a parade. A cask of lager was mounted on a wagon and hung with leaves. Over the cask leaned a young fellow with a garland of oak leaves round his neck and a goblet in his hand. Sitting down in the wagon was another young buck playing the accordion. Behind came the rest in force, parading for a block and then stopping to tap the cask. There were weddings that sometimes lasted three or four days, with dancing all night long, pitching coins in dishes to make a wed-

ding portion for the bride. Slowly, like the building up of a coral reef, these people put together a civilization. Against almost every obstacle that could be devised they pitted themselves and somehow got round it.

They displayed an extraordinary mimicry. In the schools the children excelled the English and the Irish in drawing and penmanship and mathematics; they were obedient but determined. The Slavs found the price of citizenship hoisted through the efforts of lawyers who saw easy pickings in this horde of newcomers and they met the legal fraternity on their own ground. The Slavs organized into political clubs and laboriously prepared for examination. Then they made bargains, agreeing to support the candidate who got them their naturalization. By 1900 almost two-thirds of Shenandoah was Slavic. In 1891 none of the twelve members of the city council was Slav; in 1902 five of them were. By the turn of the century they had elected a Polish burgess. They quarreled with no institution; they simply observed the institution carefully and then proceeded to absorb it, corruption and all.

In the end it was the mines that began to break down the barricades of jealousy and suspicion. When little Bratt Michalochik was killed, his coffin was followed through the streets by a silent procession of breaker boys; and English and Irish women, who had watched their own children borne through Shenandoah on the same terrible journey, would for an instant crowd close to the numb and bewildered mother. When the alarm whistle blew, the terror-stricken women fled to the mine together and forgot the hatred as they pressed against the ropes, waiting hour after hour for news from below. When at last the cage rose to the surface and one by one the bodies were lifted off, all bitterness dissolved. Whatever they may have been in life, in death there was no difference between George Skollar, Mike Brannan, and Jesse Brill. But perhaps the greatest single influence that

united the miners of Shenandoah was a man—perhaps it would be more accurate to say a name—John Mitchell.

V

How shall we unwrap the winding sheet of legend from Mitchell and find out what he really was? The dates are simple enough and can be stated thus: *John Mitchell, coal miner, born Braidwood, Illinois, 1870. In 1898, at twenty-eight, elected Vice President of the United Mine Workers of America. On the resignation of his superior, succeeded to the Presidency in the same year. Thereafter re-elected annually until 1908, when at thirty-eight he retired and severed active connection with the miners. Died 1919, age forty-nine. Buried near Scranton.* But none of these dates nor the documents either will explain the mystery of the man or make clear the doubts and torments of his troubled soul. In youth he was a thundering success; he died before he was fifty, frustrated and embittered. Why?

His memory is fading in Shenandoah, but among the middle-aged and the older miners, especially the Slavs, there is power in the name. With them Mitchell is remembered as still young—slender, dark, and handsome, with pale face and long black coat like a priest—just as he was when they first saw him. They have forgotten or never knew his frustration and his failures, they do not recall the bitter attacks. His name is spoken with emotion, sometimes even with tears. Johnny. Father. Johnny d'Mitch. The man has become a myth. They would still say, as a delegation of Slav miners said to him long ago: "Blessed be the day . . . when you came amongst us."

For in the end the Slavs—like the English and the Irish—met one wall they could not surmount—the coal operators. All real resistance had ended when Gowen broke the strike of '75; other attempts to organize failed, the flurry of the Knights of Labor passed over and was gone. The miners lived in a sort of twilight. It was

during these years that incidents accumulated that subsequently were to arouse and astound the country: the adventures of Andrew Chippie, twelve years old, whose pay of forty cents a day was credited against the debt of his father who had been killed in a mine accident; of James Gallagher, who worked for seventeen years and six months and never drew a cent of cash pay.

Meantime the Philadelphia and Reading had been going through a series of tortuous reorganizations. In 1901 George Baer—appointed counsel in 1870, the first year of Gowen's administration—became president. A dark man, with mustache and pointed beard and "almond eyes, like those of an Oriental," Baer was said to be more like Morgan than any other man with whom the banker associated. Baer esteemed himself as a scholar, as an authority on the history of Pennsylvania, and on occasion spoke at dinners. He was especially eloquent when he touched the sacred theme of Democracy.

Actually an intense and ruthless reactionary, he all but controlled an entire industry and one that was almost ossified in organization. The whole financial structure of the business was a crazy maze; the wage scales a conflict of contradictions. Not only were wages different in different collieries, but miners working side by side would earn different pay. In the mines of the other operators the situation was identical. The result of this hopeless confusion was to drive wages to the bottom or, as the saying went, "to mine the miners." Affairs had reached this pass, when in 1899 the convention of the United Mine Workers—representing the bituminous fields almost altogether—voted to organize the anthracite, and directed their young president to start the work. It wasn't altruism. Every time the soft-coal miners struck, an available supply of anthracite was a threat to their success.

As outriders, two able and energetic lieutenants, John Fahy and Miles Dougherty, went through the region in advance spying out the land. Then Mitchell him-

self came. The problem of combining Welsh, Irish, and Slav was staggering, so bitter was the feeling. It was solved thus: the English-speaking miners would have to carry on the work among themselves; Mitchell's own time was given to the Slavs. Day after day he made his way slowly through the region, explaining, explaining, explaining. Old Poles would listen open-mouthed. This youth sat down in their kitchens, he talked in their churches, he held meetings in the fields. In the gangway and at the breast the men talked of Mitchell all day long. When he came to Locust Gap, over the mountain from Shenandoah, the breaker boys crowded at his heels and caused such disturbance that the fathers ordered them home. This was a meeting for miners, for men not children. But Mitchell would not allow it; everyone who worked in a mine was in the same boat, no contract miner was more important than a slate picker. The response to this was an almost hysterical devotion from the boys. If you want to see how far this could go, go down to the anthracite and talk to some of the men who were slate pickers then.

The operators regarded this agitation with a glacial silence; there was no recognition of Mitchell, they were convinced that racial bitterness among the miners would make combination impossible. They were mistaken. A convention ordered the men out on the 17th of September, 1900, and with their hearts in their mouths, with twenty-five years of failure behind them, the men struck. The strike lasted six weeks, while Mark Hanna, who was running the Full Dinner Pail campaign for McKinley's re-election, grew more and more alarmed. Finally, in New York, Morgan spoke, and throughout the anthracite the operators posted about the breakers new terms that met the miners' revised demands. The men went back to work on the 29th of October; to this day the 29th is known as Mitchell Day and is a holiday throughout the anthracite.

Resumption of work was not the settlement of a strike but a truce. With all

speed the operators set about erecting stockades for the storage of coal; an elaborate spy system was installed in the mines. The national organization of the miners had authorized a strike if Mitchell failed to get a conference with the operators, and when at last the will of the Reading was known, when Baer informed Mitchell that anthracite mining was "a business, not a religious, sentimental, or academic proposition," Mitchell ended the truce. "The time for action has arrived," he told the convention. There was no excitement in Wall Street. John W. Bet-A-Million Gates, after a conversation with Morgan, offered to bet one hundred to one against a strike. But there was plenty of excitement in Shenandoah; more than Mitchell, it was the miners who relentlessly pushed on. On May 15, 1902, the great anthracite strike began. To people elsewhere it meant scareheads and a rise in the price of coal. To Shenandoah it was Gettysburg in their back yards.

VI

Early one morning Mrs. Krupa was in her parlor on her knees before an image of the Virgin, praying for the success of the strike. She was alone; all of her men were out on the picket line. Looking out of the window, she saw two men stealthily making their way up the street. Scabs on the way to the colliery! Like one possessed she rushed from the house, screaming at the men at the top of her lungs and calling upon a mythical crowd of miners in her house to hurry out and deal with the foul wretches. The men took one look at Mrs. Krupa, another at the house, and fled; the lady returned to her devotions. There were hundreds like her in Shenandoah, more determined, if that was possible, about the strike than the men. Mrs. McCann, who had cause to doubt her husband's fortitude, kept his clothes in the wash tub all the time lest he yield to temptation and try to go back to work.

The parades were constant. "We are slaves now but Mitchell will set us free"

said the banners. The Slavs, less excited than the others, had one eye on the calendar. It might be a long time before this fight was over. They cultivated their garden patches and their wives combed the mountains behind the town for huckleberries. Then the money began to run out.

The bituminous miners had promised large sums, but it was slow in coming. The great question was: Should the bituminous miners—and they represented the great bulk of the United Mine Workers—come out and thus tie up most of the coal in the country? It was debated furiously by the miners. They were getting hungry and their children hungrier. Once again they convened, and Mitchell argued that money was more important than a general strike, that the soft-coal miners must keep their contracts. It was a narrow squeeze but he was sustained. Huge sums were assessed on the soft-coal men to supply the anthracite war chest.

In Shenandoah the miners waited anxiously for Mitchell's coming. You may see him in the old photographs, riding up Main Street toward the vacant lot where he was to speak. Overhead, stretched across the street, is a huge banner: "Welcome to Our National President, Jno. Mitchell." On the sidewalks the people are jammed. The hero rides in a barouche with Big John Fahy—hero No. 2 with sweeping mustaches—beside him; there are cockades in the horses' bridles, there is a brass band—though you can't see it in the pictures—and beside the barouche, crowding close on either side, are the breaker boys, washed and scrubbed, in caps and knee pants. This pale-faced man belonged to them; they worked for a living at the mines, and this being descended from heaven, this man so close that they could touch him, had been a miner also; he was theirs! The cheers, they say, were hysterical; miners and their wives, some of them, sobbing with emotion. So the myth was made and the statue hoisted to its pedestal. Weary, tormented with doubt, the melancholy end of John Siney never far from his

thoughts, Mitchell stood on the rude platform looking out over the crowd and urged them to take heart and stand firm. Then it was time to go on to the next coal town and the next and the next and the next.

When he was gone the roused emotions subsided before the blunt fact of an empty pantry and children weakening under short rations and the terrific heat. Things grew steadily worse, feeling more bitter. Troops were already patrolling the region. Washington was roused; Henry Cabot Lodge got uneasy about the State elections in Massachusetts; there were more conferences in Wall Street. The Roman Church for the most part supported the strike; it was difficult to do otherwise when entire parishes were picketing. Feeling in Shenandoah was screwed tighter and tighter. Then the storm broke.

One night late in July, Joseph Beddal, a local hardware merchant, tried to smuggle firearms into the Reading Station where a deputy and two scabs were besieged. The fury of the miners, so long restrained, broke all bounds. They set upon the man with clubs and beat him to death. Then the town boiled over—became, in effect, half crazed—and troops were sent for. For the first time since the Mollies, Shenandoah was on the front page of every daily newspaper. Mitchell exhorted the men to stand firm, no matter what the provocation. But how long, how long? By August morale was sinking fast. If, at that moment, the operators had opened the mines, the strike would have collapsed. But the moment passed and then a small thing helped to turn the tide. It was a letter.

In July a man named Clark had written to President Baer, urging him to settle the strike. Baer replied, and in August his letter was made public:

Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company
President's Office
Reading Terminal, Philadelphia

My dear Mr. Clark:

I have your letter of the 15th instant.

I do not know who you are. I see that you

are a religious man; but you are evidently biased in favor of the right of the working man to control a business in which he has no other interest than to secure fair wages for the work he does.

I beg of you not to be discouraged. The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for—not by the labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of this country, and upon the successful management of which so much depends.

Do not be discouraged. Pray earnestly that right may triumph, always remembering that the Lord God Omnipotent still reigns and that his reign is one of law and order and not of violence and crime.

Yours truly,

Geo. F. Baer, President.

The publication of the letter was followed by a chorus of hoots and catcalls from all over the country; from then on feeling grew steadily for the miners. Winter was coming and coal in New York was \$20 a ton. Finally, on the 13th of October, Morgan and Robert Bacon went to the White House to announce the capitulation of the operators; they would arbitrate. Many of the miners were loath to consent. They had their second wind now and were ready to fight to a finish, but Mitchell refused. They had agreed to accept arbitration; now they had it. In convention once more, the miners upheld his decision, and on the night of October 21st a thousand breaker boys with burning lamps paraded the streets of Shenandoah in celebration of the victory. Two days later the miners went back to work and the strike of 1902 was over.

It was over, and in one sense Mitchell was all done also. At thirty-two he had reached the summit of his fame and from then on it was a long, slow decline until death. With the miners at the point of desperation, Mitchell had caught them up when the country was going through a wave of prosperity. The man's youth and brilliance met their opportunity. He was as much an anomaly among the pot-bellied horse-trading labor leaders as he was among the business men and the bankers who did business with those leaders. Year by year, after the first successes,

his problems became more complicated and onerous. His policy in the Colorado coal strike was bitterly attacked. He began to drink hard, not for pleasure, but to blunt the gnawings of his bitterness and doubt. Then, worn out at thirty-eight, he threw up the sponge and quit.

Afterward, in his last years, he used to go down alone to walk in the slums of New York, fearful lest he lose association and understanding with the poor. But the times were out of joint, he was bewildered and tired, he had neither philosophy nor flaming vision to sustain him. The way grew darker and darker; brooding, confused, and embittered, far from the miners to whom in sentiment he was always bound, he died suddenly in 1919.

A startled country discovered that Mitchell had left behind him a quarter of a million dollars, accumulated, apparently, through speculation during the War. It was the last hopeless irony of Mitchell's life. The money had given him slight satisfaction; it blighted the memory of his best years. Radicals, who had always fought him bitterly, charged that the money was loot gained in betrayal of the miners. No evidence to support this has been found. At the height of his power Mitchell was called in incendiary and a revolutionist. The truth was that he was an extreme conservative; he reiterated his belief that capital and labor could lie down together. His powers of analysis were not deep, but he was honest and a hard worker and his heart was with the miners. He simply wanted them "to get their share." Beyond this he could not go, either in understanding, or in will. He went so far as he could and then stopped—forever, eaten in his heart by the knowledge that something was wrong with his success and that for him there was no answer. But the old miners of Shenandoah will not tell you this; the gold on the hero's image may be dim but it is not defaced.

VII

The victory of the miners in 1902 was not a clean sweep, but it was a great vic-

tory none the less. They made substantial gains and one thing the strike did do: it institutionalized the conflict that had been going on for two generations; it became an established union pitted against the operators. With some changes that is the state of affairs to-day. Underneath all the surface life of Shenandoah has been the restless moving back and forth of these forces.

For the most part the racial bitterness has gone—it was the Slavs who went through 1902 like iron men and nobody forgot it—though division lines are still faintly shown. "The Russian people," says a Pole, "are giving a dance over at Kulpmont." To look at Shenandoah now is like seeing a great stratified cliff, with layer upon layer of races and bloods laid down by succeeding waves of immigration. Viewed chronologically, this cliff shows at the bottom a layer of English, Welsh, and German stocks. Next above comes a broad belt of Irish; and on the top, a huge stratum of Russians, Poles, and Lithuanians and their descendants, the bulk of the town. Sprinkled upon this sedimentary formation are a few Spanish and Portuguese, the last arrivals of all. Upon this cliff the influence of the mine and the miners' interests and associations have acted with volcanic pressure and have mixed and mingled the bloods.

If the business community regards the miners with some condescension, it is returned with interest; the miner's pride is often awe-inspiring. If there is anything in the belief that "get the hell out of my way" is an American trait, then the miner has it in large. At a district convention of his union, a miner's proper credentials were not recognized by an official who didn't like him. The delegate settled this promptly by tearing the shirt and collar off the official; tactics of this kind pleased the other delegates, gave savor to the session, and disposed of the credentials question. It is fair to say that the instinct to take a sock is in the blood. Once aroused, a miner generally proceeds to action and it isn't strange that his in-

dustrial disputes have been bloody; he and his kind are not disposed to lie down. In Shenandoah, it is true, since 1902 strikes have been peaceful for the most part. The mines shut down and nobody works until some agreement has been reached.

The miners have been called sentimental and it is true; they admire handsome men and like florid oratory. They esteem themselves highly as lovers and as stallions. "Yes," says the old miner, "there was more to the miner's saying 'weak in the head and strong in the back' than you might suppose." Occasionally they curse their work and say they long to be above ground and they mean it; but drop some pitying word as a bait, and they rise fiercely to a defense of their calling. They and their families have been subject to an unconscionable amount of religious superstition, but no more so than the New Englanders or the settlers of the Middle West. As persons, as human beings, they rank very high. The combative instinct has given a sting and a high color to their character; they have added a powerful strain to our blood and an intensely moving chapter to our history.

They have often been called the only true proletarians in America; if the word includes a political implication it is scarcely true. They have been acutely conscious of the gulf between them and the operators and have faced it without much illusion. Says an old headstone:

Forty years I worked with pick and drill
Down in the mines against my will
The Coal King's slave but now it's passed
Thanks be to God I am free at last.

The miners may have been baffled and defeated but over a stretch of a hundred years they learned that protection and a chance for a decent life meant a fight with the operators. The final divorce between the Reading Railway and the Coal and Iron Company ordered by the Supreme Court did not substantially alter conditions in the mines around Shenandoah. Yet although from early days there has been a revolutionary wing to the miners as a body, it is still just a wing. The

miners had no Debs. Mother Jones—with small philosophy and less politics—conforms more closely to the type of militant miner than perhaps any of their leaders. She kept close to earth, knew injustice when she saw it, and white-haired, with umbrella and reticule, sailed into battle at once. To her, miners were "mighty fine fellows" and the enemy "sewer rats whose names I didn't charge my mind with." Of the miners' leaders Mitchell may be taken as a fair norm, raised to its high pitch. The coal diggers have been, in fact, belligerent democrats.

So large a body of men confined to so small a region is bound to exert pressure politically. Candidates made promises; the miners themselves served demands on office-holders. As early as 1868 the miners got an eight-hour law passed at Harrisburg, only to have it emasculated in the process. Through their demands a quantity of legislation has been put on the books of Pennsylvania and much of it has been well honored in the breach. Failure here threw the miners back on the union and direct action. Their faith still rests with the union—or a union, and this faith has had to stand a terrific beating. They often admit themselves that they "are good strikers and bad union men." They will go into action with much enthusiasm and small thought; failure brings a howl for a scapegoat. More than one local leader has stood up to fight for the men against either the national union officers or the operators, only to be deserted and repudiated by the miners themselves. Yet still they stumble on.

Time has done strange things to the United Mine Workers. It is the largest union in the country and one of the few American industrial unions—every one who works in and about a mine, miners, mule drivers, brattice men, engineers, pumpmen, and all, belong to the same organization. Organization requires a hierarchy of officials and with the passage of years the union has become a complicated political structure, racked with faction and as susceptible to corruption as any other political or business organi-

zation. Compromise begins the moment a miner leaves the local for the district or national office; dealing directly with the operators gives an official many an opportunity to work for his own advantage. Where once in the pioneer days their president was Mitchell, the crusader, now it is John Llewellyn Lewis, an ambitious, hard-riding labor politician and administrator. In the past he has suppressed opposition without scruple and has been bitterly hated for it. His recent rise to national influence and his campaign to organize the steelworkers has taken the edge off this hatred to a degree. One Shenandoah miner says, shaking his head, "Oh, they will curse him, all right, but when he comes to the region they will turn out and cheer themselves hoarse."

But the miners are now beset with the greatest problem of all—the decline in the coal industry. Unlike soft coal, anthracite has no by-products, unless gas can be called one. Years of mismanagement and the competition of other fuels have done their work; miners have lost their jobs. Mechanization and the introduction of strip mining added to the number of jobless miners. From a production of 90 million tons of anthracite in 1925, demand fell to 73 million in four years. By 1935 it had fallen to 51 million tons, not far from where it was in 1890. Where there were 175,000 anthracite miners in 1920, in 1935 there were but 100,000. There has never been, at any time, steady work in the mines; often a miner could work but half the days in a year, and in recent years the average has plunged down even from this. Shenandoah is falling in population because of these pressures and from 24,000 in 1920 had lost 3,000 inhabitants by 1930. Though some life is breathing once more in the business, it is a halting breath.

It is this state of affairs which accounts for the thousands of crude shafts and miniature coal mines of the anthracite bootleggers which have dotted the hillsides of Schuylkill County near Shenandoah in the past five years. A half-dozen men or less, with jerry-built equipment,

mine these little holes for coal on company land. Truckers carry it away to the cities for sale. This general breakdown, among other things, actually sets the bootlegging miners against those who still find work in the collieries and makes even more uncertain the miner's future. If it had not been for bootlegging and relief, wretched as those resources have been, thousands in the anthracite would have starved.

Many of them will never work again. Underneath Shenandoah and other towns of the region lie millions of tons of coal—energy—and no town can be said to have lost its future while that energy is still there. But the future is bleak enough now. The obvious step—socialization of the mines—has been debated, argued, and discussed for years. It waits upon history for realization. But there are thousands of miners, some of them in Shenandoah, who can't very well wait upon history for a solution of their troubles. By that time they may be dead. In what direction will they turn?

Just now there is an articulate and growing fear in America that we may be fated to undergo a native brand of fascism, with all the horror that the word connotes. Since the miners, for the most part, have been content to follow the old political paths without much question, it is possible that they may lend as attentive an ear to a demagogue as other Americans, and take it even more quickly to heart, considering their instinct for action. One thing may put a brake on this: For three generations they have had to deal collectively and in person with the dismal science of economics. They have had a lot of practice in learning about and trying to control the machinery of their livelihood—sellouts, blunders, short sight, graft, and betrayal included.

There is, at Pottsville, the countyseat, a hotel, called the *Necho Allen* after the man who is supposed to have discovered anthracite. This hotel has a Coal Mine Taproom. One section of the wall represents the mouth of a gangway with a car

piled with coal emerging into the taproom. Part of the wall is mine-timbered and all about are scattered mining tools, carbide lamps, and other paraphernalia. The side walls of the booths are fitted with handsome photographic murals which show the begrimed miner at work. And at the tables—the linen is very heavy and the silver glitters—sit the elect of Pottsville, making the cocktail hour something more than an excuse for a drink. The waiters are alert; the bartender is bland, and the Martinis excellent.

Nor are the guests drab. There is a woman in a coral dress with a black astrakhan coat flung over her chair. In one corner is a young chap in blue flannels drinking with a girl who wears a pale-green wool sport outfit and moccasins. Two gray-haired bulky men with old-fashioned gold cable watch-chains straining across their paunches, are drinking highballs. There is a gray-haired woman, a little touched up, with a young man and both are pretty drunk. When the woman waves her hands at the murals her bracelets jangle. She says that the young man won't see anything like this anywhere, and that is quite true. She says the mines are simply fascinating. And they are. There are no murals of the general offices of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company nor is the Chairman of the Board shown dictating a letter. No, there are only miners, only Maxeys and McShanes and Kalvaruskis and Brazzses make up this odd gallery of heroes. Heroes? How uneasy, how uncomfortable these people would be if a crowd of such heroes should suddenly

enter the taproom and sit down. Why, then, the murals on the walls, what is the strange power that the miners have over the imaginations of these people? Someone ought to explain this mystery, this furtive vicarious blood transfusion. But no explanation is offered on the cocktail list; there's only some publicity writer's blurb about Necho Allen.

But meantime, over the mountain in Shenandoah, the housewives are raising hell about the price of meat and giving out blistering statements in reply to the charge that they are ignorant foreigners. Some young miners are in the New York Lunch arguing about a dance, and the blackboard next door says that Ellengowan will not work to-morrow, and old Zaleski, getting up from his chair in the kitchen, looks out at the dark culm piles in the distance with the mist curling up over their crests . . . and Gowen, the suicide, is dead and Siney sleeps on his hillside overlooking St. Clair, and Muff Lawler, the Bodymaster of Shenandoah is dead and McParlan, the spy, is dead and George Baer is dead along with his after-dinner apostrophes to Democracy, and Mitchell, the adored, the lost and defeated Mitchell, is dead. But John Lewis is alive and the office of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company is open for business and in Shenandoah the young miners wrestle with the problems inherited from their fathers and their grandfathers. And above them the wild and darkened mountains look down as they did in the days when the place was a silent wilderness, a hummock on the valley floor.



MR. DALLAS HAS A QUIET EVENING

A STORY

BY L. A. G. STRONG

LOOKING neither to right nor left, Mortimer Dallas walked across the floor of the Paradise to his special corner table against the wall. He was aware, subconsciously, of the quarter-hush that descended on the restaurant, and of the indefinable stir at several of the tables which meant that their occupants had caught sight of him. The Paradise was a favorite haunt of the theatrical profession, and there was no star of stage or film, however illustrious, who would not be glad to recognize and be recognized by the head of Transatlantic Talking Pictures, Inc. But Dallas did not recognize any of them. He reached his table, murmured something faintly to the waiter who pulled back his chair, and sat down, with slightly hunched shoulders, looking at a point on the tablecloth just in front of him.

It was one of Dallas's regular habits to visit the restaurant alone once a week and have what he described as a quiet evening. Eating so often in company, snatching meals at the studio, entertaining and being entertained, he liked to have an evening without disturbance, when he could concentrate upon a carefully chosen meal and ponder any problem which might be claiming his attention. At the Paradise his practice was known and respected. No one now walked up to the solitary diner to introduce himself or to talk. The few who had tried it had met with such disconcerting receptions that they did not try it again. Dallas had not

snapped or made himself offensive to them. He had simply not been there: making them feel, with the full force of a personality so quiet as to seem almost negative, that they were intruding, grossly and unpardonably, upon his privacy. This was one of his rarest talents and the main causes of his ascendancy in the world of the film.

After he had given his order—he and the waiter spoke barely above a whisper—Dallas placed his folded hands upon the table and, without raising his eyes, took stock of the restaurant. Yes; they were most of them there: the Flaterington, loud and self-conscious, at a table near the door, with two friends, less eminent, whom she was busy impressing; John Dill, by himself, morosely picking at a steamed sole before going off to his performance at the Odeon.

Presently he became aware, through the vague dream into which he had fallen, of the table nearest but one to him on his left. There was a girl sitting there and a man. The girl reached his consciousness first as a black evening frock with a white collar, and pleasant, rather ridiculous, little white puffed sleeves. He had not noticed her face nor had he seen the frock before; but something about the whole dimly registered effect told his trained instinct that he ought to know something about her. He perceived also that she was acutely aware of him. He sighed again, and presently, when she was looking at her companion, favored her

with that swift sideways glance, the most disconcerting thing in the world to those who met it, which took in as much as five minutes' observation on the part of ordinary men.

Yes; of course. Amidst a thousand feminine faces, his memory placed her at once. She had been introduced to him, of all odd places, at a verse-speaking festival in the provinces, to which an enthusiastic dramatist friend had beguiled him. He had heard her performance, and in a minor way, had been favorably impressed by it. She had personality, and, although verse-speaking was not much in Dallas's line, he had too much instinct for everything connected with his business not to realize at once that she spoke it beautifully. Her looks were nothing much, more a matter of coloring than feature; but it was a courageous, humorous face, with frank brows and eyes and, though she was on the tall side for films, she carried herself with an air. These favorable impressions had been confirmed when he was introduced to her, still radiant and flushed with her success. Her manner did not belie her looks. She met and shook hands with him frankly, as one human being with another—an experience sufficiently rare for Dallas to make him score a mental good mark in her favor.

Well—she was not radiant now. She sat tense and pale, glancing once or twice toward Dallas, not anxious, but positively afraid to be noticed. For the first time Dallas looked at her companion. A big, handsome fellow, four or five years her senior, he was clearly the cause of the trouble. His face was flushed with constraint and ill-temper, his mouth sulkily set. His whole posture suggested a man whose mood compels him to make himself objectionable, even in his own despite. A moment later Dallas, his attention reluctantly engaged, heard the resentful growl of his voice.

It was a familiar, tedious little scene: the girl, miserably conscious, glancing about her in terror lest they attract attention—particularly his attention, Dallas

saw, with a wry inward smile of pity for youth and innocence; the man doggedly sulking on, intent only on his grievance, hoping perhaps to use her very fear lest his behavior be noticed, in order to blackmail her into submission. Contemplating them, Dallas thanked his stars that youth and its agonies lay well behind him. No longer should anyone make him jump through emotional hoops, nor should he make anyone. That kind of thing was all so long ago that he regarded the antics of these two unhappy young creatures with a benign dispassionate sympathy, as one would regard the behavior of puppies.

The man's voice was suddenly upraised, thick and menacing. With an agonized gesture, the girl put a hand on his knee and, bending forward, entreated him in whispers. So that's it, thought Dallas, the fellow's tight.

"I don't see why the hell—"

"Ssh!"

The waiter was approaching. With a quick nervous smile he placed the dishes upon the table and, while he was serving them, the man sulkily desisted. He leaned back, and, out of sheer perversity, lighted a cigarette. Then, looking across, he caught Dallas's eye. Coldly Dallas held his gaze. Drunk though he might be, the young man did not miss the chill rebuke of those almost colorless eyes. He drew himself up, and glared back in undisguised hostility. As soon as the waiter had gone he leaned forward, pointed toward Dallas with his cigarette, and said something to the girl. She tried to suppress him. His answer was to repeat the remark in even louder tones. Panicstricken, she caught at his wrist. He disengaged himself with brutal rudeness, scowled across at Dallas, and insolently blew out a cloud of smoke.

Dallas stiffened, his irritation caused not by the young man's boorish conduct, but by the fact that his quiet evening had been irreparably broken. He knew that his attention was now engaged beyond recall and that, for the rest of the evening, he would be surreptitiously watching the couple, perhaps even speculating about

them after they had gone. There was nothing he could do short of getting up and leaving the restaurant, and that would cause too much fuss, demand too many explanations. Besides, he was damned if he would be inconvenienced by any sodden oaf or chit of a girl, whether she spoke verse or not.

Then the waiter came up with his iced melon and set it deferentially before him. Dallas allowed his attention to relax. With dreamy contemplation he regarded the fruit upon his plate. Years of training and concentration came to his aid, and in two minutes he had almost forgotten the couple at the next table. Calm flowed back on him again, soothing and pervasive, like the cool flesh of the melon.

"I tell you I won't have it. I'm not going to have you messing about—"

With a frown Dallas looked straight in front of him. It really appeared as if his dinner was going to be spoilt. Other diners had become aware of the scene. Curiously, incredulously, heads were turning toward it. A scene at the Paradise! Such a thing was unheard of.

Dallas looked at the girl. She was desperate, biting her lips, aware of the general attention, trapped. Once more she looked toward her companion, pleading earnestly with him in a whisper. For an instant a different expression came over the sulky face, and Dallas noticed it with genuine surprise. The man was as miserable as she. He was not making a scene for the love of it, but because some wretched compulsion spurred him on: an uncontrollable temper, an unreasonable desire to hurt, even if the hurt included himself. Then something more deliberate wiped the expression from his face and he hiccupped aloud.

Dallas averted his eyes. Vicarious embarrassment was becoming too much for him. A slight but definite tremor of uneasiness within warned him that he was not going to enjoy his dinner. Tough though he had made himself, well nigh impenetrable as was the armor in which his experience and trade had clothed him,

Mortimer Dallas was vulnerable at one point. Any kind of an emotional upset affected his digestion. A strike of studio operatives, a scene with a temperamental star, a disaster in the cutting-room: anything in the way of business he could deal with unperturbed, and sit down to his meal as though nothing had happened. But embarrassment, anything which shocked his sense of the civilized, anything which he did not expect, and with which, therefore, it was wrong to confront him—these things, and these alone, could penetrate his composure. And when they did penetrate it they made him angry to think it could be penetrated. They roused his moral indignation; and moral indignation is very bad for the digestion. The vicious circle was complete.

The waiter took away the melon and brought him soup. Before he could begin it a movement at the table caught his eye. With the exclamation, "Filthy muck!" the man threw down his fork, got up, stood for a moment glaring at Dallas, then made unsteadily for the cloakroom.

Dallas looked at the girl. He knew in his heart it would be fatal, but he could not help it. Her eyes met his in a glance full of entreaty and indecision. She looked down for a moment, drummed with her fingers on the table, and then, as he knew she would, rose and came swiftly across to him.

"Mr. Dallas . . . you won't remember me, but . . ."

"How do you do?" Dallas had risen. He gave her his celebrated, almost imperceptible bow. "I remember you perfectly well. You are Miss Joan Durham and you were introduced to me at Woodborough, just after you had taken first prize in the Verse-speaking Festival."

He turned to the head waiter who had hurried up, all consternation at the outrage.

"Gustave, please bring a chair for Miss Durham. She will be joining me at dinner."

For the fraction of a second the head waiter stared. Then he turned to obey,

and a simultaneous sigh of amazement went out from a dozen tables, as the girl and Dallas sat down together.

"Mr. Dallas, I know I am doing an unpardonable thing—but I can't help it. There is no one else I know here."

"You have done quite right. I saw what was happening."

She looked apprehensively over her shoulder down the restaurant.

"He will be back in a moment and—"

"You just leave that to me."

He leaned back as the head waiter and a satellite hurried up to lay a second place.

"It will be all right," he went on. "Make your mind easy."

He murmured something in the ear of the head waiter, who nodded comprehendingly. "Now," he picked up the menu. "I think, in the circumstances, you had better let me prescribe for you."

"I couldn't eat any— Oh!" She caught at the edge of the table. "He's coming back."

Dallas as he watched the young man lurching his way across the floor felt, the first time for many years, a faint tinge of personal excitement. It was nothing more than curiosity, but it was genuine. It concerned himself. Firmly though he had the situation in hand, there was the possibility, just the barest possibility, that he personally might be involved in a scene of violence. He considered the situation, and found it mildly amusing.

The young man reached his table and, with an exclamation of thick surprise, perceived that it was empty. He looked about him, with the angry glare of a bull in the ring, and finally saw the girl, sitting at Dallas' table. With a thunderous scowl, and an exclamation of, "Well I'll be damned," he advanced toward them.

Everyone in the restaurant was watching now, and there was a dead silence as he reached the table. Once more Dallas had the queer sensation that the young man found it difficult, that it was an effort to him to go on.

"What the hell is the meaning of this?" He looked from Joan to Dallas and back

again. "This lady belongs—this lady is dining with me."

Without replying Dallas beckoned to the proprietor, who was hovering discreetly in the background. Then he turned to the girl.

"Miss Durham, it seems that you will have to make a choice. Do you wish to dine with this gentleman or with me?"

For the fraction of a second the girl hesitated.

"With you, please," she replied.

Dallas turned to the proprietor.

"You have heard the lady's decision," he said. "I wonder if, in the circumstances, you could persuade this gentleman to withdraw and leave us alone."

The young man swallowed and stood glaring at Dallas. His fists clenched and unclenched. Before he could do or say anything, the proprietor tapped him on the shoulder, and two burly waiters, who had materialized from nowhere, appeared suddenly behind him. For a moment it looked as though he were going to show fight. Then, evidently thinking better of it, he glared once more at Dallas.

"All right, you swine," he shouted. "You'll pay for—"

Then the two waiters seized him by the arms, and in an incredibly short time they hustled him, shouting and protesting, across the floor. As the swing-doors closed behind him there was complete silence for a couple of seconds in the restaurant. Then, released, the voices suddenly soared up in a positive babel.

Dallas turned to his companion.

"That was very painful," he said. "But it is all over now. I want you to put it right out of your mind and make a good dinner."

"I couldn't eat."

The girl had turned very pale. Her voice was unsteady. She looked as if she were about to burst into tears.

"I think you could."

Once more he beckoned the waiter and, almost immediately, a dish was placed in front of the girl. Placing the tips of his fingers together, Dallas began to talk, in soft, even tones, about Hollywood, New

York, the stars he had directed, the various contretemps of the studios, with such persuasion and effect that, almost before she realized it, the girl was eating and answering with the exaggerated response which comes from relief after a threat of hysteria.

It was not until an hour and a half later, when the meal was over, and Dallas had beckoned for the bill, that any allusion was made to what had happened. Dallas had noticed that her nervousness was returning and that she kept glancing toward the door.

"Don't worry," he said. "I am going to see you home."

She turned to him. "Would you really? I hate to trouble you any more. You have been so good to me, only . . . he might be waiting."

"That's all right."

Proprietor and head waiter ushered them out, and a moment later they were seated in a taxi, heading for a part of London which it was safe to say Mortimer Dallas had never visited before.

"It is an odd thing, our meeting like this," he said presently, "because, as a matter of fact, I was going to look for you."

"To look for me!"

"Yes. I had you in mind for a small part. Only a small one. The character has to speak a poem. It is rather off the beat of most film actresses; so I thought of you." Then, as she said nothing, "I will call you up about it in the morning."

"Oh!" The girl was sitting up straight and stiff. She gave a little strangled gulp. "That finishes it. Now I must tell you."

The light of a passing arc lamp, leaping into the taxi, showed him her face, a tense affair of lights and shadows.

"Mr. Dallas—I have been deceiving you. I have played a mean, unpardonable trick on you. Frank—that young man. He wasn't drunk. We weren't quarrelling. He is my fiancé. It was all a plant."

"Ah!" Dallas's voice was completely without expression.

"Yes. You see, after I met you . . . well, I was afraid you would forget me. I

wanted to attract your attention, and Frank—we thought—at least I thought—"

Dallas nodded as she stopped speaking. "Well," he said quietly, "you put it over pretty well. I did wonder, once or twice, whether it was a plant, but—" He suddenly sat up, and took her by the wrist. "Hell! No!" he said, "you can't play it as well as that. You were trying to stop him all right."

She hung her head.

"Yes, I know. Once he really started, I couldn't bear it."

"Fond of him, eh? Couldn't bear to see him make a show of himself in public? Even in a good cause?"

"That's it."

"He didn't enjoy it himself either. Had to screw himself up to go through with it."

Her head was in her hands now.

"I know! I know! I should never have let him. I didn't somehow realize what it would be like."

"It was damn silly anyway," said Dallas drily. "That sort of thing doesn't cut any ice with me, or with anyone else in my sort of place. If I want a girl I want her. If I don't, not all the monkey tricks in the world will make any difference."

"I know." She was crying softly.

"No!" he repeated, "you can't act as well as that. It is just as well I don't want you to act, isn't it? Standing up and speaking a poem—that isn't acting."

"What?" She was peering up at him in amazement. "You mean to say that, after all this, you are still going to . . . ?"

"Why not?" He leaned back in the corner. "Didn't I tell you that no amount of monkey tricks cut any ice? Only don't try any more. Someone might notice you couldn't act, and that wouldn't help. No! Don't thank me. Just you be a good little girl, and say your poem nicely and do what you're told."

Five minutes later, standing on the pavement and wondering whether to walk, or take a taxi, Mortimer Dallas realized, with something approaching wonder, that his digestion was in perfect order. That being so, he decided to walk.



BACK TO WORK: WHEN AND WHERE?

THE PROSPECTS FOR RE-EMPLOYMENT

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

ARE we to have "recovery" with millions still out of work and on relief? Many publicists and political leaders, as well as thousands of common men, accept this as inevitable. "There is no complete and sure answer for the problem of unemployment," said Secretary Perkins recently. "The best we can do is mitigate it."

Yet if man is to live in any proper sense it must be by the sweat of his own brow, and he must have a chance to raise that sweat. He must get a job and keep it. Otherwise it is life on the dole for him—a horror few face willingly as an earthly career. Is this horror truly inevitable for millions of us or are more jobs going to appear? And if so where, and of what sort? No other question in America today is so vital.

The history of the United States can be written in terms of expanding job opportunities. The setbacks from which the American people have suffered—the many depressions through which the nation has gone—have been successfully weathered because it was possible to discover and exploit new resources that required more and more "hands." The American economy has expanded so wonderfully that not only did it provide jobs for the "natural increase" of the population, but for many years it absorbed millions of immigrants as well.

What we want to know now is whether this is going to happen again—and quickly enough to prevent the decline of any con-

siderable numbers to permanent dependency.

Even after seven years of depression, only a tiny percentage of those on the relief rolls are now hopelessly dependent. The vast majority throughout the crisis have been only temporarily or partially dependent. Most have found jobs, lost them, found them again. The American morale is not yet crushed; but if severe unemployment were to be long-continued, that would be disastrous.

It is not enough to pray that the great employers of the nation will "give" jobs to all who apply; rather it is necessary to try to discover what the fundamental trends in job opportunities really are. Employers "give" jobs when the economy is healthy and moving upward; they fire people when the economy is sick and turning its nose downward. This is what Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., had in mind when he declared:

Unemployment is not going to be solved by the wave of a magic wand. It is not going to be solved by edict, by prejudice, by threat, by government expenditure, or by political exhortation.

Employer and employee alike are at the mercy of forces infinitely larger than themselves. The struggle for jobs takes place within an institutional framework that cannot be modified by an individual man, no matter how powerful. Since that framework is man-created, it can of course be remade if enough people agree that institutional changes are necessary

and desirable. But the first step in assessing the unemployment problem is to find out what opportunities for jobs may develop without any fundamental changes in the existing institutional set-up.

Back in 1931 Paul H. Douglas and Aaron Director issued a book entitled *The Problem of Unemployment* in which they tried to figure out, among other things, the extent of unemployment in the United States during the pre-depression years, and whether there was a long-range tendency for unemployment to increase. They presented these conclusions as to the period 1897-1926:

The average percentage of unemployment, including illness and disability, for manufacturing, transportation, mining, and construction during the thirty years from 1897 to 1926 was approximately 10 per cent. If other occupations, such as the public utilities, trade, domestic and professional services, government employment were included, this average would be lowered slightly. It is impossible to say precisely how much this reduction would be, although we believe that it would probably be somewhere between 1 and 2 per cent. . . . We believe therefore that the average of all industry would be approximately 8 per cent. . . . There has been no observable and pronounced tendency for the volume of unemployment either to diminish or increase.

These conclusions do not cover agriculture, and (naturally) they take no account of what has happened since 1926. But they give us a clue to what might be called the "normal" extent of unemployment.

To-day there are probably about 51,000,000 persons "working or seeking work" in the United States. (The number in 1930, according to the Census of that year, was 48,829,920 persons, or 39.8 per cent of the population. The total population has increased during the past five years by about 4,750,000—from 122,775,049 to about 127,500,000. Assuming that the proportion gainfully employed or wanting to be has increased but slightly, we arrive at our estimate of about 51,000,000 for the working population

to-day. Incidentally, of these some three-quarters are males.) As 57.3 per cent of the 51,000,000—or about 29,223,000—follow the occupations considered by Douglas and Director, the "normal" unemployment in these occupations, at their minimum percentage, would approximate 2,337,840 workers. By contrast, the actual number unemployed in these occupations in late 1935, as recently estimated by the conservative New York *Sun*, was 3,593,000. Obviously, then, unemployment to-day is still far above the Douglas and Director bench-mark of normality.

If the Douglas and Director percentage were applied to the total working population of 51,000,000 it would give a "normal" unemployment of about 4 millions, as against an actual unemployment to-day generally estimated at over 10 millions.

Will the current excess be liquidated in due course by the present uptrend in the business cycle? A great many people assume that it will. But within the past decade events have occurred that make it necessary to discard the proposition Douglas and Director thought they had proved: that there was no long-term increase in unemployment. Some of these events are domestic, some international. In general, they add up to the conclusion that the conditions that made for a constantly increasing volume of employment, thus keeping unemployment down to a minimum, have in large measure ceased to exist.

Unfortunately for simplicity of discussion, this generalization does not apply in equal measure to all industries and all areas in the United States; that is why there is a widespread disposition to deny that there is any truth in it at all. Any discussion of the idea really involves an effort to define the probable volume of job opportunities in the predictable future. Obviously it is utterly impossible to cover every employment resource here, so an effort will be made to select some typical American industries for discussion.

II

First we must bear in mind the peculiar geographical distribution of workers and jobs. Look for a moment at the principal occupations as given in the Census of 1930:

Manufacturing and mechanical industries	14,110,652
Agriculture	10,471,998
Trade	6,081,467
Domestic and personal service ..	4,952,451
Clerical occupations	4,025,324
Transportation and communication	3,843,147
Professional service	3,253,884
Extraction of minerals	984,323
Public service	856,205
Forestry and fishing	250,469

You will notice that the manufacturing and mechanical industries lead the list. How were the jobs in this leading classification distributed? According to an analysis made as of 1933, the Middle Atlantic and East North Central States* offered together 54.6 per cent of the jobs in manufacturing; the same regions, plus New England and the South Atlantic States, offered as many as 80.7 per cent of such jobs. Even more significant is the fact that 200 highly industrialized counties (mostly, of course, within these areas) offered 73 per cent of such jobs. It is on this basis that the complicated structure of job opportunities is erected; for where wage jobs in manufacturing are chiefly found there one also turns to find most other kinds of jobs except those in agriculture and, to a lesser extent, in mining.

The second largest category of occupations in the 1930 list was agricultural; and these, too, were very unevenly distributed through the country—and quite differently from the manufacturing jobs. Of the total of 10,471,998 agricultural workers, nearly half—4,810,144 of them, to be exact—were concentrated in the South (1,678,088 in the South Atlantic States; 1,492,053 in the East South Central; 1,640,003 in the West South Central).

Another large group—3,065,513 of them—were concentrated in the North Central States (1,652,311 in the West North Central; 1,413,202 in the East North Central). Only 2,596,341 of them were to be found in all the rest of the nation.

We know that for many years before the depression the excess farming population flowed into the cities located in the 200 highly industrialized counties—a trend markedly accentuated first during the World War and again during the prosperous years of the 1920's. Until about 1920 the workers were chiefly absorbed into the manufacturing and mechanical industries, but after that date the rate of increase was greater in trade, service pursuits, and clerical jobs. With the coming of the depression this normal flow of population was blocked and there was a marked tendency for population to back up in the agricultural areas. In 1930, for the first time in many years, the number of rural residents began to increase, the so-called farm population reaching an all-time high in 1935 with a total of 32,779,000.

What proportion of this increase represents persons who returned to the land temporarily, and what proportion represents young people who came of age during the depression and who would normally have migrated but could not do so, no one knows. (O. E. Baker thinks that 3,000,000 young people now on the farms fall in the latter category.) Naturally some of the returned migrants and some members of the depression generation will find places in urban life through the traditional channels; but even if a minimum movement of this character should take place, there will still remain on the farms a vast excess of potential workers for whom no sure place can be found there.

Before we discuss the prospects for expanding employment in the cities, therefore, we shall be wise to look at the situation in the farm regions, to discover how large this excess of farm workers is likely to be and how much pressure it will exert on the job situation in the cities.

* This method of geographical division is used by the United States Census. The states included in each division are listed in the Personal and Otherwise columns.

III

By great bad luck the farm crisis has come to a head simultaneously with the industrial depression and has become inextricably interlocked with it. Of all the major occupations, agriculture is the least promising as to the future. Not only is the position of American farming in the world market for primary products changing, but its position in our domestic life is distinctly different from that it held before the World War. The rise of competing production areas in the new countries, where costs are lower, and (especially in the case of wheat) in the older countries that have adopted self-sufficiency programs, has seriously disorganized the world market. Moreover, while the prosperity of the farmer still depends in large measure upon a healthy export trade, this trade is not so much needed to balance America's international payments as it was when the United States was a debtor nation. Furthermore, drought and erosion have reduced productivity in many areas; current market conditions make it impossible for farmers to earn a living in areas of "marginal" utility; and these two factors, operating simultaneously, have brought thousands of agricultural producers to the verge of utter collapse. In former times men could have escaped such conditions by migrating to new farm areas, but now this avenue of escape has been cut off.

Let us consider the prospects in the various afflicted areas:

The Old Cotton South. This area has been a center of low living standards since the Civil War. Bordering it on the north are the Appalachian coal plateaus. Taken together, these two regions offer the most difficult economic problems confronting the United States to-day. The chances are that they will slip even lower in years to come if they are left to drift in the present direction. The cotton-growing areas of the Old South contain about half of all the eroded areas mapped by the Soil Erosion Service. The basic resource, the land, has been seriously re-

duced in value. Moreover, it is a one-crop area, and the relation between landlord and worker has inevitably resulted in widespread and abysmal poverty. This is the sharecropper problem—an institutional problem. Again, the financial structure of the region is so rigid in the credit facilities available that it forces the retention of the present pattern of production even against the better judgment of resident landlords. Moreover, the costs of producing cotton here, what with poor soil and high capital costs, are higher than in the trans-Mississippi region in Texas.

Worse still—and most important—the cotton-export market has reached a state of chaos from which there is no visible escape. What is responsible for this change? Ignoring political slanders, it is plain that new production areas elsewhere in the world—in Egypt and Brazil for example—able to place cotton on the world market at a price below the American cost of production, have had a disastrous effect. The desire of other nations to be self-sufficient and the rise of cotton substitutes, *e.g.*, rayon, have also adversely affected the market. In short, the changing patterns of world production in cotton have undercut the economic basis of the Old South.

No reversal of the present trends is in sight. They will not be changed by using cotton in road construction, though they may be slowed down by the inability of the Brazilians quickly to solve their labor-supply problem. Cotton brokers say that we could recover much of the lost world market if our price fell to six cents; but they admit that the producers cannot live if the price falls to that level. It would, moreover, speed up the trend of export-cotton production to Texas, thus affording no relief to the Old Cotton South. It would also absolutely force the earliest possible utilization of the cotton-picker, which is best adapted to operation on the flat fields of Texas, as the wheat combine works best on the Great Plains. The Old Cotton South is in a jam.

It has been in a jam for a long time and for that very reason has been giving up population for many years. O. E. Baker estimates that about 60 per cent of the rural-urban migrants during the 'twenties came from the South and that one-third of them were Negroes, the majority of both races being between fifteen and thirty years of age. (The depression stopped this migration and even reversed it to some extent.)

Carter Goodrich and associates have estimated that millions of people will need to move from the Old Cotton South to some other area of greater opportunity if dire rural poverty is not to prevail. The maximum figure which they give is almost unbelievable: 7 million people! If various methods of alleviation succeed, this figure might be cut in half—but it would still be prodigious.

2. *The Appalachian Coal Plateaus.* Like the Old Cotton South, this area has a long tradition and a distinctive way of life. But population has backed up here for generations, and before the depression relief was sought through migration. Thousands of the Hill people drifted north to the industrial towns and cities of Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan. They formed an appreciable part of the labor force in rubber and automobiles, at Akron and Detroit. Relief was also afforded by the increase of coal production during and immediately after the World War, as well as by the coming of cotton-textile production to the Piedmont country.

But here again the depression reversed the tide. There was a backwash of jobless people into the Hills. Unfortunately, the best lands available for farming were occupied, and one of two things happened: either the returned people were added to families already too large in relation to the land cultivated, thus further reducing living standards, or they tried to work sub-sub-marginal farms.

According to the Goodrich report, some 660,000 people should leave this area if it is to recover; though if only 200,000

moved, a minimum program of rehabilitation might be possible.

3. *The Great Plains.* What the droughts of recent years have done to this region is too familiar to be repeated here. Obviously, a large proportion of it should never have been plowed. Moreover, the state of the world wheat market—which is, in its elements, very like the world cotton market—does not promise to absorb the maximum production of this region at prices that will pay for production, let alone liquidate the enormous losses of recent years. The inescapable conclusion is that the proper method of exploiting this region has not yet been found. When found, the likelihood is that it will involve a smaller resident population than does grain production.

4. *The Lake States Cut-Over Area.* This area about the lakes which includes Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, was once the center of a great lumbering industry. The Weyerhaeuser fortune was founded there. Extravagant haste and waste, without a thought of reforestation, mowed down vast tracts of this area more than a generation ago. Then the lumber industry moved on, leaving behind a desert of stumps and forest-fire-burnt stretches that was at length partially covered once more by inferior second growth and partially farmed.

Here the poverty of the soil made it impossible successfully to turn from lumbering to farming. Yet for two reasons this was attempted in times past: (1) because it was the traditional pattern of evolution in the wooded parts of the United States, and (2) because people wanted to try to get something out of the cut-over land rather than abandon it. But even in the years of general prosperity, agriculture did not thrive in the Cut-Over. This fact was obscured, however, by the existence of a good deal of supplementary employment both within the area and near it. When these resources declined and the residents were thrown back upon the land, a large proportion of the so-called farmers did not

have enough cleared land to maintain their families. Their numbers were increased by the coming of squatters whose situation was infinitely worse. There were also the copper miners stranded in northern Michigan by the closing of the high-cost mines under the drubbing of Western competition, and the surplus workers of the iron mines of Minnesota. Excluding these last groups, some members of which should move elsewhere, it seems likely that the internal resources of the area may be sufficient to provide fair livings for all the present residents. This area will contribute least to the reserve labor supply being built up in the rural problem areas.

Plainly these four areas, taken together, will add enormously to the pressure upon the employment resources of the country. The question is whether expansion of opportunities elsewhere will possibly be great enough to take care of these masses of surplus population. If it is not, we may have to adjust ourselves to the existence of permanent depression in these regions.

IV

Traditionally these new hands should find their own way to jobs in urban industries, either in manufacturing or in the service occupations which are most profusely represented in thickly settled regions. What are the chances?

As we have seen, more workers find employment in manufacturing and mechanical industries than in any other major occupational classification. It is not generally recognized, however, that not until between 1910 and 1920 did manufacturing become definitely more important than farming; and—what is even more significant to this discussion—that between 1920 and 1930 it began to decline in relative significance. In 1920, 30.8 per cent of the workers found employment here; in 1930 the percentage was 28.9. "Indeed," writes Alba M. Edwards, the Census expert on occupational trends, "following 1920, each of the productive divisions of industry de-

clined in relative importance as a field of employment."

This is a highly significant development, and one that seems to be continuing during the 'thirties. "The trend," Mr. Edwards goes on, "was plainly away from production and toward distribution and service—toward pursuits in transportation, communication, and trade; service pursuits; and clerical pursuits."

Will this trend continue? I do not intend to involve myself in the tangled skein of argument about technological unemployment. But it is undeniable that, as Hermann K. Brunck wrote in his discussion contributed to the Goodrich report, "Increasing productivity per worker . . . has now become the chief factor in the expansion of production." In other words, machine power has become more important than muscle power in increasing the production of goods.

For this tendency there are many reasons. Writing in the *International Labor Review*, Irving H. Flamm listed as characteristic of our age, mechanization, standardization, systematization, specialization, electrification, power expansion, speed, scientific research, chemical discoveries, inventions, consolidations, and giant chain institutions. All these affect employment opportunities profoundly and some of them limit such opportunities. There are also such matters as improvement of the quality of the product, resulting in a slower rate of obsolescence, as illustrated by what the Wolfs say in their excellent new book, *Rubber*:

It is in statistics on replacement tires sold the individual motorist that we find the tipoff on what has happened to the tire industry. These were the sales that not only fell off every year until the depth of the depression was reached but have been steadily falling off every year since. At the height in 1929 such sales were 49,498,000 units, at the depth in 1932 they were 32,725,000. In 1935, despite recovery in every line and a record gasoline consumption, showing that cars are being used more than ever before, they totalled but 29,500,000. For 1936 the estimate is 29,000,000 and the most optimistic estimates for the future do not go beyond 33,000,000.

The answer is a simple one—tires don't

wear out so fast any more. Part of this is due to better roads and the advent of retreading, but in the main the answer lies in the fact that the factories have been building a better and better article.

Another trend can be illustrated from the little-known N.R.A. report on *Regularization of Employment and Improvement of Labor Conditions in the Automobile Industry*. In 1934, three companies—Chrysler, Ford, and General Motors—produced 88 per cent of the automotive vehicles in the United States. Booms and slumps in employment are characteristic of the industry, whether in depression or not, as a result of seasonal production of automobiles to meet seasonal sales. This resulted long ago in an excess of labor in Detroit. The N.R.A. report proposed to ease the total situation by many suggested changes of policy, one of which was to distribute automobile production more evenly over the year, thus giving a maximum number of workers a yearly income that would allow them a reasonable standard of living. This would be an excellent scheme for the workers retained, but if this scheme were fully carried out it would result in permanently eliminating thousands of workers from the industry.

This is but one example of managerial changes affecting employment in industries expanding at a great rate. It has not yet been fully realized; others have. Examples are the "stretch-out" and "speed-up," which have hit hard automobiles, rubber, and cotton textiles. All eliminate workers, who must find their way to jobs elsewhere if they are to remain self-supporting.

Unless new industries arise we are unlikely, therefore, to find an outlet in manufacturing jobs for the vast numbers awaiting work in the cities to-day and in the rural problem areas. Indeed, as Mr. Brunck says:

We must conclude that only a spectacular increase in production could bring employment in manufacturing to the levels prevailing through the 'twenties, i.e., employ as many men and continue the advances in productivity per man. Should the agricultural sur-

plus population and the mounting number of those reaching employable age descend *en masse* on manufacturing and construction and push their way into employment by offering their stronger arms at lower rates and submitting docilely to more stringent working conditions, nothing could result but *wholesale displacement of those now in this field or looking for reemployment.* (My italics.)

What is the prospect for new industries that will require large numbers of workers? This is a favorite answer to the problem for all those who hate to contemplate major changes in American life. But it is an "act of faith" and an evasion. The experts cannot find any new industry which would seem to have the employment potentialities of automobiles, rubber, or radio. If a new industry were on the horizon it would be known to the laboratory scientists and its employment potentialities would have been calculated. Out of the laboratories comes plenty of news of discoveries of *commercial* significance, but none of important *employment* significance.

Take the field of chemistry, which is the scene of intensive activity at present. All hands agree that chemical discoveries of immense potentiality are constantly being made, but that they will affect industry chiefly by displacing products already on the market, as rayon has displaced cotton, and, in many instances, by cutting down the volume of employment available. Thus Mr. Brunck says:

In nearly all . . . cases, the new synthetic materials are less recalcitrant than the more "natural" materials which they replace. The net result is a saving in cost, or improvement in quality or durability, or both. Generally the capital investment, and incidentally obsolescence of equipment, is high in these industries making synthetic materials by new processes. But the ratio of wages to value-added and the man-power requirements are typically low. Thus generally, the advance of chemical technology, by displacing other products, will also displace present and potential job opportunities in other industries at a rate not nearly compensated for by the employment opportunities it creates.

That is to say that in spite of chemical discoveries, the photo-electric cell, television, air-conditioning, and prefabric-

cated housing, industry is likely to continue to decline in relative significance as a provider of employment.

V

But since the capacity for industrial production will increase—and the national income in so far as capacity is used—there should result, if the trends of pre-depression years are still in force, a continued increase in the volume of employment in distribution and service occupations. What are the chances here?

The occupations falling in these categories are many and various. They range all the way from shining shoes, serving meals, doing the work of chambermaids and valets, clerking in stores, running trains, working in amusement establishments, to serving as counsel in lawsuits, and performing delicate operations on the human carcass, whether in beauty parlors or in the surgical rooms of hospitals. The depression has proved, if it were not plain before, that many of these occupations are "derivative," so to speak, in that they directly reflect the conditions in manufacturing. Logically enough they are found in greatest numbers in areas of high population concentration—in the two hundred highly industrialized counties. They are, in most instances, characterized by low wages and extreme instability.

It is toward these occupations that the drift has now set in. Yet while the prospects in most of them are better than in agriculture and industry, they are not too good.

For example, transportation is rapidly reaching a saturation point. The New York *Sun's* survey of employment reported employment on steam railroads in 1935 as but 60 per cent of what it had been in 1929. Even Daniel Willard of the B. & O. isn't sure that railroading is a good field for young men. The merchant marine is not a hopeful field either, nor are the water-front occupations like stevedoring. Automobile transportation

is also very near the saturation point. Periodically, New York City newspaper readers get a glimpse of the anarchic conditions in the taxicab business; the substitution of buses for street-cars does not increase employment except temporarily in the bus-building industry; and long-distance hauling by trucks is not only in such a condition as to demand Federal regulation but its potentialities are limited by the kinds of roads available.

Air transportation is expanding, but it is not and will not become a major employment resource. As late as December 31, 1933, the total number of persons required to operate the scheduled air transport flights was only 6,273! In communication, telephonic and otherwise, technological advance is cutting down the numbers required to achieve efficient service. In 1922 the Bell Telephone system employed 26 persons per 1,000 telephones; in 1933, 19. The telegraph companies are suffering severely from competitive methods of communication—and are cutting down personnel. The *Sun's* estimate was that 1935 employment in them was at 68.3 per cent of the 1929 level.

As to clerks in stores, the most important point is the probable effect of the chain store on general employment in this line. The *Sun* found that "Trade" was the only major grouping studied in which employment in 1935 was above the 1929 level. It had gone up 8 per cent; there was a net increase of 599,000 employees. (Incidentally, the increase was not uniform, for employment in chain stores was 118.9 per cent of the 1929 figure, while in department stores it was 97.4 per cent.) The rate and extent of the future expansion is, obviously, dependent upon the expansion of purchasing power in the nation, on the one hand, and upon managerial efficiency, on the other. A greater volume of sales per clerk will come before more clerks are hired.

Also derivative from the changed nature of the processes of production is the vast increase in the number of clerical workers. Between 1870 and 1930 the

group as a whole increased 2167.5 per cent. Naturally the rate of increase has already slowed down considerably. Current conditions in this field are not accurately known, but there are indications that 1929 levels of employment have not yet been reached. However it is fairly sure that in due course they will be topped. How much higher than the 1929 level they will mount is not certain, since mechanization is certain to slow down the rate of increase.

Of the professional workers only two groups can be considered, doctors and lawyers. As the medical profession is currently organized, there are too many doctors. True, the need for medical care is not being met, and the doctors available are badly distributed; but there is no effective technic for placing them where needed or for co-ordinating medical need and medical skill. Under current conditions the profession must be reckoned overcrowded. This is the conclusion of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care. This Committee also found an excess supply of nurses in the country.

The lawyers are in a similar predicament. After five years of study, the New York County Lawyers Association reported in 1936 that the New York bar was ridiculously overcrowded (half the members failing to earn as much as \$3000 a year) and recommended among other things that a quota system be established to "stem the ever-increasing tide of incoming attorneys." These traditional professions are not employment resources of promise any longer.

There remains government service. A great deal will be heard about this field of employment in the years immediately ahead. College-trained men will be urged to enter it to "raise the tone of the service." Also it will be portrayed as a field for a rewarding career for men not bent on material success exclusively. Clearly there is a definite trend toward the expansion of the number of government servants—a trend which set in before the New Deal began and will continue

long after it ends; and this means more jobs for clerical and other routine workers. The government is bound, sooner or later, to expand its regulatory, social service, forestry, educational, and recreational services, as well as the military and naval forces. Some of these will give work to considerable numbers of people—as, for example, the new Social Security Board is estimated to require upward of 10,000 workers in Washington alone.

From this bird's-eye view of employment conditions to-day and to-morrow it is plain that prospects are best for those who now live in the urban areas. It is there that the few occupations that promise to admit expanding numbers are chiefly found. These areas are located in the North and West, at the centers of industrial production. But one cannot be sure that the expansion will be large enough to allow the absorption of the excess hands from agriculture and mining as well as the urban workers currently unemployed and the urban young coming on the labor market every year.

Since the city residents do not reproduce themselves, a constant trickle of rural workers will find probably an outlet in urban industries; but since the rural areas more than reproduce themselves, the effect of this will be slight until such time (1960 and after?) as the precipitate decline caused by a low birthrate begins to show itself. Obviously then the rural excesses of population will continue to mount, creating local problems of great magnitude, and this tremendous reserve of labor will be exploited by urban employers to beat down wages as far as possible, inevitably provoking counterpressures from organized labor. Union and anti-union drives, strikes, lock-outs, wage reductions—these things will be the stuff of domestic news in the immediate future if something is not done to provide more employment than is currently in sight.

When there is an undersupply of jobs and an oversupply of workers the result is unemployment, and unemployment sufficiently prolonged means relief. If

the depression has taught us anything, it is that a nation half employed and half on relief (whether "direct" or "work") can not long endure. The redistribution of national income achieved by gathering in taxes from the producers and giving them out as doles to the involuntary non-producers is not a solution but rather an expedient—socially necessary, but not an end in itself. The logical way out under the present economic system is to make it possible for all to produce for the market to the extent necessary to gain an adequate income. No one will dissent from that platitude. But how can it be done?

There are a number of expedients which engage the support of estimable people. Conspicuous among them are the shorter working week, the shorter working life, the exclusion of married women from the labor market, employment exchanges, and vocational training. Viewed in the large these plans will do little more than distribute the available work differently. They won't, in all probability, increase the total volume of employment.

Suppose it were decided to limit the hours of labor to thirty per week. Would not employers do their very best to increase the productive efficiency of the workers through managerial and technological improvements, in the hope of producing as much in a thirty-hour week as formerly in one of forty or forty-eight hours? Is American business set up in such a fashion that it can absorb additional labor costs with impunity? And when this drive was over, how much additional employment would have been provided? What industries, moreover, are really ready for efficient operation on a reduced schedule of hours? Glass bottles and cotton textiles perhaps. And what about world competitive conditions in the export industries? Will Americans deliberately sacrifice markets or will they prefer to meet competition in some way or other? Obviously there is no escape through this door.

The case for the shorter working life is

rather stronger. It would without question reduce the national labor force somewhat. But would it not require some system of subsidies to thousands of youths and their families? (Can American parents be reasonably expected, one and all, on incomes admittedly inadequate under present conditions to support boys and girls to the age of eighteen?) Such subsidies would be enormously expensive and would increase taxes. And what would the young people do while they are waiting to enter the labor market? Should we not have to accept a compulsory (in all probability) C.C.C., or compulsory military training, or the extension of the school system through the establishment of junior colleges? All these things cost money. On the other hand, such an expedient will require a system of old-age pensions far more extensive and costly than any currently in existence in the United States. The fundamental objection to the existing old age pensions is that they aren't large enough to sustain a decent standard of living. To-day they go chiefly to those who have voluntarily withdrawn from the labor market because of physical or other disabilities. If they are unsatisfactory for such recipients, how much more unsatisfactory they will be for those who must *involuntarily*—under legal compulsion—accept them.

There is least to be said for excluding married women from employment. In the first place their appearance in the labor market is usually due to insufficient family income. To exclude them without increasing the income of the heads of these households and the other working members would work widespread injustice. Unless many exceptions were made, many women who are the sole support of the family, owing to the incapacitation of the husband, would lose their jobs. And, finally, it is easy to overestimate the effect of the exclusion on the employment situation. Women constitute about one-fourth of the labor force, but seventy per cent of them are unmarried.

When it comes to employment exchanges, or agencies, and vocational train-

ing, we are on far solid ground. Whatever the employment situation may be, these services should be developed. Organized nationally, they could correct local labor shortages by directing surplus workers to that point. Given the requisite organization, they could take an active part in a program for preventing the young workers from entering overcrowded and dying occupations and for steering them into more hopeful channels. They could also organize the transfer of workers from the distressed areas to urban areas in which there is an active labor market. Obviously, any planned migration of this kind could not be carried out without the assistance of the employment agencies. The National, State, and local governmental efforts in this field should be rationally organized and expanded no matter what happens to employment in general. But it must be understood that employment agencies cannot create jobs.

Similarly with vocational training. In an era of uncertain employment conditions job training is an exceedingly important function if undertaken with real understanding of the probable future demand for the various types of skilled and semi-skilled workers. Who is more pathetic than the worker highly trained for work that is simply not available to him? In such a situation he can only take unskilled work if it is available. The training must be carried on with maximum protection for the trainee; for unscrupulous employers will exploit these apprentice workers if given half a chance. This has already happened in the cotton-textile industry in the South. Vocational training conducted in conjunction with employment exchanges would be useful, but would create no new jobs.

VI

Thus far the proposals discussed have been either designed to redistribute existing jobs or to handle the labor supply more effectively. But there is a further group of proposals that ranges farther

afeld. The most important of these are the subsidy of distressed rural areas, decentralization of industry, organized migration of workers, development of foreign markets, and expansion of domestic markets.

The subsidy of rural areas is predicated upon the acceptance of three propositions: that at least half of the farms in America will in the future fail to give adequate support to their owners or occupants; that these economically insufficient families will not be able to migrate to areas of greater economic opportunity; and that such people must be supported in their present locations, for humanitarian reasons and to insure a constant source of replenishment for the urban areas. In 1929, it is true, half the farms of the nation produced nearly ninety per cent of the total commercial production, and within a few years they should be able readily to produce the remaining ten per cent. On this basis, half the farms are already out of the commercial market and are in effect on a subsistence level. Admittedly this is an intolerably low standard of living. It provides practically no purchasing power; and moreover in areas where subsistence farming predominates, the social services—schools, health services, and so on—are inferior or non-existent because of lack of local tax moneys. Therefore subsidies are needed for these areas to support high-grade social services and to sustain some purchasing power. This is the direction in which such measures as the Bankhead bill for "solving" the sharecropper problem look. Action along these lines is also advocated by the Rosenwald Foundation as a solution of Southern problems. It is also the logical upshot of all the resettlement subsistence homestead activities. Yet plainly it would produce a dependent subsistence peasantry in America. It is a counsel of desperation.

Superficially, the proposal to decentralize industry seems to move in a far more sensible direction. The argument for it is relatively simple: by combining industrial employment with rural living,

the workers will live a more healthful life and also a life less pervious to booms and slumps in employment. This sounds eminently reasonable, but, alas, it is in actuality very sad nonsense, worthy only of romantics who have little sense of reality. In the first place, there is no widespread natural movement toward decentralization. This is proved by Daniel B. Creamer in his monograph *Is Industry Decentralizing?* He shows that manufactures are not moving out of the two hundred heavily industrialized counties into rural areas, but only—except in unusual cases—from the centers of the counties out to their peripheries.

In the second place, those industries which have been decentralizing, such as boots and shoes, silk and rayon, men's clothing, and knit goods, have moved in search of cheap and docile labor. These factors are of large importance in explaining the shift of cotton textiles from New England to the South, the shift of silk and rayon from the Middle Atlantic States to the South, and the appearance of "run-away" employers in the clothing industry of New York City who have moved into Connecticut and Pennsylvania. Some of them, furthermore, have moved in search of cheap and docile civic authorities whom they could enlist on their side against the workers, under threats of moving their factories elsewhere.

This is the social significance of "decentralization" at the present juncture of affairs in the United States. It does not mean better opportunities for the rank and file. And a final observation may be made: the movement of industry in a period of general tightness of employment leads to no important net improvement in employment conditions, since for every man, woman, and child given work at the new location an equal number are deprived of work at the abandoned location.

But if industry cannot be expected to go to the workers, perhaps the workers can go to industry. Many people pin their hope on organized migration. This is a forlorn hope, as almost every word of

this article implies. I grant that the Americans are a highly mobile people, and will tend to distribute themselves rationally if opportunities for jobs develop. What is to be feared is that opportunities will be so late in appearing that various schemes for fixing people in one place at low standards of living—like subsidized subsistence farming—will bring about an immobility of a most depressing kind.

For that reason closest attention must be paid to every suggestion for widening the market for American production. Theoretically, this can be accomplished on two fronts, the foreign and the domestic.

The perils of foreign trade are apparent to all but the blindest. Consider, for example, cotton and wheat. Certainly the American producers need foreign outlets if they are to survive; but the decision on their fate is not in their hands. It is at least equally in the hands of the cotton producers of Egypt, Brazil, India, and the Soviet Union, if not of those in China and elsewhere; and in the hands of the wheat producers in Canada, Argentina, Australia, the Danubian valley, and elsewhere. But what is too frequently overlooked is that much the same considerations apply to manufactures. In this field American superiority is conceded in many lines, but in others it is decidedly challengeable. Moreover, just as some highly industrialized nations are campaigning for agricultural self-sufficiency, so some predominantly agricultural countries are hoping to develop manufactures. To do this they import machinery. This stimulates production in the machinery-building countries (including the United States); but when the machinery begins to run it cuts down the market for the goods produced.

These forces have materially cut down the area of trade to-day as compared with that before the World War. True, this area has also been artificially reduced by quota systems, tariffs, and other barriers and, as Secretary Hull has demonstrated, these can be broken down to an extent.

The question is, to what extent? Obviously, not enough to absorb all the excess of production at present plaguing the United States *and also* to give work to all the hands seeking employment. Foreign trade then is but a partial answer to the problem. It will be tried, but it will be found wanting.

VII

We are left with the domestic front. It is here, in my opinion, that the answer to our American difficulties is to be found. In an address last October, Edward Filene, the Boston merchant, said:

... no basic (American) problem has yet been solved; and until something happens in America which will certainly bring greater and greater buying power to the masses of would-be consumers, American business can never achieve lasting prosperity. . . .

We have sufficient resources, sufficient machinery, sufficient power and sufficient skilled management to provide every American family with economic security and such a standard of living as no people have ever known before. . . .

All that is necessary is that all these resources, all this power and skill be placed at the service of the mass consumer. . . .

But as has been made clear, under present conditions millions of workers are in acute danger of being excluded from the American market because of lack of employment. No relief system will provide them with access to the market envisaged by Mr. Filene. What is needed is to bring American incomes to a high enough level to buy more than the meanest food, clothing, and shelter.

Back in 1857 Ernst Engel announced a "law concerning the influence of the income upon the budgets of the working classes, as follows: The poorer a family is, the greater is the proportion of the total outgo which must be used for food. The proportion of the outgo for food, other things being equal, is the best measure of the material standard of living of a population." Turning to the data given in the Brookings report entitled *America's Capacity to Consume*, we get some interesting light on the part food plays in

American budgets at different income levels:

Percentage of total income recipients in class, 1929. Approximate.	Average income. \$	Average expenditure on food. \$	Percentage of income for food.
14	800	368	46
21	1300	535.50	41
17	1800	667.70	37*
7	2700	862	32†
5	3400	847	25
2	5000	981.20	20

* At this income level, according to the U. S. Government experts, an adequate diet for a family of four becomes possible; but the income level necessary for a liberal diet is \$3,000.

† American average, according to Standard Statistics. It is interesting that in February, 1935, in New York City, 53.2 per cent of relief moneys went for food.

Study these figures carefully, and consider what they suggest as to the prevailing American standard of living—even in 1929—and the possibility of expanding the American market for goods. What American producer would not welcome as a market the millions and millions of Americans who even in 1929 had to spend forty per cent or more of their income for food? They are not a market now—for anything beyond cheap food and shoddy clothes; and they won't be until they have something to buy with. Where are they going to get it?

It is unquestionable that American progress has hitherto been based on an ascending standard of living for all. According to the National Industrial Conference Board, purchasing power increased 140 per cent between 1899 and 1929. There has been progress. There can be progress in the future. It is frantically exasperating, therefore, to encounter propaganda aimed to hold back progress and to introduce compulsory poverty into the nation. Let's settle thousands of farm families on subsistence farms, say these propagandists. At least they will get enough to eat. Let's teach business girls how to dress on \$78 a year (a project approved by Mrs. George Stanley Rusmussen of Palm Beach and Chicago, who struggles along on several thousand a year for clothes). Let's show a family of five how to eat on \$8.75 a week—which implies a family income of about \$1,000.

Let's, in short, get up all kinds of cockeyed experiments to avoid finding out why it is impossible to continue to raise the American standard of living.

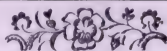
There must be a way to this goal. As Edward Filene says, we have a sufficiency of natural resources, power, technology, and managerial ability. To raise the American standard of living will be to open up a greater volume of employment opportunities than promises to arise from any other source. It is, in the writer's opinion, the road to the free, happy, prosperous America we all think of as the true America. To allow a situation to grow up in which there will be "prosperity" for a top layer of the population and "subsistence" for millions is, by contrast, to shackle the country in misery. The choice is, therefore, between progress and retrogression.

The way out may involve price cuts as the Brookings group believes; it may involve shorter hours and higher wages as Robert Wood Johnson thinks. These are questions of ways and means once the stage is set. What needs to be dis-

covered by the American people to-day is why the obvious road to prosperity cannot be taken without further debate. The blockade is not in natural resources, in power resources, in technological equipment, in managerial ability—all of them traditional excuses for general poverty. It must, therefore, be in the institutional controls to which these four are subjected.

Thus the primary individual problem of getting a job at good wages and keeping it—a problem which multiplied by 51,000,000 is that of the American working population—merges into the political problem of how to change the institutional controls to which our economy is subjected in such a fashion that the stage is set for a new and broad expansion of the American economy. If this cannot be accomplished without dislodging many blindly powerful "interests" and individuals from their places of power, then they must be dislodged. But to accept any other formulation of the issue is to endorse a defeatism which is incompatible with the American tradition.





I BEAT THE STANLEY STEAMER

BY HIRAM PERCY MAXIM

AMONG the first men in Hartford to buy a horseless carriage was the late Mr. Leonard D. Fisk. He had a brother who owned a half-mile race track in Branford, Connecticut, and in 1899 this brother conceived the idea of holding a horseless-carriage race meet. To the best of my knowledge this was the first motor track race in America.

I hungered to get into that race so badly that I lay awake at night thinking about it. We had just finished building a new Columbia gasoline carriage at the Pope Manufacturing Company in Hartford, and it was so much faster and worked so much better than anything we had ever built before that I believed it would give a good account of itself in a race. I broached the subject very delicately to Lieutenant Eames, my immediate superior in the Pope Company. He was not favorably impressed. He said that in every race in which the Pope Company's product figured the Pope Company must win. Were I to lose, it could be said by the winner that he had a motor carriage that was superior to the Columbia, and that he had proved it at Branford. Such a state of affairs would be unthinkable.

The week of the race came and I was in a terrible state of indecision. I wanted to get into that race; but I had no right to promise that I could win it, for the very good reason that I had not the most remote idea who my opponents might be. I seethed inside for a few days, trying mightily to arrive at some sort of a plan which had at least a modicum of logic back of it. On the hope that something

would turn up I had entered the race, since I could always cancel my entry. But it was not until the day before the race that I evolved a plan.

It was to make the run to Branford and when I reached there to look over my opponents. If they looked sufficiently inferior I would telephone to Lieutenant Eames and tell him that I proposed to go into the race unless he ordered me not to. If the line-up looked pretty able I should merely be one of the spectators.

But the best-laid plans never worked in horseless carriage days. Fred Law (my model-room foreman) and I left the factory shortly after five o'clock on the morning of the race. Branford was possibly forty-two or -three miles from Hartford. The race was scheduled for two o'clock. This gave me nine hours in which to cover the forty-odd miles. All went well until we were entering Meriden, when a fearful clatter accompanied by severe bumping announced that something important down underneath had fetched away. It turned out that a chassis frame tube had parted. This threw a bad strain on the arms of the change-gear box, which in turn wrenched these arms off and let the gear box down on to the road. I was disheartened when I viewed the wreck.

Fred and I studied the matter a while. Possibly we might fix things. We should need a blacksmith shop however. I remembered that we had recently passed one and I determined to go back and interview the blacksmith. It was only six o'clock in the morning and I found that the blacksmith shop had not yet opened;

but I managed to find where the owner lived and I got him out of bed and told him my trouble, and he promised to get dressed and help me out. Fred Law and I pushed the carriage back to the shop and found the blacksmith opening up as we arrived. I showed him what had broken and what would have to be done to repair the break, and after some questions he said he believed he could fix matters.

It was a big job; a lot of queer-shaped forgings had to be made and some rough machine work done. By eleven o'clock, however, we were fixed. When I saw that the carriage would run I telephoned to Lieutenant Eames and told him I was on my way to the race at Branford, and when I arrived, if I thought I had a chance of winning, I intended to enter unless he ordered otherwise. Lieutenant Eames had become accustomed to having me call up on the long-distance telephone from all sorts of places and make all sorts of astonishing announcements, so he surrendered to the extent of telling me that full responsibility rested upon my shoulders and that he would neither approve nor disapprove. That was enough for me. I decided to make all haste to Branford.

The problem now was to get to Branford by two o'clock. I had only three hours and the distance was something like twenty-four miles. There was nothing to do but push on and save every minute possible. But I had forgotten the young Sahara Desert that used to lie between Wallingford and North Haven. I had crawled through only half of it when the engine boiled all the water away and overheated. It would not do to keep on and ruin the engine; I had to have water, and quickly, if I were to be in Branford in time to see the race.

The nearest house was a long way back through the soft sand, and it would be a slow and killing job carrying all the water I needed over that sandy road. There was a railroad excavation near at hand, and I remembered that, when passing in the train, I had often noticed a pool of

water in it. Investigation disclosed that I was right. Fred Law and I found the pool; it was horribly stagnant water and covered with green slime, but it was wet, and that was all I cared about. The problem now was how to get this stagnant water up the bank and over the fence and into the water tank of the carriage.

On those early carriages we had an enameled cloth apron which fitted over the front of the bonnet and extended round the shoulders of the driver. It was the only protection we had against rain and cold wind. In horse-carriage circles it was called a "boot." Taking this enameled cloth boot down to the pool, Law and I submerged it in the stagnant water, skimmed off the evil-looking slime, and managed to collect something like five gallons of water. Catching up the corners and edges of the boot gave us a rather heavy pouch, the neck of which must be grasped with great vigor or all the water would be lost. By exercising the greatest care and going slowly and surely, we successfully got our awkward burden up the steep sandy bank and over the fence, and started the flow of rotten-smelling water into the cooling tank. I cannot express the intensity of satisfaction I enjoyed as I gazed at that filthy water running into my tank. It cooled as well as the purest spring water would, and we had lost only fifteen or twenty minutes!

We started again and crawled along through the deep sand to the first house. Here I filled up the tank with water, because I had a lot more sand to negotiate and would need every drop of water I could carry. It was a long low-gear grind to the end of the desert road, but at last we were on a harder dirt road and were able to get into high gear and move along briskly.

I was just getting my confidence back again when, entering North Haven, we encountered a bridge up for repairs. The bridge was actually gone and a gang of men were working on the job. The only way to cross the little stream was to ford it. In those days it was not thought

necessary to provide an alternative route when a bridge was rebuilt. There was not enough traffic to require it. Law and I dismounted and looked matters over. We found the stream just a little too deep for us to attempt a ford. But the bottom was fairly hard and there was a pile of flat stones near at hand, so I suggested to Law that we build our own road across the stream. Half an hour of desperate work with our shoes and stockings off and our trousers rolled up gave us a sort of a road and by great care we succeeded in getting the carriage over without mishap. It was now half-past one o'clock and there was no hope of getting to the race track at Branford by two. However, if we had no more trouble we might get there in time to see the last race, so I crowded on all the speed the road would permit without shaking the carriage to pieces.

We had had nothing to eat since five o'clock in the morning. I was empty and getting tired and Fred Law had reached the silent stage; so I took enough time at a lunchroom to buy some sandwiches which we ate while running along. It seemed a tremendously long distance to Branford and there were miles and miles of stony hills and rough roads, but finally we came upon a little park containing a little race track and a little grandstand. The little grandstand was filled with people; there were many ladies and quite an air of excitement. *We had arrived!*

As we drove in, looking for a place to pull up and be out of the way of the racers, I saw that the occupants of the grandstand were waving programs and handkerchiefs. There was no race on and I wondered what the enthusiasm was about. There appeared to be a little Stanley steamer at the starting line and some kind of a low, long thing off at the side of the track with a man underneath it, evidently working on a repair. It afterward turned out that this low, long thing was a single-cylinder Winton gasoline carriage, the first I had seen.

Then a man came running up to us, full of excitement. He asked me if I were Hiram Percy Maxim of Hartford. I told

him in considerable surprise that I was, whereupon he urged me to hurry right up to the starting line, explaining that the crowd had been waiting all afternoon for me so that they could have a race! With a sickening feeling I then realized that all the excitement and waving in the grandstand was directed at me. It seemed that only three motor carriages had turned up, the Stanley steamer, the Winton, and my Columbia. The Winton engine could not be started, so that until I arrived there was no chance of a race.

I replied to the urgent pleadings that I had just arrived from Hartford, that I had been delayed on the road, that my machine would have to be fixed before I could think of starting in a race; but the excited man brushed all my arguments aside by shouting that the crowd had been waiting for hours—that they could not be held any longer—I must come up to the starting line at once.

I was swept off my feet. It certainly was a critical situation. I had been through a gruelling day, my machine certainly ought to be looked over and tuned up—visions of Lieutenant Eames floated across my mind—"the Pope Company must always win"—what in the world should I do? But there seemed no escape. I must go through with the race.

Telling the excited one that I should be ready in a moment, I asked Fred Law to unload out of the car everything which could be unloaded, so as to save weight, while I got out the oil can and squirted everything in sight liberally. By the time I had been over everything, Law had the carriage unloaded and all was ready. With a low spirit, dreading what might be in store for me, I grasped the crank and started the engine. Jumping into the driver's seat, I ran the Columbia up to the starting line amid the wildest applause from the grandstand.

When the man in the little Stanley steamer saw that he had a competitor he hopped out of his machine and busied himself feverishly about it. Then the starter explained to us that the race was to be for five miles, or ten times around

the track. By the time the starter had finished his speech I noticed that the Stanley steamer was fairly quivering. It was hissing angrily and seemed ready to burst with the accumulated steam pressure. It was as plain as could be that the Stanley steamer man's tactics were to accumulate the maximum possible steam pressure and then burst ahead and leave me hopelessly in the ruck, hoping that when his steam ran down he would be too far ahead for me to catch him. I realized this was good strategy, but I believed that his accumulated pressure would dwindle away quickly and that when he got down to what steam he could generate he would not be as fast as I was.

As the starter made ready to give us the signal I speeded up my engine until the Columbia too was quivering violently. The Stanley man had come up to the starting line first and he had been smart enough to take the pole—the berth nearest the fence. The pistol shot rang out above the awful racket and we were off! I let in my clutch on the low gear and the Columbia made a rush ahead; I snapped into the second as quickly as I dared, and then into the high. While this was going on the Stanley man opened his throttle and the terrific steam pressure he had accumulated caused the little steamer to shoot ahead like a dart. By the time I was in my high gear the Stanley was nearly half way round the track. This looked discouraging, but it did not bother me because my gasoline carriage was slowest at the start while my opponent's steamer was fastest at the start. His speed would taper off as he used up his surplus steam pressure, while my speed would hang on and be just as high at the end as at the start. I was short of the three-quarter mark when the steamer passed the grandstand. He received loud cheers as he passed. When I came round I was greeted with loud jeers and the suggestion that I "get a horse."

The next time round I had reached the three-quarter mark when the steamer passed the stand. This was what I had hoped for. It showed that my opponent's

pressure was not holding up and that I was moving the faster. The next time round I was well past the three-quarter mark when he passed the stand. When I reached the stand this time I was the one who received the cheers. The public always sympathizes with the under dog.

It was now all a question of whether the Columbia would hold together for five miles. If it did I ought to win. My job was to make it as easy for the little carriage as I could. At the turns I was extremely careful to avoid any undue strains. On the straightaways I hugged the pole closely. Not only was it helpful at the turns, but the road was harder and faster near the pole. Each time round I was closer to the steamer and the crowd cheered like mad. About the third mile I caught him right in front of the grandstand amid the wildest cheering.

Then came the important job of getting the pole. I had to clear him by a generous margin in order to pass in front. At the end of the backstretch, however, I had enough lead, and I closed in and took the pole. The next time I passed the grandstand I had the lead and the pole. The little carriage was plowing along steadily, I was more than careful on the turns, and as we neared the end of the five miles I had lengthened my lead considerably. As I swept over the line at the finish I was an eighth of a mile ahead.

The crowd cheered us to the echo, for it had been a real race after all. I turned and drove back to the finish line where my vanquished opponent came forward, shook hands cordially and congratulated me. And so passed into history the first motor race in America.

It must have been thirty years after this that I was in a conference with a group of men on a matter having to do with molded bakelite products. After the conference was over one of the men asked me if I remembered an automobile race that was held in Branford, Connecticut, in the very early days. I replied that I had a very vivid memory of it. He then told me that he had too because he had been the driver of the Stanley steamer!



JAPANNING CHINA

BY WILLARD PRICE

WE ARE familiar with the lacquer or "japan" used in japping wood; one does not hear of its being used on china. Possibly it would not adhere, would mottle or chip off. Or possibly china does not need japping; it might be like gilding the lily.

However that may be, the process of Japping China goes steadily forward. Will Japanese influence sink in or will it remain on the surface? Will it improve China, better Japan, or spoil both?

There are those who prophesy that China will absorb the slight Japanese varnish so that not a trace of it will remain and China herself will be unaffected. The Chinese comfort themselves with the saying, "No feud ever lasts a century." Another proverb, now used wherever in the world men need solace, but anciently rooted in the history of China, is, "It will all be the same in a hundred years." It has seemed true enough in the past. The Mongols and the Manchus invaded China. In each case, within a hundred years, the invaders had been absorbed and China went on.

Will it happen again? It is true that China softens men. Englishmen and Americans in China become mellow, tolerant, lose the sharp edge of their convictions. They inhale the air of compromise until they must exhale it too. Japanese military officers who have been serving as advisers in China for two decades do not want to go home. They like China. The Chinese have a talent for making master comfortable. Chinese ways, like the Chinese robe, are loose-

fitting, pinch nowhere. Japanese commercial men become in time hardly distinguishable from Chinese. It is just possible that if the seventy million Japanese should migrate to China they might be swallowed by the four hundred and fifty million.

But no large migration is likely. A few millions will go; but Japan, for the most part, will stay at home and govern China as Rome governed Byzantium. The national fires of Nippon will be kept burning. The forge will continue to turn out samurai, fire-hardened, with an ethical edge that will cut through China as a knife cuts through cheese. The Mongols and Manchus had no civilization—they were easily won over by the culture of China. Barbarism always gives in when exposed to civilization. But the Japanese have a highly developed civilization . . . better adapted to present-day needs than that of China. Therefore they will not give in. They are immune to Chinese culture because they were inoculated with it a thousand years ago. They then adopted things Chinese as avidly as they now accept things Western. If there was anything weakening in Chinese culture the Japanese absorbed it and have long since survived its effects. They attack China with the best of China's own weapons, the best of Japan's, and the best from the West. No race or nation on earth has ever been so fitly equipped to make a profound impression upon China.

No, it will not all be the same in a hundred years. It is natural to think that what has been for four thousand years

will continue to be. But history is weary of repeating herself in China. China remained the same for so long because her civilization was superior. No one, Mongol or Manchu, Moslem or Muscovite, least of all the Western barbarian, could offer her anything better. It is only recently that the West has developed anything worth teaching to the wise old East. Then it took time to break down Eastern complacency, to teach the old dog new tricks. But at last China is in the mood for change—in fact the seeds of change are already deep planted. According to Lin Yutang, Chinese literature has undergone a more profound change during the past thirty years than during the preceding two thousand. Material and scientific change has been even more sweeping. If all this has been accomplished by mere suggestion and example, what may be done by compulsion exercised deliberately and on a great scale? It is hard to suggest anything to a Chinese; but he yields easily to force. Japan will use force. For the first time in China's history a people with better ways of getting things done are about to invade and impregnate China, open up its natural resources, build factories that require technical workers, start schools, teach modern industrialism, and drive home the teaching if necessary at the point of the bayonet. Outwardly (and we are not speaking now of the eternal verities) life will be transformed in China during the next century.

Revolution among a quarter of the human race—it is now more than a fifth and Chinese fecundity is rapidly bringing it to the quarter mark—cannot but have sharp repercussions upon the other three quarters. The chief repercussion will be upon Japan. It will not be surprising if Japan's first statesman of a century from this morning may sit, moodily staring at the floor, bitterly regretting that Japan ever put foot in China.

Not that the Japanese campaign in China will not be successful—temporarily. It promises to be a magnificent success. But there is just as clear promise that this

success will be followed by colossal, world-shaking failure. And from that failure the nations may see the China that enrolls one human being out of every four emerge as the world's greatest Power.

The completion of this cycle may take a brief hundred years or two—a mere morning in the four millennia of Chinese history. Only a day in the more than two thousand years of Japan's national life.

But what a day it will be! Japan will ride a fast horse. To disaster perhaps—but who thinks of that in the thrill of the ride? The milestones of world power will flit by with dizzy speed. She may even find herself at the head of the cavalcade of the nations. In fact, arithmetical progression will bring her to that position if she holds anything like the speed of the past eighty years. But then, behind her, will come a lumbering, laughable dray-horse with a colossal jockey in blue denim, gaining as the race goes on not only in speed but in bulk until they loom to six times the size of the Japanese entry and finally shoulder it out of the track.

II

When China thus outstrips Japan and resumes her ancient position of leadership, Japan will have only herself to thank. For she is to-day assiduously laying the foundations of China's future greatness. Japan is carrying over into China the conception of government by law in place of government by whim. China's only common-sense government has been that of the village. Each village was a petty republic. Above it, remotely, was the Emperor; but he interfered so little and was so far away that he could be revered and dismissed as the Son of Heaven. What rule he did exercise was apt to be whimsical. But whim had not yet descended to badger the village and the family.

Then China became a so-called republic. All that really happened was that the monarchy fell to break up into many small monarchies, as a great spider's

pouch bursts to spill a horde of little spiders, each scurrying off with sure instinct in search of prey. The warlords, each carving out for himself a petty kingdom, have brought government by whim within the mud wall of every village and into the home of every family. The American tendency to over-optimize any good news from China may have led us recently to suppose that General Chiang has eliminated the warlords and unified the nation. That has not happened and there are forces at work that will prevent it from happening. China does not change so fast.

Despite Chiang's gallant efforts, warlords not directly under his thumb still rule like Oriental pashas. A word, and a head comes off; a nod, and a dozen tarnished concubines are replaced by fresh ones; a wave of the opium pipe, and looting soldiers ravage a countryside. Worthless bank-notes are printed and the people compelled to use them. Taxes are ludicrous. Many communities have been forced to pay taxes thirty years in advance. The pasha bestows rich reward upon the scholar who can think up a new tax. And so we find taxes on everything from potato plants and chickens to wedding-chairs and coffins. In Hankow and Swatow nearly every move in the life of a pig, not to mention its pre-natal life and its after-life, is subject to tax. There is a tax upon the intercourse which germinated the pig, a tax upon its birth, a tax upon its infancy, a tax upon its trough, a tax upon the weighing of it, a tax upon butchering it, a tax upon selling it, and a tax upon eating it.

When concrete taxable objects run out, abstractions are taxed. Thus arise the civic welfare tax, the patriotism tax, the benevolence tax, the righteousness tax, the laziness tax, and many others.

There are ingenious taxes which fine a man if he commits a certain offense and also fine him if he does not. For example there is the heavy penalty for growing opium. The clever warlord levies it in advance upon every farmer, who, therefore, *must* grow opium in order to pay

the fine. Likewise a tea-shop proprietor must have an opium lamp to offer guests in order to pay the ruinous fine for having a lamp, which fine is charged against him whether he has a lamp or not. Under orders from Nanking the warlord establishes an Anti-Narcotic Bureau; but since he covets the rich revenues to be had from the drug, he uses this very bureau as an agency to compel the cultivation and sale of opium.

So complicated is the maze of taxation that a warlord cannot be expected to manipulate all the strings himself. Therefore he sells a "tax monopoly," that is the right to collect a certain tax, to the highest bidder. Naturally the latter expects to make money on the deal, therefore he charges the taxpayers many times the actual amount of the tax and is furnished with soldiers by the warlord to enforce his demands. Often a peasant's entire possessions are confiscated, and if he shows displeasure at such treatment he may be summarily shot.

The support of soldiery is a disastrous drain upon the people. It is one of the world's strangest anomalies that the peace-loving Chinese should support the largest military force in the world. The combined armies of China total two and a quarter million men. Inclusive of bandits, who are merely soldiers out of a job and operating as free lances, China's armed men number three million. Militaristic Japan is criticized by her own taxpayers for maintaining three hundred thousand men under arms.

I met recently one of the best of the warlords, Marshal Yen Hsi-shan, who acquired credit as the "model governor" of Shansi. He is a model by comparison. His people, unlike the Szechuenese who have paid taxes forty years in advance, have paid certain taxes only five years in advance. Instead of having all their goods confiscated by taxation, often only ninety per cent of their income goes in tax, leaving them ten per cent to live on. They eat chaff mixed with millet and survive while others starve to death. Yen governs by whim, but many of his

whims are beneficent. Offenders who are marched out of the south gate of Taiyuan city to be shot are doped with heroin so that they will die happy. Many of them pass out singing.

Yen is making an honest effort to introduce modern science into Shansi. He has never studied science, but what of that? His aplomb has won for him a Chinese nickname which interpreted means "There-is-nothing-he-does-not-know." He hires foreign experts, then discards their advice and does things himself. Lying on the floor over the blueprint of a field-piece which must be built accurate to a thousandth of an inch, he designs it with the help of a stick upon which he has roughly marked off inches only, no finer gradations, with a pencil. A quarter-mile railway tunnel was dug from both ends (common practice in tunneling: the twelve-and-a-half-mile Simplon Tunnel was dug from both ends and the two bores joined precisely within eleven inches); but Yen's bores emerged from the mountain at two different points without ever having met. He instructs factories, railways, armies to wait for his personal orders, then is incommunicado for days because of nervous stomachache or quarrels among his wives and concubines.

One cannot see him and his works without feeling that here is a character straight out of the Arabian Nights. Yet Marshal Yen has more public spirit than most of the other warlords of China put together. He is one of the brightest hopes of China.

What answer? Could all this mess be cleared up by abolishing the warlords and returning to the old plan of village autonomy?

No, it is too late for that. The old village was shut away, a self-contained world, and could, therefore, be self-governing. The new village is connected by motor-road, railroad, and airline with other villages, towns, cities. Therefore a broader government is necessary. General Chiang Kai-shek is struggling to establish such a government. But he has four hundred and fifty million people

against him; or, rather, he has the accumulated conservatism of four thousand years to overcome. Wherever he goes with his army he wins temporary obedience. When he leaves, the unfamiliar new forms of control are shuffled off.

It is too big a job for China because China is too big. With the great mass of China opposing reform, it cannot come except through outside force. The lifelong student of Chinese characteristics, Dr. Arthur H. Smith, said, "To attempt to reform China without some force from without is like trying to build a ship in the sea."

The fact is that the old China was broken up by Western civilization, and only Western civilization can put it together again. China is like a patient who has been laid on the operating table, etherized, slit open, internally knifed and scissored—then abandoned by the surgeon. The sewing-up has never been performed.

The West disrupted Chinese family authority and substituted no rugged individualism; taught women and minors to strike for freedom but not what to do with it when they got it; developed a taste for the electric gadgets of modernity without showing how to dispel the poverty that makes them impossible; plunged the Chinese into a mechanical age without teaching them mechanics; ruined home industries without demonstrating how to run factories without frightful loss in lives and morale; brought in itching ideals which prompted the overthrow of a monarchy that worked and replaced it with a democracy that can never work so long as China's millions are illiterate. In short, the West accomplished thorough chaos; then, weary of the game, did not bother to go on to cosmos.

The West tore China stone from stone; only the West knows the pattern that must be followed in the modern reconstruction. But Westerners are to-day withdrawing from China. Their place is being taken by Japanese, the Eastern representatives of Western civilization. The task devolves upon them.

III

What will Japan do about it? She has already clearly demonstrated in Formosa, the South Seas, Korea, and Manchuria what she will do about it and is now repeating the demonstration in North China.

The Japanese are the most distressingly orderly people on earth. The erstwhile romantic isles of the South Seas are now run by machinery. The more than two thousand islands of Japanese Micronesia are no longer subject to the erratic fancies of native kings; and the latter gentry, where allowed to continue at all, are well regulated cogs who turn out tabular reports on the condition of privies and the number of flies swatted *per diem*.

In Formosa may be seen a striking example of what may some day happen in China. In forty-one years of Japanese rule the five million Chinese of Formosa have developed a talent for orderly government which one who has observed only the Chinese of China would not dream possible. Formosa would seem to prove that the squeeze and corruption that stain China's officialdom are primarily the fault of the system, not of the men. China's government has been called a "government by gentlemen"—it has always been considered impolite to ask an official to make any accounting of public funds entrusted to his care. Put the officials of any country on earth under such a system and what would happen to their morals? Japanese officials are up against an elaborate bookkeeping system, and when they contrive to beat it they may be quite sure that a lively public conscience will have them assassinated for their pains. Even more strict bookkeeping is required of island wards. So Formosan officials, the rank and file of whom are Chinese, have learned to account for every last penny. They have a reputation as good public executives. They prove that it is not constitutionally impossible for Chinese to shake off a "government by gentlemen" and function capably in a government by law.

In Korea one finds Korean governors who are models of ability and integrity—largely because the straitjacket of Japanese control does not permit them to be otherwise. The Koreans are not happy under this lockstep regime. But, like it or not, they are being drilled in government-by-law.

In Manchuria too the Japanese put their trust in Roman rules and regulations—not in the fickle stability of human nature. It is a short time but a long step from the days of Chang Tso-lin, bandit, murderer, warlord of all Manchuria, who drank warm tiger's blood direct from the beast as an aphrodisiac and lopped heads for amusement, to the present rule of thumb. The thirty million Chinese complain of restrictions; but every year more Chinese pour into the country to slip their heads willingly into the noose of the same restrictions. They would rather be alive though not free in Manchuria than free to die in China.

In North China the first lessons in bureaucratic government are being bitterly taught. The Chinese magistrate of every hsien or county is paired with a Japanese "adviser" who is teaching him that people are not human beings to be coddled, fooled, and squeezed, but just so many working units on a chart. At headquarters all important committees—those of economics, diplomacy, communications, finance, education—are under Japanese "advisers." The tenure of Yin Jukeng, chief executive of the "East Hopei Autonomous Government," depends upon how long he remembers that he was educated in Japan, married a Japanese wife, and owes his position to the Japanese. Upon interviewing him I was struck by his sharp variation from the warlord type. His head does not remind one of a bullet. He is youngish, has a high forehead, earnest eyes, face of a careful mathematician or law student. He has no paunch. He does not identify himself with the old-time scholars by a drooping mustache with the ends soaked in tea. He is of the present century. Although certainly a puppet, he belies the

popular notion that a puppet must be weak; the Japanese feel themselves strong enough to control strong puppets. And China is that land of contradictions where able men see no harm in selling themselves to the highest bidder. His talk is not the braggadocio of a general but the click-click of a calculating machine. The old Chinese tradition is that an official's statement should be a literary gem—it does not need to mean anything. Yin does not deal in fine phrases, but in facts and figures. He supports them with diagrams, charts, maps, bank reports, and always leans back finally upon laws. In other words, here is a new type of official in China—not necessarily better or worse, but different. He is not an individual, but a part of a governmental mechanism. He represents the Roman, the Japanese, system of government by law as opposed to government by whim.

Hundreds of young Chinese are now being trained in Japanese universities and law schools. Graduates are going back to China to take official positions in the Japanese spheres of influence. The ablest modern of China, Chiang Kai-shek, was himself trained in Japan. Thus the West which destroyed Chinese family government, village government, monarchical government, is to-day, through Japan, putting something in their place. Japan must have law and order in China before she can exploit the country's resources. She is self-interested of course, and yet, in teaching law and order, she is filling China's greatest need. (Will China, when she has some day become nationally well knit, a great law-governed driving force in world affairs, turn upon her teacher?)

IV

China's second urgent need is for more to eat—for escape from poverty. The only answer to that is economic development. Japan, for her own sake, is supplying the answer. North China farmers are being urged, sometimes compelled at the point of the bayonet, to grow better crops and more of them. They must pay heed

to the findings of agricultural experiment stations established by Japan and staffed by experts who are scientifically improving Chinese farm products. Millions of yen have been invested in this experimental work. Seeds of the improved varieties are given free to the farmers, instruction goes with the seeds, and all the crops grown are readily sold for export to Japan. Thus the Chinese farmer benefits and so does Japan. For Japan's small islands cannot produce enough food for her own people, and as the population grows Japan must increasingly depend upon imported foodstuffs. Incidentally, the more prosperous the Chinese farmer becomes the more he can buy of Japan's manufactured goods.

Then, cotton. Japan has been buying her cotton in America, India, and Egypt. But all three of these countries have seen fit to raise tariffs against Japanese goods. Japan, in reprisal, is now feverishly developing vast cotton plantations in North China. She intends before long to be able to snap her fingers at cotton-producing countries which fancy that they can sell to Japan without buying from her. Japan's cotton king, president of the great Kanegafuchi Spinning Company, says plainly that Japan must in future get the bulk of its raw cotton from Shantung instead of the United States. As usual, the program is not a matter of vague hopes, but has been planned and charted in detail by the Overseas Ministry, which prophesies that by the end of ten years North China will be able to provide enough raw cotton to supply all Japan's demands.

American varieties have been acclimatized to North China by the experiment stations—the seeds are given to Chinese farmers who are guaranteed set prices for all the cotton they can produce. North China already provides 400,000 bales of American cotton a year.

This cotton can be milled more cheaply in China than in Japan because land is plentiful and Chinese laborers are "cheap and mild," to quote a Japanese report. Moreover, the mills are near the planta-

tions. Therefore dozens of Japanese cotton mills have bobbed up. Japanese spindles in China increased from 170,000 in 1916 to 2,090,000 in 1934. Chinese mills, failing, sell out to Japanese. An ironic instance occurred recently when a great Chinese mill was opened in Shanghai with much official fanfare, its publicly proclaimed purpose being to meet Japanese competition. It was shortly sold at auction—to Japanese interests.

Chinese cotton executives are taking postgraduate work in Japanese mills. They find much to study in the rigorous Japanese system of management, care of machines, speeding up of workers, even elimination of workers by installing the most modern machinery competent to do the work of human hands. Note that most of the minor executives and all the laborers in these Japanese mills are Chinese. Thus Chinese are being trained for the future. It is not impossible that they may some day be able to compete successfully with their teachers.

Japan needed wool—she bought heavily from Australia. But Australia was not properly appreciative, hamstringing Japanese goods; and as a result is now losing her best wool customer. Japanese scientists have crossed the Mongolian sheep with the merino and have turned out an animal that has the native's endurance and the foreigner's wool. This sheep is already being raised in vast flocks on the plains of northwestern Manchukuo, in Inner Mongolia, and in North China.

Japanese interests are improving harbors, building highways, installing telephones, reclaiming waste lands, reforesting, constructing water-supply systems, mining coal, iron, and gold, starting hundreds of factories to turn out articles of daily need, appropriating four million yen for "cultural enterprises" including research institutes, libraries, and technical schools. Japan is, says Pearl Buck, "that most difficult imperialist to withstand, the most insidious to make war upon, the imperialist who benefits in many ways those whom he controls."

Chinese rail at Japanese aggression

while they rush to accept Japanese benefits. A growing number even read Chinese newspapers published by Japanese—because Japanese news services are more speedy and efficient and the papers, being free of Chinese censorship, give facts not obtainable from the Chinese press. Of course all statements of opinion are pro-Japan; but the anti-Japanese reader flatters himself that he can avoid such traps and reads the paper not for its views but for its news.

Certainly Chinese use the railroads no less since Japanese began to run them. The Peiping-Mukden line has quietly slipped over under Japanese control, and the same may be said for the Peiping-Suiyuan line. Japanese money is being followed by Japanese influence in the Shantung Railway, Tientsin-Pukow, and Peiping-Hankow. Important new railways are projected by the Japanese to tap mineral resources. While there are loud complaints of the tyranny of Japanese station-masters on the Peiping-Mukden line, there are none of service. Nippon-managed trains leave and arrive on time. The good old days are gone for the Chinese general who held a passenger train for two hours while he went to play a game of mah jong with a friend, and the major who allowed several hundred passengers to stew in a standing train for three hours while he broke his journey to enjoy a bath and a nap.

Japan's investments in Shantung and Hopei provinces (where her two feet are most firmly planted in China) are more than 200,000,000 yen or about \$60,000,000. From these bases she is reaching out not only to all northern provinces but to the southern as well. Everywhere she does not merely hold bonds and hope for the best—she is actively promoting the industrialization of China.

V

How about personnel for the industrial revolution? Japanese plan to furnish the directing heads, but they will need Chinese hands, plenty of them. Those hands

must be short-nailed. They must be mechanically deft. They have not been trained by present or past Chinese education. Two-thirds of China's college students take arts or law, and add to the crop of jobless politicians and lawyers. The Japanese plan of education of a subject people is very different. It has already been put into operation in neighboring Manchukuo, and Manchukuo experts have been charged with the duty of extending the system to North China and are now doing so.

The system is simply this: expand common education, but focus it upon agricultural, mechanical, and scientific subjects; have school farms and manual training shops in connection with every school; rewrite textbooks (this has already been done) to dull Chinese patriotism and develop pride in the work of one's own hands; wipe out all higher institutions of learning of the academic sort (as has been done in Manchukuo but not yet in North China) and substitute technical colleges and scientific research institutes. Presidents of great universities in North China such as Yenching and Shantung University expect to have to move to more congenial surroundings—otherwise they must succumb to mechanization.

In other words, Japan plans that the inflammably intellectual jobs shall be held by Japanese and Chinese trained in the universities of Japan. Thus will be provided the few politicians, lawyers, philosophers, writers, artists, and "gentlemen" required; but the vast bulk of the population shall be trained to till the earth and tend machines.

Again the self-interest of the invaders coincides with one of the great interests of China. It is a profound pity that higher education must wane; but China will gain more from widespread common scientific education. Four thousand years of classics for the few have given China many graces. What she now needs most in order to compete with the modern world (and with Japan!) is thorough training from the ground up in industrialization. As for culture, it will not

die in China—it is in the bone. Moreover there is a culture, as America and Britain have found out, that arises directly from industrialization, and is nothing like so gross as the soil from which it springs. That will come.

The machine age, with all its bad effects, will do some much needed surgery on Chinese character. It will reduce fatalism. We shall hear less supine nonsense about the "decrees of heaven" and "heaven's will" when the Chinese finds that he can shape his future with his own hands. Those who tremble at the tread of Nippon and whimper "It can't be helped" will find a new song of courage in their hearts.

China's appalling talent for inaccuracy will wane. Machines do not allow for a bland disregard of time, for nonchalant disobedience to orders, for careless weighing, measuring, and numbering. In China some acres are half as large again as others, miles are stretchable, it is "farther" going uphill than down and a census that reports a town of 8346 people as "about ten thousand" is good enough. But the very essence of machine life is precision.

A profound effect of the machine will be to put a new loyalty in place of the old family loyalty that has been so largely disrupted. When thousands of men leave their ancestral homes, come to a city and work together in a factory something is born—teamwork. Teamwork is a new idea to the Chinese. Outside the family they are individuals, against the whole world. But a modern cohesive state cannot be built up out of opposing individuals. Co-operation will be learned in industry, and will finally extend far outside the bounds of industry, preparing the Chinese for statehood.

The amazing esprit de corps of the Japanese in their industries and their entire national life cannot fail to be contagious. Young Chinese in daily association with Japanese will be amused, then impressed, by these odd people who put group interest above individual interest and would rather commit *seppuku* than

get in the way of their Emperor. Chinese eyes will be confronted daily with a vivid example of nationhood. Not that it will make Chinese loyal to the Japanese group or the Japanese Emperor, but it will fan in their hearts the desire to have a nation of their own and then be truly loyal to it.

Loyalty is a mercenary commodity in China; it is bought and sold. This is an outcome of China's poverty. Men must eat; if a warlord quits paying his troops and his enemy offers to pay them, they must go to him or starve. War is employment. When men can depend upon industry to feed them they will prefer it to war. If Japan repeats her Manchukuo method and retains a small Chinese army under Japanese supervision, these troops will be paid, desertion will be both undesirable and impossible, there will be severe penalties for looting or bribe-taking, the position of soldier will take on something of the honor it holds in Japan, and a competent and respectable Chinese fighting machine will be developed. But, again, the new strength and secret loyalties will probably not be dedicated to Japan—but to the dream of a restored China.

The Japanese will more readily mold China because they are half Chinese themselves. I mean culturally, not racially. The visitor who moves to and fro between China and Japan is struck by the thousand and one analogies between the customs of the two peoples. To list these similarities would require many pages; therefore, I shall not begin. Lacquer will serve as a symbol of them all: the lacquer tree and the art came from China, but the tree flourished better in the Japanese climate, and the art was brought to a new artistic level by the Japanese. Now China receives what she gave—plus. The greatest plus is, of course, Western science—which Japan has adapted to fit Oriental needs, and now feeds in predigested doses to China.

Besides new ideas, will China have an actual infusion of new blood? Japanese leaders do not think so; they insist that the race of Yamato must keep its blood

"pure." The Chinese, in theory, are equally opposed to mixing. Yet intermarriages are increasingly numerous. That is only natural, inevitable, when two like races are brought into close contact. The children of these unions are often a marked improvement upon both originals. After a few decades, when the first violent antipathy between invaders and invaded dies down, as it always has in the case of past invasions, intermarriage may be common.

Now, a striking historical fact has been disclosed by Dr. J. S. Lee and other able Sinologists; namely, that China's history falls naturally into periods of about eight hundred years, and that during each such period the Chinese race gradually deteriorates until it is so weak that the land is overrun by invaders. Their blood rejuvenates the race. The Chinese then slough off or absorb the invaders, the Chinese nation is unified and reaches a new pinnacle of power.

Lin Yutang in *My Country and My People* describes in detail this phenomenon, at which we can only glance here. Suffice it that the present cycle of eight hundred years has, according to precedent, about two hundred years to run. At the end of this time China should have assimilated the blood of invaders, shaken off the invaders themselves, and risen to power as a unified nation. The pace of a modern world may shorten this period from two centuries to one, or may disrupt the cycle altogether—who can tell? However there is at present every sign, even without relying upon history, that Japan will dominate and pervade China and that China will rise out of this experience to a place of first-rate importance among the nations.

VI

Other nations are inclined to allow Japan a free hand in China. America is busy at home. The Soviet has her task for the next several centuries—the development of a vast rich world of her own, twice the size of the United States. The British Empire would prefer to see Japan

spend her strength in China rather than in Australia, Malaysia, and India. If these Powers change their minds, which is unlikely, it will be because they also wish to take a hand in the industrialization of China. The net result will be the same—a developed and modernized China that will in time shed its developers and assume a powerful and independent role.

China already has the land; she will have the people. There is room for millions more. China is not overcrowded, but under-utilized. Resources lie undeveloped while masses starve. In many parts of China away from the arteries one may travel for hours without seeing a soul. When modern civilization enters an Asiatic country population increases rapidly; for epidemics and famine are checked, more of the children born manage to grow up. Thus Japan and India have tripled in population during the past century. If the same causes should have the same effects in China during the next century, China's 450,000,000 would increase to one and a third billion.

Even if Japan should continue her present increase of about a million a year, there would be only 170,000,000 Japanese a century hence. But, as in most modernized states, Japan's population growth is slowing down. The birth rate per woman has dropped, women marry later, birth control is practiced, families are smaller. Demographers agree that the population of Japan proper is likely to become stationary at less than one hundred million by 1955, while Professor Teijiro Uyeda places the figure at eighty million, and Marcel Requien at seventy-eight million. In other words, Japan is approaching the end of modernization's cycle of increase, while China is just at the beginning. Therefore, Chinese of a century hence may outnumber Japanese thirteen or more to one.

This might mean little if China remained inchoate. But an organized nation of a billion and a third must hold a prominent place, quite possibly the leading place, in the world of the future.

Order and industrialization are the

great needs of China. Japan is supplying those needs. An industrialized China will not require Japanese goods. Moreover, she can undersell Japan on all world markets. Even now, at the dawn, there is complaint that Chinese manufactures compete with Japanese. That is just a symptom of what is to come. We marvel at the Japanese capacity for hard work on small pay. The Chinese double that capacity. They can work harder and longer and live on half. Japanese settlers in Manchuria find that they cannot compete with Chinese. The Japan of the future will be completely out of the running in competition with an industrialized China.

But suppose that industrialized and modernized China remains under the rule of Japan—cannot Japan bend it to her own will?

That is a vain supposition. Fully developed peoples never remain under alien rule. Look the world over and you will find no such case. "Self-determination" is a natural law that operates inevitably (except for small racial minorities) when subject peoples become as competent as their rulers. Strong peoples govern themselves. Germans submit to the rule of no alien race, nor do French, Britons, Italians, Spanish, Americans, South Americans, Japanese. As for Canadians and Australians, they are not ruled by an alien race; they are voluntary units in a Commonwealth of Nations. All advanced peoples are, in the nature of things, self-governing. Even the semi-backward Philippines is being graduated into self-government, and India will walk alone as soon as she is able—perhaps before. Tutelage always ends when the pupil knows as much as the teacher, if not before. This important sociological fact means much to the Chinese. It means that when they are able to carry on for themselves, they will do so.

It means that even Manchuria will be restored to the Chinese. The Japanese have claimed justly that Manchuria was not historically a part of China, so they felt free to cut it off. But the odd truth

is that Manchuria, though cut off, is now every day becoming more a part of China. Formerly the population was Manchu. During recent decades the country has been filling with Chinese, and still they come. To-day out of Manchuria's total of thirty-three million people about thirty million are Chinese. The proportion of Chinese, because of fecundity and immigration, will probably continue to grow. A nation whose people are overwhelmingly Chinese must, when those people are industrially trained, pass into their control. Whether Manchuria will then choose to reunite with China proper is immaterial—it will at least be a part of the vast Chinese commonwealth that will mold future Asia as it molded ancient Asia.

So what of our analogy of the lacquer? Lacquer dries most quickly in a dark room. If Japan employs ways that are dark in China there is at least comfort

in knowing that the new China will more quickly emerge. Lacquer poisoning does not affect the object that is lacquered; it affects those who apply the lacquer. Japan will do well if she can dominate China without poisoning herself with hypocrisy, specious reasoning, the brutality of tyranny, the furtive humiliation that is the reaction of such adventures as the present smuggling campaign. Japan's Bushido is a thing precious not only to herself but to the world. Japan is most in danger if, like crafty craftsmen, she lays on designs in bronze and tin while trying to fool the world and herself into believing that they are of gold and silver. And she will be most mistaken if she thinks her lacquer will last. It will fall away, but not before it has alchemically changed China which will then stand forth alone, a thing of strength and beauty.

MUSIC

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

YOUR ears are flooded and your mind is spent
*Before this cataract that flutes invent;
 The violins are sources for a stream
 Whose waters drown your body in their theme.*

*Before the trumpets' flight of plangent birds,
 Imperious death speaks unimportant words;
 And even love is speechless and remote
 When strings let fly the proud, the arrowy note.*

*Listen: the bell, the violin, the reed!
 The radiant, sovereign sounds proclaim you freed:
 Your feet are feathered—let your body soar
 Until the aching ear can hold no more.*



HERE AND NOW: A WORD TO PARENTS

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

SOME years ago I wrote an article. I have forgotten the title, but I do remember that it was mainly about myself. This, however, was not as egotistical as it sounds, for I was airing a pet theory of mine concerning the art of living which my own life, and particularly my childhood, seemed to illustrate. As this article is an extension, and to some extent a reconsideration of the original idea, it is necessary to recapitulate briefly the high-spots of the said childhood, which from any educational point of view, ancient or modern, was highly unconventional and even improbable. (Sometimes in the light of my grown-up experience I am tempted to disbelieve in it altogether and have to refer back to incontrovertible evidence to reassure myself.) Its main feature was that it taught me—or I should say allowed me—to do things effectively and efficiently at the age of ten which very few accomplish at all at twenty. I was, for instance, an experienced and self-sufficient traveler. By the time I was eleven I had made extensive bicycling tours through England, entirely alone, arriving at hotels unheralded and, as far as I can remember, unsung. If I created consternation I should have been unlikely to notice it, for I myself was quite unaware of doing anything unusual. Not having met any children of my own age, I had not the remotest suspicion that I was peculiar, and my bland air of assurance may have staggered hotel-keepers into showing me to my room and serving me my *table d'hôte* dinner (or my ham and eggs, for when funds ran low I frequented pubs)

without sending out a call for the police. On one occasion I stayed away from home for a week and nobody seems to have known where I was or to have cared much. If I dropped a post card from time to time it could scarcely have been very helpful, as my writing and spelling were peculiar. I may say that, though I made friends with anybody who happened to be going my way, nothing untoward ever happened. My worst experience was when I spent my last penny on a pair of passionately desired brown shoes and had to ride fifty miles with only a boiled egg for nourishment. The brown shoes remind me that I had my own dress-allowance and dressed in a fashion quite my own. I was an inveterate theater-goer. One well-remembered week I attended six performances on the London stage. I went alone and came home alone, letting myself into our house with my own latch-key.

At fourteen I was given a hundred pounds and a return ticket to Norway. There was no method to what most people would have considered my father's madness. (My mother, I may say, had died when I was five.) I don't think he had any idea in his head but that it was easier to press a hundred pounds into my hand than to have me about, cluttering up his already sufficiently cluttered life. But the result for me was admirable. I owe to these first years my long memory of events that are scarcely shadows to my contemporaries, my sense of proportion, my knowledge of the world, and above all, of myself. At fourteen I was fully

equipped for life. Unfortunately, my father, under the spur of conventional disapproval, yanked me back into childhood.

On my return from Norway, I was sent without warning to a finishing school in Brussels, and for three years I lived in a strange world, where I was considered incapable of crossing a road unchaperoned. It says much for the perhaps tragic capacity of youth to adapt itself that I succeeded in conforming myself to the limitations of my highly educated and utterly ignorant conformers. I remember my gloomy and puzzled admiration of their erudition and my ferocious contempt for their incapacity to deal with a world which I had already managed successfully for several years. Eventually I became "one of them." With a child's instinctive desire to conform, I cast my experience, wisdom, and self-confidence overboard. To these three years, it seems to me, I owe the best part of my subsequent mistakes and weaknesses.

Anyhow, my article on this subject got me into a lot of trouble. It was suggested by some of my fan-mail writers that I was a liar. Anxious mothers wrote from all parts of the world inquiring whether, in my opinion, they should cast Johnny, aged ten, out of the nest to fend henceforward for himself. Their reasonable qualms made me realize how much water had flowed under the bridges since my youth, how much more complicated life had become since I had tackled it. I realized that at ten I had done things easily which nowadays would tax the capacity of an experienced adult. Even a circus-rider would hardly venture to coast down Regent Street on a bicycle, as I did, weaving in and out of the lumbering buses and spidery hansom cabs with, I hope, graceful nonchalance. And it takes a trained diplomat all tied up in red-tape and with the full life history of all his grandparents to get himself across a frontier. (In my day we didn't even have a passport.) Insensibly we have allowed our lives to become so complicated, so restricted and dangerous that, though we

move rapidly, and often, it is mostly in gangs in carefully marked-out ruts. Our lives, like our traffic, may be fast and furious, but they are, nevertheless, governed by complicated regulations and signals. Everything we do, thanks to increased efficiency, has become more difficult and exhausting. Passports, permits to come and go and stay and breathe, income taxes, gangsters, kidnappers, eccentrics who must get somewhere, where they don't particularly want to go, faster than any other eccentrics, make the business of living for Johnny, aged ten and on his own, extremely serious and even dangerous.

I sympathize with him. But it is still my contention that he was put into this world to live in it, and that the sooner he starts, the better. Just because life has become more complicated he has less time to lose. The sooner he learns for himself that to step off the pavement with his back to the oncoming traffic is the wrong way to cross the road the less likely he will be to develop into one of those chronic children who, entrusted with high-powered cars and with a schoolboy's irresponsibility, turn our roads into battlefields. It is not their fault. They have been held back too long. They are like inherently normal people who through some deliberate mistreatment have been mentally and intellectually dwarfed. They look adult. But in themselves they remain bewildered, frightened, and consequently aggressive and dangerous children.

II

The world's history is the luckless result of luckless childhoods, sometimes too precocious, sometimes too suppressed, sometimes too easy, but never a really fitting prelude to a balanced maturity. The consequence is that we have whole nations of schoolboys (and schoolgirls) stampeded into schoolboy excesses and follies under the leadership of other schoolboys who, suffering from a secret inferiority complex, are hell-bent for

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power. Only schoolboys, with a school-boy's sense of values, could have perpetrated the last Great War and will perpetrate the next. Only physically adult children, craving for protection and authority to save themselves from the necessity of facing reality for themselves, could have thrown themselves under the menacing dictatorship of a Hitler, himself a schoolboy who, having conspicuously failed at school and in his own chosen career, assuages his wounded vanity by exhibiting ruthless authority over more docile and equally frightened adolescents.

In America, it seems to me, that the present method of preparation for life results in a rather cruel paradox. For the past year I have been living in a university town mainly populated by young men who, from my point of view, are playing a delightful game in a sylvan seclusion, a million miles from reality. But from their point of view, they are floundering in a sea of problems for which nothing in their previous life has prepared them. As one young man in his first year said to me, it had taken him two months even to begin work, so little had he been accustomed to exert his own will or choice. And yet another youth, on the eve of Commencement, confessed his dread of what lay before him, realizing as he did that he had spent a vital irreplaceable portion of his life preparing himself for something that would never happen in a world that didn't exist. His academic career had in effect been nothing but an extended childhood, painfully complicated by physical adolescence, but with all his childhood's ideals and values preserved and even exaggerated. Intellectual achievement was at a discount (as it is, significantly, in Hitler-Germany). Physical prowess and courage were over-estimated. His highest ambition had been to become Captain of his football team. He had become Captain. Now, to his aghast realization, came the fact that probably he would never play football again, and that his captaincy would be as useful to him in the world into which he

was being flung—literally over-night—as a dusty laurel wreath. All that it could do for him would be to hamper him with a perhaps ineradicable illusion.

He is the son of wealthy people, so that the chances are that his adolescence will be protracted into second childhood. He will decay without having matured. Whatever inevitable trials and disasters he encounters he will meet them, not as an adult, but as a half-grown boy, outwardly swaggering and assured, but secretly bewildered and afraid. He will have money, so he will have power which, like most of his kind, he will exercise in an attempt to hold down the world to his own schoolboy standards and ideals, and he will experience bitter conflict whenever he comes up against those adults who are striving to bring civilization to maturity.

In the late War an intelligence test was made on the American Draft by which it was established that 10 per cent were above normal in their mentality, 20 per cent were normal, and 70 per cent had the intelligence of fourteen-year-old boys. I am not prepared to believe that 70 per cent of the pick of the American nation are inherently sub-normal. I am convinced that of the 70 per cent, at least 50 per cent had been dwarfed and crippled by their upbringing, so that, like the feet of old-time Chinese women, their brains had ceased to grow and had lost the capacity for growth. No statement that I remember was made regarding the 30 per cent. They may have been to college or they may not. At any rate they had the intellectual strength to overcome their advantages. They were self-made men. But there were too few of them.

I am not arguing for a harsh, unhappy childhood and, even less, for the so-called modern education that treats a child's most exasperating display of personality and temperament as sacred. I am arguing for a shorter childhood and for a preparatory regime that is really a preparation. I am arguing for a formal education that is adapted to the capacities of those to be educated and that is not

protracted beyond such capacities simply to satisfy a well-meant but dangerous snobbery. I believe that children should fend for themselves as soon as they can stand and co-ordinate their movements, take responsibility, accept the bitterest consequences of ill-judged and anti-social actions, and generally face themselves and their world squarely, quickly, and without illusions.

It can be done. I did it. And I was not a "bright" child. I was not even a very well-balanced child. I was naturally extravagant and violent-tempered. But by the time I was fourteen I had learned that I had to control my temper or suffer the consequences, and that if I spent my money on riotous living (or on brown shoes) I had to go hungry. For years I had taken care of myself as a matter of course. I remember too the children I saw in Russia who, at the age of two, were sitting at the table feeding themselves, with excellent table manners; and, at four, were able to wash and dress themselves according to the best nursery standards. And I thought sadly of the countless mothers who all over the world were immolating themselves on behalf of innocent tyrants, blowing noses, washing ears, and spoon-feeding babies who would have been happier and better for blowing, washing, and feeding themselves.

In the Middle Ages boys commanded armies—certainly with no more disastrous results than those attained by our best sexagenarian generals. Queen Elizabeth at fifteen was not only able to express her decided opinions in excellent Latin, but she was fighting successfully for her life against the most astute and malicious enemies in her sister's court. In those days men and women lived for all they were worth from the moment they could stand upright. They had to. Their expectation of life was too short for dallying in nurseries. Their world was too dangerous. Such men and women, so vigorously prepared, are to-day's crying need. They would make something of a world which is now physically clear of the jungle and potentially a Utopia. But instead, it

is populated by a herd of Peter Pans who have never grown up and don't want to. Their instinct, since they are convinced that they are going to live for a long, long time, is to shrink back into the safety of the nursery and listen to fairy tales. But the nursery is not safe. And though their expectation of life may be theoretically longer, a great deal depends on whether they will be allowed to live theoretically. The generation of 1914 discovered to their cost the precariousness of life as ordered by Peter Pans.

Sir James Barrie immortalized and glorified our most modern weakness. He did us small service. We were already prone enough to believe that there is something beautiful in a perennial childhood and that it is the loving duty of parents to keep their children children (for ever if their means ran to it), hiding them from the facts of life which are many and various and not all related to sex. To this end, and in spite of all accusations to the contrary, they still sacrifice their own lives, putting off their own "here and now" for the sake of their children's tomorrow, which never really comes. Sometimes the unselfishness—as is more often the case than we like to think—is a form of egotism, a desire for power and possession. Sometimes, having failed to live successfully themselves, they try to pass on the task to the new generation by "making life easier." But often the sacrifice is a pure and honest one. I am thinking now of two friends who have themselves a talent for living. They are not rich. They have had to fight hard for what they have. They are real adults of value to themselves and potentially to the community. But in order that their son, Johnny, shall not grow up they have denied themselves everything to which they have earned the right, travel, adventure, books, their own development. Instead of the long-planned trip to Europe, Johnny goes to a summer camp. They don't buy the little place in the country on which they had set their hearts, in order that he shall enjoy the luxuries of an expensive school. They work harder

than they should because Johnny must go to college, where his dull unwilling mind will clutter the classroom of some luckless professor. They themselves have lost ambition, personal desires, and almost the beauty of their original relationship to each other.

And what of Johnny? Johnny is a very ordinary youth. With a reasonable upbringing he might be a successful and happy car-washer in a garage. He believes that he is a highly educated, highly gifted man because he plays football well and is popular with the fellows and has wangled a degree of sorts. He believes, further, that the world which breathlessly awaits him is a glorified school-cum-summer-camp-cum-college, and that he knows all about it. If he were more intelligent he would at least guess that it isn't and he doesn't. He would expect the unexpected and brace himself to meet it. As it is he will muddle through life a disgruntled schoolboy, producing other schoolboys and wondering why he does not get the "breaks."

III

The universities of America are full of Johnnies. If their parents had any sense and the universities any self-respect, they would not be there. They have no intellectual capacity beyond the standards of a good high-school. They have been pushed and coaxed through much too easy examinations, and their mediocre minds drag down what should be a place of high learning reserved for the intellectually elect, to the level of educational bear-gardens. They go thence unprepared for the world, hampered by illusions as to their rightful place in it, and thus permanently crippled. Year after year they swarm back to the place where they were properly appreciated, wearing the colors, singing the dear old songs, waving their arms at the prescribed angle, and giving vent to the old unintelligible war whoops, the tears of childhood in their dimming eyes. Some people find this beautiful and touching. It gives me

the same uncomfortable, ashamed feeling that I have when dwarfs exhibit themselves in the circus arena.

I have heard it argued that in these difficult days it is better to keep children back as long as possible, because there is no place for them to go. No one wants them. This is certainly true. There is no time or place for children or half-baked adolescents crammed with undigested learning, false standards, false values, and a childish incapacity to think and act for themselves. Before 1914 we lived in what seemed to us a secure and settled world. We could afford—or thought we could afford—a race of men who regarded life as a football match in which the decent fellows "played the game." To-day only lunatics can harbor such illusions. We are fighting our way through what the Future will probably call the Second Dark Ages. If our civilization is to escape the final disaster, we have got to grow up fast and see to it that our children grow up in time to take our places.

At this point Johnny's mother, quite justifiably, will enter a protest. "Theorizing is all very well. But what, in plain practice, do you mean? Is Johnny never to play again? Isn't he to have a happy childhood?"

I should answer: "By all means. The end of all human endeavor is happiness. The worst that can be said of our Peter Pans is that they are not happy and do not induce happiness."

It would certainly be all to the good for Johnny to have a happy childhood. All I am suggesting is that it should not be artificially prolonged for a third of his active life. I suggest that his mother urge him out of the nursery, mentally as well as physically, as fast as he can go. He may not go willingly. For it is an odd characteristic of human nature that we usually try to do things in a way that in the end causes us the most trouble. As long as people will let them, children will stay helpless. (Women were encouraged to play that game for centuries, with the result that the majority of them still

haven't got the full use of their limbs or brains.) But actually the process of growing-up—if it is not prolonged too long—is a happy, exciting adventure. I loved my full-grown independence at ten. I made my mistakes and paid for them. But they were *my* mistakes and the paying was part of the fun. People no doubt shook their heads and murmured: "Poor child!" But I didn't feel like a poor child. I never felt sorry for myself until I was pushed back into childhood and made to distrust my own strength and independence as something unnatural and reprehensible.

My conviction is that at ten any normal child should be responsible for himself. At sixteen, if he has been properly educated which under our present system he is not, he should either have finished with formal education and be ready to tackle the world, or he should have given convincing intellectual justification for its continuation. In other words, our coming-of-age should be pushed forward at least five years. To my mind it is tragic to see full-grown adults (physically speaking) still hanging round their parents' necks (very often draining the life out of them), as dependent on them for support and even for ideas and convictions as when they were children. It is not their fault. Their parents, from one motive or another, encourage them even to passionately resenting their first efforts at independent thought and action. The weaker yield to the pressure and take the line of least resistance. Hence our Peter Pans, our Depressions, our World Wars, our Dictators, and other manifestations of infantile paralysis.

If I had a child (and Johnny's mother will no doubt consider it lucky that I haven't) I should set sixteen as the limit of my responsibilities as guide and philosopher. Afterward I should be prepared to act as friend, even to the extent of lending him (or her) my father's hundred pounds to see how far round the world he could get with it. Or if I could not conveniently spare the hundred pounds, I should suggest that he find out

how far he could get without it. Of course if he had been brought up as most children are brought up he would be totally unfit for such an experiment. The average youth of sixteen, thanks to our pretentious but slipshod methods of education, can neither read intelligently, write correctly, nor think clearly. He doesn't even know how to dress decently. But I am supposing that he has been self-sufficient for at least five years, and that a sound education has included a working knowledge of the world. I should expect him to know at least two of its languages, its politics, its finances, its morals, and its lack of them. I should expect him to be able to handle himself like a man under all reasonable circumstances. It is not impossible. If, like the people of the Middle Ages, we expected to be old or dead at forty, we should have to hurry our pace. It is our false expectation of life that leads to our futile dilly-dallying along the road.

But even under the adverse conditions of our other upbringing a great deal can still be done. I know of one young man who before he went to Harvard—and I may say he was one of those exceptions who fully deserve a university career—was given a very small allowance and complete liberty to wander where and how he chose. He traveled alone over the length and breadth of Europe, taking a job where he could get one, and returned a full adult, so head and shoulders above his contemporaries that he is rather lonely. Like all pioneers, he has to suffer the consequences of being in advance of his generation. But he will outgrow the disadvantages. The advantages will grow with him.

But to return briefly to my imaginary offspring. By now he is seventeen and has come back from his "*Wanderjahr*" of which he has made either a success or a mess, or a little of both. In any case certain invaluable things will have happened to him. He has seen the world with his own eyes, instead of with the eyes of his prejudiced elders; he has had to form his own ideas concerning it instead

of swallowing wholesale the ideas of a propagandist Press, he has learned what part he is likely to play in it—whether that of a fool or a wise man. If he were brilliant intellectually I should then help him to a university career. (There should be many more scholarships, as there are in England, for boys of his capacity.) His experience of real life would preserve him from the ossifying influence of the average academic mind and from the schoolboy standards of the average campus. He would be able to sift out the gold of learning from the dross of dull pedantry and athletic hysteria. He would be able to use the university as it should be used. If, on the other hand, he were not brilliant—let us say a natural-born car-washer—I should expect him to wash cars efficiently and not run round in them at my and the community's expense. In other words, I should not let my maternal vanity overcome my social responsibility by hoisting another third-rate mind into a first-class position simply because I had the boot-straps. But whether he were brilliant or stupid, of one thing I should be reasonably sure—that my particular Johnny would be facing the violent changes that lie ahead of us as a useful adult, working and thinking honestly on his own level and, therefore, with a good chance of riding out of the storm into fair weather. The curse of a deliberately delayed maturity is just this—that it delays our discovery of our level until it is too late; it prolongs childish thinking and feeling until they become incurable. Young men and women of average well-to-do families, coddled through school and college, imagine that because they go to cocktail parties, drive cars, and make conducted trips to Europe, they are worldlings who know their world. They know, of course, nothing that will help to save it or themselves. In the approaching crisis their illusions will be their undoing and, since through inheritance, they have power, may well be the undoing of the social order of which they believe themselves to be the supporters.

IV

These Peter Pans are everywhere, in all classes, and if there are more of them in England and America it is largely because these countries have been hitherto wealthy and powerful enough to afford such luxuries. In addition, Americans have an inordinate and sentimental passion for youth and a desire to preserve it—even at the cost of maturity. The result has been unnecessary hard times and hard times made unnecessarily hard. Potentially, America is an Eldorado flowing with milk and honey. Well-governed by adult-minded men and women, she need never have known a depression or indeed any of the recurring economic crashes that have devastated her well-being. She owes them to her Peter Pans, whose bodies grow old, but whose minds never leave the campus or the play-street where they still "play the game" regardless of the fact that, outside, civilization may be fighting for its life. The time, in fact, has gone past when any nation can afford these perennial children. Nor are they happy in themselves. Their faces, as you see them on the street or in the rotogravure sections, are tense, overstrained, prematurely aged. Paradoxically, too much is expected of them. The father who has scrimped and saved, crippling himself in order that his son should have a carefree childhood and four years' delayed maturity in college, expects great things in return. If he runs a taxi or a grocery store, his son must run a bank, or a State, if not all the States, regardless of the fact that he has never learned to run himself. The result is a physically mature man with the heart and mind of a schoolboy, bluffing his way through, into positions where he is a social menace, terrified of failure, and thus ruthless and unprincipled in his methods to attain success.

The gangsters, the grafting politicians, the dishonest financiers who are the bane of American life and who are at the root of all her troubles, are in effect nothing but just such overgrown schoolboys

stuffed with childish fairy-tales, and expectations of what fairyland owes them. I am convinced that Dillinger was a very ordinary child who had played games too long and believed that he ought to be a millionaire, if not President of the United States. He became baffled, finally resentful, and, according to proper pioneer methods which he heard perpetually glorified, proceeded like a true he-man to try to shoot his way to power. But the days of the pioneer were over. He ended in a gutter with a bullet in his heart. Other children, more cunning or more lucky, become bank presidents, politicians, "leaders of the people." And it is the people who take the punishment.

The winds of change are blowing about our ears. The storms that we have invoked by our own heedlessness are carrying civilization to the rocks. If it is to be saved it can be only by full-grown men

and women. What we need is not adult bodies with adolescent minds, but adolescent bodies with adult minds—young people who have grown up quickly and are mentally and morally ready to take the helm. They have no time to lose. Their task is to live from the word "go" to a good finish. Our task is to set them quickly on the course, letting them go by living our own lives, seizing our own opportunities, exerting our own capacities, taking our full share of the present. Our "here and now" is our primary concern. The future is not. It belongs to our children. It is their "funeral," their party, their whatever-they-choose-to-make of it. The quicker they fit themselves for the choice and the responsibility the better, the more likely there is to be a future. The call to youth to-day is, in effect, not "play the game," but "stop playing the game and get down to living!"





SONNETS OF SUMMER

BY JESSE STUART

I

I HEARD the water crying with delight
To music of the wind among the beeches;
This water flowed white-silver in moonlight
Over the blue-slate and the sandstone reaches.
Its lone voice crying in the night so far
Only the wind among the beeches heard;
It must have cried unto the evening star,
Its swish-swish crying like a fluttering bird.
It ran so swiftly on away from me,
A streak of silver in the white moonlight,
A-flowing, flowing to some far-off sea
To join the waters of another night,
As we shall join ghosts of departed years
Who lived with us among these stubborn hills,
Who knew the little joys of life, the fears,
The songs of water and the whippoorwills.

II

WE WHO have followed days behind the plow
And worked through cloudless June and July heat
Thought often: "Plowing is so useless now—
The God of rain has failed—we've met defeat."
Gray clouds of dust against our sweating skin
And settling on sweat-dripping flanks of mules,
Dust clouds, man and mule nostrils must breathe in—
And one would think: "Men of the earth are fools."
We are not fools. We know the earth is cruel.
We live with earth. We know the earth is kind
To give us daily bread, drink, shelter, fuel—
The earth is good to keep our human kind.
Earth gives us tillers bitter with the sweet;
The season wet, the season cold, and dry—
We men of earth are slow to meet defeat
And though we fail we're not afraid to try.

III

I HEARD the rattle in the green leaves' throats
Last night when I was half asleep in bed;
I heard dry puffs of wind like stomping shoats—
The dry moon in the sky was blood-root red.
I lay and listened to the moan of wind
And thought: "Why can't we ever have a season
To benefit of beast and human kind—
For change of season what can be the reason?"
Dry winds kept tantalizing thirsty leaves
Behind our house the whole night-long it seemed.
The sparrows chattered in the viney eaves.
The red-moon rode the sky: half-baked, I dreamed:
"The water runs white sluices from the sky.
Croak, rain-crow, croak—croak, rain-crow, croak no more.
Rair washes lidless blacksnake's dirty eye—
Croak, rain-crow, croak—croak, rain-crow, croak no more."

IV

THE lightning streaked the skies before the dawn
And lighted up the dirty streaks of cloud.
I crawled from bed and put my work clothes on.
The thunder was the drum now beating loud!
It was the march of rain—the big drum rolled!
Ten million feet tramped on the element!
They gave earth's belly all that he could hold.
Such army and such drum the war god sent!
Ten million feet did spear earth's belly right
And tattooed on his ribs the war refrain.
The drum beat on until dawn's streak of light.
Gray volleys pattered down like waves of grain.
That was the sweetest march I ever heard
As thousands scrambled over my lean-to.
The hearts of all the leaves and flowers were stirred.
The enemy was killed—the world made new.



CAN WE LIVE LONGER?

THE SEARCH FOR A METHUSELAH FORMULA

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

IN THE *Athenian Mercury*, that curious weekly miscellany of questions and answers published in London in the seventeenth century, I came upon this query propounded by a reader two hundred and forty-six years ago: "Whether may a Man preserve his life to extreme old Age, without diminishing of his Senses, or interruption of Health, either by Pains or Sickness?"

"It's reasonable in the Theory," answered the editor, "but difficult in the Practice Part to obtain such an immortalizing Quintessence to preserve or renovate all sorts of Persons." A list of prescriptions follows: the use of diets, consultation of the herbal, the resort to astrology, reading of the stoics, partaking of milk from the rays of the moon, or a golden elixir from the rays of the sun, or a broth brewed of the influence of the stars—medicines difficult to procure, the candid editor admits, but "that there are such Medicines is out of Controversy true."

Through the centuries has run a persevering faith in the belief that "there are such Medicines." Perhaps most of it is wishful thinking, aided and abetted by the wiles of quacks; but honest science also has encouraged the idea that the years of a man's life are not necessarily limited to the Psalmist's formula of three-score and ten. From early philosophers, down through astrologers and alchemists, the idea has come at last to the test of the research laboratory which calmly experi-

ments. Here chemists, physiologists, endocrinologists, and other biological adventurers are trying various arts and medicinals to see if they can add any days, months, or years of lucid flame to life's brief candle.

Candles, like men, are subject to accident and may be snuffed out. Like men, they are subject to the second law of thermodynamics, and even if no accidents befall, they burn out. The accidents to which human bodies are liable range all the way from encounters with automobiles to encounters with germs. If an elephant tramples a child we list the cause of death as accidental. If that same child should escape the elephant and encounter a bacterium, and die in a paroxysm of choking, the cause might be recorded as diphtheria; but actually the attack of the invisible microbe is no less accidental than the attack of the massive elephant. Both are external, both are elements of the environment which by chance happen to make contact with the child, and both extinguish a living flame which but for their presence would continue uninterrupted. In this view we may class all contagious diseases, all those biological disturbances which are communicated by a bacillus, a virus, or other agent, as accidents.

Germs and other carriers communicate disease to organs which are open to contact with the external world. At least, these first-to-be-encountered systems would be the ones most apt to be at-

tacked. I refer to such as the lungs and other organs of respiration (in continuous contact with air from outside), the digestive organs, and others. At Johns Hopkins University, where for many years Raymond Pearl and his associates have been making a systematic study of the records of human longevity, Dr. Pearl uses a scheme of classifying the parts of the body into two groups: *first*, those organs which are exposed to external contacts, and *second*, those like the heart, arteries, and veins, which are closed systems and normally have no outside contacts. Recently Dr. Pearl took the records of the 5,985,833 deaths which are registered as occurring in the United States during the five years 1923-1927, classified the causes of death in terms of the organs which were diseased, and found this suggestive comparison:

Diseases of organs of the first group were responsible for most of the deaths which occurred between the ages of 20 and 24 years, and, to a lesser extent, for most of those occurring up to age 45; whereas

Diseases of organs of the second group were responsible for most of the deaths which occurred after age 65, and particularly at age 90 and beyond. (There were 85,039 deaths at 90 and beyond, sufficient to provide a fair statistical sampling of extreme old age.)

In short, it appears from this classification that most of these young people in their twenties and thirties, and those whose lives were just beginning at forty, died of diseases of organs exposed to contacts with the outer world—presumably a considerable proportion were victims of chance encounters with germs and other accidents; while the ninety-year-olds, with stronger constitutions or greater immunity or better luck, resisted these external foes only to die at last from failure within.

The crucial task in the study of aging is to determine the nature of this failure within.

Do organs irrevocably wear out, consume their inborn capacity to endure,

eventually exhaust their resources in some such inevitable sense as the candle burns up its store of hydrocarbons in the wax?

Or, is organic failure itself an accident, the result of conditions that might be remedied if we knew their causes—*e.g.* perhaps an effect of burdensome accumulations in the body mechanism which might be avoided, or of neglect of repairs which might be self-corrected if the body were continuously provided with repair material?

These questions suggest two radically different theories of the aging process. If the second alternative be true it seems reasonable to expect that a life might be indefinitely prolonged by supplying the body with the necessary wherewithal—assuming, of course, that we can discover what that prime essential is. But even if it should turn out a false clue and we are left with only the first alternative, we still may inquire whether by any means the inborn capacity to endure may not be utilized more effectively, be husbanded, rationed, made to last longer, and so be stretched over a greater span of years.

The experiments with which investigators are pursuing these questions are necessarily limited to the lower organisms. It would be more convincing to have a demonstration made on human subjects; but men and women are not available as laboratory material for tampering with the life span. And so the researchers turn to creatures more amenable to their disciplines. They try out their theories in carefully controlled experiments with rabbits, rats, fish, fruit-flies, even the lowly waterfleas and the nerveless cantaloup plants, as samples of the living fire which glows also in the sacred frame of man.

II

That there is an inherent constitutional endowment, an inborn capacity for longevity, has long been accepted on the evidence of human statistics. Family

histories show that nonagenarians are usually the descendants of long-lived parents and grandparents. And experiments indicate that the capacity for longevity is handed down from parents to children with a mathematical precision corresponding to that with which physical characteristics are transmitted in the hidden chains of heredity.

Dr. Pearl established this by a series of experiments with the well-known fruitfly. Starting with a single pair of flies as the selected ancestors of his stock, and following their progeny through many generations, he obtained the life histories of thousands of individuals. As each generation emerged from its pupa state (corresponding to birth) he noted the date, transferred all members of the new generation to a new bottle plenteously provisioned with an agreeable banana mash and surrounded by the optimum conditions of air, temperature, and humidity, and awaited their mortality. Some died young, some lived to middle age, a few survived to old age—and it was found that in general a fruitfly lives about as many days as a man lives years. Thus, a 40-day-old fly corresponds in maturity of its life to a 40-year-old man in human life. A 90-day-old fly is an extremely elderly individual, usually decrepit and feeble. Only a few attain that age.

Among the thousands of individual insects studied in this way, there were many of abnormal physiques. They are what the geneticist calls mutants, *i.e.* changelings or sports; and among the several known types of sports there is one whose distinguishing characteristic is a dwarfing of the wings. The tiny wings look like mere vestiges of the long, broad, overlaid, transparent wings of the normal flies, therefore flies of this mutant type are known as "vestigials." Geneticists had observed previously that they are less robust than flies of the normal type and have a higher death rate, and Pearl's studies now provided an accurate life-table. He found that on the average the vestigial flies live less than a third as long as the normal flies.

The next step was to take a female of the normal strain and mate her with a male of the vestigial strain. Some of the descendants of this crossing were short-lived vestigials and some long-lived normals, and the distribution of the two types in each generation followed closely the peculiar ratios called for by Mendel's laws of inheritance. In repeated trials and variations of this experiment Pearl showed that the life span is related to constitutional organization—that what is in the egg, the minute arrangement of its genes or protoplasmic units, decrees not only that the fly hatched from that egg shall have dwarfed wings but also that it shall have dwarfed days.

Prior to this work at Johns Hopkins, two biologists of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research had observed another line of results from a different series of experiments. Here Jacques Loeb and John H. Northrop were interested in observing the effect of heat on duration of life. They took a number of newly laid eggs of fruitflies, divided them into several groups, and placed each group of eggs in a glass flask plugged with cotton. Every precaution had been taken to guard the experiment against infection. The flies from which the eggs came were aseptic, the flasks and the food within them were sterilized, all conditions except one were kept the same—and that single exception was temperature. Each flask was installed in an incubator held at a different temperature, and the experiment was to see how long the flies would live in each of these climates.

The results disclosed an indubitable correlation. Flies in the clime of 30°C. (86°F.) lived on the average 21 days, those in the more temperate zone of 20°C. (68°F.) averaged 54 days, and those in the chilly world of 10°C. (50°F.) endured an average of 177 days.

There were, quite likely, various mutants among these flies, possibly short-lived individuals along with those constitutionally predisposed to longevity. The significant disclosure of the experiment is the progressive order of the

temperature effect: in each case the colder the climate the longer was the average duration of life. Heat is used by the chemist to speed up reactions in the test-tube, and apparently heat has a similar accelerating effect on the chemical reaction which is life.

"If it were possible to reduce the temperature of human beings, and if the influence of temperature on the duration of life were the same as that in the fruitfly," wrote Dr. Loeb, "a reduction of our temperature from (its normal) $37\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}\text{C}.$ to about 16° would lengthen the duration of our life to that of Methuselah; and if we could keep the temperature of our blood permanently at $7\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}\text{C}.$ our average life would (on the same assumption) be lengthened from three-score and ten to about twenty-seven times that length, i.e. to about nineteen hundred years."

It is difficult to imagine the human longing for life being satisfied at the cost of the discomfort and inactivity which refrigeration would entail. But assuming that some persons would be willing to put up with a hibernating existence, it is superlatively doubtful, as Dr. Loeb was careful to point out, that this method of life extension can ever be applied to the human species. For, unlike insects, reptiles, and other cold-blooded animals, man does not assume the temperature of his surroundings. Whether he be in an ice house or a boiler room, a living man's body temperature remains fairly constant around 37° Centigrade. Whether some means might be found to induce a state of suspended animation, halt the metabolic processes and start them again, is a question that Alexis Carrel discussed in a recent lecture at the New York Academy of Medicine. He suggested the possibility that "Animals could be put into storage for certain periods, brought back to normal existence for other periods, and permitted in this manner to live for a long time." Whether the term "animals" includes man is not specific in the published form of the lecture.

But temperature is only one of many

conditions that change with environment. Suppose the flies were crowded into congested communities, what then? Dr. Pearl arranged a numerous series of one-ounce bottles, stocked them with food, and installed various numbers of insects—placing in one group of the bottles two flies each, in another five, in another ten, and so on, increasing the population each time until in the last vials he installed colonies of five hundred each. The flies were all the same age, just hatched, and all of the same normal type, but they died at different rates which varied with the degree of crowding. Thus of a thousand flies which started in bottles with an initial density of two hundred, half were dead in 7 days—but of a thousand which started with an initial density of thirty-five, 45 days elapsed before half the population had died.

What is this longevity factor which overcrowding may change and temperature may alter? Is it an inherent store of vitality with which each individual is peculiarly endowed at birth? To question that idea, Pearl placed new-born flies in bottles without food. This left them entirely on their own, each individual completely dependent on its inherent vitality, and the flies lived an average of 44 hours. He repeated the starvation test with flies at different densities of population, but crowding made no difference, for death came in about 44 hours for all communities at all densities. He placed flies of the short-lived vestigial strain in one foodless bottle and flies of the long-lived normal strain in another, but genetic differences gave no advantage now, for in both groups death came in about 44 hours. Apparently the inherent vitality of the individual is not the only fundamental factor which influences longevity, else the two types should show marked differences in survival under the starvation test.

The problem has been further investigated with cantaloup seedlings. Carefully selected seeds, all taken from the same melon, weighed and graded so

as to insure equality of starting conditions, are allowed to absorb all the moisture they can in a three-days soaking. Then each seed is laid on the surface of a gel of agar in a glass tube, and the tube is placed in an incubator running 86° Fahrenheit. The incubator is closed and dark within, so no energy of light can reach the seed and aid its growth. The agar is not nutritious and contains no food for the plant. It merely provides a pliant medium for the roots to grow into—and presently the seed sprouts, sends down a rootlet, pushes up a stem. It grows in a normal way for several days, developing a considerable root system, the stem climbing upward in the darkness and carrying the cotyledons with it, until a maximum growth is attained. Then the seedling remains without visible change for a number of days, not growing but still living, with cells in full turgor, carrying on their normal metabolism—the seedling is in a state of suspended animation.

All this active period of growth and this quiescent period of suspended animation are independent of the environment, speaking nutritionally. Like the fruit-flies in the starvation experiments, the seedlings must live on their own resources, on whatever was in the seed at the beginning. Gradually the cotyledons shrivel as their stored-up materials are more and more exhausted, until a day comes when they can no longer support even the restrained chemisms of suspended animation, and the stem begins to wither with the onset of death.

For some seedlings death comes earlier than for others, but for each of them it was found that the total length of life was directly related to the period of growth. When the period of growth was long, the period of suspended animation also was longer than the average. When the period of growth was short, the period of suspended animation was shorter, and the seedling hastened to a speedy death. A case of wasting its substance in riotous living?

This relation of growth to longevity

may be tested also by measuring the amount of carbon dioxide given off by the plant, since this waste product is a direct index to the rate of living. There were seedlings that lived 14 days, others 15, still others 16, and by a remarkable delicacy of technic it was found practicable to measure the carbon dioxide produced daily by each of the tiny plants. The daily output for all was averaged, and this was arbitrarily taken as 100 per cent. When the average output for each of the three groups was reckoned in terms of this average for all, the carbon dioxide rate showed as follows:

For plants that lived 14 days,	104 per cent
“ “ “ “ 15 “	102 “ “
“ “ “ “ 16 “	81 “ “

It isn't only a notion we have gained from observation of prodigal sons, but a rather fundamental rule of nature: the faster a body lives the shorter is its life.

Females live longer on the average than males, and the opinion is generally held that males are more active. At the University of Toronto, J. W. MacArthur and W. H. T. Baillie undertook a study of this, using as the subjects for their experiment the large waterfleas known as daphnia—really not fleas, but a species of small crustacean. Taking the frequency of heart beat as an index to the animals' metabolism or rate of living, they found that the males live an average of 37.8 days and have a heart rate of 4.3 beats a second, whereas the females live about 43.33 days and beat their hearts only 3.7 times a second. Multiply the number of days in each case by the corresponding heart rate, and you find that both males and females come to the end of their lives with approximately the same total number of beats.

But heart rate is not the only indicator of metabolism. The output of carbon dioxide, as we have seen, is an index. The consumption of oxygen is another. The consumption of food is yet another—and here we come to a factor that is of great personal interest and directly under man's control.

III

The subject of diets and their probable influence on length of life has been a topic of speculation through the years, both before and since Francis Bacon proclaimed his dictum: "The cure of diseases requires temporary medicines, but longevity is to be procured by diets." This Baconian thesis of more than three centuries ago is engaging the attention of some of the best thought and most skilful technics of the biochemical laboratories to-day. And results are beginning to tell.

At Cornell University, for example, C. M. McCay, W. E. Dilley, and M. F. Crowell came upon a significant outcome while making a study of the nutritional needs of brook trout. It seems that in nature there is a peculiar vitamin essential to trout life—factor "H" it is called. The Cornell scientists were interested in seeing just what dietary relationship exists between the level of this H, which supplies catalyzing agencies for the fish's living processes, and the level of protein, which supplies calories for its growth. So they designed a series of diets which were uniformly deficient in the H factor but of varying protein content—the diet for one group of trout being ten per cent protein, that for another group twenty-five per cent, another fifty, and a fourth seventy-five per cent. The uniform deficiency of H doomed all the fish to premature death; but the experimenters wondered if the different amounts of protein would have any effect.

It was known that food containing less than fourteen per cent protein is insufficient for growth, though it would sustain life if all other essentials were present. The experiment confirmed this. For the group whose diet contained only ten per cent protein did not grow another perceptible gram, whereas the fish in the other three groups all grew, and, despite their varying rations of protein, all grew at the same rate. Also they all died at about the same rate, in twelve weeks. But the trout in the first group, those

that had failed to grow, lived on the average twice as long. These results suggest that there is, to quote Dr. McCay, "something consumed in growth that is essential for the maintenance of life." He and his associates resolved to investigate that "something" and uncover its effects in a higher order of animal.

They chose for their inquiry the white rat. Perhaps no other animal has been so variously experimented upon, and of hardly any other creature below man is there so much factual knowledge of its biological nature. The nutritional requirements of the rat are similar to those of man, therefore for food experiments a colony of rats substitute very well for a colony of human beings, and with advantageous economy both of provisions and of time.

The rat experiments at Cornell were conducted jointly by McCay, L. A. Maynard, and Crowell. They took 106 baby rats, born of parents closely related genetically and, therefore, presumably of the same general heredity, and as soon as the animals were weaned divided them into three groups.

Group I, consisting of 14 males and 22 females, were provided with a completely balanced diet containing also extra calories to sustain rapid growth, and were fed this rich food throughout their lives. Before 1200 days had passed *all were dead*.

Group II, 13 males and 23 females, were provided with meager portions of the same diet. On these spare rations they grew very slowly but showed a capacity for growth at practically all ages. After twenty-eight months of this parsimonious feeding they were placed on the abundant fare of group I and throughout the rest of their lives were free to eat all they desired. After 1200 days of the experiment, *eight of this group were still alive*.

Group III, 15 males and 19 females, were fed abundantly for the first two weeks, the same as group I. Thereafter they were restricted to the short allowance of group II until twenty-eight

months had passed, when they were put back on full helpings and permitted to feast at will. After 1200 days *five were still alive*.

In all three groups some individuals died early, some in middle life, and, as is true of human society, more females than males survived to old age. The oldest male lived 1321 days, the oldest female 1421 days, and both were of group II. When all results were averaged for each group, they give these values:

	<i>Average Life Span</i>	
	<i>Males</i>	<i>Females</i>
Group I	483 days	801 days
Group II	820 "	775 "
Group III	894 "	826 "

The tabulation shows that the male rats whose early growth had been retarded lived nearly twice as long as those that had known no restraint. For the females the averages are not conclusive. Ordinarily they have a life expectancy about ten per cent greater than that of males; but why the females of group I should outlast the males of the same group by almost another lifetime seems inexplicable. The low average for the females of group II may be accounted for by the death of two young lady rodents during a hot spell of weather early in the experiment, and these premature losses distort the data. But despite the relatively low average of the females of group II, five of them were alive after all of group I had died.

In general the full data strongly suggest the presence in groups II and III of some factor which tended to promote longevity and whose effect was more marked with males than with females. Nor is the record of days the only index to the operation of this unknown factor. Age for age, the rats of the retarded groups looked younger than those of the group that had matured rapidly. Their fur remained soft, silky, and thick well into the third year, in striking contrast with the coarse, unkempt, scraggy hair of the equally aged animals of group I.

These results seem in accord with Pearl's findings from the cantaloup seed-

lings. Further confirmation is lent by a series of investigations lately reported from Brown University. Here Lester Ingle and Arthur M. Banta have been experimenting with the well-known daphnia. They find that when these waterfleas are fed full rations of food throughout their lives from birth to death their average life span is about 29 days; whereas those fed half rations for the first 14 days, and thereafter given full fare, live about fifty per cent longer to an average span of 42 days. A regimen of frugal eating would appear to be a fundamental requisite for long life if we are to take at their face value the results of these ingenious trials of cantaloup plants, waterfleas, and white rats.

The Cornell experimenters do not regard their research as concluded. They are pushing forward with a new program in which they plan to repeat the experiments, using a larger colony of rats, and also at the same time to pursue some promising bypaths which their earlier studies opened. For example, post-mortem examination of the hearts, livers, bones, and other internal organs of the subjects of their former experiments showed certain changes following the limited diets. The new study will seek the meaning of these changes—whether any of them have to do with the retention of physical and mental vigor. Another bypath to be explored is the value of physical exercise—whether exercise after middle life hastens or delays senile changes. A six-year research, already begun in 1936, has been laid out.

IV

Meanwhile, at Columbia University, Henry C. Sherman and his associate Harriet L. Campbell have been investigating dietary effects to determine the ingredients of food that contribute to length of life. They have found unmistakable evidence that calcium is a factor, and vitamins A and G are also indicated as probable factors. The experiments are still under way; but the results al-

ready attained are so convincing to Dr. Sherman that he is applying them in his own eating. He believes that by including in the daily diet of a lifetime a liberal allowance of food rich in calcium and the two vitamins, six or seven years of effective life may be added to "the period of the prime."

This Columbia work grew out of an investigation begun in 1918, when the shortage caused by the World War made it important to know what food combination would stretch farthest without risk of undernourishment. Specifically, Sherman took the two most common foodstuffs, wheat and milk, and undertook to find what is the smallest proportion of milk that will supplement wheat to form a nutritionally adequate diet. He used hundreds of white rats for the test, feeding each group a different combination of milk and wheat, allowing all to eat at will and as much as they pleased, and then watching the course of their health and general vitality under these different feeds.

Diet A consisted of five-sixths ground whole wheat mixed with one-sixth dried whole milk. Diet B contained twice as much milk, the proportions here being four-sixths and two-sixths. It was found that diet A supported normal growth and health, that it was adequate, therefore a permissible diet; *but* that diet B gave a higher average result. When he tested this higher average further in terms of length of life, Sherman found that the animals on diet B lived about ten per cent longer than those on diet A.

Why?

The explanation must lie in the milk, since the only difference between the two diets was in the proportions. The problem became one of identifying the component of milk that carries the longevity promoter.

Milk is a fluid of exceeding complexity. It embodies proteins, carbohydrates, fats, all the known vitamins, and several mineral elements. Any complete analysis of this complicated mixture, and trial of its substances one by one, would be an

almost interminable task. But there are certain ingredients that are prominent or that for various biochemical reasons might be considered suspect, and the Columbia chemist went after them first. Calcium, for example, the well-known metallic constituent of lime which is necessary to bone-building, is a prominent constituent of milk. Dr. Sherman took diet A, with its five-sixths wheat and one-sixth milk, and added to it a carefully measured quantity of lime—a quantity just sufficient to provide the calcium that would be carried by an additional one-sixth of milk. Thus he attained a combination that was diet A in all ingredients but one: in calcium content it was the same as diet B. When he tried this calcium-enriched food on a large group of rats, feeding a control group on unenriched diet A at the same time, he found that the calcium-eaters lived on the average longer than the diet A eaters.

Milk is rich also in vitamin A, while wheat contains very little. Butter fat too is rich in vitamin A; and by adding to it a measured portion of butter fat, diet A was made as rich as diet B in vitamin A without introducing the other significant components of milk. Thus it became practicable to test the influence of a double portion of vitamin A in food, and the results gave strong presumptive evidence that this vitamin is a longevity factor. By similar methods, circumstantial evidence was found pointing to vitamin G as a third agency that contributes to length of days.

The three longevity factors are absent from, or very meagerly present, in cereals and many other foods. But they are all present in milk. The vitamins, and to a lesser extent the calcium, are present in fresh fruits and vegetables. Dr. Sherman, therefore, advises those who aspire to long life to make these three foods important members of their daily diet. As a practical formula for insuring ample portions of the longevity factors, he suggests that at least one-fifth of the food budget be spent on milk and cream, and not less than one-fifth on fresh fruits and

green vegetables. This leaves three-fifths for meat, fish, bread, butter, eggs, tea, coffee, and condiments, including all sweets.

Animals on the diet enriched by calcium not only lived longer but their rate of growth was more rapid than that of those on diet A; while those on the low calcium diet grew to maturity more slowly and died earlier—a result which seems quite the opposite of the Cornell result. But Dr. Sherman doubts if the two sets of experiments are necessarily in conflict. The starting point of the Cornell studies was a diet rich in practically all food components, and especially so in proteins; and the results show that restraint is desirable. The starting point of the Columbia experiments was an abstemious diet, a "poor man's fare" such as most people must live on; and the results show that certain small improvements in this relatively inexpensive diet have a beneficial effect both on growth and on longevity.

As a rough analogy we may liken the life cycle to the path of a projectile launched into space with an initial propulsion that may send it a certain maximum distance. But the distance may be shortened by wind resistance. The initial force is analogous to the genetic constitution or heredity which imparts momentum to the life and determines how far it may reach. The loss of momentum through wind resistance is analogous to the shortening of a life span by an over-rapid rate of living. But, Dr. Sherman points out, there is another possible element in the picture. There are some projectiles, torpedoes and rockets, which are not wholly dependent on the impetus of the initial force. They generate additional propulsive power during flight, and so are able to go farther. We are to think of the protective foods as supplying additional propulsion, as neutralizing to some extent the forces of degeneration and death, and so as prolonging the life cycle.

There is another approach to this problem. We observe that certain forms

of life never grow senile. A bacterium may die by accident, but never, so far as we know, from old age. Leo Loeb has pointed out that cancer cells may be called immortal, since they outlive many times the natural life of the mouse in which they originated and have continued to live through successive transplantings with every reason to believe that the sequence may be continued indefinitely. The "deathless" chicken cells at the Rockefeller Institute will be twenty-five years old on January 17, 1937, and I have no doubt that long after our generation has passed some historian will be recording their hundredth anniversary. It is our complexity that dooms us: the multiplicity of specialized mechanisms that must be in step, in synchronization, continually interacting in the complicated teamwork of interdependent organs. No one dies of old age—it is the failure of a gland to secrete an indispensable hormone at a critical moment, the drying of the tissues, the heightening of blood pressure, the thickening and hardening of arteries. Nor is it only the veterans of eighty and beyond that are victims of these diseases.

Any of the afflictions—the gland failure, the tissue dehydration, the hypertension, or the arteriosclerosis—may overtake persons in the forties; occasionally they occur at even earlier ages. This suggests that old age is a relative state of affairs, and not an absolute. Apparently it is the result of a combination of physical conditions which develops prematurely in the forty-year-old body and is delayed for another forty years in the eighty-year-old. But if the fatal combination is delayed at the one age, may it not be possible to defer it also at later ages, and thereby lengthen the life span? Here is an argument of hope, at least a logic that invites experiment.

The most frequent cause of death after eighty is the failure of the heart and circulatory system. And the most frequent cause of this failure, apparently, is the deposition of lipoids in the arteries, notably in the large aorta.

Lipoids are insoluble organic substances such as fats and the solid alcohols known as sterols, and among these sterols is a white material which the early chemists found in bile. They named it "cholesterol," meaning bile solid. Afterward the analysts identified cholesterol in a variety of animal material: it is an ingredient of egg yolk, of nerve tissue, and brain cells; it masses in certain organs to form gall stones; it deposits on the eye to form a cataract; and its gradual accumulation in the walls of the blood vessels is a mark of arteriosclerosis.

Accepting this phenomenon of cholesterol accumulation as an important index of what occurs in aging, certain investigators—William Marias Malisoff of New York is one of them—are pushing their search into the biochemistry of cholesterol. Apparently it is present in the blood stream at all stages of life and is deposited at certain places only when the processes of elimination fail. The dumping occurs at points of least resistance. But why does it occur? Probably because of the absence of something which can oxidize cholesterol—something which is abundant in youth but scarce in old age. Perhaps a hormone or other glandular secretion.

Some years ago a Russian physiologist, Ignatowski, thought he would see what happened to a vegetarian when it was forced to live on a meat diet. He took a group of rabbits and shut them up in an enclosure provisioned only with eggs, beef, and milk. They developed hardening of the arteries. Later investigations showed that the meat and the milk had hardly any effect in this direction, but that a diet of egg yolks would induce the disease—also a diet of brains. Both egg yolk and brains are rich in cholesterol. Later two other Russian experimenters, Anitschkow and Chalataw, fed straight cholesterol to their rabbits and found it even more effective in bringing on the sclerotic condition.

An animal accustomed to a herbivorous diet may be expected to have less adequate means for coping with unaccus-

tomed ingredients of a carnivorous diet, so we are not to conclude that because yolk-eating rabbits develop hardening of the arteries yolk-eating men and women are courting the disease. The point is that this experiment provides the scientist with a means of inducing the condition at will, and thus facilitates inquiries into the nature and cure of the disease. A way is thereby opened to investigate the manner in which cholesterol deposits in the living system, and to try various oxidizers to see if any qualify as promoters of cholesterol oxidation, and thus as eliminators of the waste lipoids and possible preventives of arteriosclerosis.

Such experiments are now under way. It is too early to announce results, and in any event, the results would have to be weighed first in the forum of biological discussion, but our report would be incomplete without some mention of this point of view. If an oxidizer is essential, and if our researchers can identify the body's normal oxidizer of cholesterol, it is possible that science may be able to postpone hardening of the arteries in some such way as it now postpones the show-down in diabetes. The diabetic patient lacks an adequate gland to secrete into the blood the insulin necessary to the utilization of sugar. Perhaps the victim of arteriosclerosis is similarly deficient in some other gland which normally would secrete into the blood the hormone or other substance necessary to the oxidation of cholesterol. As we now feed insulin to diabetics, so it may be that eventually we shall know what activator to feed those threatened with arteriosclerosis. But at present we do not know.

V

Thus the approaches to our problem are many, the methods are diverse, the results are yet to be correlated. To all our encouragements and hopes we have to add the qualification, *not proved*—perhaps, with faith, we may say, *not yet proved*. Many realists will question

whether effects which are demonstrated in lower forms of animals are necessarily true of man. It may be though, as Max Rubner has suggested, that length of life is a function of evolution. Dr. Rubner made a study of the metabolism of a wide range of organisms and found a certain ratio existing between the size and metabolic rate of animals and their characteristic life span. Thus for a large group of warm-blooded animals, including the horse, cow, dog, cat, and guinea-pig, he observed that after reaching maturity the animal expended about 200,000 calories of heat energy for each kilogram of body substance, and then died. But when he came to man, the ratio was quite different. During an adult human life, extending from age twenty to age eighty, Rubner reckoned that 775,000 calories per kilogram of body weight are expended before the machine gives way. If these calculations are correct it would seem that man has attained a superior position in the race with time. If haphazard evolution has done that much for us, what might be accomplished if man took the all-important business of evolution into his own hands?

A biologist has already considered that question in public. I quote from J. B. S. Haldane's *Possible Worlds*: "In the rather improbable event of man taking his own evolution in hand—in other words, of improving human nature as opposed to environment—I can see no bounds at all to his progress. Less than a million years

hence the average man or woman will realize all the possibilities that human life so far has shown. He or she will never know a minute's illness. He will be able to think like Newton, to write like Racine, to paint like Fra Angelico, to compose like Bach. He will be as incapable of hatred as Saint Francis. And when death comes, at the end of a life probably measured in thousands of years, he will meet it with as little fear as Captain Oates or Arnold Von Winkelried. And every minute of his life will be lived with all the passion of a lover or a discoverer. We can form no idea whatever of the exceptional men of such a future."

"Less than a million years" is indefinite and sounds remote, but possibly in our groping experiments to-day we are laying the foundations of such a future. In the search for a Methuselah formula many clues must be sifted. The aging process needs to be studied with something of the comprehension that has focussed on the processes of growth. Especially significant are the studies of the physiology of old age recently carried on at the Nutrition Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution in Boston by Dr. Francis G. Benedict. We may expect other specialists to explore farther the biochemistry and the biophysics of the human body in its transformations with time, in its sequences from heredity, in its reactions to vitamins, hormones, and other elixirs. For "that there are such Medicines is out of Controversy true."



TELL THE GIRLS THE TRUTH

BY A FIFTH AVENUE BUYER

THIS morning I attended a buyers' meeting of the large Fifth Avenue department store in which I work. As we came away I stopped at the second floor long enough to make a hasty purchase. Passing her salesbook over for my signature, the salesgirl remarked, "I'm going to be in on those buyers' meetings one of these days."

"There's no reason why you shouldn't," said I as I signed my name. "And you will too if you feel that way about it."

I like that girl. She is good at her job and I wish her well. I'll do anything I can to help her get ahead. But actually, I put the question to myself as I entered the elevator again, would the quick words of encouragement that had come automatically out of my mouth be, in the long run, a help to her? Or would they—and the fear was strong within me—lay but another faggot on the fire of her ambition the more quickly to consume her?

For I knew, as the parrotlike words emerged from my mouth, that they lied. I knew I had encouraged her to hope for a success that statistics show she has not one chance in ten—maybe not even one in fifty—of achieving. And I knew too (and here was the unpleasant rub on my conscience) that I no longer believe the hoey that pseudo-psychologists have preached at us until we in our turn have become nothing but hypnotized parrots repeating it—this hoey that young people should be reared on the spinach that There's Always Room at the Top, and if they work hard enough and with intelligence they'll get there.

There is room at the top for very few of them. It is ridiculous to maintain otherwise. And I no longer believe that it is either right or fair to encourage young women to fantasy about their chances in business any more than I believe they should be encouraged to continue other unsound fantasies. Nor do I think that facing the truth about business opportunities is going to increase their chances of failure. Nothing but truth sets us free, does it? Then why not try the truth?

This does not mean I have been won over to the Gloom Spreaders. Far from it. I believe in hitching your wagon to a star. But the right kind of a star to hitch to is a fact, not an illusion. And I believe emphatically in giving young women such facts about business as will help them to admit realities while they are young and, therefore, lessen their chances of avoidable embittering experiences in business such as have brought unhappiness to so many women in their forties and fifties to-day. For then, if there are stars for them worth hitching to other than that single, alluring, falsely gleaming star of financial success in the business world, maybe they will be able to adjust themselves to what life actually has in store for them in their work without losing the best it may be offering them elsewhere.

Do I make clear what I mean? The best that life holds out for any of us is a chance at happiness. Happiness, to be sure, is dependent to a greater or lesser extent on how we earn a living and on how good a living we earn. But it is also dependent upon how we measure up to

our own expectations of ourselves. Success—and success is essential for happiness—is largely a matter of standards. Embittered women are not successes, and bitterness is the all but inevitable result of standards that are essentially unfair and unsound.

Failure, Dorothea Brande's *Wake Up and Live* has been telling thousands of us, is the result of our unconscious Will-to-Fail. I cannot agree with her. Failure for the embittered women I see all round me in business is the result of a misplaced Will-to-Succeed. They never willed to fail, these women, not even unconsciously; at least not until long after it was too late for them to succeed in the work they had chosen. They came into business, I am sure, as thousands of ambitious, hard-working, willing, bright young women are coming into it to-day, having been told they had a big chance to make good, believing it, and determined to go after that chance.

They willed to succeed, forty or fifty or a hundred of them, in a business structure that allowed room for one or two financial successes at most; and young women are playing this dice-loaded game to-day in just as great numbers as ever before, with the overwhelming majority of them doomed to failure even before they get their first job, because in their impressionable years they have been fed upon fairy tales. Visualize for youth the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, we have been told. We have done it and we are doing it to-day, with the result that we are continually creating in thousands of young women misplaced wills to succeed which are to be the foundation stone of their failure. We are suggesting standards of achievement that are far from justifiable. It isn't fair. It isn't right. Moreover, no lasting good can come of it either to the women we are helping to delude or to the business world of which they are to be a part. There is something better than this!

This morning when I got into the employees' elevator questioning the parrot-like attitude of unsound encouragement

I had fallen into, I found posted on its walls the current list of employee advancements. This store trains its people for better jobs and gives them better jobs whenever possible. Yet on that whole list of promotions, covering a period of six months, only four young women out of the many hundreds who are with us had made the step up from sales person or assistant buyer to buyer. This is all the more discouragingly remarkable when you consider that the average "life" of a buyer in a Fifth Avenue department store is amazingly short, only a few years at most.

Change is the law of life in a department store—so much so that vocational experts point with pride to the many and rapid opportunities for advancement in merchandising. It is a field "offering more opportunity to women than ever before," to quote from a typical interview in last night's paper. So it is. And that list of employee promotions posted this morning gives some idea of just how many of these brief-lived opportunities actually turn up. The one certain opportunity ahead for all of us is for an early exit.

II

Yet I can vouch for the fact that the false hope which I held out to my young friend this morning is held out to girls like her by the business world in general, and particularly by groups of successful business and professional women. I have never seen statistics prove more pleasingly the delightful things successful women like to think about themselves than, for example, some recently published by the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. Their survey of the salaries of 16,000 women showed that half of them earned more and half of them less than \$1625 per year. Blissfully optimistic as these figures are, they are far behind those published a year or so ago by the American Women's Association. Of more than a thousand salaried women in the group they chose to figure on, the median salary was

\$2428 per year. (It had been \$3035 in 1931.)

Now these statistics, truthful in themselves and gathered together for the best of reasons I doubt not, are completely unfair as a picture of the earnings of women in business. Yet they are quoted at, printed at, and grabbed at by young women and their employers as a measure of what the business world offers. False standards again and again! They lure bright young women into taking jobs for next to nothing because "the prospects are so good," blind to the fact that the business world is primarily a hard, work-and-hour-demanding system which stacks the cards in favor of a very few people indeed making handsome salaries and profits, while the great majority make only a living—with the overwhelming chances that they are to be in the majority.

Do not misunderstand. This is not written by one of the rebels whose main desire and purpose in life is to smash the capitalistic system and liberate the worker. In the first place, I have never been sure that liberation rather than a new bondage is likely to result from smashing things. In the second place, I am happy in my business life and also busy. This leaves neither good reason nor sufficient energy for personal rebellion. I should like to see many things in the present system changed. In my own special field I wish the wage scale at the bottom could be raised and work hours shortened. I wish department store employees as well as many other white-collar workers everywhere could do their jobs under less nerve-racking pressure. And I wish more of them could be having a share of the profits.

But I am fortunate in working with a concern whose standards, comparatively speaking, are high, and my point of view is necessarily colored by the fact that I have already had a small share of the profits. It is easier for me to believe that the present system may evolve into one which can steadily create a greater economic justice than it would be if the

greater part of my experience had been obtained elsewhere.

So, far from speaking as a radical or a rebel, I am only asking that we accept and insist upon spreading the truth about financial opportunities for women in the business world as a potential asset both for women and the business system. Isn't it better for the young women who come to work in my department to know that the average wage for all full-time department store employees for 1933 was just \$990 than it is for them to know that a selected group of women in the American Women's Association averaged better than twice that much for the same period? Does it not give them a sounder basis for adjusting themselves to the realities of the present as well as of the future? And incidentally, if they know too that, while the average wage of employees had dropped only 20 per cent from its high-water mark of 1929, retail sales had dropped 49 per cent in the same period, they may have a better idea of what they may reasonably expect in the next few years.

With facts of this kind as a basis, I am confident just as many women would be climbing up to the better jobs in every line of work, but fewer women would be likely to experience the bitterness-producing suffering that comes to so many now from having had all but impossible standards dangled as attainable realities before their youthful eyes.

Are you meeting this argument with the answer that this factual picture I would give young people will make them less ambitious? Then you have less faith in them than I have. It is not ambition they will lack. Their great lack is an intelligent direction for their ambition; and it is a lack in their elders also. The world has too glib a way of labeling people non-ambitious merely because they have no desire to bend every effort toward getting ahead financially over the bodies of people with less strength and possibly greater responsibilities.

Why must youth's ambition strive in only one direction?

Only the other day I lunched with two friends, both of them in their late thirties and neither of them earning less than \$5000 a year. Their conversation was of the sterility of their lives as a result of their total immersion in their jobs, and their comparatively recent discovery of the "stultification" (their word, not mine) which was the price they had paid for what the world labels success. That very morning an old friend with whom I had once worked for a few weeks as a young salesgirl had stopped by to see me. She is an embittered, varicose-veined old woman in her fifties, a woman whose highest salary was \$28 a week as an assistant buyer and who is now selling gloves at a salary of \$20. She is even a little bitter about me now because I have been lucky enough to make the step she had been so ambitious to take and believes she had earned a right to.

I mention the two experiences simply as illustrative of a truth nobody denies—that financial ambitions, whether realized or thwarted, do not necessarily lead to happiness and satisfaction. These are achieved, I think, through the development of those personal qualities which distinguish each individual young woman from every other woman; and those qualities one must pretty well discover for oneself. The proper direction of one's ambition is dependent upon those inner qualities. For business leaders and successful women to hold out the attainment of three-thousand-dollar or four-thousand-dollar jobs as the yardstick of success is as unjustifiable as if they set for all young women the attainment of Hollywood standards of beauty.

There are those who tell me that this misleading of ambition is deliberate on the part of those who do it. To dangle carrots in front of the donkey's nose is a good way to use the donkey to best advantage. Possibly. But I am inclined to think blind stupidity is more the basis for the error. It seems to me that successful people are usually the ones who are driven terrifically by a desire for money, and that actually they are blind to the

many variations of desire in human beings which could help us out of much that is unfortunate in our present economic dilemma.

A young woman I know was told late one afternoon that she would have to stay and do overtime that evening. She showed her reluctance very definitely, saying she had important things she had planned to do.

"Do you mean to tell me," her boss asked irritably, "that you consider other things more important than your job?"

"Yes," she said frankly. "I have a personal life away from my work that means a great deal to me."

She lost her job very shortly. In fact, almost immediately. Ironically enough, she found a better one quickly which pays more money for fewer hours. And somehow I think that, although she may never be in the group to be statisticized by the American Women's Association, she is not ruining her chances of discovering and getting what she wants most in life by aiming solely at the kind of thing that could never make her happy. Nor is she likely to be one of the embittered ones either who clutter up the business world to-day, spreading dissatisfaction wherever they go.

She is just one of the thousands of young women who have a capacity for happiness that can never be satisfactorily motivated in the kind of jobs the present business system offers. How joyfully employers should be looking for people like this and attempting to work with them successfully. Why must we insist that every girl who comes to us assume an attitude almost of the sanctity of the organization that employs her? When people at the top are willing to think through with clarity the problem of employee devotion and loyalty they will find ways of training people to be just as efficient workers as they now are without expecting that a girl should center her emotions and ambitions in a channel which offers small opportunity for constructive outlet.

Imagine asking an intelligent human

being, especially a woman, if anything is more important to her than a twenty-dollar-a-week job! It is this sort of idea, seeping down through the ranks, which often forces a girl to sidetrack her real and legitimate ambition from the development of a personal life outside her job which would mean greater happiness in her work as well as away from it.

III

I am more concerned about this problem than I used to be because of the recent attitude of the colleges. Not content with the fact that statistics show that the college woman is a much better earner in business than the non-college woman, they are coming to business executives to ask, "How can we train young women so that they will have a better chance to succeed in business?" Coming to people whose standards are the mercenary standards of the business world!

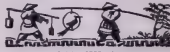
A year or so ago Jean L. Shepard of the R. H. Macy organization addressed the Deans of Women of American Colleges on this very subject. She told them of the value of style consciousness, self-reliance, initiative, and personality to young women in the business world. And, out of considerable experience with young college women, she suggested that additional qualities needed for success were shrewdness and aggressiveness.

It was a good sound talk. (And it reminded me of my early days in Macy's basement, when my aggressive co-workers used to hide my salesbook under potato parers and bathmats in their efforts to run up better sales.) But my hope is that whatever the colleges do about it will be done with the motive of developing the

best that each young woman potentially possesses rather than of over-stressing those qualities that mean financial success in business. For if a young woman wants intelligently to find happiness, her biggest job in her early years after college is not just to make good at the immediate thing she is doing and rationalize about being on the way to the top. It is to decide, through increasing knowledge of herself and through looking the cold facts of the economic system squarely in the eye, whether or not she should direct her strenuous efforts toward edging into the narrow, exclusive channel leading to the top, or whether life holds better things for her. Perhaps her problem is a little different here from that of the typical young man.

Colleges can do nothing more valuable for young women than to give them an intellectual balance that will keep them from misplacing their will to succeed. It is certain that, New Deal or Old Deal, in the next fifteen or twenty years there are going to be a few highly paid jobs against thousands of jobs that are not going to be highly paid. That, inevitably, lies in the cards. If happiness is to be possible for most of us, it will be because we are privileged to find it where we will. Ambition, to be intelligently directed, needs to accept these facts. A certain type of young woman needs to accept them and then to aim at the biggest job she can see. God speed her!

But stultification or bitterness are the alternatives ahead for too many young women whose zeal for business success is often a misplacement of ambition—ambition which, if rightly directed, would bring greater returns for the effort expended.



CAPITALISM AND THE CHURCH

BY JEROME DAVIS

A CENTURY ago the Christian Church in the South felt no contradiction between slavery and Christianity. Yet two decades later the country was plunged into civil war and the churches tragically divided. To-day we are living in an industrial era. The dominant leaders of our society belong to the business cult. Our churches are beginning to question the ethics of capitalism; and the controversy is already acute. The issue is whether unemployment and exploitation can be eliminated without ending capitalism itself.

The majority of religious believers feel that capitalism, while not synonymous with Christianity, is at least far from contradictory. Has it not made possible our churches, cathedrals, universities, and the vast network of Christian and philanthropic enterprises? Others are equally certain that the axioms of capitalism contradict the spirit and teachings of Christianity. At the 1934 meeting of the National Council of Congregational and Christian Churches, for instance, a resolution was adopted asking for the overthrow of the present economic system, including the principles of private ownership which "depend for their existence upon the exploitation of one group by another, create industrial and civic strife, precipitate periods of unemployment and perpetuate insecurity and all the attendant miseries." At the next meeting of the Council, held in 1936, aroused business men attempted to rescind this resolution, but a ruling was made that one Council could not repudiate the ac-

tion of another. Roger Babson was elected Moderator of the Church, but the liberals passed a vote requiring the taking of an economic plebiscite of all the members of the Church on such controversial issues as capitalism.

It seems that we are passing from an era of scarcity into an era of plenty. The age of rugged individualism and laissez-faire is closing and an age of collectivism is emerging. As in all such transition periods, the ethical practices of mankind are confused and contradictory. We face a well-nigh universal desire for peace, yet we are living in the midst of a mad round of armaments, strife, and dictatorship. In the economic area men tend to catch a faint glimpse of righteousness and then freeze ethical action in the *status quo*. In the religious area our faith and practice have been refracted and commercialized by the social milieu in which they are immersed. Roger Babson in an official message to the Congregational and Christian Churches admitted that "the tendency to become involved in the competitive scramble for 'things' with a lack of interest in social justice" was a basic religious defect.

It is perhaps symbolic that coins of the realm are stamped "in God we trust," for business has sought to adopt religion as its handmaiden and will tolerate no interference with its property stakes. In an Arkansas city the Presbyterian minister, Claude Williams, attempted to champion the cause of the miners and tenant farmers. The wealthy parishioners drove him from the church in

spite of the fact that he had the support of a majority of the membership. Later he was severely flogged for investigating the tragic death of a Negro sharecropper.

In cities and towns of five thousand or over, control of the church is now largely in the hands of the favored economic classes. Approximately three-fourths of the chairmen of the boards belong to the business groups or are subservient to them. Thus there exists an interlocking control of the church by the same capitalistic interests which control business. The churches themselves are huge commercial enterprises. The total value of church property in New York is more than \$282,000,000. This does not include taxable property, such as real estate, stocks, bonds, and cash awaiting a "profitable" use. The investments of the church represented by its endowments and surplus funds run up into hundreds of millions of dollars. The church organization thus has a tremendous stake in the profit system. The annuity fund for Congregational ministers alone has large sums invested with 54 railroads, 9 governmental agencies, 2 industrial corporations, and 43 public utilities. In addition, it has stock in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in the General Electric Company, and in vast real estate holdings. A single institution, Trinity Church in New York City, has real estate valued at \$15,000,000. It has an annual income from investments alone of nearly \$2,000,000. It is said that the aging Trinity Church steeple has come to lean some eighteen inches in the direction of Wall Street. Church welfare is bound up financially with the welfare of capitalism.

Our theological seminaries are similarly affected. No seminary in America has a greater social heritage than Rochester with its Rauschenbusch tradition, but it has not called a single outstanding social prophet to its faculty since his death.

The capitalistic milieu is as universal and all-pervading as the very air we breathe. It invades the home, the

school, and the neighborhood. It is three-dimensional, dominating our material culture, shaping our action patterns, and playing havoc with our philosophic and spiritual concepts. It affects the eye and ear stimuli of the printing press, the moving picture, and the radio. Money spells the satisfaction of the palate and the other senses, and so the objectives of profit getting are powerfully reinforced. Individuality is waning in American life. Community life to some degree determines "conscience," and in large measure the social environment creates the psychological and cultural personality of man, instilling beliefs, convictions, superstitions, and molding his outlook. Thus humanity unconsciously adopts its social and economic philosophy with the air it breathes and the life it lives. In the light of all these forces is it surprising that the church has unconsciously made capitalism "bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh"? Not long ago a Boston church proudly advertised the next Sunday service in these words: "The highest paid minister in New England will speak on The Way of the Cross."

Small wonder that many in the church are still thinking in terms of individual salvation while all but oblivious to the fact that this is impossible without social regeneration. It is becoming clear that the old distinction between the individual and the social gospel is largely meaningless, for the individual is the social problem and the social problem is a network of interpenetrating individuals. To ask the individual to follow Christ in much of the business world to-day is almost like asking a man to live Christ while employed in a gambling house. Individual salvation demands social salvation.

In the background of the recent Quadrennial Conference of the Methodist Church there was a sharp division between radicals and conservatives on the economic issue. The result was that no clear-cut resolution on capitalism was adopted. The convention preferred to

remain neutral on the economic order, presumably in the interests of a united church. Afterward the Methodist Federation for Social Service deplored this lack of action as an attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable, saying:

The time has come once again when organized society must change its way of life or go down to decay or destruction. The spirit of Jesus and the Will of God are on one side or the other. It is a joint question of economic fact and moral choice. Either the capitalist economy has broken down or it has not. Either its basic principle is right or it is wrong. Either it promotes the development of Christian values or it destroys them. How long does the church go limping between two opinions? If God is our God let us serve Him. If Mammon, then frankly serve him. But we cannot do both.

II

The question of whether capitalism can ever be harmonized with the teachings of Jesus demands clear analysis. To some at present capitalism spells the prosperity and culture of contentment, the system under which large fortunes come to those who deserve them. Actually it may mean a system where men exhibit questionable moving pictures, overcharge the public for milk, or are drawn into war through patriotic preparedness. Yet to many of the rich it is still almost a Utopia, a dream world in which they have rationalized their own comforts and privileges. A more scientific analysis would show that *modern* capitalism is the economic system under which production, distribution, and finance are becoming concentrated into large-scale corporate units, owned and controlled by a minority whose dominant motive is profit.

Definitions are mere shorthand symbols of reality. It is much more important to analyze the heart of the philosophy of the capitalistic order. It involves the following basic assumptions.

First, individual responsibility and individual achievement. In the Hoover Administration this was known as rugged individualism. Thrift was a virtue, and few possessions a disgrace. The theory

squarely contradicts the saying, "He that will be greatest among you must be the servant of all." The typically Christian teaching is that the "saved" personality devotes all its powers to high ends outside itself. This demands the most varied adventure all the way from a Grenfell in Labrador to a Schweitzer in Africa and a Jane Addams in Chicago—in short, the man and woman anywhere whose first objective is the sacrifice of self for humanity. Yet this spirit, "He that loseth his life . . . shall find it," is almost the negation of the capitalistic philosophy.

A second tenet of capitalism is the right of free competition. It has been thought that if individuals strove for private profit, freely competing against one another, the public would buy from whoever sold the cheapest and best product. Hence selfishness was transmuted into public service. It was because of this theory that the United States Chamber of Commerce declared that our rulers should leave capitalism alone to find its own most lucrative course, communities their fair prize, and folly its natural punishment. According to this assumption, that government is best which governs least. Of course the philosophy was never adhered to if it interfered with profits. Tariffs, government subsidies, and loans have always been eagerly sought after.

It is obvious that competition has rarely transmuted selfishness into consistent public service, as the record of the rise of railroads, of oil, of steel, public utilities, and other natural monopolies has abundantly indicated.

The Sermon on the Mount seems to contradict this teaching of competition as the law of life. Seeking first the righteousness of God and His Kingdom and doing unto others what we would wish them to do unto us are spoken in another language. Loving one's neighbor as oneself in business to-day is irony. The spiritual byproducts of competition are far from the spirit of Christ: insincerity, suspicion, hatred, legalism, ruthless denial of the supreme worth of person-

ality. To co-operate in a friendly brotherhood so that all may secure the more abundant life would utilize personality values great and small. Friendly competition in scientific discovery and in production for use may be beneficial, but modern business competition is another matter. Beneficial competition has little relevance in an age of world division of labor, mass production, foreign markets, and large fixed capital. The theory is purely hypothetical. Monopoly, special privilege, and group agreements have taken the place of the old competitive system.

A third tenet of capitalism is freedom of contract. Every individual is supposed to have the full right to sell his property or his services, but we now know that this tenet of the system no longer obtains. The average individual is not really free to sell his labor when fifteen millions are unemployed. He must accept the dictates of almost any employer or his freedom evaporates until all that is left is the freedom to starve or accept a dole. A minister in New Haven, Connecticut, attempted to help the workers to organize under the N.R.A. He won his case before every Federal Board and Court, but in the end the workers were thrown on the street and the minister was informed by a high official that not a church in Connecticut would use the services of a religious leader who was known to be such a champion of the rights of labor.

A fourth tenet of capitalism is equal opportunity. President Hoover used to affirm that all in America entered the race of life on equal terms and that the winners were always the ones who had most conscientiously trained for the race. While this may have had some semblance of validity in the early pioneer days of our country, it is certainly no longer true. Do the thirteen children of a West Virginia miner living in a community without a school have an equal chance with—we will not say sons of Eastern millionaires—but with even the working class children of a well-run town or city?

The theory of equal opportunity may harmonize with our Christian faith, but it has long since been rendered impossible by the encroachments of special privilege and vested interest, even without considering the inevitable inequalities of mental and physical heredity.

A fifth fundamental basis of capitalism is the individual's right to private property *for power* with a minimum of outside interference. The individual is supposed to have the free right to acquire and hold as much property as he can get. There are almost no limits to the acquisitive power instinct. The man who acquires the most, whether by inheritance, exploitation, or ability, has the most power; that is, he heads the public utilities, the manufacturing establishments, and the banks. The difficulty with the theory is that it does not recognize that what is one man's gain may cripple another man's efficiency or even deprive him of the means of existence. He and his family are not taken out and shot; through malnutrition and its subsequent diseases and the loss of self-respect and joyful constructive labor life is no longer worth living.

The Christian ethic teaches the infinite worth of each human personality. Each has the right to follow the highest inner light which God and his own search for truth give to him. Private property for power gives one man the right to throw workers, many or few, out of employment at a mere command. It enables him to blacklist a union man. It can dictate starvation or happiness to the individual and his family. Such power used in the struggle for material goods (which may demoralize the possessor) can hardly square with the Golden Rule, much less with Jesus' insistence on placing spiritual values first.

Perhaps more important than all other tenets of the capitalistic faith is self-interest or money purpose, which might be characterized as the profit motive. This, together with private property for power, represents the heart of the capital-

istic philosophy. Without these two basic norms the system falls. Yet these two are the ones which most obviously contradict the teaching of Jesus and the Christian faith. (Owen D. Young, prior to 1929, suggested that American industry, on the whole, was already operating in harmony with the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. Since 1930 we have seen no repetition of this optimistic statement. Hundreds of other distinguished business leaders voice the desire to conduct business on a more just basis, but find it impossible because competitors exploit with low wages and long hours of labor.) The late Dr. Stocking, Moderator of the Congregational and Christian Churches of America, once sent out a questionnaire to a wide group of business leaders asking if they could conduct their business according to the Golden Rule. The overwhelming response was that it could not be done. One president of a large corporation reported that he was doing it, while the superintendent of his own factory asserted that it was impossible. In short, the contradictions presented made humorous reading.) The late Judge Gary, a champion of the 12-hour shift and the 7-day week, protested against Ford's advocacy of the 5-day week by charging that it was unchristian because in the Bible it says, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work."

The profit motive and money purpose are often disguised in modern business slang parlance under the quest for *dividends*. This is the primary aim of business. The results are often high prices and scarcity. As a consequence, millions are on the verge of starvation while food rots in our fields and unused goods clutter our warehouses.

Since the depression the revelations of senatorial committees have flashed on the national screen the colossal injustices which have resulted from the selfish practices of bankers, industrialists, and exploiters who periodically raid Wall Street for their own enrichment. To one who reads the teachings of Jesus without any preconceptions it is abundantly clear

that the self-sacrificing love demanded in the Gospels is antithetical to the profit system and to property for power.

Jesus believed in a Father God, "And all ye are brothers." Consequently if industrial enterprise could view its objective as the production of necessary goods through the democratic working relationships of brothers and sisters in a family, that would suggest the "co-operative commonwealth." There are few business men to-day who would maintain that this is now being done. The fact is that the texture of our economic order is interwoven with selfishness and crass materialism, although here and there one finds reflections of the brighter colors of unselfishness. The entire structure is covered with a veneer of beautiful platitudes and pious declarations of service. The devil always dresses beautifully, for if we could see the stark-naked ugliness of his reality all would be repelled. *Profit* is the real God, which is competing to-day with Jesus' concept of a Father God.

III

The challenge of Christianity to our modern civilization is a challenge to *revolutionize our motivation*. Primary emphasis must rest on human values; property values must be more our servants, less our masters. Education for citizenship must surely teach the fallacies of seeking profits alone, with the consequent danger to the public interest. No business is justified unless it places service to the public and its own employees ahead of dividends. This does not mean that all business would go bankrupt; it is not in the interest of the public or the employees to have additional failures. The real antithesis between capitalism and Christianity is the conflict between self-interest as over against "other-interest." A vital Christianity must furnish the dynamic toward evolving an economic order equal to the needs of our people. Because this is so crystal clear it is not strange that such a great missionary apostle as Kagawa of

Japan sees that capitalism squarely contradicts Christianity and more nearly represents one hundred per cent selfishness than any other system which mankind is now trying. Perhaps one reason why more Christians have not sensed this fundamental antagonism is that the church has so successfully harmonized its entire program and the mind of its membership with the material values of

our time and with the philosophy of capitalism.

Christians must not permit partial reforms to obscure the inherent weakness of capitalism. In the last analysis, either the Church must rebuild the economic order in harmony with the Kingdom of Goodwill or the economic order will continue to force the Church into harmony with the kingdom of profits.

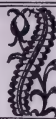
THE TERRAPIN

BY GILBERT MAXWELL

REMEMBER the day we captured the terrapin
And brought him home from the brook?
The sun was gold on your bronze, sun-speckled skin;
Naked you knelt on the moss; your fingers shook
Lifting the queer thing hid in his patterned shell.
You sensed, I think, how in his own defense
Through the long, dangerous æons of the slime,
He had contrived to armor himself too well,
Even as man with the mail of mean pretense
Has shielded himself in his own hostile time.
I could have told you then, "It will be so
Even for you whose amber eyes are round
With candor now." I could have said, "I know
Who have made me a shell of retreat from the anguished world."
"O learn to enclose yourself," I might have said . . .
But you were so young. Laughing, I pushed the curled
Damp mask of your hair over your eyes instead.



The Lion's Mouth



WITNESS TO A MURDER

ANONYMOUS

I WAS an eye-witness to a murder. Innocent of anything else, I have nevertheless become the unfortunate star of a legal drama which is a continuing, and sometimes harrowing, ordeal for my family and me; and the end appears a long way off. I have been subjected to repeated inquisitions and long drains upon my time; my honesty and sanity have been publicly questioned. I have even been threatened with imprisonment for the awful crime of "material witness"—all because I had the ill-luck to be present when a murder was committed. Almost from the moment that this event occurred in my life, my family and I have known no real peace; we were made to fear for our safety, and dared not allow the children out alone. We have been obliged to have a police guard at our home. I often wonder what a strange civilization this is in which such things are possible to law-abiding people.

The drama into which I was thrust so unwittingly began the day that I stopped at a neighborhood filling station for gas. While I sat waiting for the attendant, a man darted in front of my car and ran, apparently, toward the rear of the one-storey brick building. But immediately there was a fusillade of shots from a car which roared up, and the man tumbled headlong to the pavement. I looked startled from one to the other; the two killers in the car did not speed away in panic after the deed but coolly surveyed the inert body for a few seconds through the open door, and then drove off. They ignored me completely; but I must have been staring at them fascinated, for the expressions on their faces were indelibly impressed on my memory.

In the light of subsequent events I have become deeply sympathetic with people who profess ignorance when questioned by the police. For like many other citizens, I had always been inclined to be impatient and contemptuous of witnesses who "were afraid to talk." But I should be a far happier person to-day if I had looked more to my own interests, and less to public duty. When the police arrived *en masse* I unhesitatingly furnished them with a description of the culprits to the best of my ability. With this I apparently forfeited my privilege of continuing to live a normal life.

The first move of the police was to escort me to headquarters. There they detained me for hours to inspect a long gallery of rogues' pictures; they took detailed statements from me; they cross-examined me as thoroughly as any criminal on the stand, and I began to wonder whether mere witnesses ever got the third degree. For supper they brought me a couple of thin sandwiches, while they probed into my personal life. When I was critical of the necessity for this they assured me that as a material witness it would be important at the trial to know all about me. Finally, as a material witness they kept me at headquarters most of the night and, apparently, having checked on me, allowed me to proceed on my way. Had I been a less substantial citizen there is no doubt that I should have been detained under high bail. This measure was seriously debated in my presence.

Practically each day after that, and sometimes two and three times a day, I was unceremoniously parted from my work and obliged to go to headquarters to survey suspects. At last the actual culprits were rounded up and I had

little difficulty in identifying them. The newspapers at once displayed the news prominently and events began to take a more ominous turn.

First, there were various attempts to "reach" me. These took the form of cajolery and thinly veiled bribes of one sort or another, through friends and business associates. Fraternally, politically, no stone was left unturned. Relatives of the accused pleaded "that I have a heart." When I would not be swayed, I became a marked man. The initial manifestations were warnings: such things as finding a rat-trap near my door with an obscene note attached; anonymous telephone calls and letters with crude symbols. I did not mind greatly when I intercepted the calls or letters myself; but after my wife received a few of them she became a nervous wreck. Then one day some men in an automobile stopped my young son on his way to school and handed him a note with instructions to give it to his father. It was a kidnap threat, and I became sufficiently alarmed to ask for police protection. We received day and night service (in deference to my value as a witness perhaps), but to state that we felt entirely safe would hardly be truthful. We lived in fear of every occurrence: the sudden jangling of the 'phone, cars back-firing, persons brushing against us on the street, cars following us when we drove. I felt that I was being shadowed, by whom I did not know, and operatives were digging into all phases of my past. The neighbor on my right moved away hurriedly for fear of what might happen some day, and my neighbor to the left, who owns his home and thus couldn't move, took to eying me with an aggrieved air.

As the date set for trial approached my wife and I grew as tense as if we ourselves were about to be weighed. Then after I had steeled myself to the inevitable, the trial would be postponed upon one pretext or another; there would be still further conferences with the prosecutor or his assistants. One day they called me

up to the office of a psychiatrist, for examination. I was beyond being surprised at queer doings by this time, so I calmly submitted and inquired what the reason might be. "Oh," they told me, "we understand that the defense may attack your sanity and so we're not taking any chances." I was startled to discover though that some of my acquaintances appeared to shun me, as a kind of executioner—necessary perhaps, but not quite the sort one chooses for friendship. You see, I was the star witness, counted on by the State to send two beings to their doom. Other friends, wiser, pitied me.

When the trial, finally, was to begin I found myself escorted into the courthouse by more guards than the prisoners themselves. A morbid crowd stared at me as though I were a curiosity or searched in my face and appearance for a motive for my behavior. In the courtroom itself the atmosphere was tense and hostile. Why, I wondered, should anyone risk his neck and the happiness of his family on behalf of a society which doesn't give a hang, and conceives of a criminal trial as some sort of contest between the accused and the witnesses who confront him?

The business of providing a legal trial began with the judge's tardy arrival. First in the order of things was the selection of twelve acceptable persons for the jury. This struck a snag right in the beginning. The prosecutor and defense attorneys wrangled so long and loudly about references to gangs and gang vengeance that the entire panel of prospective jurors became panicky, and after an entire day only two hardy souls were in the box. In other days I might have gnashed my teeth at the exhibition of spinelessness, but now I blamed none of them. It was three long days before the proper number of jurors were assembled.

In due course I received my cue to testify. This I did as cheerfully as a patient ascending the operating table. As I gazed down from my conspicuous position I seemed to face a sea of eyes. Lawyers' eyes, jurors' eyes, spectators'

eyes. Questioning eyes, amused eyes, sneering eyes, skeptical eyes, hostile eyes—I felt singularly alone, as though I were some Zola crying “*J'accuse!*” rather than a witness for all the people.

The prosecutor led me to recount each detail of the story, often over the bitter protests of defense counsel. The number and furious nature of the objections served to chop up my account so that I wondered whether the jury got an intelligible version. At the proper moment I was required to step down and touch each of the defendants dramatically upon the shoulder, a performance very distasteful to me, since it emphasized an element of personal accusation which should be lacking. When I returned to my seat I was abruptly handed over to the defense counsel to be picked over.

There were two of these—one for each defendant—and they took turns with me. The weary details were gone over and over. I was heckled, abused, and accused, and my eyesight, memory, and intelligence were impugned for such reasons as being unable to state with exactitude the color of the neckties the defendants wore, if any, or precise facts about their car. I was expected to recall the events of many other unrelated days, as though murder were an everyday experience in my life. Under the guise of “testing my credibility,” counsel number one delved into my private affairs, and demanded to know whether I didn’t bear a grudge against at least one of the defendants because I had once had an unsatisfactory business dealing with some member of his family. Then he demanded to know whether I had ever been convicted of a crime, and the implication in his tone was that I was a John Dillinger in disguise. Fortunately I was able to answer satisfactorily, but I suppose that if I had had a blemish on my record it would constitute some reason for freeing two murderers. In ringing voice he accused me of having been convicted of bigamy in Chicago in 1915. Whether this was only a figment of the lawyer’s imagination or the case of some-

one of similar name I do not know of course; but it all appeared very serious to the jury. Finally, out of breath and questions, lawyer number one sat down and number two took up the cudgels.

This second one proved to be quite a performer. (“I’ll tear his testimony apart,” he had told the newspapers.) For the better part of a day he paraded about shaking his finger at everybody and nobody. The judge rarely rebuked him, and then only mildly indeed. There came a time when this lawyer likewise ran low on questions, so I was obliged to repeat my story for perhaps the tenth time. Thereupon I was accused of having omitted certain details related in previous recitals and, rather inconsistently, of being letter-perfect, and thus plainly the product of police coaching. But at length, each detail having received a final raking over, there was a short, dramatic pause, and in a solicitous tone of voice I was asked whether I had not been confined to an insane asylum for a period of time. I had not. But it was true of an uncle on my mother’s side? Wearily, I said yes.

The day following I found it necessary to recuperate at home, so I missed the undoubted treat of listening to two privileged gentlemen blast my integrity and reputation before a jury and all others who cared to present themselves. But as I observed the police guard pacing up and down in front of the house, I found myself more than once yearning wistfully for a double acquittal; for then I felt that the accused and their cronies would be generous enough to forgive my transgressions. But no such luck was to be mine, for the evening papers brought the news of convictions.

Our nerves were more jittery still when a few days later the police withdrew their special protection; we were no longer invaluable to the State. It took considerable frantic telephoning to induce them to return. The desk sergeant rebuked me for being unduly panicky. “The case is dead as far as you’re concerned,” he said. “There wouldn’t be any sense

in them trying to harm you now; it wouldn't help them any; it would make things worse." After we had digested this thought it appeared altogether reasonable—at least we hoped it was.

So the situation stands at the moment. Several months have gone by since the trial, and we have not received one threatening letter or 'phone call. There is less of a besieged air about us, and I have been bold enough to dismiss the police guards; but we have not taken to congratulating ourselves that life has unquestionably resumed its peaceful ways. Occasionally we come across news items indicating that motions for new trials and various appeals are still pending, and we look uneasily to the future. What will happen if the higher courts affirm the convictions? Will there be the usual frantic pleas to the governor, and pressure exerted upon us from all sides? If the men are put to death, will it ever be on my conscience, just as you, reading this, recoil from the thought that you yourselves might have brought about such an event? Or will embittered relatives or associates attempt to wreak their vengeance upon me or mine? I wonder.

But one thing I have grimly promised myself, let the heavens fall. And that is that if the convictions are by any chance reversed they will not again drag me into court as a witness in a new trial. I want to eat, sleep, and move about like a normal human being once more.

REVIEWING ON THE RUN

BY THEODORE HUNT

A "GREAT READER," as I see it, implies a man who has an early dinner, dons pajamas, and climbs into bed after putting the cigars, sandwiches, and decanter within easy reach, and who settles down to a detective yarn with nothing more on his mind than a hearty desire to learn how Lord Peter Fortune Van Dine gets his man. And from the bottom of my heart I envy him.

To be sure I have read rings round him. In thirty-two months of a news-

paper book-editorship, twenty-one of which were devoted to a daily book column, I read and reviewed 1,434 books, an average of thirteen a week. So say my ten bulging scrapbooks, each of which holds as many words as the ordinary novel. But the "great reader" would have swallowed his cigar in horror to see me scrambling through these books like a squirrel through a hayloft, scribbling notes, marking passages, slipping in scores of bookmarks, leafing through thousands upon thousands of pages in the anxious manner of a housewife looking for a lost dollar bill. Simply to enjoy a book! I doubt whether I can ever do that again.

The daily book reviewer is a queer duck. There cannot be more than two dozen of his breed in the country. For one thing, it takes either a very large or a very ambitious and aware newspaper to make his job possible for him. For another, he must be an odd creature himself, with an insatiable appetite for sheer reading; with a taste so wide and catholic that it will lust after everything from detective novels to symposia on philosophy; and with enough egoism to face the public exhibition of three sheets of his typewriting a day. And he must have the humility to see that no matter how conscientious his criticisms may be, he is a round peg in a square hole unless he writes a column which will attract and hold the man in the street and save the paper at least five minutes longer from being used to kindle a fire or wrap a herring.

In a word, he is not a "high brow," not a true and pristine "literary critic," but the writer of a newspaper column. Scurrying from a biography of Thomas Jefferson to a study of modern housing, from a novel of revolution in China to an anthology of humorous verse, he bears that Old Man of the Sea on his back—the necessity of writing nine hundred words of sense and interest about them each day. It is a mad game plainly enough.

When quite intelligent people still ask me why the newspaper was so amiable as to buy me all those books for review,

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there would seem room for a sketch of the true mechanics of the job. Let the envious hearken. These piles of books come to the desk gratis, and without any strings save that they get into print. Moreover, the avid book editor has the choice of them for his own shelves at home, the tradition of the craft being that "to the reviewer goes the book." So each day, opening the packaged treasure-trove, he enjoys a golden twenty minutes which does not stale no matter how many volumes of sermons, of green and salad verse, or of half-baked analyses of the New Deal may pop out of the brown wrapping paper. Within these four or six or eight parcels there is sure to lie good pay-dirt. Most of the books have been his own choice, in fact, made by simply checking his desires on the publishers' forthcoming lists. The Agha Khan in a bookstore could not feel richer.

But immediately, I am sorry to report, he has to pull down the shades of the prison house. No occupation on earth can be more sedentary and more solitary than book reviewing. Not only all one's production, but all one's gathering of material—in short, one's complete, rounded world of work—is accomplished by sitting endlessly in a chair.

When the moment comes to select the reading for my daily discourse I follow but a single good rule. I pick up the book which interests *me*. A glance at the first paragraph of a newcomer's novel may whet my appetite; a big-name author may attract me; a non-fiction book may pique my curiosity or illustrate one of my dozen hobbies. Or a volume with a distinguished format may leap from the herd; it will astonish the layman how often this æsthetic intuition is completely right in foreshadowing a book's value. Yet whatever thread interest may take, it is an interest not for Aunt Susan, nor for the lawyer in the house next door, nor for the druggist on the corner, nor for any imagined conglomerate of newspaper readers, but for the reviewer himself.

And this for a very simple reason. He must flare up with a lively and personal

concern for what the book will hold for him or his column will turn out as dull and stale as yesterday's unemptied ash-trays. True, he may find himself barking up the wrong tree. I have sat all evening over a worthy enough book, yet reading it with an increasing sense that I was doing it from sheer duty, and at 11:30, pretty well wearied, I have taken a perfunctory sniff at a less prepossessing volume which thereupon proceeded to root me in my chair until dawn. No question at all which book filled the column on the morrow.

Now, with the one book at last, the reviewer can adjust the reading lamp and settle down in his chair. But all this while, ever since I mentioned reading 1,434 books in thirty-two months, there has been a single query in the back of each of your heads. It is the very first thing a layman asks a book reviewer, and we ought to have a rubber-stamped phrase in readiness. Yet to the demand: "Do you really read all the books you review?" there can hardly be a yes-or-no answer. The honest daily reviewer must take three minutes to begin to explain that yes, he really examines and goes pretty thoroughly through all the books on which he writes, but that no, his saying that he has really read a book must remain a relative matter.

I cannot naturally speak for the practice of Messrs. Gannett, Hansen, Van Gelder, Brickell, etc., though I have heard that John Chamberlain, when he conducted "Books of the Times," used to read for five hours regularly each day. In all conscience, that must have meant a tolerably complete perusal of everything short of *The Tale of Genji* and the four-volume Proust. Yet it would surprise me if any of these reviewers in the daily press have that gift ascribed to Macaulay, Theodore Roosevelt, and the late Huey Long—the power to read a page with three flicks of the eye. As for myself, I read like any mere mortal.

This is not to say that there are no mild tricks and devices for saving eyesight and trouser seats. I have men-

tioned the novelist's first paragraph; the longer I reviewed the more convinced I became that that passage, or even the first sentence alone, will tell the practiced and intuitive reviewer everything he will later find proved at length concerning that novelist's caliber of mind. Not always will it show how good the writer is, but it will sound his badness like a brick going down a well.

Admired by reviewers, for example, was the excellent first sentence of James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice": "They threw me off the hay truck about noon." It was Lewis Gannett who said the best thing of those terse, indicative nine words when he remarked that they held the whole character of Frank—only one kind of man would be put off a hay truck, only one kind of man would tell it that way. And so that you yourself may have a brief try at reviewing, what would you make of the following first sentence of a novel?

Private William Piggott, U. S. M. C., was on sentry duty—a tall, dim figure striding with mechanical precision along a path silvered by a gibbous moon, whose achromatic light found a dull reflection in the bronze corps device on his campaign hat and in the burnished barrel of the Springfield sloping on his shoulder.

You catch the flavor at once, don't you? As I wrote in the column, "gibbous" and "achromatic" in one sentence constituted an achievement of sorts, and if the author, brushing up a little farther on his adjectives, had only made the path narrow and the Springfield deadily and the shoulders sturdy, he would have been batting one thousand for turgidity. The book, as it developed, was equally full of that heavy, hackneyed romanticism.

In reading a novel the daily reviewer must go very carefully through the first fifty pages, in order to get the characters quite clear in his head. Then he picks up speed. When he comes to a long paragraph of description his leap is like that of the kangaroo. When he sniffs at a section and finds it full of author's explanation, he avoids that also—the author

will be putting the crucial action into dialogue before long. As Edith Wharton has said, dialogue should be the crest of the wave, summing up the ground-swell beneath it. Such a good craftsman means luck for the panting reviewer; a bad craftsman, or a devotee of the Hemingway school which puts everything into dialogue, is at once recognizable as such. There are yet other novelists, let me name Aldous Huxley and Rebecca West in chief, who tear the heart out of the reviewer because they pack their solid paragraphs with meat too good to be missed. Fortunately for our daily grind, this species is very rare.

And yet a novel is harder to read swiftly than a non-fiction book, because in fiction there is no formal order and you can never tell when something is going to happen. You would scarcely like to report Grandmother as surviving the book when she died in chapter six. Not, by any means, that you are to itemize the plot. Yet a mistaken notion of Grandmother's longevity will crop up somewhere in the column, and we fear like the wrath to come that acute and letter-writing reader who spent a week over the book.

But give us a solidly constructed non-fiction book, with a full table of contents and an excellent index, and it's our field day. The subject is laid out in an orderly fashion before us, and at three glances we can tell, ahead of time, the parts where the author really gets down to business and puts in his own thinking instead of a rehash of the books he has read.

As to time, in the track-meet sense, the daily reviewer isn't worth his salt if he spends more than three or four hours on any novel short of *Musa Dagb* or *Anthony Adverse*. In non-fiction, a briefer period should do for anything less imposing and valuable than *Technics and Civilization*. If he takes much more than an hour over a detective story he is dawdling. The rub of course comes when he does two or three or more books in a day. I have, may my conscience and the authors for-

give me, done five and six on occasion, and that is a little wearing.

Filling himself and pouring himself out each day, with the regularity of the decanter on the sideboard of an Eighteenth Century gentleman, the reviewer lies fair prey to a species of melancholia. He feels as if he were working under a bell-jar in a vacuum. From print to print is his routine; he takes in 75,000 or 100,000 words a day, and he puts out 900 or 1000 and nothing seems to happen. He cannot ignore the fact that he deals in other people's ideas, and as a consequence spreads himself wider and wider and thinner and thinner. He becomes able to hold forth on any topic under the sun—but, lacking Macaulay's memory, for five minutes only. Spending no more than a couple of days over a work upon which, as in the case of Douglas Southall Freeman's *R. E. Lee*, the author labored for nineteen years, the daily reviewer will be increasingly afflicted with a sense of disproportion which not even his best efforts at his task will ease. He aches to stay with a topic longer, to pull his own oar, to discover and cultivate himself.

All this came slowly over me like a tide. On the credit side of the craft I was glad to have learned not how many bad books

there are in the world, but how many pleasant and quite creditable books which still remain of less worth to a man than an hour's chopping in a wood-yard. And conversely, I was vastly glad to find a handful of books to take into blood and bone—may I mention Aldous Huxley's *Texts and Pretexts*, Lin Yutang's *My Country and My People*, Lewis Mumford's *Technics and Civilization*, Donald Culross Peattie's *An Almanac for Moderns*, Sidney and Beatrice Webb's *Soviet Communism: a New Civilization?*, Thomas Wolfe's *Of Time and the River*, and William Butler Yeats's autobiography in several volumes.

Yet the debit side of the ledger overtook even such memorable experiences as these, and I rang down the curtain on "No End of Books." My column's title had been adapted from that passage in Ecclesiastes which continues, now so understandably to me: "And much study is a weariness of the flesh." Probably I shall never again be able to read a book without unconsciously girding up my loins to compose a column. But it is good to wake up in the morning, I can tell you, without the indigestion of trying to keep abreast of the endless flow of current writing.





The Easy Chair



TYRANNY AT LONGFELLOW SCHOOL

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

IN JUNE Kitty Smith graduates from the University of Michigan, thanks to a generous professor who at the last minute concedes her a D-minus in *The Psychology and Technic of Teaching Spelling*. In July, when her true love takes back his Sigma Chi pin, she enters her name at a teachers' agency. Early in September she arrives at Caribou, Nebraska, and is assigned the fifth grade at the Henry Wadsworth Longfellow school.

Two weeks later Kitty spends a hot Sunday morning taking a sunbath in a backless bathing suit on the lawn in front of her rooming house; before noon on Monday the principal of Longfellow school reprimands her for dressing immodestly and suggests that she spend her Sunday mornings in church. A month later the principal informs her that she may not smoke publicly in Caribou. On Armistice Day, pleasantly recalling the handsome face of John Strachey who lectured at Michigan last year, she refuses to buy a poppy from a buddy; the fervor thus reawakened leads her to tell the fifth grade that world peace would be wonderful, information which reaches the adjutant of the American Legion post through a son who is doing badly in arithmetic. The superintendent of the Caribou schools now summons Kitty and forbids her to preach communism; he also instructs her not to wear chiffon stockings to school and, as circuitously as possible, tells her to put on a brassière. By February she is nervously aware that the whole Eastern Star is gossiping about her; wherefore,

asked by Mrs. Robinson, its corresponding secretary, what kind of party she went to in Kearney last week-end, she tells Mrs. Robinson that it is none of her damned business. Six weeks later, just as the fires of spring are lighted, the Robinson car stops for gas at a combination hot-dog stand and dance hall some miles out of town, and it is unquestionably Kitty whom Mrs. Robinson sees necking with the Jones boy (from the hardware store) in a parked car under the cottonwoods. The superintendent has already heard about that "damn" and about Kitty's probable cocktails in Kearney. So now he discharges Kitty for immoral behavior.

Are American teachers free?

Nearly everyone thinks that they ought to be and knows that they are not, a realization which has recently been confirmed by the exhaustive report of the Commission on the Social Studies of the American Historical Association. The report, a long book which is by no means easy to read, is one of the most important documents of these times. Unhappily its importance is sometimes diluted by confused thinking, so much so that frequently one cannot tell whether the commission is sitting as a fact-finding body or rising with its coats off to do battle in the name of the ideal. The *Easy Chair* intends to consider at a later time some of its principal findings and contentions. This month let us meditate on such a minor dilemma as the case of Kitty Smith, which has been arranged to conform to some of the report's apprehensions.

Most right-minded persons will agree that Kitty's personal liberty has been curtailed, that she is the victim of a tyrannical bigotry. None of the behavior that outraged Caribou was disapproved by the group in which she grew up. Her bathing suit and stockings were much admired at Ann Arbor; most coeds swore unself-consciously and smoked cigarettes wherever they pleased; a cocktail in a public place was quite proper; the Pi Phis were accustomed to neck with personable young men without reproof even from the Dean of Women, and if a girl can't turn the minds of the young toward the vision of world peace can there be any hope for the next generation? She was a good girl (resolutely preventing the Jones boy from working his wicked will on her), a serious-minded girl, and an idealistic girl who believed in the importance of her job and wanted to do it well. Surely she was judged according to a narrow, evangelical, and now old-fashioned morality. Surely the superintendent's alliance with the American Legion was cowardly if not fascistic, and his hostility to pretty clothes was prurient. Surely the moral timidity of small-town housewives must not be allowed to dominate our schools. And surely there can be no free society unless our teachers are guaranteed freedom of thought, speech, and action.

Yet the most heinous crimes of Caribou on the person of liberty have not been alleged in the case of Kitty Smith. The Commission on the Social Studies, in a kind of aghast patience, would sometimes be willing to grant Caribou a certain misguided honesty in its restrictions, and even a faint theoretical right to enforce them on Kitty if Caribou itself observed them. But the town is hypocritical. Mrs. Robinson's daughter, who works in the bank, says "damn" and smokes publicly without reproach. The manicure girl at the Hotel Ak-sar-ben does not lose her job when she calls the adjutant of the Legion post a pension-grabber and says she won't marry her sweetie if he joins the National Guard. Stenographers neck

without being penalized, and it is even true that Mrs. Robinson herself sometimes takes a cocktail (heavily rectified with grapefruit juice) in the very home whose sanctity was threatened by Kitty's Martini.

Moreover, the Commission finds, various Caribou elsewhere are far worse than this pride of interior Nebraska. Many teachers' contracts contain clauses forbidding alcohol and tobacco and even regulating dress, not only in the school-room but everywhere else. In some places dancing is forbidden, or the places where it may be done are specified, and even the number of evenings when a teacher may go out and the hours at which she must return are set. Some towns forbid her to associate with male students, some restrict her privilege of masculine companionship to one man only, presumably a fiancé or a steady, and some forbid her any dates at all. In some places she must go to church every Sunday, in others she must attend all Protestant churches in rotation, and in others she must help out at Wednesday prayer meeting and the suppers of the Ladies' Aid. . . . As one would have assumed without the Commission's report, she is freest (defining freedom in the way implied) in the big cities and in the Northeast, and progressively less free as we move westward and southward and toward the small cities, the towns, and the villages.

It looks pretty bad. But let us not too hastily denounce Caribou; for a phenomenon so recurrent and so widespread may have been insufficiently described. And let us not assail it with too hasty a use of the word freedom. Freedom is neither a syllogism nor an absolute nor an entity, and the problem of freedom is not simple but infinitely complex and infinitely contingent. A serious objection to the Commission's report is the fact that it thinks of freedom as a thing, not as a contingent expression of relationships, and thinks of it as detached from the social mechanisms apart from which it has no existence. Such think-

ing, however idealistic it may be, necessarily clouds the issue of freedom and by clouding it may end as a menace to the democracy it essays to uphold.

But in the first place, Caribou is not so tyrannical as the massed instances imply. Lawyers know that the law is not the statute: it is in part the judge who interprets the statute, and in greater part the officials who are charged with enforcing it. Similarly, the freedom of primary school teachers in the United States is not what their contracts define it to be. It is what their superintendents permit it to be, and what they themselves make of it tactfully or furtively. Hundreds of superintendents who hire teachers under no-drinking or no-smoking contracts make no effort to enforce them so long as infractions do not occur conspicuously or with public offense. Thousands of teachers in hidebound small towns live under a freer social morality than that defined for them by contract and are not interfered with so long as they are quiet about it, especially in public. You may be saddened by the requirement of furtiveness in the exercise of freedom, but nevertheless the freedom so exercised exists.

Just how saddening is the requirement of furtiveness? Caribou is usually condemned for hypocrisy in treating its teachers as a special class and imposing on them a stricter morality than it imposes on its stenographers or even on its daughters. But teachers demand to be treated as a special class in so far as local, State, and national action on their behalf is concerned, and whenever the schools as a social institution are concerned. And whether they want to be or not, they are a special class—both in the opinion of Caribou and in fact. For one thing, they are paid from the public funds; for another, they are charged not only with the formal instruction of the young, comparatively a lesser function, but also with the successful initiation of the young into the mores, the conventions, and the ideals of the community, which is what gives their job the fundamental importance

that they themselves claim for it. Caribou requires its firemen to keep in athletic condition and requires its assessors and collectors to be bonded, both of which are discriminatory special requirements intended to insure the community against social loss. It requires highly conventional behavior from its teachers for precisely the same reason.

If the requirement is not hypocritical, it is also not unduly timid nor unsupported by social realities. Thus in Chicago it may matter what a teacher tells the fifth grade about communism—one doubts it, but Republican editors with high blood pressure seem to think that it does. Whereas it doesn't matter in the least if she smokes cigarettes on Michigan Boulevard, has a dozen cocktails daily at six o'clock, or lives in sin after hours somewhere back of Ontario Street. She is only statistically a member of the social system that her pupils belong to, and on those streets and after six o'clock she is lost in an ocean of anonymity that keeps her from all contact with or influence on them. But Caribou is fundamentally different from Chicago: Kitty is a functional part of the social system that includes her students. What she tells them about communism does not matter at all. Communism is as unreal to Caribou as entropy, and her ideas about it, whatever they may be, will make no dent on the fifth grade. Whereas if she gets tight any giggle that may be overheard will also be heard all over and will affect every child in the Longfellow school, and if anyone sees her necking with the Jones boy back of the fair grounds, Johnny and Mary will be reading notes about it behind their geographies to-morrow. In Caribou's judgment, the moment such a note is written and read Kitty's usefulness as a teacher in the schools that support Caribou's social interactions has reached an end. If either the theory or the reality of democratic institutions means much to you, you will pause for thought before deciding that Caribou is wrong.

What counts is the social system, not as an abstraction or a name but as the actual

energies which enable people to live together in communities. The most vigorous social systems in the country, the ones most effectively oriented and functioning in terms of themselves, are probably the cities of between twenty and fifty thousand people—and the towns that have smaller populations are more vigorous systems than the metropolises that have larger ones. The vigor of such social adjustments has the greatest possible importance for the nation. It exists in relationships the most complicated, relationships such as the one whose curious outcome it is to make Kitty Smith take her cocktail on the sly or get out. It is derived from and expressed by such energies as family life, neighborliness, beliefs in religion, co-operation, and the obligations and responsibilities of the community. The sum of them is the feeling of dwelling together as members one of another that makes a culture live. It may be a hard fact, as it is certainly an illogical one, that that aliveness should parenthetically require primary school teachers to do their smoking behind the barn. But neither its hardness nor its illogicality has much to do with the case. What counts is that such a deprivation is part of an adjustment, each of whose parts depends on all the others.

Changes in any of these energies must necessarily effect changes in all the rest, and in the relationships that bind them together as a system. Furthermore, changes move at a much slower rate in Caribou than they do in Chicago, which is why Caribou forbids cocktails to-day, and travel nowhere near so far, which is why it is likely to go on forbidding them for a long time yet. A change sufficient to make Caribou accept Chicago's morality for teachers would mean that beliefs essential to the vigor of the whole had lost their vitality. When Kitty Smith can smoke a cigarette, drink a cocktail, or wear shorts on the corner of Fifth and Spring unrebuked by her superintendent, the social integration that is the health of Caribou, and, therefore, of the nation, will be gone. Be a little care-

ful how you yearn for such an outcome in the name of an ideal.

For accepting the ideal of freedom necessitates accepting the actual relationship that constitutes freedom. Freedom is not a thing; it is a relationship among social energies, and perhaps even a secretion of them. Specifically it is, in a democracy, a sanction at which democratic processes arrive. It sets limits and it is produced as limitations, adjustments, of the democratic forces themselves. It is, in fact, part of their relationship to one another, and there is no way of changing the relationship without destroying it. It must interfere with and limit various of us in various ways—more or less directly, more or less painfully, depending on who we are, what our social function is, and how seriously our desires are denied. It is a relationship, not an abstraction, not justice, not equalization—it is how democracy shakes down into a precarious equilibrium, unsatisfactory to everyone but tolerable to all. It is a working adjustment—mechanical, impersonal, and quite without obligation to be logical. But there is no appeal from the processes of democracy except an appeal against democracy itself; which puts the superintendent of schools at Caribou in an altogether different light.

Caribou is enforcing on Kitty Smith a special morality that comes from the relationship of its energies to one another. Kitty may accept the morality, she may outwardly conform and discount it in secret as much as she can, or she may try for a job in Chicago. That is very unpleasant for Kitty if she likes her cocktail, or if she wants to be a socially free agent and a teacher at the same time. It is also clearly illogical, unjust, repressive, discriminatory, unrighteous, bullheaded, and ethically myopic. But it is integral in the way Caribou exists as a community and as a part of the national health. Not only Kitty would be in a far more unpleasant condition if Caribou didn't care. The disequilibrium so created would swing us all out of the orbit so far that all kinds of freedom would be in danger.



Harper's *Magazine*

THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE

A REVIEW WITH RECOMMENDATIONS TO THE PRESIDENT

BY HUBERT HERRING

As Franklin D. Roosevelt takes up afresh the puzzles of our national housekeeping, it may not be amiss to draw his attention to one department of his government in which the air has not been greatly changed since the days of James G. Blaine, and in which there are men who have not heard that William McKinley is dead. This department is located in a curious building, just west of the White House, which harks back to the days when George Pullman painted doves in his sleeping cars, and prosperous merchants built mansions with mansard roofs. It is an important department; in fact, in days when drums are again beating it might be called the most important, for it is our first line of national defense—the Department of State.

Our second lines of defense are in no danger of neglect. There are plenty of our fellow-citizens to argue the case of the army and navy, and there are plenty of admirals and generals who know much about first-class wars—and are patently a

bit awkward about encouraging first-class peaces. But it is in the Department of State—which receives a cent for every dollar allotted to the fighters—that the lines must be laid for our peace and security. Here agreements must be contrived which will undergird mutual respect. This department must represent us in the task of discouraging war and building concord.

There is no partisan bias in the demand for an adequate Department of State. It will find its strength in men whose comprehension exceeds intellectual understanding, men with the mind and heart of a Dwight Morrow, whose sympathies kept step with his knowledge, each serving the other, and giving him a place of eminent privilege in Mexico. It will be a department represented in foreign capitals by ambassadors and ministers no longer picked upon the basis of political regularity, contributions to party chests, nor a general reputation for amenability and mildness. Instead, its leaders will know

the prides and the piques, the folk-patterns and the gods of other peoples, so that negotiations may be pressed, treaties framed, and far goals cited which take account of these verities. Such men can be found, men who are resourceful and devoted. Of such will the adequate department be built, and such will speak for it in the courts of the nations. Only such a department will serve in these days, and the President can give it to us.

But, as realists, we must discover the department which we have.

Under the Constitution, negotiations with foreign powers are committed to the President. The Secretary of State has become the aide of the President in carrying on such negotiations and is the ranking member of the President's cabinet. There are an Under Secretary and four assistant secretaries. These, the chief executives of the Department, have counselors and helpers. There is an economic adviser, a legal adviser, and other needed technical assistants. There are six geographic divisions, each with its chief and his staff. There are administrative divisions for the handling of the department's business. Related to the department are the nation's representatives to other nations, seventeen ambassadors extraordinary and plenipotentiary, and forty envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary—to use the quaint nomenclature current in foreign offices. There is also the numerous company of consuls general, consuls, and vice consuls who fly the American flag in two hundred and sixty-five cities of the world. There are first, second, and third secretaries, and others neither lettered nor numbered. All told, there are some forty-four hundred men and women in this service at home and abroad. So much for statistics. But what sort of men rule the department and what sort work in the ranks? What do they do for their pay and how well do they do it?

II

Cordell Hull is Secretary of State. Mr. Hull has held public office almost con-

tinuously during forty-three of his sixty-five years. He served in the Tennessee House of Representatives, he went to war in 1898 and fought in Cuba, he took a turn as judge of the circuit court of Tennessee, he represented his State in the national House of Representatives for twenty-two years, and in the Senate for two years. During his congressional days he was known as one of the hardest hitting and best informed men on inheritance taxes and tariff schedules. He learned to check all questions of national and international policy in terms of tariffs. He was convinced, and remains convinced, that an equitable tariff policy will go far toward resolving our domestic ills and our international disturbances. It was during those congressional days that he acquired a biting hatred of lobbyists, whom he dismisses with one word of Shakespearean elegance—"whores."

Cordell Hull has priceless gifts. His capacity for appearing lost is one of them. He can slouch down, drop his eyes, and be far away while the oratory of international conferences spins on, but without losing any point of slightest relevance. His kindliness is another gift. There is no affectation in it. His sincere devotion to peace reflects this kindliness. He approaches Britain and Argentina and Japan with the goodness of a man who really expects good to come. He is honest. His unexpected and signal success in the Pan-American Conference in Montevideo in 1933 was won because men trusted him, trusted the purity of his purpose. The Latin American spokesmen, with notable exceptions, distrusted one another; with almost no exceptions, they trusted Cordell Hull. He is totally free of the plumage and the verbiage of high office.

Cordell Hull, the most certain asset of the New Deal, has suffered at the hands of the New Dealers. In March, 1933, the President put Raymond Moley in the State Department. Moley was there as the President's man, not the Secretary's. Moley breakfasted with the President, played with the President, and was

suspected of dreaming that he was President. Certain astute chiefs within the Department were convinced that the safe thing was to lay their money on Moley. It was a humiliating season for Cordell Hull, and the experience in July at the London economic conference was the bitterest of all. Cordell Hull fought tenaciously for a substantial agreement, and he was blocked by the divisions within his own delegation. The clamor of Moley, the President's man, the counter-clamor of William Bullitt, also the President's man, meant the virtual repudiation of the American Secretary of State, who returned to Washington deeply hurt but determined. Yet it was Cordell Hull who won that round with the New Dealers. Raymond Moley moved out of the Department of State. William Bullitt went to Moscow. Since then there has been no doubt as to who is the Secretary of State. Furthermore, the months which have intervened have been marked by the deepening of the mutual appreciation between Hull and the President.

Cordell Hull is a provincial. He knows his fellow-Americans; he can recast any international incident within the framework of his boyhood in Tennessee; he knows the tortuous ways of Washington statesmen; he knows and despises those who would corrupt their country for their own gain. But for the moods and prides of Japanese and Mexican and German he has tolerance rather than understanding. His mind is tireless but not quick. His work in the area of trade agreements, in which he has been given presidential support, entitles him to a high place among American Secretaries of State. But he also must deal with the obscurities of Japanese "face," the bullying tactics of Hitler and Mussolini, the glittering but insubstantial forth-puttings of Latin American statesmen. These speak a language alien to his ear. Confronted with the necessity for making decisions, he wavers or he permits other men to make decisions which he should make. He is surrounded by little men,

petty men. He knows it, but he is comforted by their self-assurance, and his shyness finds a refuge behind their pretension. Cordell Hull is at once too good for the crowd he works with and not good enough. He is the strongest man in the Department, but he lacks the self-confidence required for the long overdue purging of it. The fault must be charged to the President, who has made personal and unwise appointments to the Department, and has failed to strengthen the hands of his Secretary. The fault is also Mr. Hull's. He himself has stature, but he does not demand men of stature as his associates.

The office of Under Secretary, now vacant, was occupied until the past summer by William Phillips. This was a personal appointment of the President's. Mr. Phillips presents the career man's perfect picture of a diplomat. Complete assurance behind which there is an appealing shyness; capacity for being entirely graceful under any circumstances and in any language; ability to say yes and no with such distinction as to leave one in doubt as to whether the sun sets in the east or west; warm and friendly courtesy which could not possibly fail under any exasperation; proud lineage and acceptance by the best families—all these are William Phillips's. He would be more at home under an old deal but seeks to reflect with graceful fidelity the official point of view of the White House across the way. He and the scores who pray daily that they may become more like him are the bulwarks of conservatism within the State Department. Mr. Phillips has now gone to the embassy in Rome, where his skill in saying nothing will serve him and his country well.

Wilbur J. Carr, Assistant Secretary of State, is the Department's animated success story. Secretaries and under-secretaries may come and go, but Carr remains. He is the dean of the Department in years of service. He entered it as a boy of twenty-two, forty-five years ago, and has been there ever since. He was poor, with scant education, but with a tenacity

which would not down. He has lived through all shades of political opinion. He had a desk when men were remembering the *Maine*, swinging the big stick, taking Panama, christianizing the Philippines, civilizing the Haitians, making the world safe for democracy, praising normalcy, and he has lived on into the era of the Good—if sometimes absentminded—Neighbor. He has been kicked and cuffed, but out of each humiliation he has risen a little higher, and with a tighter grip on the lines of power. Along the way he married a million. He has reached the age of retirement, the most powerful man in the Department. He is a genial, friendly, and busy housekeeper. He handles budgets, disciplines the various divisions and offices on their financial behavior, begs appropriations on the Hill, and is popular with congressional committees because he never begs very hard. He sits at the center of the intricate machinery by which men are hired, promoted, fired. He is the general manager of the Department, and much of its form—and formlessness—must be credited to him. He runs the machinery of personnel. He has been, and is, chiefly responsible for the standards of admission, the requirements for training, for examination, for promotion. He has done much to set the tone of the service over a period of years. But he is totally insensitive to the glaring inadequacy of the service and resents all criticism.

His virtues and vices lie close together. He likes his "boys" as he calls those who are scattered over the earth in consulates, legations, and embassies. He has his favorites and he has his dislikes. He is impressed by those things in a candidate which as a boy he did not possess—wealth and social position. His favorites move swiftly from class to class; those whom he dislikes often find their way blocked. He can make and break men, and he does both, and the reasons in neither case are conspicuously inspired. His liking softens the accuracy of his judgment upon the incompetent. He keeps them in places for which they are unfit because he knows

that they have invalid wives or crippled children. Carr looks after his boys. It is always hard to tell a mother that the son she has reared to be a banker would make a better barber. She won't believe you. Nor will Wilbur Carr.

Sumner Welles, Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American affairs, is at once one of the conspicuously able men of the Department and one of its most decided liabilities. He has the background and the equipment of the perfect diplomat—Groton, Harvard, family, wealth, and the assurance of Sinai. He has experience: he served in Tokyo and Buenos Aires; he headed Harding's commission for the liquidation of our Dominican follies; he represented Coolidge in the quieting of the Hondurans. He was promised the Under Secretaryship in 1933, and when he was overlooked, only with difficulty did the President persuade him to accept the task of ousting Machado in Cuba.

Welles went to Cuba with a plan, as neat as his own waistcoat, for ending the Machado regime and for substituting a constitutional government. The plan would have worked had it not been for Machado's temper, the Cuban wrath, and Welles's inflexible ways. Machado was forced out, and Cuba was thrown into tumult. Welles made the weak de Cespedes president, picked a cabinet for him, and told the president and cabinet what to think. Within three weeks, the Cubans turned de Cespedes out, and not least among the reasons was the fact that Welles had put him in. There followed (September 1933–January 1934) the four months' rule of Ramon Grau San Martin, a gaily unconstitutional regime marked by all manner of vague but valiant digressions—the first real picnic in Cuba's carefully chaperoned history. Its irregularity irked the soul of Ambassador Welles. His plan had gone askew. Almost everyone else—including, probably, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull—favored the recognition of Grau; but Welles would not yield. And Welles won. Grau was not recognized, credit was withheld, American gunboats hugged the shadows of Morro Cas-

tle, Grau was forced out. Whereupon Welles returned to Washington to guide our policies in Latin America.

His qualifications are patent. He has a mind of cool rigor. He knows Latin America and the Latin Americans. He speaks Spanish with precision and strength. He works early and late, driven by the zeal of an honest public servant and by a devouring personal ambition. His disqualifications are equally clear. He is as inflexible as a totem pole. He dogmatizes upon the basis of inadequate data. His sense of his own powers leads to disregard of the counsels of others. He is mistrusted by the Latin Americans who find in him the familiar lines of an old neighbor who was not always "good." Sumner Welles is our finest figure of a pro-consul, but the enthusiasm for pro-consuls wanes.

Robert Walton Moore is Assistant Secretary of State because of his old friendship with Cordell Hull. Surely a Secretary of State thrust into this musty Department deserves the luxury of a confidant. Judge Moore has seventy-eight years of varied experience as perspective for the weighing of fate. In his long public life he has learned a good deal about stuffed shirts and their ways. His counsel is valuable because he can see through much impressive-looking nonsense. A politician, he is impatient with the career men and their habits. This impatience is explicable; but in view of the importance of building up a stronger career service, his impatience may prevent larger gains. The Judge is undoubtedly useful, but his place might be occupied by a man of larger mold.

Francis Sayre, Assistant Secretary of State in charge of trade agreements, is the son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson, and the residuary legatee of Wilson's enthusiasms. He has Wilson's schoolmaster ways and is inclined to scold when pupils do not behave, a trait not conducive to the most cordial relations with his associates and subordinates, nor with the congressional committees which rule the Hill. He is an evangelist and a crusader.

He believes in the reciprocal trade treaties as St. Augustine believed in God. He holds that peace can be won in this troubled world, and counts no sacrifice too great to win that goal. There is no compromise in him, and he often proves awkward in the making of trade treaties—which is, after all, but a higher type of horsetrading. He is a lonely man, fighting in a mad world. The turmoil of his soul is revealed in the tense earnestness of his labors and in his devout participation in the movement called Buchmanism.

III

We can now take a cursory glance at the shops where various kinds of work are done. Of course there is the passport division, from which we get the little red books which assure us that the strong arm of our national government stands between us and Adolf Hitler and the smallpox. There are departments which deal with the foreign service—in all of which the genial Mr. Carr seems to be judge and arbiter. There are geographers who collect maps, and research men who collect statistics on Labor Unions in Iceland and sugar production in Brazil. There is an office from which the Department of State controls the export of arms and munitions, and does it well, under the direction of a capable chief, Joseph C. Green. There is a quaint department called "Protocol and Conferences." It is the department which arranges the place cards on the White House table, and is driven to despair over such questions as the rank of Dolly Gann.

Two offices which should be of the highest importance are those of the Economic and Legal Advisers. The conditions prevailing in these offices throw light on the haphazard character of the Department.

Obviously, economics is an important subject in the counsels of the Department of State. Diplomacy increasingly shifts from the political to the economic base. The modern foreign office of any govern-

ment must always talk trade. There is scarcely a question which comes to any geographic division which does not have its economic basis. The department has an economic adviser in the person of Herbert Feis with his staff of four assistants. Feis is generally pronounced the most brilliant man in the Department. He has a mind which moves with the force of a stone crusher, the precision of a fine drill. The brilliance of Feis is somewhat limited by a temperamental and dogmatic strain which brings him into head-on collisions with other offices which also perform economic duties. It is characteristic of the scattering organization of the Department that there is no unified economic office. The launching of the trade agreements under the Roosevelt Administration resulted in the establishment of a division of trade agreements, itself an economics office, with a staff of twenty-four. There was already in existence a Treaty Division for the drafting of international instruments. This was not all, for each geographical division has its own economic specialists, and much of the work on the more important trade agreements, notably that negotiated with Cuba, was done in their respective divisions, with little help from the economic adviser, the trade agreement division, or the treaty division. No one is ever quite sure where a given job of economics is to be done. The result is costly confusion, in which appears the nominal chief of all these trade negotiations, Francis Sayre, devoted but awkward; the vivid and temperamental Feis, always miles ahead of his plodding associates; Cordell Hull, urging conciliation upon those who, like Feis, would bring pressure on offending nations, and urging realism upon those who, like Sayre, do not reckon with the necessity for compromise; the personnel of the trade division, the treaty division, and the economic adviser's office, mutually suspicious and antagonistic; and the geographic divisions in some instances warning all others to keep off their preserves. The need for one strong economics division is obvious.

The Legal Adviser, Green H. Hackworth, has been in the Department for twenty-eight years, working his way from a clerkship up through the ranks of the legal division. His office is important. The wording of treaties and other international agreements, the handling of claims, the safeguarding of American rights in other lands—these, and their ramifications, furnish work enough. He has a staff of over twenty lawyers and legal assistants. They go through an enormous amount of business. It is business highly important to the success of the negotiations of the Department. But Mr. Hackworth is a timid man. His timidity is of the sort bred and increased in the service where survival depends upon regularity rather than upon brilliance. He has an adequate staff, measured by numbers, but the top jobs are preempted by the older and less competent men who got their legal training in evening classes. The younger and abler lawyers of adequate training, finding their way blocked, leave when opportunity offers. The morale of the office is poor; larger financial rewards are offered by private business. The fault lies in the system which selects men only to sentence them to timidity and ineffectiveness. When matters of moment pend, Mr. Hackworth is usually ignored. When one of the most important documents of recent years, the resolution calling for an embargo on Japan, was under consideration, Mr. Hackworth was asked by an outsider, "How could you let such a document through?" Mr. Hackworth replied, "They never showed it to me." This is the State Department's legal adviser.

There are the six geographic divisions of the Department. The world is parceled out among them. The chiefs of these six divisions, working under the assistant secretaries, handle the detail of our relations with the countries assigned them. It is in these divisions that reports from the field are read and filed and that policies on many minor, and some major, issues are formulated.

The Far Eastern division handles our

relations with China, Japan, and Siam. Its chief, Stanley K. Hornbeck, is one of the best trained men in the Department. He once taught in China and later in the University of Wisconsin. He has seen a variety of experience in government service, is a hard worker and an unsparing public servant. Mr. Hornbeck's post is critically important. Whenever a crisis threatens in our relations with Japan and China the reports come to his desk, and recommendations are initiated from his desk. He cannot make war or peace, but his memoranda might have much to do with the issues of war or peace. Hornbeck knows much about the Chinese, less about the Japanese. His effectiveness is needlessly circumscribed by the burden of detail laid upon him and by his preoccupation with detail. His usefulness is limited by his own temper. He is possessed by his wraths. His passion for rendering moral judgments is not conducive to that atmosphere of serenity in which international tangles are resolved. It is significant that Hornbeck is regarded by the Big Navy crowd as one of their chief apologists.

The Division of Latin American affairs deals with all the republics of Latin America, with the single exception of Mexico. It is responsible to Assistant Secretary Sumner Welles. It and the Mexican division are the only geographic divisions directly assigned to an assistant secretary. The appointment of its present chief, Laurence Duggan, was vigorously criticized by many. His youth and inexperience—he is thirty-one—were charged against him. The foreign-service officers generally resented the appointment of an outsider. But Laurence Duggan's capacity has won increased recognition, and he is welcomed by many as the one chief of a major division who can be accurately described as representing the modern temper in international affairs.

The Division of Mexican Affairs is headed by Edward L. Reed, a bland and unimaginative career man whose record is marked neither by mistakes nor achievements. His careful training has not pre-

pared him for an understanding of the workers and peasants of Mexico. He and Porfirio Diaz would have understood each other perfectly, but he and Lazaro Cardenas sojourn in different worlds. This type of appointment should be scrutinized by the President. Our relations with Mexico are at the moment excellent, but Mexico has a way of presenting problems of profound delicacy without warning.

The Division of Western European Affairs handles our relations with Austria, Belgium, Canada, Czechoslovakia, the three Scandinavian countries, France, Germany, Great Britain (including everything which Great Britain owns), Hungary, the Irish Free State, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, most of Africa, European possessions in the Far East, the League of Nations and all disarmament problems thrown in for good measure. This would seem enough. The position as chief of this department is one of the coveted plums, usually reserved for a deserving foreign officer home for his turn. Its chief deals with the most exciting areas; his social responsibilities take him to the most attractive embassies. James C. Dunn, the present chief, is a favorite of Cordell Hull's. Mr. Dunn is a useful man, of ready wit, well schooled in the gifts and graces so desirable in international contacts, with years of experience in embassies and as the chief of protocol. Much as they appreciate his suavity and talent for doing everything in good taste, even his warmest friends do not stress his sagacity. They admit that the real chiefs of the division are the two or three men who stand next in command. But able assistants cannot take the place of an adequate chief. The President and his Secretary know that this division would be called upon to handle affairs of the greatest moment should war break in Europe. An inadequate, though graceful, chief can hardly be justified.

The Division of Near Eastern Affairs is headed by Mr. Wallace Murray. Mr. Murray is responsible for our dealings

with such peoples as those of Albania, Bulgaria, Egypt, Greece, Iran, Iraq, Palestine, and Trans-Jordan, and the divers haunts of Turks, Arabs, and Syrians. Mr. Murray is known as a painstaking man of the ultra-conservative school. His department is not often marked by excitement. Our relations with these peoples are not important: their economic exploitation has been preempted by other empires. Now and then an American contractor aims to build a bridge or a dam. Then this division swings into action, often with substantial results.

The Division of Eastern European Affairs, headed by Robert F. Kelley, deals with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and with the Baltic States. Mr. Kelley during his first eight years in this division vigorously opposed the recognition of Soviet Russia, but it is understood that he received a great light on March 4, 1933. With the decline of William Bullitt's—and Washington's—enthusiasm for the Russian Experiment, Mr. Kelley returned to his earlier conviction, and has been heard to say, *I told you so* in the manner which correct diplomats understand. Mr. Kelley stands firmly for the American Way of Life, and there will be no trifling with communism if his counsels prevail.

IV

The United States is represented in the capitals of the world by seventeen ambassadors and forty ministers. These gentlemen (and more latterly, one lady) speak for the Department of State to the constitutional and unconstitutional Kings, Dictators, and Presidents who rule in their various fashions. Their task is to preside over our diplomatic outposts, to represent us with such conspicuous wisdom and persuasiveness as to assure the protection of American lives and rights, to encourage whatever trade there may be forthcoming, and to discourage the recourse to guns. The importance of these gentlemen is apparent. Relationships, whether between individuals or nations, are highly personal affairs.

It would be pleasant to report that we are indeed represented in the capitals of the world by men who combine diplomatic sagacity with profound knowledge of the area to which they are assigned, men who press the rights of American citizens with vigor, further the interests of American trade with ingenuity and charm, and build great structures of integrity and good-will. It would be pleasant also to report that men are picked for these distinguished and critical posts because of their fitness; but our concern is with facts.

There are three ways of reaching those highest and most decorative posts. The first and surest way is by coming to the help of the successful party. The man who stakes his money on the likeliest candidate for the presidency will, in the event of victory, have an excellent chance of drawing a legation or an embassy. The second, and much less sure, way is through the foreign service. The man who works his way up through the ranks, shows some originality but not too much, cultivates the right people, says the right things on the right occasions, sees his senator at the propitious moment, may—if luck is with him—get the coveted post; but the odds are against him. The third, and the poorest way of all, is for a man to be so obviously competent and equipped that the President cannot resist the temptation to appoint him. The chances are that the President will resist the temptation, and if he shows signs of weakening, the Postmaster-General can be counted upon to remind him that Mr. Blank of Alaska gave ten thousand dollars to the campaign fund at the zero hour. This is the pleasant way in which American democracy fills the posts which have much to do with the good relations of the United States with the rest of the world.

But what shall be said specifically of the appointments of Mr. Roosevelt to the chief posts? May we discuss them frankly with the President whom we have returned to office with the greatest vote of confidence accorded any president since Madison? After all, we have a stake in these appointments. These men

can make peace for us or war. They have done it before, they can do it again. We cannot lightly pass over the record of 1914-1916, nor forget the disservice rendered the people of the United States by Walter Hines Page in London. We cannot escape the thought that 1937 might be another 1914. The things which happened then might happen now. If war comes in Europe and in Asia the lines will again be laid for our entanglement. Moreover, if war comes it will be a matter of deepest concern that we have able, imaginative, steady men in at least eight European and Asiatic capitals—London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Warsaw, Moscow, Peiping, and Tokyo. Let us look at the men to whom Franklin D. Roosevelt has entrusted these missions of critical importance.

In Tokyo we find Joseph C. Grew, a competent and seasoned diplomat of the old school, who would neither be easily stampeded by sudden storm nor readily hospitable to new light. In Peiping we are represented by Nelson T. Johnson, a conspicuous instance of the career man promoted for sheer merit. He is resourceful, sympathetic, conversant with China's problems, an excellent illustration of how wisely we might pick ambassadors if politics were disregarded. In Warsaw the Ambassador is John Cudahy, a specialist on meat packing who wanted the Havana post, but the President thought Poland a lesser risk. The Moscow post will shortly be occupied by Joseph E. Davies of Philadelphia, a corporation lawyer who has been a faithful contributor to the money-chests of the Democratic party but whose other qualifications are not yet conspicuous. In Rome William Phillips, until lately Under Secretary, can be counted upon to make neither mistakes nor decisions.

In Berlin a history professor, William E. Dodd, is setting strange precedents. Dodd is one of the President's few luxury appointments. One suspects that the presidential conscience was troubled by certain other appointments, and that he named Dodd for the satisfaction of

knowing that he had picked one man on the basis of sheer brains. Dodd is a terrible ambassador by all career standards. He is blunt, he is bored with the folderol which amuses the more sophisticated career men, he makes speeches about democracy—in Germany. After all, he shouldn't. Even the Soviet ambassador does not make speeches on communism in Berlin or Washington. It dampens local enthusiasm.

In Paris, William Bullitt. Bullitt finished off a turn in Moscow which was neither mute nor glorious. He began by loving his Russians well and not wisely, and ended by disliking them neither wisely nor well. The Russians trusted him in neither stage, and told him nothing. He lost all of his temper and most of his friends. The President gave him Paris. Those close to him admit Bullitt's mistakes, but promise that he has reformed, that from now on he will be teachable and tactful. Bullitt is one of the President's risks. And ours also.

In London Robert Worth Bingham, a useful citizen of Kentucky and the publisher of an excellent newspaper, is our ambassador. As a faithful supporter of the presidential aspirations of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and as an upright gentleman, he might safely have been rewarded with Copenhagen, but London is over his head. Gauged by the potential gravity of the English post, the appointment of Mr. Bingham marks the low score of the President's choices. Mr. Bingham is a man of small wit and he sits bewildered at the center of a world gone mad. The most charitable thing to be said is that Mr. Bingham is less of a peril than Walter Hines Page. Page had manners and ideas. His ideas were dangerous, and his manners gave the ideas currency. In an emergency Mr. Bingham will not count. Decisions—and no one can foresee how momentous they may be—will be made by subordinates. Fortunately, Ray Atherton, the counselor in the London embassy, is one of the ablest in the service. But this does

not alter the fact that we should have an ambassador at the Court of St. James.

So much for the critical posts. When we turn to the less important missions, and those where no troubles brew, we find that the record of appointments averages higher. This can be explained by the fact that meat packers and tobacco men do not care to live in Riga or in San Salvador. It can also be explained by the fact that the tests of adequacy are less severe. However, none of them is unimportant, if we think in terms of a larger comity, not to mention an increase of trade. The President deserves only praise for sending Lincoln MacVeagh to Greece, Norman Armour to Canada, Arthur Bliss Lane to the Baltic States, Frank J. Corrigan to El Salvador, William Dawson to Colombia. He may even be forgiven the gallantry of appointing a lady whose social aspirations outran her imagination as Minister to Denmark. The balance of the list contains other names which do credit to the President, and still others which must be put down to preoccupation or to James Alloysius Farley.

Latin America presents its special problems. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull have a vested interest in the new testament of our Latin American relations. The Good Neighbor policy means something to the Latin Americans, as their hearty joy in the re-election of Mr. Roosevelt attested. High hopes attended the President and Mr. Hull on their mission to Buenos Aires in December. The doors of the Americas are wide open, and it is of critical importance that wise representatives should keep them open.

Hoffman Philip in Chile is irreproachable, but tiresome. Hugh S. Gibson in Brazil is a competent old-line diplomat, unsympathetic with more recent trends in the United States, piqued at his transfer from European courts, and without previous experience in Latin America. Rio de Janeiro is the easiest major post in South America. The Brazilians are

disposed to like us, but this liking has steadily ebbed during recent months, and Mr. Gibson has proved himself quite inept in staying the tide. Alexander Weddell in Argentina owes his position to his substantial gifts to the Roosevelt cause and to the fact that he was one of the few eligibles who had enough money to support the fantastic palace which we own in Buenos Aires. Mr. Weddell is heavy, dull, and lost in the maze of his undeniably good intentions. The Argentine post is the key post of the Americas. Our Latin American policy could be made or broken by the man who occupies it. The less important Latin American missions are manned by representatives who range from the excellent William Dawson in Colombia to the ineffective Antonio Gonzales in Ecuador.

There are two near-by posts of peculiar interest—Cuba and Mexico. The ambassador to Cuba has a job which should be classed as impossible; each fresh appointee to the post should be granted a plenary indulgence for all future sins. Harry F. Guggenheim, Hoover's Ambassador to Cuba, was cursed because he kept Machado in; Sumner Welles for kicking Machado out. Things were bad enough when we ruled Cuba under cover of the Platt Amendment; they are not much better now that we rule with the rod of preferential tariff schedules. We have a billion and a half dollars invested in Cuba, and where our treasure is, there will our heart be discreet. The present Ambassador, Jefferson Caffery, is thoroughly realistic when he tells the American Chamber of Commerce in Havana, "Diplomacy, as I interpret it, nowadays consists largely in co-operating with American business." Mr. Caffery, a somewhat frostbitten diplomat of the old school, holds to the Hamiltonian belief that those who have should rule. Sitting on the side lines, he can prod the Cubans in the general direction of a vague constitutionalism, he can discourage the shooting, and can suggest the paying of debts. He is damned for back-

ing ex-sergeant Fulgencio Batista; but, after all, fact compels the recognition that Batista rules the island. Caffery is denounced by Union Square as a tool of Wall Street, a stool pigeon of the Chase Bank. But ambassadors to Cuba must expect such sobriquets. It must also be said for Mr. Caffery that he is given little freedom of action, with his every move dictated by Mr. Welles. If anyone must be appointed to this impossible job, Jefferson Caffery might as well have it. At any rate, it is the Cubans' next move. Pending the Cuban Pentecost, Jefferson Caffery does the job.

Josephus Daniels is our Ambassador to Mexico. That mission has been of importance ever since 1825 when Jefferson sent Joel Poinsett to represent us. Our relations with Mexico during most of the intervening years have been unhappy. Many of our envoys have been walking delegates for American business. Things took a happier turn in 1927 when Dwight Morrow was appointed, and this happier state still prevails. In 1933 Mr. Daniels was made Ambassador to Mexico because of his old friendship with President Roosevelt. A few days after the inauguration they met. "Hello, Chief," the President said. (Mr. Roosevelt served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy under Mr. Daniels.) "Hello, Frank," replied Daniels. "What would you like?" asked the President. "Mexico," replied Daniels. Josephus Daniels got Mexico. The news angered Mexico, for this was the same Daniels who, as Secretary of the Navy, sent the gunboats to Vera Cruz, with results not lightly forgotten. But the protests soon subsided. Mexico now likes Daniels, and Daniels likes Mexico. His Jeffersonian nerve centers tingle with pleasure as he sees the land cut up into little squares and parceled out to the people. He likes the people, their schools, their markets, their dress, their manners. He cannot pronounce their names nor does he know much about them. Liking turns the trick. It works both ways. Here is one political appointment which can be applauded.

V

We may now turn to the foreign service, the permanent and continuing corps of officers who represent us abroad. Their significance cannot be overstated. They are needed to supplement an insufficient State Department at home and to do the work which politically-appointed ambassadors and ministers cannot do. If men for the top posts must be picked for every reason save fitness, then we should furnish fit lieutenants. If there must be Bingham, Cudahy, Weddells, and Gibsons, there should also be able counselors to guide their awkward feet. If the present formlessness of the Department of State is to be continued, with divided and warring counsels quite incapable of giving strong leadership to men in the field, it is important that those men in the field shall be the best that can be found. Our situation differs greatly from that of the smooth-working and highly intelligent British foreign office, in which over a hundred capable permanent civil servants formulate and direct foreign policy. The British foreign office is strong enough to afford the luxury of carrying a quota of stuffed shirts abroad. Our foreign office is not strong enough to afford that risk. It desperately requires an adequate foreign service.

Our foreign service is a Topsy not yet full-grown. The results are alternately amazing, disheartening, and promising. With all of its faults, its organization and personnel is better than that of the Department at home. Prior to the passage of the Rogers Act in 1924, there was a sharp line between the diplomatic and the consular services. The personnel of both groups was largely political, although some progress had been made toward putting all but the top appointments on a merit basis. The diplomatic service was recruited from the wealthy and the cultured. The typical officer was an Easterner—Groton, Harvard, Oxford, or L'Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques—an Anglican with an English ac-

cent and money. He picked the service as he picked his tailor. The consular service, on the other hand, was recruited from the ranks of the less elegant. Its members wanted jobs and did not mind the consular routine, nor did they despise the proffered pay. The Rogers Act amalgamated the two services, raised salaries, instituted careful grading, prescribed entrance rules, and provided training. The service since the passage of that act has markedly improved. There has been a definite effort to make the service geographically representative. The recruits of the past twelve years show a decided increase in ability over the old diplomatic and consular service. This new group is less preoccupied with social prerogatives, less wealthy, less conservative, more intelligent. There are to-day six hundred and ninety officers in the service, divided between the three unclassified and the seven classified grades. Excellent groundwork has been laid for an expert service.

The system emphasizes security of tenure. The arguments for such security are faultless. The service officer must be made safe against the raids of party chieftains. He must be allowed to work without fear of old age. But security tends to reduce pressure. If the officer is mild enough, if he restrains his ardor and uses the right fork, if he abstains from arson and is not caught in adultery, the road is open before him. Promotion tends to become automatic. This system of promotion reflects the bland and bureaucratic mind of Wilbur J. Carr. It makes more of discipline than of imagination. Conformity gets a man farther than energy.

Moreover, the system places an unwise premium on seniority. Mr. Carr does not seem to know that seniority is as poor a criterion for picking men to deal with Japan as it would be for choosing the personnel of the chorus in Earl Carroll's latest revue. With the top jobs, the old men have also the top salaries of nine and ten thousand dollars. On the other hand, promising young men enter the service

with hope and with devotion. They are assigned to jobs as meaningless as "made work" on a relief project. They see other good men held back by the slowly moving system. Their choice lies between waiting for the Uncle Georges to die or getting out into the business world which is not afraid to give real jobs to men in their early thirties. Consequently many of the best of the younger men quit while the less ambitious remain.

Generalizations upon the character of the foreign service must be carefully delimited. Obviously, nothing can be said about six hundred and ninety men which will be true of all of them. Certain tendencies, however, should be noted.

The service, on the diplomatic side, tends to become a gentleman's game. The cultivation of the society circles of Buenos Aires, Paris, and Copenhagen is not uncongenial. It is difficult to find the first and second secretaries in many embassies and legations before eleven o'clock of a morning, and then they seem tired. It appears that there are more diplomatic officers who prize a place on the dinner list of the moribund duchesses who kept their houses after Alfonso fled than there are of those who covet an invitation to sip coffee with the Largo Caballeros and the Prietos. But whatever is said of the diplomats, and let it be said with care, an additional word must be said for the consuls. Theirs is not a gentleman's game. The consuls, as a rule, get up in the morning and go to work, performing a lot of dull tasks for bewildered salesmen hunting for orders, or for tourists who cannot find the offices of Mr. Thomas Cook.

The service tends to become unintelligent. The initial training in the Department's school is meager, and there is no consecutive effort to persuade foreign-service officers to acquaint themselves with the literature and the cultural wealth of the country to which they are assigned. Such skills are not celebrated as a way to promotion.

The service tends to become a cynical

service. The system by which men are shifted prevents the development of sustained interest in any country or culture. A man may be moved from the Netherlands to Honduras, to France, to Haiti, and then to China, all within a period of ten years. He learns no language well, he develops no deep feeling for the problems or the gifts of any nation or of any region. Instead, he develops the clubability of a drummer who doesn't care what kind of a hotel room is used for the poker game. Furthermore, the cynicism of the service is sharpened by the appointments of the President to the chief posts, and the certainty that only a miracle will ever give the career man the chance to reach the top.

The service tends to become a tory service. The stubborn conservatism of the older men sets the pace. The over-regard for social privilege, the association with the diplomatic corps of other countries, the mingling with the expatriates of the "American Colony"—which, whether in Mexico or Vienna or Paris or London, is invariably loaded on the side of reaction—these are some of the forces which serve to create a foreign service with scant regard for democratic movements and little respect for members of those races customarily dismissed by Anglo Saxons as inferiors.

Such a description of the foreign service must carry an emphatic footnote. A lengthy and honorable list of exceptions might be cited, with the names of men who have brains, heart, imagination, social concern, and curiosity, and who exercise these gifts to useful ends. The high quality of these men, scattered through all of the classes, gives heart to those who plead the cause of the foreign service, its strengthening and its safeguarding.

VI

The President inherits his State Department. It is as well that each President does not fashion the Department after his heart's desire, else there would be perennial confusion. It must be said

in extenuation of Mr. Roosevelt's course with the Department that he has done as other Presidents have done. They too gave assistant secretaryships to inadequate friends. They too sent weak men to London, Paris, and Buenos Aires. They too did little to give form and order to the Department. They, in common with Mr. Roosevelt, made some wise appointments. Mr. Roosevelt deserves credit for appointing Cordell Hull as Secretary, and sharp blame for tying his hands through the appointment of inadequate lieutenants. These words of extenuation, while merited, are not satisfying.

The November election was a shout. Those who voted for Mr. Roosevelt really wanted the New Deal. They were divided as to its exact meaning but liked the direction indicated by such items in its internal policy as soil conservation, the control of security exchanges, the Tennessee Valley Authority, and the federal relief program. They hailed the presence in Washington of the most imaginative and forthright body of public servants ever drafted in the national service. But when they looked to the Department of State, they found nothing changed, old policies largely prevailing, the same old machinery operated by the same old men. They can now turn to the President and ask when the cleansing of the New Deal, so hopefully applied to the departments of Labor, Agriculture, and the Interior, will reach the sealed chambers of the Department of State.

The President has the power to recreate the Department of State. He appoints those who hold the chief posts. He can find an under-secretary and assistant secretaries who will work with Cordell Hull to bring order out of the present confusion. He can give these men specific and definite zones of responsibility, perhaps following the often-urged suggestion that three assistants should be allotted definite geographic responsibility, one for Latin America, a second for Europe, a third for the Far East. The successor to Wilbur J. Carr can be as-

signed the task of bringing administrative order out of the present unplanned confusion. A little tinkering and oiling will not be enough. A generous overhauling and rebuilding is required. Furthermore, the President can unify the very important divisions whose expert service will strengthen all phases of the Department's work. He can create one economics division, one legal division, one research division, one division for the administration of the foreign service. He can, with the help of Congress, see that these divisions are adequately manned. He can also work toward the creation of a permanent and continuing research staff within the Department, a staff freed from administrative responsibility. The members of such a staff would specialize on definite areas. Their experience and judgment would be invaluable in the shaping of long-range policy, and in furnishing wise counsel in times of crisis.

The President can vitalize the foreign service. The agencies for recruiting, training, and administering the foreign service are emaciated and dull. The service deserves presidential attention. There must be ruthless cutting of much dead wood, especially in the upper reaches, up toward the timber line.

The President can set new fashions in diplomatic appointments. It is time that short, accurate words be used on the national morality of exchanging diplomatic posts for party support. Certain notorious local political organizations sell judgeships, cash down. The national parties, through the elected President, give ambassadorships, cash in advance. The difference will appear less fine in the perspective of years.

The President can persuade the Congress to allot more money to the Department of State. Some of the top salaries

should be raised if adequate men are to be retained. Many of the lower salaries should be lifted, although the chief fault lies not in the salary scale, but with the promotion system which gives the wrong men the right salaries. The salaries of ambassadors and ministers, especially in the conspicuous posts, should be increased, so that it will be possible to pick men for these places without regard to their private fortunes.

The Department of State offers the President an opportunity to show greatness. Perhaps none of his predecessors could so safely disregard the party chieftains in the interests of the national safety. War seems inescapable. War will test the ingenuity of our leaders, the machinery of our neutrality. When war comes the President will need a great Department of State, an alert foreign service, and a corps of ambassadors and ministers who will not betray us. If the President will move toward the creation of such a department and such a service, and if he makes the issues clear to the people, the cries of the job-hunters will not matter. The President can give us the machinery and the men for a new and effective agency for peace. It is not inevitable that the United States must be involved in the world's wars.

All of this will be dismissed by the cool, practical men as the stuff of pleasant dreams. It is a cold, cruel world, they will tell us, and the hope for peace in the face of the collapse of constitutional governments and the emergence of saw-toothed dictatorships is the whimsy of school girls and retired clergymen. If they are right . . . but they are not right. The United States presents a new temper. The vote for Franklin D. Roosevelt was a vote for the trying of new paths. He can reach forward to meet the judgment of history.



ON GREENSIDE ISLAND

A STORY

BY W. TOWNEND

"**N**OTHING ever happens in the Isle of Dogs after eleven p.m.," said Mr. Truscott as he and I walked along West Ferry Road in the dark. "Everyone's in bed and asleep."

As though to prove the folly of making rash statements about the East End of London, there came into sight, a hundred or so yards distant, a heavily built, stout man who ran toward us shouting.

We halted. Mr. Truscott took the pipe from his mouth and spat into the gutter.

"Whatever in the world's wrong with you?" he said.

As the stout man drew near I was amazed to hear that the words he shouted were:

"Save yourselves! They're on us! Save yourselves!"

He was as one bereft of all reason, crazy with terror, and not in the least responsible for what he said.

Mr. Truscott, as calm and levelheaded as a chief engineer as I had ever met, clutched at my arm.

"For the love of God!" he muttered. "Look what's following him!"

You may not believe, but what I write is the truth: the whole width of West Ferry Road, from sidewalk to sidewalk, was covered by a dark mass advancing rapidly after the running man, flowing like a dark stream of liquid, and a threat in some way or other to his safety; for if he lingered, if he hesitated, if he slackened his speed—this was my impression at that instant—he would perish.

"Save yourselves," he yelled. "They'll kill us."

At that particular part of West Ferry Road where Mr. Truscott and I stood I could have sworn there was no one visible save only the running man; yet when a big young policeman ran out of the shadows and grabbed him by the arms and called to us, "Get to the side of the street, quick!" I was not surprised.

Nevertheless, though not surprised, I was afraid. I was terribly afraid. I was afraid without knowing why.

The dark mass in which were tiny pin points of reflected light was very near, yet even now I did not grasp the significance of what I saw.

Mr. Truscott who was, it seemed, as afraid as I was, explained.

"Rats," he said briefly. "See the devils!"

"Rats," said the big young policeman, "migrating from that old warehouse by the river. They're going to commence pulling it down to-morrow. The rats, they knew all right." His voice broke sharply. "Chuff, you damn' well stop it."

The heavily built, stout man who had run down the street had neither moved nor spoken since the policeman had dragged him to the doorstep where we stood. He had gazed in silence at the approaching mass, but now that the rats were actually passing us, galloping steadily and purposely, recognizable as individual rats, his restraint vanished in a fresh access of terror and he began to

screech and struggle in the policeman's grasp.

It was as much as the three of us could do to hold him back. Had we released him he would have plunged headlong, I felt convinced, into the multitude and suffered. As it was, he raved and yelled and struck out wildly with his fists until we held his wrists, and all the while the rats went running past, thousands upon thousands of big gray London rats, intent on their journey, oblivious, it seemed, of their surroundings, of the closed shops, of the heads that appeared at the upper windows, of the four of us struggling together.

"Chuff," said the policeman, "I've a damn' good mind to run you in. You're drunk."

Chuff, no longer capable of fight, sat on the doorstep.

"They make me sick," he whimpered. "I thought they'd got me." He raised his head and gazed at each of us in turn. "Did you see—did any of you fellas see anything just now? I'd like to know."

"Anything what?" said Mr. Truscott.

"Was there anything going down that there street just now—anything out of the common, like—or was it just kind of imagining?"

In the light from the closed shop, in the doorway of which he sat, I could see doubt in his shrewd little eyes, doubt and fear and a vague hope.

"It wasn't imagining," said Mr. Truscott dryly.

"No," said the young policeman, "what you thought you saw, Chuff, you really did see. It wasn't the horrors yet."

Chuff shuddered.

"Rats," he said and rested his head upon his knee, "rats, they make me sick."

"I've never seen so many rats in my life before," I said, "and I don't suppose anyone else has either."

Chuff began to laugh. His laughter was as wild and unrestrained as his fear. He rocked to and fro, bellowing.

"Never seen so many rats, he hasn't, in his life before! My God! he hasn't seen so many rats in his life before. Never in

his life before, he hasn't seen so many rats—"

The policeman hauled him to his feet and shook him.

"Shut up!" he ordered. "Shut up, you crazy fool!"

The shop door opened and a small, elderly man with a bald head and spectacles and a big red mustache appeared.

"That's Chuff, ain't it?" he said. "Better bring him inside a minute. It's them rats of course."

"Yes," said Chuff in a tired voice, "and that fella there saying he never seen so many rats in his life before. Silly, ain't it?"

"Well," said Mr. Truscott, "not so silly as maybe you'd think. I've never seen so many rats in my life either. No more have you. Not at one time, anyway."

Chuff looked at Mr. Truscott with contempt in his eyes.

"Mister, once I seen tens of thousands of rats fighting for life, murdering, screaming, tearing, tormenting rats, black and brown and gray and red: great big beasts they was, with the king of rats in charge of the lot of 'em. God! I can't think of it."

He turned and tried to escape, but the policeman held him and the bald man with the red mustache and the spectacles stood to one side.

"Bring him in," he said, "and I'll give him a cup of strong coffee. It'll do him good."

We entered a little coffee shop which was furnished with a couple of wooden tables and high-backed benches and a counter. A small iron stove, resembling the old-fashioned bogie of the fo'c's'le, threw out a warmth which was comforting after the cold east wind of West Ferry Road. A framed picture of the *Cutty Sark* under full sail hung on the wall above the stove.

On the counter stood a copper tea urn and cups and saucers and a sandwich loaf and a ham and plates of rather unappetizing-looking buns and rock cakes. At the back of the stove was a gas cooker. Above the gas cooker rose shelves, laden with packets of chocolate and cans of fruit and

glass bottles of pickles and pots of jam.

"Sit down, Chuff," said the man with the red mustache fiercely. "Sit down, d'you 'ear me!"

Chuff seemed to have lost all interest in what was happening. He sat with his elbows on the table and his chin resting on his fists and stared blankly into space.

Mr. Truscott and I sat opposite him. The big young policeman stood by the little stove. He seemed, I thought, apprehensive.

"Duty's duty," he said, "but if the Inspector comes along he'll have something to say to me, being in here. You, Chuff, feeling a bit easier, are you?"

Chuff apparently had not heard him. The man with the red mustache set a cup of coffee in front of him.

"What was we talking about just now?" Chuff asked.

"The rats," said Mr. Truscott.

"Aye, so we were."

"You said you'd seen tens of thousands of rats fighting!"

"And didn't I? You 'eard me. I said so."

He was in dead earnest. His round pink face with the folds of fat about the chin was very serious. His small red-rimmed eyes glanced from Mr. Truscott to me and back again to Mr. Truscott. It was almost as though he suspected us of laughing at him. He rubbed his round bulbous nose with his finger and scowled. Presently he said:

"You don't believe in them there rats, do you?"

"And a rat king?" I said. "Was there a rat king?"

"And why the hell not?" said Chuff. "Wouldn't all them rats have a king? Human beings, they want a king or something, don't they? So do rats. So do land crabs. And they fought, under a full moon, all the rats and the land crabs. I seen 'em."

"Where was this?" I said.

The man with the bald head and the red mustache leaned on the counter.

"Get him to tell you," he said. "It's a good yarn." He turned to Chuff. "Alf, tell them about the rats."

"You at sea?" Chuff said.

"I am," said Mr. Truscott. "Chief engineer of the *Kolba*."

Chuff considered.

"The *Kolba*," he said. "That's one of Freemanle and Stern's old hookers. Built too narrer in the beam, all of 'em."

"What about the rats?" I asked.

Chuff frowned.

"You at sea?"

"No."

"Then wait till you're spoken to. See? I'm speaking to this gentleman, not you."

Mr. Truscott laughed.

"Speaks his mind, don't he?"

"Don't you be rude, Chuff," said the man with the red mustache. "Get on with your story."

"Did you ever hear of the *Greenside*?" Chuff said. "The *Greenside* o' West Hartlepool, belonging to old Jim Chapman, a big old tub that was doing well if she managed her seven knots."

"The *Greenside*," said Mr. Truscott thoughtfully. "Now let me see. Wasn't the *Greenside* lost with all hands ten year back, about?"

"You got it wrong," Chuff said. He drank some coffee, all the while eyeing Mr. Truscott over the rim of his cup. "You got it all wrong. Lost in nineteen nineteen she was, but not with all hands. I know for a fact." He set down his cup and leaned across the table. "Shall I tell you why it couldn't be there was no survivors? Shall I? Well, I will. It's because you see in me the one mar what come off the *Greenside* alive. Me, Alfred Chuff. That was how I come to meet the rats and the land crabs and seen 'em fight. I did. I seen 'em with my own eyes."

"Tell us," I said.

"If I did you wouldn't believe me."

"We would," I said.

"Chuff," said the policeman, "how do we know you were ever at sea at all or out of England?"

"Well, I was, and if anyone ses I wasn't he's a liar, police or no police. See? I was bos'n aboard the *Greenside* o' West Hartlepool, owned by old Jim Chapman, in nineteen nineteen, the year after the

War. Captain Reynolds was skipper. Old Bob Reynolds. A man, old Bob Reynolds was. You don't get 'em like him these days neither. All the same, it was Captain Reynolds what piled the *Greenside* up on that there reef."

"What reef?"

"Dunno. It's marked on the chart, a mile or so sou'-sou'-west o' Greenside Island."

"Greenside Island!"

"They give it that name after the *Greenside* was lost there. Before it wasn't called nothing. It didn't have no name. I mean, what could they call an island a mile long by half a mile wide? Why should they call it anything? Well, why? No reason.

"The night we struck I turned in and slept sound an hour or so and then woke sudden because the carpenter who had the lower bunk was shaking me. 'Get up,' he sed, 'get up, bos'n, for Heaven's sake, we're sinking fast!' I didn't wait to argue or nothing. I just rolls out my bunk and was half-dressed before I knows from the deck under my feet that, though the ship was down by the stern and listed to port, we was steady and fast and not in the least like sinking. A fair panicker, that there carpenter always. I remember once in Rio him—"

The policeman who had finished his coffee interrupted.

"I haven't any too much time, Chuff. I'd be obliged if you'd keep to the point."

"He's like that always," said the man with the red mustache. "Chuff, o' man, cut all that part and come to the rats. You know, Chuff, the rats."

Chuff wrinkled his forehead.

"Ah! the rats. I was forgetting, wasn't I?" He drank some coffee and said, "Them rats, eh! I took notice of 'em first after we got the boats swung out and was standing by for orders. I ses: 'God, what's that!' I trod on something what give a squeal. The moon shone through the clouds and there they was, the *Greenside's* rats, all of 'em in their thousands coming up from the holds which was full of grain. They knew all right o'course."

"Knew what?" said Mr. Truscott.

"Knew that the ship, wedged fast as she was on that there reef, was sinking. Don't tell me rats got no intelligence. Them rats we seen just now in West Ferry Road, them horrible slinking things running along, they knew, didn't they? They knew that there warehouse was coming down they'd lived in. So did the rats of the *Greenside* know we was going to slide off that there reef and sink.

"They sat and watched us. It's the truth. They sat on the engine-room skylights and the wireless house and the saddleback hatch. There was thousands of 'em, all watching and waiting. It give ye the creeps to see 'em. They didn't do no harm but there they was, thousands of 'em, just waiting to go ashore. It's the truth. One of the hands, he ses to me, 'Bos'n, if we got to take to the boats, what's it to be, men or rats? For,' he ses, 'there won't be no room for the lot of us.' Ah, you may well laugh, but it weren't no laughing matter on board the old *Greenside* that windy night when our bow was high and dry on a coral reef and our stern in deep water.

"What happened? The rats was right. When we least expected it, the *Greenside* begun to slide off that there reef. Alf Chuff, he ses nothing about what other men may or may not have did at a time like that there I'm talking about, but if you ask was there a rush for them there boats, ah! that's a different state of affairs altogether. There was. Yes, gents, all hands, I'm sorry to say, made a rush for them there boats, but not me. Me, I didn't move. I sat where I was, on the number three hatch, reflecting on life, like, thinking hither and yon, as the saying goes, about my past and my future and my gal at home and what her mother said to me last time we met and taking a swig now and then at the bottle I'd found where the steward had hid it under his pillow and I didn't move."

"Why not?" Mr. Truscott asked.

"I couldn't tell ye. I just didn't. I sat on the hatch I did, till the water

covered my waist and then I went to the lower bridge. The rats was there too: thousands and thousands of 'em, so that I had to clear them out of my way with my feet for fear I'd tread on 'em.

"The old man sat in his room. The dynamo wasn't running no more and he'd lit his oil lamp. He seemed surprised when he seen me. 'Bos'n,' he ses, 'I'm going to stay by the ship. I piled her up. Care for a drink?' I ses I don't mind if I do. He poured me a glass of whisky. We drank. 'Here's luck,' he ses. And then he ses, 'Bos'n, if you'll pardon my asking'—polite always he was—'if you'll pardon my asking, is that there object a red rat setting on the settee or not?' Well, it was. Yes, gents, there was a red rat, a big young rat with long and handsome whiskers and little red eyes setting by himself, watching us. The biggest rat I ever seen. I ses, 'Yes, sir, that there is a rat.' We sat and looked at the rat a long time and we drank our whisky and the Captain ses, 'I wouldn't have believed it. Did you hear what it said?' Me, I was scared. 'Said what?' ses I. 'That there rat,' ses the Captain, 'he asked me, plain as billy-be-damned, how he and his mates was going to get taken off.'

"I didn't like it. It wasn't in the nature o' things a rat talking to a master mariner and a red rat at that. I ses, 'It don't do to pay no attention to what a rat has to say, but if it's all the same to you, Captain Reynolds, I could do with another shot o' whisky.' And then I felt sleepy and the last thing I hear is the old man telling me he's got to go to the top bridge to have a look round.

"When I wake it's morning and I'm all alone but for the rats."

"What happened to the Captain?" I said.

"You may well ask. I never seen him no more. It's my belief he fell into the sea and was drowned.

"I sat on the roof of the wheel-house and considered what I should do. The poop and the afterdeck was under water: so was the bridgedeck: so was the fore-

deck and the hatches. All I could see from where I sat was the boatdeck and the fiddley and the funnel and mainmast and the two small boats on the davits and the wireless house and the lower bridge and, when I twisted my head, the foremast and fo'c's'le head. The two life-boats had vanished. I thought maybe they'd set sail for Apia. Maybe they had. But they never got there. They never got nowhere. From that day to this there's never been nary a sign of 'em. About half-a-mile to the nor'-nor'-east was that there island I was talking about and I knew that my one hope of staying alive if the *Greenside* sunk was to swim ashore.

"I heard a scuffling by and by and there was the big red rat setting up on his haunches watching me. We didn't speak. We sat and looked at each other and I thought, now what in the world do ye want wi' me? and I thought, no, I can't help ye. I got to look after myself. Maybe the rat spoke, maybe he didn't. I can't be sure. Rats can't speak o' course, so it's no use your looking at me like that. But if a rat could of spoke, gents, that there rat would of been the one to do it. And then, while I was thinking what we could do, the *Greenside* slid a bit more off that there reef and rolled over to port and I jumped into the sea and swam.

"I wasn't alone. All round me was rats, their noses out of the water. I swam and the rats swam. I wondered whether I'd make it. I thought I'd sink before I was halfway to the island, but I didn't sink. I swam till I found I could touch bottom and then I crawled ashore and lay flat on the sand, half-dead, and the rats crawled ashore, half-dead as well.

"Well then, there we was, me and them rats, and the next thing I remember was it was evening and the moon was coming up over the sea and so clear and bright you could see things as plain as you could in the daytime and I seen—what do you think I seen? I'm asking you, gents, what do you think I seen?"

Chuff gazed earnestly at Mr. Truscott.

"You're a seafaring man," he said. "Guess what I seen."

"Well, what?" said Mr. Truscott.

"Crabs. Land crabs. There come crawling to'rd me where I sat on the sand the biggest, ugliest crabs you ever seen, thousands of crabs, millions of 'em." He shuddered. "God, they was worse than the rats!"

"I sat and looked at 'em. And they looked at me. And then I got to my feet and I run. Was I afraid? I'm telling you no lies, gents, I was more afraid than I ever been in my life. I took to my heels, gents, and I run. I seen a young rat killed and tore to pieces before my eyes and I thought, give them crabs a chance and that's where you'll be, Alf Chuff, tore to pieces and food for land crabs. I didn't wait. I just took to my 'heels and run. And where? Why, round that there island, back to where I started from, and all I seen was land crabs and rats, scuffling and crawling and spying one another over the stones and rocks and fighting. Yes, boy, they'd begun to fight. Me, I give it up. What chance was there for me, a human being, among all them wild animals? No chance at all.

"I climbed on top of a high rock and there I sat all night long and thought and thought. And all night long them rats and them land crabs they fought. And why? For food o' course. They fought and they ate. Simple, wasn't it?

"Listen, gents, you ever been on an island in the South Pacific Ocean, all by yourself with about a million land crabs and a million rats, all fighting? You haven't, I bet. You couldn't have been. That's why you none of you know nothing, not even you." Here Chuff nodded toward the young policeman who stood by the stove listening. "Land crabs and rats fighting, and me on top of my rock, watching 'em all night long.

"When day come the fighting stopped. The land crabs, they drew off in good order into their holes and the rats, they drew off too. I was safe, I thought, till it was dark again. I sat on that rock all day, except twice I went to a spring I'd

found and got me a drink and then quick as I could climbed back on top of my rock and scorched. Sure I scorched. You ever sat on a rock on a desert island all day long with about a million rats hopping around you and every now and again all setting up on their haunches and looking you over, like? You haven't, I bet. And fighting by night? Well, I have. And that, gents, went on for two days more—two days and two nights, till the third day when I was half-asleep I heard a scuffling and looked and saw, setting watching me not three feet off, on the same rock as myself, the big red rat, him what I'd seen and talked of on board the *Greenside*. He was licking his chops and washing his whiskers and watching me close and close, his eyes thoughtful, like, and I knew, gents, same as he'd told me himself, he was wondering when I'd be ripe."

"When you'd be what?" said the policeman.

"When I'd be ripe. Tired of crab meat, he was, I could see, and thinking a change of diet would do him good, him and his mates. He was the biggest rat that I'd ever seen; and I thought then and I think so now, the fiercest and wickedest and cleverest. There was the one thing to do and the one thing only, so I done it, or tried to: it was him or me, me or him and his tens of thousands of rats; for I knew him for what he was, the king of the rats, young as he was, because of his size and his fierceness and wickedness. I made up my mind then and there I must kill him. I was desperate. Wouldn't any of you have been desperate too? You would. You couldn't have helped but be desperate. What did I do? I made a grab at that rat with both hands but he wasn't there. He was setting a yard away, watching me and thinking. I shifted myself toward him an inch at a time and then once more I grabbed. And what did that there rat do? He run under my hands and over my lap, and there he was setting the other side of me, still watching me, and if I never open my mouth again it's the truth

I'm telling ye: he showed his teeth at me and he grinned. Yes, gents, he grinned, he did, that big red rat.

"After that, I knew how it was. I knew soon as it come dark, instead of fighting the land crabs and eating and being ate, that there red rat and the other rats would fight me. I sat on my rock and I shivered, and the red rat he sat on the rock too and he grinned. And when I got off the rock and went to the spring and kneeled down and drank out of my cupped hands there he was watching me, him and the other rats, and I knew I was doomed. I was doomed, gents, to die as soon as the king of the rats made up his mind it was time. And why didn't I die? Would you like me to tell ye?"

Here Chuff ceased talking and looked first at the big young policeman standing in front of the stove, and then at the man with the red mustache leaning across the counter, and then at Mr. Truscott and then at me.

"Would you like me to tell you why didn't I die?"

"Well, why didn't you?" I said.

"I didn't because a couple o' hours before sundown I seen the smoke of a steamer: and I stood on that there rock and I tore off my shirt and waved it above my head and some smart young second mate on the bridge seen me through his binoculars.

"Well, they seen me and they put over a boat and rowed across to the island and then wouldn't come near enough for me to get to them. And why not? Because of them rats. Because of them tens of thousands of rats, waiting to be took off and hoping for another grain ship. It's the truth, gents: they thought, them rats did, that that there boat had come for them the same as for me. The mate in the stern of the boat, he yells at me, 'You, what's them rats doing? They'll kill us. We dursn't risk it. Get down off that there rock and swim for it.' Which I done. I jumped down off that there rock into the rats, and the big red rat he tried to stop me and I run for the shore with him after me, him and his mates and all,

and I dove into the sea and I swum to the boat, and they drug me in and all the rats was screaming, 'Don't leave us, don't leave us!' Terrible it was. They drug me into the boat and there I lay half-dead and I didn't know nothing more till I woke and found I was in a bunk in the fo'c's'le of a Dutch steamer bound for Java. I was sick on and off a couple of months in hospital in Batavia and then I was sent home to England, D.B.S., the one survivor but one of the *Greenside*."

"You said you were the only survivor," I said.

"Not me," said Chuff. "If I'd been that, there wouldn't have been no story to tell at all."

"Get on with it, Chuff," said the policeman. "What happened after that, or is that the end?"

"Two years passed," said Chuff, "or three. What was it now—two or three?"

"In another minute," the policeman said, "the Inspector will be coming along and I'll be for it. Chuff, finish your story and let me go."

"I remember now," Chuff said, "it was two years and a half after I left the island that I signed on as bos'n of the old *Greenbank*, another of Jim Chapman's hookers but newer than the old *Greenside* and not so cranky."

He broke off and looked at each of us in turn and seemed all of a sudden not so sure of himself.

"Now, listen, gents, to what I'm telling ye. You'll think I'm crazy but I'm speaking the truth, so 'elp me. We was on the same run almost as we'd been on that there trip when the *Greenside* was lost and we steered a course that would bring us close to the island where I'd swum from the wreck. The old man, who'd been shipmates with Captain Reynolds, stopped the engines and told the mate to get one of the lifeboats swung out. 'Bos'n,' he ses, 'I'm going on board. I want you to come along.' I went.

"Well, gents, there wasn't nothing more desolate under Heaven than that poor old hulk, most of her under water, and the part that wasn't under water all

lonesome and forlorn, like, with the sun shining and the sea all smooth and calm and the sea birds flying around and crying because we'd come and disturbed 'em. We rowed across and we went on board. I could of cried. I damn' near did cry. I sat on the wheel-house roof, with my legs dangling, same as I'd sat the morning the ship slid off the reef, and I was sadder than I'd ever been in my life. Why should I be alive and the others dead? I didn't know.

"The old man come out of the Captain's room on the lower bridge, which was level with the water about, and he ses, 'No use setting there the rest of yer life, bos'n. Come on into the boat. We're going to have a look at yer island.' We rowed across from the wreck and I was amazed, I was, that ever I'd swum that distance, me and the rats. I wouldn't of believed it if I hadn't known it was true.

"Well then as we was pulling, the old man, he ses, kind of sharp and stern, 'Way enough! And,' ses he, 'what in God's name is that?' We rest on our oars and we turn our heads to look. My God! I near died o' fright. You wouldn't believe what we seen. You couldn't."

"Get on with it," said Mr. Truscott. "What couldn't we believe?"

"There, on the edge of the sand," said Chuff, "was an enormous rat, a monster rat, three feet long if he was an inch, with great whiskers and teeth, and a thick red coat, setting up on his haunches and waiting. You never seen nothing like him in all your life. Why, gents, he was the size of a fox, he was: the biggest and wickedest, most terrible-looking rat you ever seen. We none of us spoke. We was horrified. We just set and look at him and none of us say a word. And then I knew. I knew who he was. I knew what he'd done. I knew what had made him grow to the size he had. And I sat and I looked at him setting there on

his haunches and I felt sick at the stomach and scared.

"And then he made up his mind, the king of the rats did, what he must do, and he run to the edge of the water and one of the men, he ses, 'By God! he's going to swim out to us!' And he was. He was going to swim out to us and climb on board, and I dunno what else he was going to do and would have done if the old man hadn't pulled out his gun and shot him dead.

"After that we rowed in and got his body into the boat, as big as a fox he was and as red, the survivor of that there two-and-a-half-year battle between rats and land crabs, the king of the rats and a cannibal rat and the biggest rat in the world. He'd lived and the land crabs and the rest of the rats had died. We went all over the island and there wasn't another rat left nor a land crab, nothing but bones."

"And you mean," said Mr. Truscott, "you mean that the big red rat had eaten the other rats and the crabs too?"

"He'd eaten every last one of 'em. He'd have eaten me, as well, if I'd give him the chance or the old man hadn't up with his gun and shot him. We took the body on board the *Greenbank*, and the chief engineer, who was by way of being a taxidermist, skinned him and stuffed him. And if you don't believe I'm telling the truth, go to the Natural History Museum and see if he ain't there in a glass case, the biggest rat in the world, as killed on Greenside Island in the South Pacific."

With that Chuff rose unsteadily to his feet, nodded gravely to each of us in turn, and made for the door.

"You ain't surprised I hate rats, are ye?" he said. "Them rats, just now, they kind of made me come over queer. Good-night, gents. Thank ye for the coffee."

The door slammed after him.



THE BIGGEST THING ON EARTH

GRAND COULEE DAM

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

FOUR years ago Sam Seaton and Charlie Osborne and their families were the only people living in the rocky canyon where the Columbia River turns a horse-shoe-bend and swings north for several miles on its southward course through the State of Washington. Charlie's principal occupation was coaxing a tiny peach crop up through the arid ground each summer. Sam operated the crude, lumber-built ferry which provided the only means of crossing the stream. Occasionally a dust-splattered automobile jolted down the winding road from the rim of the cliff, but the most regular passengers on Sam's homemade conveyance were sheep being herded to their upland pastures. The bleating animals were taken across the river in relays, Sam and his son guiding the ferry along the taut cables which kept it from being swept downstream like a cigar-box by the surging waters of the Columbia.

The two families dwelt ten or twelve miles from any settlement and nearly ninety miles from the nearest city. It was lonely in the canyon, and while Charlie cultivated his peaches, Sam sometimes read to pass away the hours. Among the books in his cabin was a bent and tattered *World Almanac*, in which were to be found such salient facts as that the Panama Canal was the greatest of all engineering enterprises, and that the Great Pyramid of Gizeh in Egypt was the most massive single structure ever made by man.

Those facts are outdated now—and so is Sam Seaton's improvised ferry. Where he and Charlie once lived, fifty-eight hundred men are engaged in an undertaking more costly than the Panama Canal and larger than the ancient Pyramid of the Pharaohs. Since 1933 the site of the Osborne ranch has been occupied by a low, Colonial-style building from which engineers of the United States Bureau of Reclamation have supervised the construction of Grand Coulee Dam, a barrier across the Columbia River which will make other dams look like toys.

To most Americans, Grand Coulee is merely another of the ten or fifteen dams Mr. Roosevelt is building about the country to confound the private power companies and relieve unemployment. Completely lost in the four-year political hurly-burly between the New Deal and its antagonists has been the fact that Grand Coulee is the most elaborate and expensive engineering development ever undertaken by any Government. When the Panama Canal was dug, the world marveled at the magnitude of the enterprise. Grand Coulee will cost approximately \$25,000,000 more than the Panama Canal. We have heard a good deal about the hugeness of Boulder Dam; Grand Coulee will contain more than three times as much concrete. Yet the average citizen is not even certain of its location or for what purpose it is being constructed. Persons entirely familiar with the Tennessee Valley Authority are unaware that



THE LOCATION OF GRAND COULEE

Grand Coulee will produce more hydro-electric power than all seven dams in the TVA combined. The Passamaquoddy Dam in Maine has been a *bête noire* of Republican budget-balancers; yet the total proposed Passamaquoddy appropriation would scarcely finance the cement plant at Grand Coulee. The undertaking is so Brobdingnagian that Waldemar Borquist, director of Sweden's Royal Board of Waterfalls, was astounded. "Our projects in Sweden are only one-tenth or one-twentieth as large as this one," he said. "I am amazed by Grand Coulee. It is gigantic."

Let us clear away a little of the obfuscation surrounding this most stupendous of all Mr. Roosevelt's Public Works projects by setting down some plain facts about it.

The site of Grand Coulee Dam is somewhat northeast of the exact center of the State of Washington. It is being constructed where the Columbia River doubles back on itself and flows north for a few miles. Approximately 150 miles upstream from the dam is the Canadian border; three times that distance down the river the Columbia empties into the Pacific Ocean at Astoria, Oregon. Spo-

kane is 90 miles away, and it is 240 miles over the Cascade Mountains to Seattle. Although Grand Coulee will be the world's largest supply of electric energy—producing, for example, six times as many kilowatts as the giant Dnieper Dam in Russia—it is regarded by the Federal Power Commission as primarily an irrigation project. The late Dr. Elwood Mead, United States Commissioner of Reclamation, stated that the undertaking would bring water to "the largest compact body of undeveloped land remaining in the United States and the most fertile."

It is the irrigation phase of Grand Coulee which raises social and economic questions transcending in significance those identified with any other Public Works enterprise of the Roosevelt Administration, excepting possibly the TVA. The completion of the dam will add more than a million-and-a-quarter acres to the productive capacity of the nation. This land can be used and developed only if the Federal Government enters into an extensive program of assisting people in the slums and tenements of the East and the dust-bowl of the Middle-West to settle and cultivate a great chunk of fertile soil

almost a continent removed from their homes. Perhaps it was such a program which President Roosevelt had in mind, when standing beneath the lofty cliffs and overhanging crags near Grand Coulee, he said in the summer of 1934:

You have acreage capable of supporting a much larger population than you now have. And we believe that by proceeding with these great projects it will not only develop the well-being of the far West and the Coast, but will also give an opportunity to many individuals and many families back in the older, settled parts of the nation to come out here and distribute some of the burdens which fall on them more heavily than fall on the West. . . . A great many years ago, 75 or 80, an editor in New York said, "Go West, young man, go West." Horace Greeley is supposed to be out of date to-day, but there is a great opportunity for the people of the East, people of the South, and in some over-crowded parts of the Middle-West. . . . You shall have the opportunity of still going West. . . . I know that this country is going to be filled with the homes not only of a great many people from this State, but a great many families from other States of the Union.

II

To understand the purpose of Grand Coulee Dam in general and the operation of its irrigation features in particular, it is necessary to go back ages before the New Deal—to the Pleistocene Epoch, when Mr. Roosevelt's farthest-removed progenitors were just coming upon the earth.

During that period the Cordilleran ice-sheets spread over North America. At the precise point of the present construction of Grand Coulee Dam, an ice-obstruction completely blocked the deeply canyoned Columbia River. Behind the wedge of mobile ice the river quickly formed a huge lake, and then flowed over the rim of the canyon and started cutting a new channel directly at right angles to its former course. Augmented by an enormous inflow of glacial waters, the Columbia gouged out a new canyon 50 miles long, from 500 to 1000 feet deep, and from two to five miles wide. At one point it poured over a 400-foot precipice in the greatest cataract known to man, a

plunge three miles across and possessing the volume of fifty Niagaras.

For thousands of years the river hewed this gash out of rock and shale. Then the ice-sheet receded. The wall blocking the Columbia melted and dwindled away. The river returned to its original course. The cleft formed by the overflow behind the Cordilleran ice-dam was left dry and barren, high above the stream which had once poured through it. Only a few scattered lakes indicated where the Columbia, swollen to many times its normal size, had previously flowed. The giant cataract was stranded as silent as the ages, its water-eroded walls telling, in the words of Dr. J. Harlan Bretz of the University of Chicago, "a heroic tale of vanished power and glory far transcending that of Niagara, and begging the leisurely story of the Yellowstone, the Yosemite, or even the Grand Canyon of the Colorado."

The great cleft carved centuries ago by the antediluvian waters is known to-day as the Grand Coulee of the Columbia River. The Grand Coulee Dam is being built at the point where the dry bed of the prehistoric river diverged from the present course of the Columbia. Nearly six thousand workmen and engineers are building a bulwark of concrete where once a migratory prong of the Cordilleran glacial sheet formed a barrier of ice. The dam will accomplish intentionally the result achieved capriciously by the rampant natural forces of the Pleistocene period. It will raise a portion of the Columbia back into the Coulee, and again the floor of the ancient gorge will be inundated. After being dry and arid throughout almost all the history of mankind, the Grand Coulee once more will be a waterway. It is for this primary purpose that the Government is constructing the most massive dam ever built, a dam which will contain enough concrete to make a monument as long and broad as a city block and three times as high as the Empire State Building.

At its crest Grand Coulee Dam will tower 550 feet above bedrock, and will

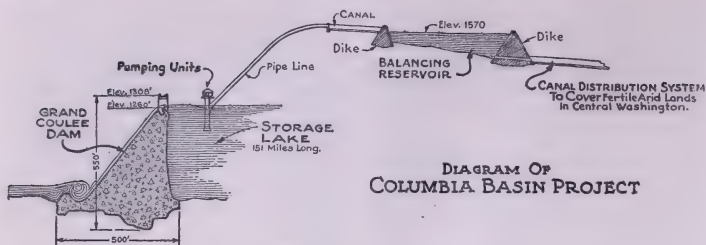


DIAGRAM OF THE GRAND COULEE SYSTEM. THE "BALANCING RESERVOIR" IS THE WATER WHICH WILL BE PUMPED INTO THE COULEE TROUGH (NOW DRY)

raise the level of the Columbia 355 feet. An elaborate pumping apparatus, operated by power generated at the project, will elevate the water another 280 feet into the Coulee through a system of pipelines and canals. Within three weeks after the pumping plant has started to function, the upper half of the Coulee—that above the site of the prehistoric waterfall—will be an enormous reservoir 23 miles long, three times as deep as the gorge below Niagara Falls, and covering 2300 acres. Efficient irrigation requires balancing reservoirs; they give a uniform flow, provide a steady volume during the low-water season, and forestall the need of diverting entire streams. Stuart Chase pointed out in the September HARPER's that sometimes the original sources of water fail when a whole river is moved from its course for irrigation purposes. At Grand Coulee only one-tenth the total volume of the Columbia will have to be diverted. The 23-mile storage pool, hewn by nature almost a sixth-of-a-mile deep out of volcanic lava, will obviate the necessity of using more than a fraction of the river's flow. Ninety-foot earthen dikes at each end of the Coulee will convert the cliff-bordered ditch into a lake.

From the vast balancing reservoir thus formed, gravity-canals will coast the water downhill to irrigate the Columbia Basin project, a tract of land twice as large as the State of Rhode Island.

The Grand Coulee and the potentially fertile land below it were examined in

1922 by Major-General George W. Goethals, the chief engineer of the Panama Canal. He tramped over the entire scene; he examined the surrounding topography. He noted that the land of the Columbia Basin project was slightly below the level of the Coulee but far above the surface of the river, and agreed that the one method of irrigating the area efficiently was to run the water through the dry gorge. After completing his survey, General Goethals said the enterprise was not only as important as the Panama Canal, but would add more to the national wealth of the United States than either the Canal or the Alaskan Railway.

Before analyzing in detail the territory to be irrigated and developed at Grand Coulee, let us ride up the floor of the prehistoric canyon on the special Government railroad built 29 miles from a spur of the Northern Pacific at Odair, Washington. The caboose at the end of the 19-car work-train clicks along rockily as the right-of-way twists down a side gorge and enters the Grand Coulee itself. The bottom of the deep declivity is as smooth as a counterpane. Here and there a sparsely coned fir tree dots the flat waste, but mainly the landscape is barren and arid. Moving up the bottom of the Coulee is like rolling through a monstrous trough. The walls of the giant ditch are symmetrical and even; from the platform of the clattering caboose the cliffs on either side appear as sharp as

shoe-box edges. Near the head of the Coulee the railway swings around a towering basalt formation appropriately described as Steamboat Rock, and emerges at the upper end of the vast conduit. There the train grinds to a stop; and we find ourselves looking down into the gorge where, 500 feet below us, the Columbia River now runs—at right angles to the dry trough up which we have been traveling. This is the site of the dam.

The cliff walls do not rise abruptly from the river. On each side of the Columbia there is a gradual slope before the canyon becomes precipitous, and on these slopes are the buildings incidental to the enterprise. Directly below our slowly moving train, as it resumes its journey into the canyon, is a village of Colonial-style bungalows. As we look down on the compact uniform-sized houses, separated by patches of grass as carefully tended as golf greens, they look like toys or models. Two or three larger buildings are the school, several dormitories, and the general headquarters—the last named almost on the exact site of Charlie Osborne's homestead. Directly behind the school, in which Charlie himself is the janitor, frowns a granite bluff 400 feet high. This community is listed in the office of the Postmaster-General as "Coulee Dam, Washington." It is the Government village which houses the Bureau of Reclamation engineers and employees supervising the work on the dam. There are some minor variations in the buildings, but largely the cottages appear to have been poured from a single mold. Even the porch lights, mail boxes, chandeliers, and clothes-lines are the same.

Across the river is a compound of long halls and small cracker-box houses, with ten or twelve times as many buildings as the bungalow village. This is Mason City, the town plotted by the private contractors performing the actual construction work on the dam. The Grand Coulee bid was too staggering for one company to handle alone, so three firms consolidated to build the structure—the

Silas Mason Company of New York, the Walsh Construction Company of Iowa, and the Atkinson-Kier Company of California. This combine, known as the "MWAK Company," is building the dam; the Bureau of Reclamation engineers act only in a supervisory capacity. After the undertaking is completed, the dam will be operated by the Government. Thus Coulee Dam is a permanent community; Mason City, by contrast, is relatively temporary, destined merely to meet the construction needs of the five or six years required to build the project.

Not a chimney pokes through a roof in Mason City. The entire town is heated by electricity. This is an experiment to determine if the rickety wood-stoves in the farm homes of the Pacific Northwest cannot be supplanted by transmission wires when the turbines of Grand Coulee begin grinding out two-and-a-half million horsepower of hydroelectric energy. In the winter of 1935, when blizzards held the gorge in a grip of ice, Mason City was as warm and uniformly heated as nearby Coulee Dam with its orthodox oil-furnaces and hearth-fires. Aside from its complete electrification, Mason City is a typical company town. The contractors operate the theater, the pool-hall, the barber-shop, the general store, and virtually all other concessions. Prices are fairly high, and the workers grumble that most of their earnings are spent with the company. "They get us going and coming. By golly! President Roosevelt wouldn't stand for that if he knew about it," a number of them told me. The President is definitely the hero of at least three-fourths of the laborers on the dam, and over a majority of the bunks are pasted "Roosevelt" stickers or newspaper photographs of "F.D.R."

A surprising feature is the preponderant number of young men employed at Grand Coulee. Waiting in line to eat in the mess-hall, I noticed dozens of tall lads wearing football sweaters from nearby colleges and universities. The work is dangerous and scarcely a day passes without someone's being injured; twenty-

five or thirty men have already been killed. I talked with some of the older men engaged in specialized tasks, and discovered that a considerable proportion of them had drifted to Coulee after the completion of the giant Boulder Dam on the Colorado River. They were unanimous in agreeing there was no comparison between the magnitude of the undertakings. "I thought Boulder Dam was the biggest thing on earth," one stoop-shouldered steel-riveter said. "Hell! this outfit makes it look like nothin' at all." He swept a long arm down to where a temporary cofferdam as long as Muscle Shoals was beginning to hold back the hitherto unshackled fury of the Columbia. White water breaking with a subdued roar around the pier of the bridge connecting Coulee Dam and Mason City indicated the speed and force of the stream.

III

The best way to appreciate the vastness of this engineering enterprise is to look at it from the river itself—from a motorboat, riding downstream on the Columbia. The motorboat sticks its prow round a bluff at the water's edge. And there it is—Grand Coulee! Between cliffs nearly a mile apart steam-shovels scrape down to bedrock. From these cliffs protrude trestles almost 200 feet high. Along the trestles move chains of flat-cars carrying buckets of concrete. Cranes reach out slowly like stork-bills to empty the buckets into pits far below the trestles. Hard against the granite walls of the canyon are peaked cement silos which suggest the sentry towers on the battlements of some medieval fortress. Cofferdams—steel cells backed by earth and lumber—flank each side of the river. By April they will have diverted the second largest waterway in the United States from its course—an engineering feat never before attempted. On the summit of the cliffs above Mason City the pointed roofs of the world's largest gravel plant look no bigger than chalets clinging to a crag in the Alps.

On every side of the Columbia's horse-shoe bend, naked escarpments of rock and shale tower against the sky. The only break is above the Bureau of Reclamation's bungalow village, where the cliffs part at the head of the Coulee. Far up the canyon wall is a sign: "SAFETY PAYS." This marks where the crest of the dam will be. One looks from cliff to cliff. The granite bluffs are separated by nearly a mile of slope and water, yet in the not distant future they will be connected by a bulwark of concrete 4300 feet long, 550 feet high, and 500 feet thick at the base. Knock off the tower of the Empire State Building, chink up the windows, lengthen the structure almost three-fourths of a mile, pour over its center a waterfall more than twice as high as Niagara, and you have an improvised conception of the Government's No. 1 construction undertaking.

When it is completed, the dam at Grand Coulee will be in a number of respects a large-scale reproduction of Norris Dam in the TVA. It will stretch in a straight line between the two bluffs like Norris Dam, and will not be curved at the crest like the giant Boulder Dam on the Colorado River. In several other features Grand Coulee will resemble the Norris project. It will be vertical on its upstream-face, and the downstream-face will slant to receive the spillway. Several visitors from the TVA, on observing the foundation for Grand Coulee and looking over the engineers' drafts of its completed appearance, have remarked that it will be a vast replica of Norris Dam. On each side of the spillway, power houses and pumping plants will partially cover the front of the Grand Coulee structure.

The Columbia River offers the biggest potential hydroelectric supply in the United States, and some surveys have estimated its power possibilities as more than five times that of the Tennessee River, the key waterway of the TVA. Territory five times the size of England is drained by the Columbia, and this territory will be studded by steel-latticed

transmission poles when Grand Coulee is completed. The drainage area extends into British Columbia and seven American States: Washington, Idaho, Oregon, Montana, Nevada, Utah, and Wyoming. Colonel Hugh L. Cooper, the builder of Europe's largest river-barrier, the Dnieper Dam, recently declared that the horseshoe-bend below the bed of the Coulee offered an opportunity for generating electricity at the lowest rate available in North America.

Most of the nation's great streams—the Mississippi, the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, the Colorado, and the Tennessee—have been put to work. Until three years ago the Columbia was virtually an unshackled liquid giant, even being useful for navigation for only about 150 miles from the sea. Grand Coulee represents the first attempt of any magnitude to utilize the resources of the principal river on the Pacific seaboard.

The fury and volume of the Columbia's flow—assets in the future—are handicaps now. They add engineering difficulties which must be overcome and conquered before the river can be harnessed. The temporary cofferdams have had to be larger and more durable than many permanent structures; they must withstand 550,000 second-feet of water, and already eight shiploads of lumber have gone into their construction. As a Government supervisor guides you around the actual work at Grand Coulee, superlatives come as frequently as puffs from his briar pipe. The phrase "the largest in the world" is indispensable to his explanations. In almost every respect the dimensions of the dam establish new records.

The cement-mixing plant is the largest in the world. The spillway will be the largest in the world. The river behind the dam will be backed up into the longest artificial lake in the world; it will extend to the Canadian boundary 151 miles away, and will be so deep it will bury Kettle Falls, a 36-foot drop 50 miles above Grand Coulee, beneath 100 feet of water. The powerhouse will be the largest in

the world—almost as long as two city blocks. The belt-conveyor, which carries dirt from the excavation to a neighboring ravine and dumps it there, is the largest in the world; it is a mile in length and has already dumped a pile of waste as high as a 20-storey skyscraper. The pumps to be installed will be the largest in the world; they must raise 500 tons of water 280 feet into the Coulee every second.

Even the quantity of food prepared for the workers reaches a thumping total. Three-thousand hotcakes are fried every morning, 2400 pounds of turkey are roasted each Sunday, and everything from oatmeal to candied sweet-potatoes is cooked in similar proportions. All these supplies must be transported up the dry floor of the Coulee, and an endless caravan of automobiles and trucks rolls along where only an occasional Indian or sheepherder appeared before.

A few other facts will suggest the sort of problems which the builders have faced. Hauling in sand and gravel by train would have cost several million extra dollars. So a natural deposit was uncovered above the site of the dam, and an immense gravel plant built to handle it. Mud slides continually hampered the work at the east bulwark; but a giant ice-machine froze the mud solid and removed that hazard. To prevent the dam from destroying the Columbia River salmon pack—the world's principal supply of Chinook salmon—fish ladders and a special spawning-hatchery will front the downstream side of the completed barrier.

IV

What will be the eventual result of this ingenuity and expense and effort? Will the vast acreage to be irrigated, and the unequalled bloc of power to be produced, have any salutary effect on the great social and economic problems confronting the nation? Will \$404,000,000 be spent to advantage? The answer is locked in the history—past, present, and future—of the approximately million-

and-a-half acres lying below the lower end of the Coulee: the Africa-shaped tract of land known as the Columbia Basin project. It is there that a network of irrigation canals and subsidiary developments will claim more than half the cost of the Grand Coulee enterprise. The expenditure will be divided as follows:

Dam and power plant	\$181,101,000
Interest charges	15,000,000
Irrigation canals	208,532,000
Total	\$404,633,000

Forty years ago, when the Northwest was being carved out of the wilderness, the Northern Pacific Railroad owned by grant of Congress each alternate section of the Columbia Basin project. Lithographs depicting the wonders of this bountiful area were hung in every station, and settlers were encouraged to move West. Gradually the Northern Pacific sections were sold, and the Government sections were taken up by homesteaders. For a few seasons the land produced wheat and supported grazing. Improvements were made, good buildings erected, and homes established. There was a brief boom, and money to finance the settlers was loaned by banks, non-resident capitalists, and mortgage companies. No one seemed to realize that the crops could not last, that the eight-inch annual rainfall was not sufficient to maintain even dry farming, and that the only moisture in the ground was the limited supply accumulated beneath a mat of grass and vegetation. The desert had been penetrated too far.

The moisture gave out. The wheat failed; even the bunch grass dried up, and starving cattle roamed the basin seeking fodder. Desperately the farmers searched for water. But they were 500 feet above the Columbia, and what windmill could raise water one-third that distance? From their arid plateau the settlers looked into the canyon where the second largest stream in the country moved swiftly to the sea. The water to save their farms was within a stone's throw,

but it might as well have been in Afghanistan.

The settlers moved on, and the creditors took the abandoned farms. To-day, more than a generation later, crumbling barns, rotting farmhouses, and decaying wagon-wheels still tell the story of expectations which exceeded the rainfall. And the records of the clerks of Grant, Adams, and Franklin Counties tell the dismal story of loans and mortgages which could not be met. Large parcels of the Columbia Basin project are listed under such titles as the Washington Trust Company, the Citizens' Savings Bank, the Union Central Life Insurance Company, and the Big Bend Land Company. A single bank owns 28,000 acres. Ninety per cent of the land is in private hands.

This is one of the dilemmas most vexing to Secretary of the Interior Ickes, in whose department the Grand Coulee undertaking has been placed. The average value of the land in the Columbia Basin project at present is estimated at \$15 an acre; the average price asked is \$86. Refugees from the dust-bowl of the Dakotas and the slums of Chicago cannot possibly purchase ground at anywhere near the latter sum. It must be available to them at minimum prices. The Bureau of Reclamation has confessed that this is a problem demanding settlement: "Means must be provided for controlling land prices and selling terms to prevent speculation." Many of the owners of the land obviously hope to realize an unearned increment by holding on until the Government crisscrosses their arid acres with a web of irrigation canals. Even to obtain the site for the dam proper it was necessary for the Government to go into Court and whittle down a five-million dollar demand to a seventeen-thousand dollar agreement.

President Roosevelt has stated that the great plateau of fertile land to be created by the Grand Coulee enterprise is largely for the purpose of settlement by people from the East and the Middle-West on whom the burdens of life have fallen

heavily. The policy thus implied makes it imperative that little or no capital be required for taking up farms here. Victims of drought and depression do not have full wallets. A Bureau of Reclamation report published in 1928 estimated that "the Columbia Basin project will have to be settled by people who have from \$2,500 to \$3,500." That was before the crash shook the East, and 105 degrees of heat dried up the Middle-West. To-day there are thousands of people who seek a new start on the Pacific Coast, but they are people who are far from having even "\$2,500 to \$3,500."

On the roads near Grand Coulee I met half a dozen dilapidated automobiles with Nebraska or Kansas or North Dakota licenses. From cartlike trailers protruded bed-springs, quilts, brooms, and filigree that had hung in the hallways of the farm homes from which they had been scorched by the sun. It was pathetic to hear these drought-refugees talk wistfully of land supplied with a steady flow of water from the great balancing reservoir of the Coulee. I asked one of them whether he would consider taking up a farm in the Columbia Basin project. "Sure," he replied, "but where would I get the money?" From his pocket he took a thin roll of five-dollar bills wound with a rubber-band. "That's all I have."

A perpetual water right will cost \$85 an acre, according to present plans. The toll would be payable to the Government over a period of forty years at no interest. Yet there will be other expenses, such as irrigation benefits, and these must be scraped to rock-bottom. Eight years ago it was estimated that approximately \$10,000 would be necessary to purchase, develop, and equip an 80-acre farm in the basin. This price range would defeat all hopes that the Grand Coulee will give fifty thousand families model homes supplied with cheap power and abundant water. It is no romantic fiction that Middle-Westerners dispossessed by the drought are invading the Pacific seaboard. Felix Belair, covering the dust-

bowl catastrophe for the *New York Times* last summer, wrote, "Farmers with their possessions and families loaded into trucks that normally would be carrying a second crop of hay, were headed West to Oregon, Washington, and Idaho." Senator Borah, after he had been in Idaho long enough last autumn to observe the influx of settlers from the Middle-West, said:

Already hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of eager men and women are turning their faces toward the irrigable lands of the West. Drive out on any of the main highways of our State, and you will see cars, sometimes almost caravans, fleeing from the devastations of the drought. They are the victims of a condition which we here in this State, if we wisely conserve and intelligently utilize our natural resources, can absolutely master. We have the soil and we have the water. . . . There is going to be a demand for every available acre of irrigable lands.

A recent estimate by relief officials in Idaho declared that there were at least 3000 families seeking refuge in the State from the havoc of the drought. Similar pronouncements have come from the administrations of Oregon and Washington. The situation has been recognized by the Resettlement organization, which has issued a bulletin entitled, "Suggestions to Prospective Settlers in Idaho, Washington, and Oregon." Many of these nomads are now on relief. They want to take up farming again—particularly on land forever free from drought and withering heat—but their purses are almost empty.

So the principal question is a human one. Will the victims of natural catastrophes and economic disasters be able to settle this new territory? The answer depends on whether the Government can pare down the financial prerequisites until they are commensurate with the pocketbooks of the people for whom the enterprise has been undertaken.

James O'Sullivan, secretary of the Columbia Basin Commission, has suggested two possible methods of preventing land speculation. The Government either can condemn the Columbia Basin

territory at the value of its desert land prior to the building of Grand Coulee Dam, or it can require the owners of the land, before any water is sold or delivered, to agree to sell their holdings at a price fixed by the Government.

Of one fact there is little doubt. When the dry bed of the Coulee at last holds water again, the lands of the Columbia Basin project will respond to irrigation. Almost identical soil irrigated on a much smaller scale in neighboring Yakima County has produced a wide variety of fruits such as pears, apples, and peaches. Since 1900 the population of Yakima County has increased from 13,000 to 77,000; its assessed valuation has soared from \$5,000,000 to seven times that sum. During almost the same period the population of Adams County, which is in the Columbia Basin project, has been relatively stationary. The solitary difference between the two counties has been irrigation. If the rate of increase enjoyed in Yakima County applies to the area developed by Grand Coulee Dam, the population of the Columbia Basin will eventually be 384,000 and the valuation \$422,000,000—more than the total cost of the dam and irrigation network.

V

The original proposal for this most monumental of all the nation's irrigation and hydroelectric enterprises goes back more than three decades to 1903, when the Bureau of Reclamation announced that the soil in the Columbia Basin was adaptable to irrigation. Another report in 1911 declared the area to be "especially high in the mineral elements to which fertility is often ascribed." But how to get a uniform flow of water onto the land? The Columbia was 500 feet below the area to be irrigated.

The problem was a sticker for seven years. Then one hot July afternoon in 1918 three men hunched over a cafeteria table in the little town of Ephrata had an idea. "Why not dam the Columbia and pump the water back into the Coulee?"

asked Billy Clapp. His crony, Gale Matthews, nodded in agreement. Rufus Woods, the editor of the *Wenatchee Daily World*, brought his fist down on the rickety table with a crash. "Billy has it!" he cried.

Rufus galloped furiously home to Wenatchee, and the next day—July 18, 1918—his paper carried the headline:

FORMULATE BRAND NEW IDEA FOR
IRRIGATION GRANT, ADAMS,
FRANKLIN COUNTIES, COV-
ERING MILLION ACRES
OR MORE

Last and Newest and Most Ambitious Idea
Contemplates Turning of Columbia River
back into its Old Bed in Grand Coulee,
the Development of a Power Plant
equal to Niagara and the Construc-
tion of the Greatest Irrigation
Project in the World—First Con-
ceived by William Clapp of
Ephrata, Wash.

Laughter was the immediate result of Rufus Woods' exuberant outburst. "Baron Munchausen, thou wert a piker!" editorialized a Spokane paper in discussing the scheme. But Woods was a fighter. He stumped the State in favor of his idea. He wrote letters to Washington. Billy Clapp and Gale Matthews spoke at dozens of political meetings. The "Columbia River Development League" was formed. Mimeographed descriptions of the greatest dam ever built were mailed to hundreds of editors, most of whom filed them in the wastebasket. The proposal was occasionally referred to as "Rufus' Nightmare."

In 1922 the idea was finally lifted out of the crackpot stage and given a modicum of respectability. General Goethals said the plan was sound, and gave it his unequivocal endorsement. The General had supervised the Panama Canal, and people in high places listened to what he had to say. Three years later a special committee of the Department of the Interior declared that the proposal "should be considered as one of the great future assets of the nation." In 1926 Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover wrote, "The initiation and construction

of the Columbia Basin project is inevitable. It should be undertaken at the earliest possible date. I have familiarized myself with the engineering problems involved, and the time to begin this undertaking is now." A year later Mr. Hoover reiterated his position: "I am decidedly in favor of the Columbia Basin project. It is not only important to the food supply of the nation in the early future, but it is timely to meet the existing economic situation." Even President Coolidge told the Union League Club of Philadelphia, "The Columbia Basin project is not far distant."

However, some of the Union League members, when they contemplated the vast supply of Government-controlled electricity incidental to the enterprise, shuddered and decided "not far distant" was too soon. Opposition to "this outrageous proposed extravagance" began to be heard in Congress. During the Hoover Administration a detailed report submitted by Army Engineers recommended the construction of Grand Coulee and nine other dams on the Columbia River, spanning the stream like the rungs of a giant ladder; but Mr. Hoover had changed his mind since his cabinet service. As President he vetoed the Norris Bill providing for the operation of Muscle Shoals, and he had no intention of approving this infinitely larger power plant in the Far West. The Army report gathered dust in the drawer of his desk.

In March of 1933 a new President entered the White House. He had promised in his campaign that "the next hydroelectric development to be undertaken by the Federal Government must be that on the Columbia River." Mr. Roosevelt resurrected the Army Engineers' analysis and authorized the use of \$63,000,000 of PWA and other emergency funds, and Grand Coulee was under way. In a number of respects the enterprise was admirably adapted to New Deal requirements. It offered a constructive method of relieving unemployment; it coincided with the President's belief in conservation and reclamation;

and it promised the most important addition to the "yardsticks" with which to control the rates charged by the private utilities. Mr. Roosevelt also approved the building of a \$40,000,000 hydroelectric project 260 miles downstream from Grand Coulee at Bonneville, Oregon, where the Columbia cuts through the Cascade Mountains. The two dams now under construction are at the extreme upper and lower limits of the ten-dam proposal advanced by the Army Engineers. The complete Columbia River plan—still far in the future—will cost \$772,000,000 and would ultimately generate almost half as many kilowatts of electricity as are now produced in the entire nation.

To date Grand Coulee has been relatively obscured by other New Deal activities. But this will not be so in the months ahead. Undoubtedly it will be read about in the headlines when the Republican minority attempts to set the brakes on Mr. Roosevelt's spending caravan. Yet the No. 1 power and irrigation undertaking of the United States probably will be completed. Its opponents premised most of their hopes on the chance of getting Governor Landon in the White House. Congressman Francis Culkin of the State of New York, who claimed that "in the region of Grand Coulee, that colossal imposition on the American people, there is no one to sell the power to except coyotes and jack rabbits," said this foolishness would stop "when we elect a Republican House and a Republican President." Mr. Roosevelt, now in office for another term, several times has given his blessing to the Grand Coulee enterprise: "We are going ahead with a useful project and we are going to see it through for the benefit of our country."

Do not be surprised in the next few months if you read of plans to establish Grand Coulee as the key unit of a comprehensive power, irrigation, navigation, and soil-erosion control similar to the Tennessee Valley Authority in the South. Senator James P. Pope of Idaho has pre-

pared a bill creating a Columbia Valley Authority. The measure is patterned directly after the TVA, and is said to have the support of Senators Norris, La Follette, Wheeler, and others in the liberal bloc. Passage of the Pope Bill would immediately set a permanent board at work solving the dilemma of the land and equipment prices.

To-day, if you alight from the train at Wenatchee and express the slightest interest in Grand Coulee, Rufus Woods will drive you—as he did me—up the floor of the Coulee in his ancient blue Cadillac. On the way he will stop at Ephrata to introduce you to Billy Clapp and Gale Matthews, typical politicians of the American hinterland. And at the head of the dry river-bed, above the site of the structure he was called “Baron Munchausen” for proposing, Rufus, with all the pride of a father displaying a new-born prodigy, will wave his arm and exclaim, “There she is!”

In the canyon below six thousand men scrape down to granite. Concrete mixing-towers rattle 24 hours a day. Block on block, the dam rises from the excavation. The Columbia chafes impatiently against the steel bulwarks of the cofferdams. Here the frontier and civilization meet in sharp comparison. Up in Rattlesnake Canyon, where the conveyor continually empties its load of dirt, it was not so long ago that a sheriff's posse ferreted out a horse-thief named “Texas Pete” and hanged him to a convenient ledge. A few miles downstream an Indian spears for salmon. His ancestors were using the same kind of spear when Meriwether Lewis and William Clark reached the scene a century-and-

a-quarter ago. The Indian's face is set and hard as he hears the construction noises. He is afraid the dam will spoil the salmon-run, which was providing food for his ancestors before Columbus discovered America.

High above the river, the entrance of the Coulee is silently waiting for the Columbia to rush through its rock-bound corridor once more. Until the river flows there again, the head of the prehistoric torrent will hold a town. This new town might be one of the mushroom villages which followed the first railroad West, or studded the trail of the Yukon gold-rush. The real estate agent wears a checkered vest and derby hat. Taxidancers in gaudy dresses line the walls of twenty beer-parlors. Fist fights break up two or three drinking bouts. A dozen brothels with fantastic names cater to several thousand womanless males, and the ladies from the sporting-houses swear vehemently as dirt seeps through their sandals and spatters their painted toenails when they walk along the boardwalk to the beauty shops which flank the main street.

The walls of the Coulee, grim and sharp under the stars, frown down on this cluster of rickety buildings and tarpaper shacks. Surely it was not to hold so mean a scene that the forces of uncounted ages carved a great trough through the ramparts of the lava plateau. And the men who at night bury their faces in beer mugs and trudge the steps to the “Swanee Rooms” work by day to achieve for the gaunt Coulee a more useful purpose—that of guiding the river to new farmlands to supply apples and wheat for the people of the earth.



COLLEGE PRESIDENT

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

TO THE Executive Committee of the Associated Alumni: We take it as a fundamental promise that the university's primary function is its educational and social influence on the undergraduate. The next president of Mammoth should therefore possess qualities of leadership of youth so that he may stimulate their appreciation of culture and their zest for intellectual accomplishments. He should be a young man who can understand young men, certainly not more than fifty years of age, preferably between thirty-five and forty."

Mammoth University wanted a young man and a leader. Henry Kirk Browne was just thirty-eight when he was inaugurated; no one could deny he was young to be the head of an organization which employed four thousand three hundred deans, assistant deans, professors, associate professors, instructors, tutors, librarians, carpenters, gardeners, chauffeurs, and workmen of all sorts, skilled and unskilled; which had an endowment of twelve millions; which spent almost two millions in salaries each year, and had charge of the bodies and souls of eleven thousand, eight hundred boys and girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-three.

A young man for a young college. Mammoth was comparatively young, less than sixty years old. It was a State university, looking to the future, not tradition-bound. Here was a place where changes could be made. At least so Henry Kirk Browne felt when he visited the campus as a possible candidate for

the presidency. He was stirred by the thousands of undergraduates in that vast auditorium, rank after rank reaching up until they were lost in the blackness of the ceiling. That sight was a challenge. He resolved that if he were called to Mammoth he would give them his best, that he would be a leader.

Once chosen, he studied carefully the University and its needs. He talked with prominent alumni, with the students, with the faculty, with the board of eight regents whom he met formally and informally, with the young and progressive Governor of that young and progressive State. There were, he saw immediately, two problems to be solved. The first was intellectual. His ambition was to make Mammoth a real intellectual center. Supported by public funds, it had a responsibility to keep in close touch with the needs of the commonwealth; but this did not mean it had to be an educational factory. The second problem was athletic and social; he hoped to loosen the hold of football and extra-curricular activities.

Before accepting the job he studied the careers of half a dozen real leaders of educational thought in the United States: Harper of Chicago, Hopkins of Williams, Gilman of Johns Hopkins, Eliot of Harvard. They were leaders, these men, and he observed that they had all accomplished their most vital work in the first five years of their presidencies. During that period each one had shaken up his institution while he was fresh and a powerful factor. Gradually the changes

had been made. Progress had slowed up. Here was a lesson to be applied.

II

It was nearly nine, and he had been at his morning's mail for an hour. In that time he had answered sixty-two letters with a few words or a sentence each, knowing that before dusk Miss Davis would place sixty-two complete answers on his desk, every one amplified from a phrase or a sentence into a paragraph perfect in tone and substance, every demand on his time and energy gracefully evaded. The college president, he reflected, must say "no" all day. He must also say it with regret—which is another way of admitting that seventy per cent of his success depends on having a good secretary.

Five minutes past nine and his first appointment of the day. The Superintendent of Buildings was an important personage in university circles. Professors greeted him with respect and deans who called him by his first name were few and envied. Half an hour had passed before the problem of how the agricultural college could be connected with the main oil-burning plant at a cost compatible with budget regulations was settled. Meanwhile the head of the Social Science Department was waiting nervously in the anteroom. This was unfortunate because the professor's request for two extra assistants had to be turned down. Ten ten. The Dean of Men entered with the proofs of the new university catalogue. Dean Terry was an important person in the faculty; moreover, he was under consideration for the presidency of Pittsburgh, and everyone on the faculty knew this. His wishes had to be met, so the President took the proofs, promising to return them the next morning. The buzzer on his desk clicked. Would he care to talk to the editor of the *Daily Express* on whether he intended to change coaches after the football team's recent defeats? No, he would not.

Enter the Dean of Women, breathless.

Several undergraduates had been picketing a carpet factory in a neighboring town during a strike, and one girl had worn an M sweater given by a boy on the team. Wasn't that outrageous? What had they better do? The president felt they'd better do nothing. Campus opinion would take care of the situation. Mr. J. Harrison Baker, one of the regents who had been in South America for six months, dropped in to call. An unexpected visitor, he jammed up every appointment as he sat tranquilly smoking a cigar and explaining how different life in the university had been in 1906.

It was one-eighteen when Miss Davis came in with a tray of food. Just ahead lay one of the most critical two hours of President Browne's career. Already he had appeared before the biennial session of the legislature to ask for his appropriation. That had been a difficult half-hour because on his appearance and presentation of the problem depended the happiness and welfare of thousands of persons connected with the university for the next two years. But he was even more uneasy now because he was about to propose changes in the educational set-up, and faculties instinctively oppose change. Like officers in the army, they are so governed by rules and regulations that any shift in the established order shocks them. To convince that hierarchy would be one of the greatest tasks of his life, and he knew it.

The Council was an august body whose approval was necessary before any changes in the curriculum could be made. It consisted of the heads of the various departments and sixty senior professors, about eighty in all. They sat that afternoon, legs crossed, quietly sucking on their pipes, an excellent picture of an academic hierarchy determined not to let itself be convinced if possible. At the sallies of the eager and intense young man they smiled not; to his thrusts they were unresponsive.

"Why is it, gentlemen, that we lack the real thing in so many American universities? Is it not because the accumulation

of information has been their chief object? We have not been busy pursuing the truth, but we have been piling up facts and courses on inconsequential subjects. You will find that at present it is possible to study nut culture at Oklahoma, ping-pong at Iowa, tap-dancing at Minnesota, broadcasting at Oglethorpe, charm at Carroll, and leisure at Rollins College. The purpose of the changes I am suggesting is not to help our graduates acquire the possessions of the world. That is not, should not be, the ambition of a university.

"Gentlemen of the faculty, let me assure you that the idea outlined in the memorandum in your hands was not something achieved in haste. It is the result of months of study by the committee appointed last winter, of much research and consultation with educational authorities throughout the country. It is new, but it is not revolutionary. If adopted it will merely be proof that as a young and aggressive institution we are unhampered by tradition. The most important aim of the plan is to raise the standard of college education. There are far too many young people who are here because they don't know what else to do with their time and money. The plan I am suggesting would keep them apart from the serious students.

"I would not prevent these young people from coming to college. I would not turn them back into the world. So we have provided for them a carefully worked out two-year course, at the end of which they would depart with a college certificate. The serious students would go on for two years more, receiving a degree which would really mean something. As you are all aware, this is the trend in most real educational institutions throughout the country. I believe that if approved by you and adopted, it would change the attitude of the American undergraduate, that attitude best expressed by former President Lowell as being something like this: 'I am the educator. You are the educatee. Educate me if you can!'"

III

Professor James Durant Davidson of the Department of Romance Languages lived in a small frame house that was just off the campus and hadn't been painted since the Coolidge era. His salary had been \$3,600, but since 1931 it had been cut ten per cent like those of all other employees of the Commonwealth. Sitting in a frayed rocker, he was correcting examination papers in Comparative Literature 24b, French Prose and Poetry of the 17th Century, when the telephone rang. "Hullo, James. Have I heard what? Oh, the Council. They met to-day? You don't mean it! . . . They did . . . yes, I can understand . . ." Right here his wife put down the evening paper and sat up in her rocker, listening eagerly. "What? No attendance at classes? No probation either? Pretty radical steps. . . . Two-year terms! But that means more professors and instructors; where's the money coming from? . . . Thinks he can convince the Regents, does he? Doubt it very much. . . . So do I. Well, he'll have to submit it to a vote of the faculty, and Terry will stand up for our rights. The faculty of this institution have always had their feet on the ground. Yes, that's what I say, thank God. . . ."

While this conversation was taking place a dozen or fifty others like it were going on all over town. Faculty members and their wives were telephoning faculty members and their wives, and don't imagine the wives weren't interested or able to form an opinion on anything so radical as transforming Mammoth into an educational institution.

Meanwhile over in the dining room of the stone mansion which sheltered the President another storm was brewing. On his invitation six presidents of universities in the Conference had come to dine and discuss the problem of inter-collegiate athletics. At his right sat Blair of Indianapolis, tall, dark, direct, a man of many friends and more enemies, a leader adored by his students and fac-

ulty because of his liberal attitude, hated alike by Communists and Patrioteers. Next was Case of Southern Illinois, colorless and harmless, a man gifted only in the snaring of endowments; he had formerly been a Methodist bishop. He was listening to Fielding, the Walter Damosch of college presidents, bland, kindly spoken, benevolent, a man whose enemies said he had done much for Fielding but not much for education. Next was Shapleigh, who had married a rich New Yorker and played the social game to the limit; the limit, in the opinion of his faculty, being when he asked them to dine in white ties and tails, thus causing a run on the only costume store in town. Then came Kendall, plain, blunt, concealing his force under an approachable manner, with a genius for getting things done; last, Jamison of Northeastern, accustomed to handling lumbermen and farmers of the north, with an infectious laugh that made you laugh in reply, although there was seldom anything in his remarks to laugh about.

President Browne noticed, as he rose, that they were uneasy. They had heard, through the grape-vine route by which news travels in educational circles, that he had proposed changes in the curriculum. This worried them. If by any chance he was successful it would challenge them to act. As if they hadn't enough trouble already! No wonder they were nervous when he started. "Gentlemen, I've asked you here to-night to discuss the whole problem of our athletics. We all know, even though we seldom admit it except to our wives, that football is, to speak vulgarly, a racket. Case, your team has won—how many—twenty-six straight games, isn't it? You told me last month that you were praying for a defeat, that the thing had got beyond you. Mr. Fielding's varsity is studded with young men who ought to be playing on professional teams—that wasn't told me in confidence, was it, Mr. Fielding? Oh, excuse me. Well, anyway, the *Chicago Daily News* has been saying this for months. President Shap-

leigh's alumni are yelling for the good old days when their alma mater was winning the Conference title ten times in succession. At Northeastern, Mr. Jamison, they tell me Coach Burdick no longer has the confidence of the student body. I notice that the confidence of my own student body ebbs and flows with titles." The six men about the table smiled unenthusiastically. They felt such sallies were in bad taste. They were uncomfortable.

"How are we going to reduce the pressure? How can we make football a game? We are agreed that it has degenerated into exhibitionism, that it has no relation to real sport, that its influence is unhealthy. We are agreed on this, are we not?" The agreement was universal but lukewarm. It was as if he had asked them to agree that the human race was a fine institution. Several men stirred uneasily in their chairs. What the devil was he up to?

"Football teams are to a college what colonies are to a great power. They are an advertisement, but like colonies, they often cost more than they bring in. To remedy the situation I suggest three specific changes. First: pay no coach more than four thousand eight hundred dollars, which is I believe the highest salary any head of department makes. This to include all side payments and sums made in ways I won't enlarge on. Second: limit participation to junior and senior years. This would defeat transfers of tramp athletes and eliminate boys who have played three years of varsity football without ever reaching the junior year. Third: admit our undergraduates to games free, and if necessary raise the price of seats to the public. If the people downtown want to see a show, why not make them pay for it? At least that will be honest.

"Yes, this will take courage. These changes will not solve all our problems. But they are an attempt to put an end to one of the absurdities of American educational life. I'm going to ask you to discuss these suggestions at the next meet-

ing of your board of regents, and write me your decision within two months."

IV

As he propped the newspaper on the breakfast table a headline at the bottom of the page caught his eye. "COMMUNIST TO LECTURE AT STATE UNIVERSITY." Without reading farther he knew to what this referred. John Strachey had been asked by a committee of half a dozen radical members of the faculty to lecture at Mammoth. The President was therefore ready for trouble. He was not, however, ready for his friend the Governor, who walked into the office as he was finishing the morning mail.

"Hullo, Rob."

"Good morning, Henry. Had to see you about this Strachey business."

"Why, Rob! We've often agreed on freedom of speech in the universities. That's the only question involved."

"Are you quite sure? This is legislative year when the university gets its appropriations for the next two seasons. I'm in accord with you but you can't run ahead of the crowd—and that's what you're trying to do in letting Strachey speak."

"How could I stop him? Suppose I forbid him the use of Robinson Hall. The faculty committee will simply hire a hall off the campus. Besides, this is an institution devoted to the search for truth . . ."

"Same old line, Henry. Go ahead then. Let him talk. What about your faculty when the legislature calls them a bunch of reds and trims the appropriation so that you have to cut their salaries again? I remember old Boswell used to come before the finance committee up at the State House in his oldest clothes, with a shiny elbow and a patch showing. I know it sounds silly, but it made a hit with the farmers upstate and they gave him whatever he wanted. The job of the university president is to keep out of trouble. He's the showman and the ring-master . . ."

"I'm not. I'm an educator, not a showman. I'm an administrator, not a ring-master."

"If you're an administrator, I'll leave this problem in your lap. The greatest art of administration is to say no, to make the other man think you are terribly anxious to say yes. That's what I spend half my time doing. Good-by, Henry."

"Good-by, Rob. . . . Come in, Professor."

James Morton Robertson, one of the older members of the faculty, was his friend. It was Robertson who had known his father and had brought him to the attention of the Regents. There was trouble on the old man's face. "It's about Dean Terry, Henry. You're recommending him for the Pittsburgh job, aren't you?"

"Mr. Robertson, that's one of those unpleasant things I've been putting off for weeks. I rather think not."

"Oh, but Henry, why not?"

"Well, my reasons are three. First because he is sixty and too old to be president of a college like . . ."

"You say that because you're young."

"Maybe so. I discount this reason, although it has force. There are others. I think the man's psychological condition is poor. And I don't think he's fitted for the work."

"But he's counting on it. We all expect it. The thing depends on your recommendation now, and he knows it too."

The President leaned over and picked up the big volume of *American Men of Science* on his desk. He turned the pages until he came to the name: Terry, Wallace Herbert; b. Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 7, 1876; A.B. Wisconsin, '98; Ph.D. Mammoth, '04. "Look, here's some of his work. And mind you, he's written dozens of treatises, monographs, and studies on subjects like these. 'Sex determination of the domestic mouse, *mus musculus*.' 'The spermatogenesis of *Calecta pipiens*.' That's just a sample. It's all the work of a precise specialist in narrow fields. All good in its way, but shows no ability at synthesis. I've consulted the

authorities in his field, and they say he's a good man with a microscope but has no grasp of what goes on outside his special province, no breadth of imagination, no insight. What right have I to turn loose a man like that to take charge of the education of young minds? Somebody has to look out for the undergraduates. In the college game we all have vested interests. The regents think of re-election, of keeping the alumni quiet. The alumni think of athletics and fraternities. No one thinks of the students. If a president compromises, they are the ones to suffer. An honest president ought to look out for the students even in another institution."

"But Henry, it'll kill him if he doesn't get the appointment."

"Just what I said. His psychological condition is bad. But anyhow, he's one of our poorest teachers. The boys avoid his courses, not because they're hard but because they're dull, and I don't really believe his relations with the faculty are happy. He's stodgy and stubborn and intellectually muscle-bound."

"But you must."

"What do you mean I must, Mr. Davidson?"

"Just this. Your plan won't work, it won't go through the faculty if Terry stays. You see he's senior dean and responsible for all appointments from the ranks of lower professors and instructors. What Terry thinks to-day the majority of the faculty will think to-morrow."

"In order to save my plan you want me to wish Terry off on Pittsburgh."

"Why not? He can't do much harm. And without his influence here against you I feel sure the body of the faculty could be persuaded. Promote young Kennedy; he's alive and thoroughly behind your idea."

"I tell you Terry isn't an educator. He's an old fossil with a Ph.D. and a wish to study the sex determination of the household mouse. He's not a teacher, he's not interested in young minds, he's not interested in anything but his research. I'd be wishing a gold brick off

on Pittsburgh. Would that be a square thing to do?"

"Yes, but it's done that way. That's how many university appointments are made—to get someone out and something accomplished."

"Well, I can tell you it won't be done that way here. If the plan fails, it fails. Now was there something else?"

V

The Dean was tall, the Dean was gaunt, the Dean was sixty and bald. Sitting on the edge of his chair and glancing over his spectacles at the young man behind the desk, he was president, and the President was a young instructor being rebuked for negligence by his superior. Each of the two men represented what the other most disliked. The President was always skeptical of age in authority, and the Dean had little patience for young whippersnappers who were, as he confided to his wife, "too big for their boots." What the country needed was respect for constituted authority, and when he became President of Pittsburgh he would instill this attitude into the student body. Although he knew his fate rested with the young man he distrusted, he made no attempt to compromise or change his demeanor, which was one of polite suspicion rather than of cordiality.

"Mr. President . . . speaking . . . h'mm . . . off the record, I feel it a duty to tell you that there is considerable opposition to the changes you suggested last fall in the curriculum. You see the faculty here like to feel sure we know where we are going, so any such changes . . ."

"Are a reflection on them and by inference on their teaching." This was so true that the Dean was silent. In university circles one just didn't talk that way. Old President Boswell with whom he had been on Sam and John terms for eighteen years would never have dared address a senior dean in such a manner.

"Yes . . . in a way, perhaps. But you are asking them to give up criteria which have been part of the educational pro-

gram of the university since its inception. When you suggest the abolition of cuts, probation, and all that sort of thing, it makes the older—and if I may say so, the wiser members of the faculty . . .”

“Wonder how they’d find standards for marking students if time-worn customs like these were abolished.”

The two men were on each other’s nerves. But the Dean had better control; he had been dealing with brash young men for many a long year. Naturally he didn’t like the trend of the conversation. Here he had come to warn this boy from a step that would end in disaster, and what did he get for his pains? Rudeness. So he hesitated a minute, took off his glasses and wiped them carefully, a gesture always in order when some graduate student asked him a question in class he couldn’t answer. “Well, possibly there’s more to it than just that. The younger faculty members feel that their salaries are not likely to be raised for some time if your plan goes into effect and additions to the staff are required.”

“In other words, they believe in the idea educationally, but they object to it for personal reasons.”

“After all, Mr. President, some of those boys are trying to bring up families on eighteen hundred dollars a year. However, I merely suggest this. There’s one matter more imminent and more important.” He leaned over and almost whispered the next sentence. “The Jews. You’ll have to do something at the next regents’ meeting. What do you suggest?”

The young man stiffened. “Suggest? What is there to suggest?”

“H’m. You must be aware that for the first time in the history of this institution our enrollment of Jewish students has passed the twenty-five per cent mark. Eastern universities have been shutting their doors to them gradually and now we are getting them out here.”

“But aren’t they good students? Don’t they add something to the intellectual life of the place?” The Dean paused.

No one had ever asked that question in that way.

“Ye-es. . . But they are trouble-makers. All our student riots are caused by this group from New York and Brooklyn. Now I’m told at Princeton they have an excellent idea. They take in a small percentage of Jews in every freshman class, high-grade boys y’understand, so they can prove there is no racial discrimination.”

“That is, they refuse admission to all Jews whose fathers are not vice-presidents of Wall Street investment trusts, is that it?”

The Dean was now shocked. He felt that the sooner he left the old place the better. This young man had no taste. Always smart and flip. How he longed for Sam Boswell who could pretend never to see the most obvious things. “Not at all. They simply have a quota and stick to it. Isn’t that logical? If such an idea were adopted at Mammoth we . . .”

“Not while I’m in charge. I dislike that method of attacking the problem.”

“Very well. But if something isn’t done half the student body will be Jewish. You recall what happened at Columbia. If we don’t take steps soon the university will have to go out of business.”

“Dean Terry, it’s my opinion it would be better for the university to go out of business then. However, we’ll meet that question when it arises.”

VI

When the President made his annual address to incoming freshmen at the start of the year he advised them to “take a good look at me, for you probably won’t see me again until you graduate.” This was true. Henry had observed that as for any influence he might have with the undergraduates he might just as well live in the State capital. As a rule not one student in ten knew what he looked like, and the number of undergraduates who managed to run the barrage of deans, as-

sistant deans, secretaries, and others on the road to his desk was small.

For that reason he always read the *Daily Orange*, the student newspaper, with attention. On the front page that morning was a column entitled "Hear That Cry." It read:

"Senior. 'Hear that cry?'"

"Freshman. 'Yep, what is it?'"

"Senior. 'The wolves. They're after Coach Sanford, and Doc Maguire, the Graduate Manager too.'"

"Freshman. 'What for?'"

"Senior. 'Well, they say the coaching staff is divided, half Sanford and half Maguire. They say there's far too much divided authority.'"

"Freshman. 'Are the wolves dangerous?'"

"Senior. 'Not so long as the President has courage. But of course that stadium over there seats eighty-six thousand and hasn't been filled since the Purdue game of 1932. If the University is going to fill it there has to be a winning team, and we haven't had a winning team since the days when Doc was head coach. The G. P. has to be considered.'"

"Freshman. 'Who's the G. P.?'"

"Senior. 'The General Public, stupid.'"

"Freshman. 'Then the wolves are the General Public?'"

"Senior. 'Not exactly. The wolves are the G. P. and the alumni and the downtown quarterbacks and what they call the press. That's because they are always pressing, see. When the entire pack gets together in full cry, all pressing together, it's just too bad.'"

"Freshman. 'Do you think they'll get the Old Man? Say, you don't think they'll get Doc Maguire, do you?'"

"Senior. 'Well, they say the Doc built the Stadium himself. They even say he founded the University. But you can't tell what'll happen when the pack starts pressing.'"

"Freshman. 'Then it isn't pressing yet?'"

"Senior. 'I should say not. But it certainly will unless—'"

"Freshman. 'Unless what?'"

"Senior. 'Unless the team wins.'"

President Browne threw the paper aside. That reminded him that it was a year since he had discussed the problem of athletics with the six college presidents. In that period, Blair had replied, entirely agreeing with his suggestions. No one else had even dared put his refusal in black and white. If the others didn't want to play ball there was little he could do. On that hand he was beaten for the time being. The telephone rang, and as Miss Davis was not in the office, he picked up the receiver. "Yes. Talking. Right here. What's that? *Who!* He has . . . no, of course I didn't know it. I'll be right over. . . ."

Miss Davis, talking with a senior who was attempting to get an appointment to see the President the next week, saw him rush past, hatless and coatless, without a word. She looked after him with astonishment because she knew his list of appointments was full for the next three hours.

VII

Professor Davidson, puffing his pipe in his study, was explaining the inside meaning of the whole thing to a former student, now editor of a small up-state newspaper.

"You see, Tommy, I'm trying merely to give you the background. No, it wasn't so much his lack of tact and impatience that did it, the main thing was his hatred of Dean Terry. Terry opposed his changes in the curriculum, as did many of the faculty, although we were all for them if he hadn't been in such a hurry. Consequently when Terry needed the President's recommendation for the Pittsburgh job, he refused to give it. That was what caused Terry's breakdown."

"I see. Browne didn't like Terry."

"No. The two men were antagonistic, I think. Naturally when Terry committed suicide . . ."

"Suicide! They told us he slipped and fell out of a window at home."

"Oh, they always say that. The point is that many of us were enthusiastic about

Browne's idea for a university, and if it hadn't been for his vindictiveness toward poor old Terry . . ."

Mrs. Blake, the wife of the Regis Professor of Medieval History, was explaining it this way to the wife of the Bursar. "Jim says the faculty were unanimously behind him for his two-year plan, if he'd only used a little patience. But he says it's terribly bad when things get to such a pass that the President pursues his enmity to the point of driving a professor to his death."

Mr. Baker, one of the regents, put the graduate point of view in a letter to his friend the Governor. "We gave the man a free hand in every respect, but he tried to get things done in such an infernal hurry. The faculty at Mammoth, as you know, are jealous of any infringement of their academic freedom, and they felt rightly that the persecution of Terry was unjustifiable. There was no real conflict of principles, for we were all for his idea of making Mammoth a real educational institution."

President Fielding and President Shapleigh, in a smoking compartment on the Hiawatha, bound for St. Paul, confided their feelings to each other. "They tell me, Fielding, he used to come before the regents with some crazy idea and ask them to vote on it immediately. I always give my regents three or four months."

"Yes, he was apparently in a hurry. That's no way to get things done. And then the faculty disliked him; all except a few hotheads like Kennedy. And Du Bois. Did I ever tell you that story? No? A first-class teacher, Du Bois, but a trouble-maker. I was quite frank when Browne said he wanted him, I warned him the man was a trouble-maker. Know what he replied? Said he felt

every faculty should have a few trouble-makers or it would grow static. Why, Shapleigh, the man's practically a red; he voted for Norman Thomas in the last election."

"Yes, and he's tactless too. You know I believe it's good for a man's morale to be licked once in a while. Naturally I take good care my faculty don't beat me on questions of importance. But it wasn't his ideas that I objected to; they were mostly sound. Fine thing, that two-year plan. I hope to get it over at my place one of these days. But his continual persecution of that poor dean, what was his name?"

"Terry, you mean?"

"Yes, fine man too. A scholar, Terry. Browne simply hounded that man into his grave. You can't do things without considering the whole picture. Now the largest part of my time is spent compromising. Every good administrator compromises. I play one group off against another and let each one think they're getting their own way."

"I know, people don't realize that's the way to progress. I find most of my time is spent in what you might call negative rather than positive work, in defending the university from attacks and pressure from outside. That's constructive too. A man like Browne aroused so much antagonism that the machine stalled. Too bad, his ideas were sound."

"Yes, his ideas were all first-class. But a college president, Shapleigh, has a great responsibility. First of all he must keep the machine moving. Then he must be a leader."

"By all means, Fielding, a college president has a duty to be a leader. That's what I always say. By the way, have you heard yet whom the regents are considering for Mammoth?"



AS ONE WRITER TO ANOTHER

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

IT WOULD be better to explain at once that I am not writing about everyone who writes, but only about the writers I know—the kind who within the space of anything from five thousand to two hundred thousand words describe the lives, loves, and deaths of characters who never really lived, loved, or died. Mere fiction writers.

Let us admit that we are a peculiar tribe—until recently no one knew how peculiar except ourselves and those few who through business, family, or other adverse circumstances, were compelled to know. People published our books, some read them, a few bought them, but nobody who could help it bothered about us. We were kept dark. This was especially true in England where, owing probably to the Gulf Stream, they have had a great many writers from the time of whoever wrote “Beowulf” onward, and where consequently there is a well-grounded conviction that though we should be read in moderation we should be neither seen nor heard. (It is true that a certain number of us do break out once in a while; but no good ever comes of it.)

Then America, as she so often does, upset the apple-cart. Her natural enthusiasm and curiosity about everything was intensified round about 1927 by a passionate determination to believe “only the best,” which extended from stocks to literature. She believed that writers, like bank presidents, must be good, wise, and beautiful and that the more she saw of them the better she would like them

and the more she would buy their works. Publishers thought so too. So the great news reached us in our obscurity that on the other side of the Atlantic was a people who would not only look at us and even listen to us without interrupting, but would actually pay breathless sums of money for the privilege. Thereupon we combed the dust of neglect out of our hair, bought ourselves new expensive and unsuitable clothes, and poured across. We were received nobly. We exhibited ourselves at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. We drank a great many cocktails, we lived in a style to which also we were not accustomed, we talked, we lectured. Some people, particularly out West, wanted their money back. We ourselves, under the strain of trying to be something that we were not, went home with nervous breakdowns. It took some of us years to get back to normal. Some of us never got back at all. But at least people no longer said to us, “How clever you must be to write.” They had learned better.

That is the most important and the oddest thing about us—that we are not of necessity even normally intelligent. Once this is realized by everybody a great deal of trouble and misunderstanding will be avoided. When we write we are capable of describing accurately and brilliantly places we have never seen; we can display knowledge of a life we have never experienced; we can give vent to profound thoughts. But when we stop writing we stop thinking. We become, at least in the American sense, just dumb. I would go so far as to say that not only

are brains not a necessity to us; they may be a distinct liability. G. B. Shaw, for instance, has never been able to write a decent novel, and his plays are really only an exhibition of various angles of Mr. Shaw's mind. Mr. Wells wrote fine novels until his brains got the better of him. Since then they have gone steadily down hill. (I am not merely throwing mud at my betters. From the way my friends treat me—with a sort of affectionate toleration and compassion—I gather that I am none too bright myself.)

We are not of necessity educated. A few of our more robust talents have survived a university career. I have known indomitable writers come out of "Schools of Fiction" without apparently any permanent damage. For myself I can only thank my own complete inability to add two and two to make four for the fact that my own small but honest talent did not breathe its last at Oxford. In that world of lofty and accurate thinking it must have died of an inferiority complex. I did go to a college for two years, but I was so impervious to facts, so impenetrably stupid, that they did me no harm whatever. I remember that after my first novel had been published I went back, expecting that at last I should be appreciated at my proper worth. Miss Beale, pioneer in woman's education and founder of the institution, looked me over distrustfully. "I hope," she said, "that you have learned to spell." So little did our two worlds understand each other.

As to our appearance, I can only comment on the frightful, purblind unwisdom of our publishers who for years, in the teeth of everything they saw to the contrary, insisted on exhibiting us at teas, cocktail-parties, and, in the case of Best Sellers, four-course dinners. The result can be best illustrated by a remark I heard made concerning E. M. Delafield (which I am sure she will not resent), "My dear, I give you my word, she was positively good-looking," made with an astonishment all too suggestive of chronic disillusionment.

Nor are we noted in society for keeping a table rocking with hearty laughter. Only a very few of us are consciously funny. Most of us are silent for the good reason that we haven't much to say. Or if we have we aren't going to say it. We're going to write it and get paid for it. In the presence of other writers who, as we know from internal evidence, are not above pinching an idea or two—we exhibit a clamlike reticence.

England was wise to keep us in obscurity. As I have said, some people have to know us—our relations and the few faithful friends who endure our disorderly habits, our wuzziness of mind, our alternating conviction that we were always rotten and that now we are completely so, and a bumptious assurance that what we happen to be perpetrating is more important than a world war or even an indignant cook. They must find something in us to repay them. But why publishers and editors ever want to meet us I have never understood. Perhaps they don't. Perhaps it's just a form of masochism which they probably call a sense of duty. For that matter, I don't know why we should want to meet publishers and editors. There again, no good ever comes of it. As to the general public having met us, they have probably learned by this time that we are just about as trying, egocentric, irrational, stupid, and homely as musicians, painters, stockbrokers, or any other human group I can think of. But in varying degrees we do have something—not it, of course, but still something which, Mr. Roger Burlingame in the November issue of *HARPER'S* notwithstanding, cannot be acquired by sweat, tears, or study; something which, since it was born with us—and again Mr. Burlingame notwithstanding—makes us the spoiled children of Fortune.

II

If we are odd, so is our profession—if it is a profession. On the rare occasions when I can think of it with lucidity, I don't believe in it at all. It just

doesn't seem real. It seems incredible that I should have spent the best of my life earnestly and even passionately devising characters who never existed entangled in happenings that never happened and that probably never could have happened. Sometimes I have stood outside awe-inspiring buildings like that of the Curtis Publishing Company and wondered if it could be really true that all that brick and mortar (or is it concrete?), all those palatial offices inhabited by all those serious and intelligent people should exist solely that boy shall meet girl and finally keep girl for the emotional consolation of over two million hard-boiled, clear-eyed, sane Americans. My wonderment becomes acute embarrassment when later I sit between the editor and the agent and we solemnly discuss together what is to be done with Edwin and Edwina in the third installment—whether Edwina should have behaved the way she did under any provocation. All three of us are past our first youth. We look as though we were discussing the League of Nations. At any moment I expect to see our years and our sober middle-aged habiliments melt into golden curls and rompers and that the editor will poke me in the ribs and say, "Oh come on! This is a silly game. Let's play something else—"

But this, as I have said, is one of my lucid moments. And fortunately they are very rare. In my normal state the affairs of the League of Nations are as nothing compared to the affairs of Edwin and Edwina, who are my own flesh and blood. So much so that if the editor and the agent venture to criticize their conduct I fight like a tigress in their defense, even to the point of saying bitterly, "I shall write that story anyhow, whether you like it or not."

(In order to frustrate the destructive instincts of editors and agents I usually see to it that Edwin and Edwina are securely married and able to take care of themselves before I submit their vicissitudes for consideration. There is nothing like a *fait accompli*.)

But the oddest feature of the whole odd business is that, God helping me or not, I can do no other. I suppose the editor might conceivably have been a statesman and the agent could have sold equally ephemeral stocks and bonds. But I can only write. I've been writing ever since I could hold a pen and forty-odd years before I could spell. What's more, if I take a holiday from writing I become dyspeptic, I dislike my nearest and dearest, who exhibit justifiable symptoms of disliking me. I realize that if to-morrow a grateful country should offer me a pension in order that I could and should cease writing, I should be dead in a few weeks from natural causes. I should have ceased to breathe.

It is not that I have any illusions. I know that what I write isn't of the slightest consequence—(not even to myself when I have finished it). I am not even a supply meeting a demand. Nobody ever asked me to write. Owing to the nature of my upbringing, I had only a dim idea that there was a market for the kind of things I set out to write. At the age of ten I submitted my first full-dress opus (a version of the love-life of Anthony and Cleopatra that would have surprised those two worthies) to Mr. T. P. O'Connor who was at that time running a literary column in his weekly paper. Not that what Mr. O'Connor said would have affected me one way or another. My course was set. But I was mildly interested in knowing what sort of man Mr. O'Connor might be. When he assured me that, as far as he could judge out of the chaos of misplaced consonants and vowels, I had talent, I was rather condescendingly satisfied that Mr. O'Connor and I were of one mind. Eight years later, having in the interim endured some sort of education, I offered my first story for publication and sold it for twenty-five dollars to a magazine I'd never heard of. I sold my first serial to the *Saturday Evening Post* without knowing—such was my lamentable innocence—

that such a periodical existed. I published my first four novels without having met my publisher. (When I did eventually go to his office I shook hands warmly with his office boy, so little did I know what a publisher looked like.) I never knew what editors or publishers wanted. I never have known and, quite honestly, I have never been able to care seriously. I had to write and I had to write the way I was born to write. I attribute to my own total inability to yield to suggestion or advice the fact that after these many years I continue to survive and even put on weight.

But the whole business puzzles me. I would like to know how I came to be this way. Am I a modern product like a Ford car? Am I an Act of God? Did the Almighty foresee the necessity for providing a harassed people with the *Saturday Evening Post*, and then, having invented Mr. Lorimer, invented me (and some others) to keep him going? Or am I a reincarnation? If so of what, of whom? What was I doing circa 1600 for instance? I may have been writing "The Tempest," but it is more likely that over the household loom I related involved and highly improper stories of the newly arrived couple in the neighboring castle. Or I frightened baronial offspring into fits by bedtime stories of highwaymen, gibbets, and hobgoblins. In any case my style has changed considerably.

Most writers feel this way about themselves—wide-eyed and wondering. They don't know where they come from or how they do the things they do or why they do them. All they know for certain is that at regular intervals a hideous moment will arrive when they will be quite, quite sure that they will never be able to do them again—which is the signal for all their friends and relatives to remember pressing engagements in some other neighborhood.

I am not venturing to speak for the great writers. I meet so few of them and **when I do I am too overwhelmed by the veneration that we share in common to venture on an exchange of experiences.**

But when we Small Fry get together we open our hearts about ourselves. If there are outsiders present we may assume a hard-boiled swagger. We may discuss editors: the hated editor who keeps a MS. two months before discovering its entire unsuitability, the tiresome editor who always wants something just a little different, the moronic editor who is so convinced that all his readers are moronic that every "it" and every "i" has to be crossed and dotted twice, the temperamental editor whom it is wise to consult beforehand about some proposed article (even if the article is already written), the publishers who spend lavishly on advertising all their authors except one. We are frank and, contrary to rumor, honest about our prices—largely perhaps because we know too much. But unless we are in our cups or until the outsiders have departed, convinced that we are nothing but a flock of soulless vultures, do we acknowledge the truth, which is that we care nothing about editors and their vagaries, we care nothing about the checks they send us, even though our next meal may depend on them, we don't even care how exorbitantly over-paid we are. What we do care about is writing the story that we want to write—that God in His inscrutable wisdom insists upon our writing, and that nothing, no world war or revolution, or domestic crisis shall interrupt us. (I remember that during the last war I was engaged in passionately writing a peculiarly bad novel when several of my neighbors were blown to bits by what was called, I believe, an aerial torpedo. Out of my considerable perturbation arose the one heartfelt prayer, "Oh God, don't let anything hit me till I've finished." Only after I had finished I wondered why I had felt that way about it.)

Let there be no misunderstanding. We are fundamentally humble and clear-sighted. We may suffer the pangs, the urge, and the ecstasies of genius, but we know that the results are as ephemeral and valueless as dayflies. We know that

we are mediocrities. But we are god-inspired mediocrities. We write to-day a masterpiece that to-morrow, with luck, we shall sell meekly to a pulp magazine. And then we start another masterpiece and resume our place among the Olympians.

III

At this point I can hear other writers who may be reading this exclaim, "Oh, yes, indeed!" in varying accents of vulgar and sarcastic protest, and I realize that I must differentiate. There are writers and writers. There are the Born-Writers, the Professional Writers, and the Writers-Under-a-Curse. I shall touch on the last named first because I know least about them. But I suspect them. They appear to be Born-Writers. At least they seem totally unfitted for any other occupation, and nothing and no one can stop them writing. But they hate it. They suffer intolerably. The other day I met one of them—a very excellent novelist whom I greatly admire. "Miss Wylie," he said, looking at me with dark-eyed anguish, "only you and I know what we go through." I was about to retort that we didn't go through anything, that we had the best time in the world being paid enormously for doing what we most wanted to do, when I remembered that his wife was present, and that among all the various ways of putting over something on one's family, intolerable suffering is one of the most effective. Almost as effective as a weak heart. So I said nothing. After all, there is honor amongst us.

The Professional Writers, on the other hand, really suffer. They appear to have taken up writing because of a faculty for self-expression and because they know that if they can make a go of it it is the easiest and most overpaid profession in the market. Only for them it isn't either easy or overpaid because they have to work to write, and the moment a writer has to work he goes bad. He may sell his product at long last and by convulsive efforts but it won't compensate him. Mr.

Burlingame, who amazed me considerably by what I consider his machiavellian misstatements, assured us that only by intense and prolonged study can a writer hope even to keep body and soul together. Of course Mr. Burlingame knows better. Of course no one but a professional writer needs to study. And a professional writer shouldn't write. What should we study to break into the modern magazines? Walter Pater? Why should we practice five-finger exercises with the English language when a young woman sells a million copies of her first novel (which, if we believe rumors, wasn't even written for publication)? It happens all too often, even among the Great, that a first novel is the best—or at least the most successful, for the very reason that it is effortless, unstudied, and unself-conscious. It is when a writer has "learned" by experience how to attain certain effects without feeling them himself, when he has begun to use that fatal word "technic" that he starts on the road downhill, and only by the utmost sincerity, the most determined effort to forget everything he has learned or that anyone has tried to teach him can he hope to save himself. I do not believe that any great or successful writer has ever studied. I don't believe Chaucer or Shakespeare or Dickens or Harold Bell Wright studied. I don't believe Scott, whatever he may have said, worried about his publisher, his creditors, or his style. They all wrote as they had to write first and last to please themselves and their own fancy. And so inevitably they pleased, in varying degrees, the rest of us.

Incidentally I may add that it is bad luck to write a first novel and a best seller, partly because it sets up a false standard, partly because it induces a pardonable but dangerous state of intoxication in the writer, but chiefly because the critics, who adore discovering a new genius, are bound to recover their dignity by the second book and to assure their discomfited protégé that he (or she) has unfortunately merely repeated himself or unfortunately not repeated himself, as

the case may be. The result to a young and sensitive soul may often be disastrous.

I'm not pretending that writers don't have to make efforts and that efforts don't cost something. Even our pleasures are a strain on us. I can't ride a horse or dance or play chess or bridge without exerting myself. And all exertion, especially mental, is slightly painful. That's what makes it amusing. A mountain that doesn't crack a mountaineer's muscles isn't worth climbing. Of course writers occasionally sweat blood—but they have the time of their life doing it.

Now, however, I am writing of Born-Writers, of whom I thankfully and humbly count myself one. This is not throwing myself bouquets. For there are all sorts of Born-Writers—good writers, bad good writers, and good bad writers, writers who write drivel for the morons, high-brow writers who write esoteric sex novels for the elect, writers who write ferocious bawdiness for the respectable bourgeoisie, and home-body writers for the home. All sorts and conditions, all doing our best in our own way, hoping to do it better and making a steady, very good, and sometimes extravagantly good living out of it.

For the popular pictures of the author starving in the garret, surrounded by a sea of rejection slips, of precious masterpieces tossed unread into the wastepaper basket by callous publishers and editors, are simply mythical. How could they be true with a vast and catholic market waiting open-mouthed for something good to fall into it, with editors tearing their hair in their effort to fill their magazines and publishers forever on the quest of another *Gone With The Wind*? The truth is that any half-way-good story written by a born story-teller will sooner or later see the light of publication. If it doesn't it can be taken for granted that it isn't. To which will be retorted scornfully, "Oh, of course if you don't mind writing down to them—" Well, to be frank I don't believe in the "writing-down" theory. I believe it's an excuse. I have used it myself, the inference being that if we

didn't have to cater to the low tastes of our public what masterpieces we should write! I don't think we should. I think we're thankful for an excuse for being no better than we are. But for my own part I get no fun out of pulling other people's legs if I can't successfully pull my own, and I have long since had to admit to myself that I write the best I can and that if Rockefeller subsidized me to-morrow I should do no better.

Nor do I think that we have much to complain of as regards the taste and broad-mindedness of our market. In a novel we can say anything any way we choose and even in the popular magazines we can say a great deal more than we usually like to admit. There is very little we can't write about if we write about it honestly because it is a part of an honest story. To quote my own experience, not out of egotism, but because it is first-hand information: I have sold to *Good Housekeeping* a story in which the child-hero (a Jew) commits suicide; a story to the *Saturday Evening Post* in which the *pièce de resistance*, slyly camouflaged, I admit, was toilet-paper; another to the *Post* in which all the chief characters, Hamlet fashion, lay dead in the last paragraph; a story to the *Herald Tribune* so pacifist, so full of dire post-war disillusionment that even the generous-minded editor quailed; a story to HARPER's entirely concerned with a prostitute plying her trade. And so forth. I have put over worse than murder. I have put over complete negation and despair on a market which is supposed to deal solely in sweetness and light. It would ill become me therefore not to acknowledge the generosity and courage of our patrons.

We Born-Writers have indeed little to fear, everything to hope. Our legitimate disappointments are mainly with ourselves. And so long as we live there is hope that one day we shall dig down to the really worth-while book that may be buried in our depths. We may strike it to-morrow, or next year. If only we don't die first—if only we don't "write ourselves out." That last is our one

real terror. And as I grow older I believe in it less. It may happen. But it happens, I think, only to those who have short-sightedly sold themselves down the river, bartered their birthright for a mess of professionalism. It makes my blood run cold to think how near I came to doing just that. My first novels were harum-scarum stories of Anglo-Indian life. I'd never been to India, but I had an Anglo-Indian school-friend who fired my young imagination so that, armed with a Bo tree for local color—and I worked it overtime, rustling its leaves softly in lyrical moments and passionately when the tempo quickened—a few Anglo-Indian expressions, probably wrong, I set out gaily to out-Kipling Kipling. (Ethel M. Dell and I hit the same tide together and did well on it—she much better than I.) But then came the War. I had lived eight years in a German garrison town. I happened to know German military life and the German military mind intimately and I felt a profound urge to explain its perverse and blighting and apparently permanent effect on the German people, if only for my own satisfaction, in my own medium. My publishers furiously discouraged me. "You have your market. You'll lose it. The public expects Anglo-Indian novels from you. Go on writing them." By the grace of Heaven I went my way. I published my German novel with a new publisher, and it was my first real substantial "break." It gave me a foothold in America. But above all, it freed me from my own past. I struck a new vein in myself—a new lease of life. It wasn't, alas, anything great or wonderful, but it was a fresh beginning. If I had yielded to professional advice, as I might well have done, for I was young, entirely dependent on my writing for a living, and naturally shy and easily influenced, I should have exhausted myself on the beaten track years ago. And if I go on writing till I die, as I hope I shall, it will be because I am still free to take a chance—to start out on a new road to a new adventure if it should ever open out to me.

This, I am sure, is the way of life for all of us.

I have said we are the spoiled children of fortune. We do not need to be great to be happy and reasonably successful. (Translate my talent, for instance, into painting or music, and I should be really starving in a garret.) We don't have to sell ourselves. No publisher or editor ever bought our work for the sake of our blue eyes or social connections or good dinners. (I know a woman who terrified a publisher into publishing a novel by having hysterics in his office. But as he refused to see her again and never published another book of hers and the word went round to other publishers, it didn't do her any real good.) As I have already suggested, the less the public sees of us the more likely it is to buy our books. We have no rivals. If we hate one another it is not of sheer inborn malevolence. For there is room and plenty for all of us. If I write a best-seller to-morrow (Heaven grant it) I shall not prevent you from writing a best-seller the day afterward. We need no expensive paraphernalia, no long apprenticeship. We can write anywhere, anyhow, as well with a typewriter in the Sahara as with a stenographer in a Park Avenue apartment. To be reminiscent again, I wrote my first major opus with a stub-pencil in a room which I was sharing with a friend who was practicing the Kreutzer Sonata—very badly. The world around us supplies us with all the extra material we need. Our very heart-aches are grist to our mill, and when we come to die, our main distress, I expect, will be that we can't use the experience in our next novel.

Or perhaps we can. Perhaps where we go a kindly God will provide publishers and a *Saturday Evening Post* and a flock of story-hungry angels. I can't imagine heaven without them.

I like to think of all the unborn Born-Writers waiting to be born. I envy them. If there is anything in the reincarnation theory let me be one of them. Otherwise I refuse flatly to make a comeback.



THEY ALSO SERVE

THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN LENINGRAD

BY E. M. DELAFIELD

THERE is no unemployment in the Soviet Union: everybody can, and indeed must, work; and so far as I know, everybody does. As a kind of offset to this universal activity, everybody—when not working—sits about and waits.

At the Leningrad Hotel I also sit about and wait. I wait for the Intourist Bureau to telephone the people to whom I have brought letters of introduction. I wait for the lift, which has just taken three Comrades upstairs, to come down again—which it never does. I wait for my ten o'clock supper—ordered at nine, and brought—with any luck—at about eleven. I sit in the hall and wait, for nothing in particular. I am becoming Russianized.

A very old man comes in, wearing a fur cap and a coat. (*Ancien régime*, like a picture in an old nurserybook.) He sits down on a fraction of a bench which is already occupied by two French ladies, a girl in a blouse and skirt, and a Comrade smoking a cigarette.

There are never enough seats to go round in the hotel. Most of the people who come in and wait have to wait on their feet, leaning against walls. They do it fatalistically, obviously injured. The enormous shabby portfolios they all carry—like degraded music-cases—lie at their feet.

What, I wonder, are all these cases? They can't *all* be carrying important secret documents for the Government. Yet all the Comrades have portfolios, ex-

cept the very old man who has a newspaper parcel instead, from which protrudes the tail of a fish. Perhaps the Comrades who are less *ancien régime* carry their fish in portfolios? The old man, I am sorry to say, spits.

I turn my attention elsewhere. An English tourist has come into the office, and I know by the brisk and businesslike way in which he begins that he is newly arrived and has no experience of Russian methods—unlike me. (At this I feel elderly and superior, and think of Julia Mills amid the Desert of Sahara.)

"There's a man I want to get hold of as soon as possible," says the Englishman blithely. "I haven't got his address, but you'll find him in the telephone book. Harrison, the name is."

"Harrison?"

"Harrison."

"You do not know where he lives?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Not in which street is his apartment?"

"No. But he'll be in the telephone book."

"Perhaps you know where is his office?"

"No, but—"

"Not in which street is his office?"

"I only know that his name is Harrison, and he's in Leningrad, and you'll find him in the telephone book."

"Ah. But you have not his address."

"It'll be in the telephone book."

"Ah."

There is a long silence. At this stage—for I have heard this dialogue before,

and have often taken part in it myself—some English tourists, and most American ones, look round for the telephone book and swoop down upon it. This Englishman, however, is of inferior mettle. Or perhaps he has Russian blood in him.

He waits.

Presently Intourist utters once more:

"He has a telephone number?"

"Yes. He'll be in the book."

"Ah. It is at his house or at his office, the telephone?"

"His office, I think."

"And the name it is *Harrison*?"

"Harrison."

Faint demonstrations of searching for the book.

"The book it is not here. I will send."

A young blonde, who has, to my certain knowledge, been standing waiting for the better part of an hour, is sent to fetch the book. Perhaps it is for that and nothing else that she has been waiting? Intourist waits, the Englishman waits, we all wait.

The French ladies on the bench have begun to mutter to one another, low and venomously.

"Mais voilà—elle n'a pas de cœur. Tout simplement. Elle manque de cœur."

"Ça, par exemple—non!"

"Moi, je vous dis que si."

"Moi, je vous dis que non."

Deadlock.

The very old man has now, I think, fallen into a coma. What an abominable thing it is to keep him waiting all this time! He is a hard-working peasant, and his haughty employer, the Grand Duke, is upstairs drinking champagne—

What am I thinking of? The poor Grand Duke is, if fortunate, giving dancing lessons somewhere on the Riviera. The old man is a worker, a Comrade—he is quite all right.

Still I don't think they need keep him waiting such a very long while.

Presently the blonde returns with the telephone book, and Intourist begins to turn over the leaves, and to say once more:

"Harrison?"

"Harrison."

"Ah, Harrison." A long pause.

"No. He is not here."

"But I think he *must* be. I say, would you mind if I had a look?"

The Englishman has a look, and runs Harrison to ground in a moment.

"Here he is! A. M. Harrison—that's the man."

"Ah? He is in the book?"

Intourist is only mildly surprised, and not in the least interested. The blonde, in a thoughtful way, says into space:

"Harrison."

The voices of the French ladies surge upward once more.

"Ah! son mari! Comme je le plains!"

"Et moi, non. Au contraire."

I should like to know more of the ménage under discussion—they can't *both* be right—but they shrug their shoulders simultaneously, glare, and say nothing more.

The Harrison quest goes on. I say to myself, we are progressing slowly, ma'am. If I knew as many quotations from Shakespeare or Plato, or even Karl Marx, as I do from Dickens, I should hold a very different, and much more splendid, place in the ranks of the literary.

"You want that I should telephone to him, yes?"

"Please. If you will."

Intourist will.

But not at once.

"It is his apartment or his office?"

"Well, I don't really know—but whichever number is in the book will find him, I expect."

"I will try," says Intourist pessimistically.

They know, and I know, that their pessimism is justified. The Englishman, as yet, does not know.

He waits—I suppose hopefully—and the telephone is brought into action.

It is customary—necessary, for all I know to the contrary—to shriek, rather than speak into it, and the first fifteen "Allo's" meet with no acknowledgment. Then something happens. The Exchange has replied.

The two French ladies, tired of looking angrily at each other, turn their heads; the blonde lifts hers from its apathetic angle; only the old man is unmoved. (Disgraceful, that he should have been ignored so long. I believe no one has so much as asked him what he wants. Hotel servants the same all the world over, Comrades or no Comrades.)

"Shall I—?" says the Englishman, ready to leap at the receiver.

"The number is bee-zy."

"Busy?"

"It is bee-zy. If you will wait a little I will try once more."

We all settle down again.

A woman with a baby—and a portfolio—comes into the hotel with a business-like air, and goes up and speaks to the porter in Russian.

He nods.

Like Jove, I think, and ought to be pleased to find that I am moving a step away from Dickens and toward the classics; but on the other hand I like Dickens, and I don't even know the classics.

The woman with the baby sits down, in the absence of any unoccupied chair, on a marble step leading to the barber's shop, and waits.

I wonder what amount of information Jove can have conveyed to her in that single nod, for her to know—as she presumably does—that it is going to be worth her while to sit down and wait.

Presently the French ladies get up. They both say "*Eh bien!*" and the one who *didn't* pity the husband adds: "*A quelque chose, malheur est bon*" in a philosophical way.

They move toward the lift, their mysterious allusions for ever unexplained.

Not that they leave us immediately. Far from it. They have to wait for the lift. Then they have to wait because the lift can take only four people, and there are already three inside it and they decline—fiercely—to go separately.

"*Mais passez donc—*"

"*Non, non, non. Allez, je vous en prie.*"

"*Mais non, mais non. Allez, vous—*"
"*Du tout.*"

A solitary Ukrainian, who has been waiting—probably for the lift—for hours, is encouraged by the liftman to take advantage of this indecision and fill the vacant place.

He does so, and the French ladies are left, shrugging their shoulders again. One of them says that it is "*fantastique.*"

The bench on which the old man of the *ancien régime* is sitting has now two vacant places, which are at once filled by four people. They take advantage of the old man's state of suspended animation to shove him and his fish to the extreme edge of the seat. I think that presently he will fall off.

The Englishman is still seeking his Harrison.

"I should think you might give them another ring now."

"I will try."

The effort is made.

"There is no reply from that number."

"No reply?"

"No. I think it is his office. It does not answer."

"But there must be somebody there."

"There is nobody there. To-day it is the day of rest. The offices are all shut."

The Englishman is staggered. I can positively *see* the thoughts flying through his mind.

Tuesday, the day of rest? By Jove, yes! there are no Sundays in Russia now, but they have a holiday every sixth day. Then why on earth couldn't they say so sooner? Of course the offices *would* be shut. Good God, what a country!

"I suppose I'd better try again to-morrow morning," he says angrily. "Unless you could ask the Exchange if they know the number of his private house?"

"You want to ask the telephone number of his house?"

"If they can give it to you."

"Ah. I can ask them, if you wish."

He does wish.

A little boy with a shaven head and bare feet and carrying a small attaché-

case, comes in and adds to the congestion.

The lift returns and the two French ladies, after a few passes as to which of them shall enter it first, get inside. Then they wait again while the lift-man looks for a singleton passenger. He may not take more than four people at a time, but is determined not to take less.

The Englishman is now leaning against the wall with his arms folded. Russia is growing on him, I can see it plainly.

"They ring his apartment," says Intourist. "They say there is no reply."

"He must be away."

"He is bee-zy. Or perhaps he is seek."

These are the favorite alternatives of Intourist when a telephone connection is unobtainable. They do not say that the number is engaged or the telephone out of order. They make the less impersonal suggestion that the owner of the required number is either busy—too busy presumably to answer his telephone calls—or that he is ill.

The Englishman says that he supposes he must wait till to-morrow. Already he seems to me to be wilting slightly.

As he moves away from the Intourist Bureau he stops and reads a notice informing him that excursions will start punctually at ten o'clock each morning and tourists must on no account be late. I wonder if he believes it?

Perhaps I have been here long enough, and ought to give up my chair to one of the numerous Comrades who are stand-

ing about doing nothing. I am not really waiting for anything in particular—only just waiting. But I should like to see somebody pay a little attention to the ancient in the fur cap. He has been waiting longer than anybody else and has probably got rooted to his minute fragment of the bench by this time.

Comrades come and Comrades go, the blonde in the office folds her arms on a table and lays her head upon them, the Englishman buys a copy of the *Moscow Daily News* and reads about abortion—at least I suppose he does, as the papers devote much more space to that than to any other subject—and the Comrade with the cigarette gets up and is followed by the Comrade in the blouse and skirt, who has been sitting next him all the time but with whom he has never exchanged word or look. But they go away arm-in-arm and are, no doubt, husband and wife in the sight of Stalin.

Other people drift in, and take their places, and wait. The old man comes out of his coma. He is going to demand attention, to insist upon doing whatever it is that he has come to do, and for which he has waited so interminably.

Not at all. He picks up his fish, rises very slowly to his feet, and walks out again into the street. He came, apparently, for the express purpose of sitting and waiting, and for nothing else.

How little he knows that he has supplied me with the title for this article.



WHERE LIFE BEGINS

SEARCH AMONG THE GENE, THE VIRUS, AND THE ENZYME

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

SUPREME among the problems now confronting science is the determination of the nature of life. There are countless immediate human questions pressing for solution, questions of diseases and their cure, of eugenics and the improvement of mentality, of lengthening the life span, of the control of aging and death; but these practical objectives wait directly upon the fundamental problem. And while certain occasional limited areas of control may be chanced upon and be utilized empirically—just as we have found for example that tar will cause certain types of cancer and that radiation will destroy cancerous cells—real mastery can hardly be expected until we know what cancer is in terms of the living process, and what the living process is in terms of material, energy, and organization. It is no disposal of the problem to say, with the French encyclopedists of the 18th century, that life is that which resists death. For the biologist has yet to explain what death is. Neither is it any illumination to make a fetish of the doctrine of wholes, and talk of life as the expression of a holistic mysticism.

There is no *single* statement which the biologist asserts of the elementary behavior of the living species that cannot also be applied to non-living matter. An organism reproduces itself, but so does a crystal of salt. A broken tadpole will grow a new tail, but so too will a mutilated atom repair itself. An amœba responds to outside stimuli, it

shows irritability; but an ionized gas molecule also responds to outside stimuli, to the electric or magnetic field for example. Both man and the paramecium breathe, but there are non-living organizations too which take in oxygen and give off carbon dioxide. And there are also certain bacteria which live in the absence of oxygen and dispense with the function of respiration. There is no unique criterion of life, and no combination of tests which fits all cases. Perhaps as a pragmatic device, in order to get on our way, we may adopt the subterfuge employed by the poet A. E. Housman when asked for a definition of poetry. Housman, as he related the incident in a lecture, told his inquisitor that one "could no more define poetry than a terrier can define a rat, but that I thought we both recognized the object by the sympathy which it provokes in us."

All authorities, from terriers up, probably agree that the rat is alive. Cut off the rat's legs, and the mutilated animal will live. We can break down the whole yet more drastically, remove its heart, suspend that organ in a perfusion apparatus, and keep the part of a rat alive for months, perhaps indefinitely. It is not necessary to remove the organ whole. We may cut a small piece out of the heart, and by immersing it in a nutrient solution and providing conditions favorable to its welfare, demonstrate that the excised tissue will live separated from its whole.

Under the microscope we see that the tissue is made up of individual units, minute blobs of jellylike fluid. Each of these cells is alive, and it is reasonable to believe that each could be cultured in a glass vessel if our technic were sufficiently delicate to care for an object so small. Indeed we know that cells live independently, for there are numerous species of one-cell animals and plants which carry on within their single room all the vital functions; and tissue cells are simply specialized individuals of the same general nature.

Thus we may assert quite definitely that life, this thing of wholes, can be broken into organs and the separate organs will live. The organs may be cut into tissues and the excised tissues will live. The tissues may be divided into cells and the individual cells will live.

Is this the limit? Is it impossible for part of a cell to carry on? Or can we dissect still more, break up the cellular whole and find some part that is more alive than the other parts, some smaller unit which is the kindling spark of this mysterious flame—the place where life begins?

It is a remote frontier that this question refers us to, but a fascinating one. I shall attempt in this article to give a brief account of several current discoveries which seem to bear on the question, and of certain speculations which have been ventured in explanation.

II

Watch a living cell under a high-power microscope. You look in on a world of ceaseless change. Within the delicate membrane of the cell wall the protoplasm churns and flows. Perpetually the living stuff is on the move, and yet it maintains from moment to moment a certain differentiation in which we may identify relatively stable parts of the cell. Central, or nearly central in this dynamic architecture, is a region, generally spherical in shape, that appears more dense than its surrounding medium. This in-

terior protoplasm is the "nucleus," and the surrounding thinner fluid is the "cytoplasm."

It is possible to puncture the cell wall without killing the cell. It is possible to remove much of the cytoplasm without killing the cell. Indeed, the loss will be made good by the manufacture of new cytoplasm; the cell, like the tadpole, is capable of a limited regeneration. But if you injure the nucleus the case is quite different. That inner zone is vulnerable. It cannot endure the removal of any fraction of its substance.

The crucial role of the nucleus may be demonstrated in another way if we select for experiment those peculiarly endowed units of protoplasm known as germ cells. These, the egg cell of the female and the sperm cell of the male, have through the evolutionary ages become specialized as carriers of life. Some years ago it was discovered that by treating the egg (that of a sea urchin for example) with salt solution, or by pricking it with a needle, or by other mechanical means, the cell could be artificially stimulated to produce a new sea urchin. You might cut the egg in two, leaving the nucleus in one half. The half containing the nucleus could be fertilized, but the other half under the same treatment was sterile. In the case of some animals, where the nucleus is a very small part of the egg, the removal of the nucleus left the egg nearly entire, but an egg so bereft had no power of reproduction.

Normally in nature, fertilization is accomplished through penetration of the egg by the sperm which makes contact with the nucleus and merges with it. The sperm cell is extremely small. It may bulk only a few hundredths the size of the egg, and inspection shows that it is nearly all nucleus. It consists of a bulbous nuclear head and a short thin trailing thread of cytoplasm. But small as it is, the sperm cell carries all the pattern of characteristics of the father which are inherited by the child. Might it not also carry the spark of life to one of those bereft eggs of our experiment—the ovum

from which the nucleus has been removed? This was tried and it worked. When an egg fragment consisting only of cytoplasm was exposed to a sperm cell of its species the sperm entered the fragment and by this merger supplied the necessary nuclear material; for thereafter the fragment quickened, began to divide, and grew into a new individual.

It is the nucleus, then, that is the captain of life. How potent it is, how packed its small volume, is graphically suggested by H. J. Muller in his recent (and future-piercing) book, *Out of the Night*. Dr. Muller computes that if all the human sperm cells which are to be responsible for the next generation of the human species (some two thousand million individuals) could be gathered together they would occupy space equivalent to that of half an aspirin tablet. The corresponding number of egg cells, because of their larger complement of cytoplasm, would fill a two-gallon pitcher; but since it is the nucleus that carries the stuff of life, we may consider only the nuclei of the eggs and reckon that they would occupy no more space than the sperm cells. Thus the essential substance of both eggs and sperm could be contained in a capsule the size of an aspirin tablet.

It is indeed difficult to believe, as Dr. Muller points out, "that in this amount of physical space there now actually lie all the inheritable structures for determining and for causing the production of all the multitudinous characteristics of each individual person of the whole future world population. Only, of course, this mass of heaven-to-day is scattered over the face of the earth in several billion separate bits. Surely, then, this cell substance is incomparably more intricate, as well as more portentous, than anything else on earth."

Some of its intricacy can be made visible under a microscope, by using suitable stains. Then we see the organs of the nucleus, the minute sausage-shaped "chromosomes." It is not only in the germ cells, but also in the somatic or body

cells, that the chromosomes are found, the structural pattern being repeated in every cell. And the pattern is specific. Every species of plant and animal has its typical number of these nuclear organs, and for each there is a standard shape, size, and arrangement. The cells of corn have twenty chromosomes; those of the lily, twenty-four; of the frog, twenty-six; of man, forty-eight; of the horse, sixty. I have been curious to know the chromosomal equipment of the elephant and the whale, but can find no record that anyone has ever investigated the minute structure of these largest of the beasts. The monkeys of Asia and Africa have exactly the same numerical endowment as man, forty-eight chromosomes; but the South American monkeys apparently are more alien, with fifty-four.

One of the master researches of our times is the tracking down of the relationship which these nuclear bodies bear to the factor of heredity. These studies were focussed on fruit flies, *drosophila melanogaster*. T. H. Morgan and his associates cultured the tiny insects in bottles, provided the optimum of conditions for their growth and reproduction, and kept exact pedigrees through many generations. As new flies hatched out, the biologists examined the young individuals for possible changes in physical character. It was not long before they found changes.

For example the bulging eyes of *drosophila* are normally red, but occasionally a white-eyed child would hatch out. Morgan and his men were able to correlate this mutation with a change in a certain region of one of the chromosomes of the egg which gave birth to the fly. Later they found nine variations in the wings, and following that came discovery of scores of variations affecting practically every visible characteristic of the fly—physical changes which the investigators were able to relate to changes in the chromosomes.

These studies were strengthened by the radiation technic first successfully used by Dr. Muller. When Muller, by his

bombardment of flies with x-rays, showed that the rate of mutation could be increased more than a hundred times that spontaneously occurring in nature, the direct relationship between definite areas of the chromosomes and the physical characteristics of the flies born of the chromosomes was spectacularly confirmed. The crash of the rays into the minute organs was both destructive and constructive. In some cases part of a chromosome was blasted out, to disappear. In some the fragment attached itself to the end of another chromosome, thus forming a new structure of unusual size and shape. In other experiments chromosomes were sliced in two, and the half of one was exchanged for the half of another to form new combinations. All these chance alterations of the nuclear bodies showed up in physical changes in the progeny of the bombarded flies.

These and other experiments give credence to an idea that had long been held as an inference. They indicate that the chromosomes are not simple continuous wholes, but are complex patterns made of smaller interchangeable units. And these units are the "genes."

No one has ever seen a gene. It is too fine for even the ultra microscope. But just as we postulate invisible atoms to account for the chemical and optical behavior of matter, so we find it necessary to postulate invisible genes to account for the developmental behavior of protoplasm. Genes are the atoms of heredity.

Nor is that all. Recent findings bring evidence of a still more fundamental role. Experiments show that the injury of genes may be a very serious catastrophe. The loss of certain genes means death. This suggests that the gene's function in the cell activities is not merely to control heredity, but also to control life.

III

Discovery of the primary vital role is the work of M. Demerec, a geneticist of Carnegie Institution of Washington, member of its Department of Genetics at

Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. For years Dr. Demerec has been watching the effect of mutations on the reproductive capacity of *drosophila*. He was impressed by some experiments completed five years ago by J. T. Patterson at the University of Texas. Dr. Patterson found that out of fifty-nine mutations in three well-defined chromosomal regions, fifty-one were what he called "lethals." That is to say, when a fertilized egg carried these changed chromosomes (in which certain genes were missing), the egg developed only part way and died as an embryo. The gene deficiencies were fatal to development, therefore lethal.

Demerec followed this pioneer work with an intensive search into the somatic cells of the flies. He found that not only were the germ cells rendered incapable of development, as Patterson's results showed, but the growing body cells, which by a special technic had been made deficient in these same ways, were rendered powerless to grow. And the cells died; though adjacent body cells, which carried no deficiencies, showed no such effects. Demerec's later work has demonstrated that more than half of Patterson's lethals are cell-lethals. And by further minutiae of experiment and inference the Carnegie biologist arrives at the conclusion that some of these cell-lethals are chargeable to the loss of a very few genes, possibly only *one* gene.

How big is this all-powerful unit? No one knows, and apparently the only present way of approaching the problem is to find out how many genes there are in the chromosomes, divide the total mass of chromosomal material by the number of genes, and so arrive at an average value.

The number of genes may be assumed to correspond to the number of loci in the chromosomes, *i.e.* the number of places at which changes occur. By mathematical analysis of mutations it has been figured that in *drosophila* there are about 3,000 such places, which means that each cell has at least 3,000 kinds of genes.

Quite recently a new and more direct method of determining the genic number

has been introduced through the work of Theophilus S. Painter, at the University of Texas. The larva of the fruit fly, like man and certain other animals, has salivary glands situated near its mouth, and these glands are made of giant cells. The cells are many times larger than the other body cells, and the chromosomes are about a hundred and fifty times the size of the chromosomes in the germ cells. This fact has also been known for several decades, but apparently no geneticist thought to search the chromosomes of these giant cells for fine-structure details of mutations until Dr. Painter took up the work in 1932. He found that under a certain technic of staining and illumination the giant chromosomes revealed themselves as chainlike structures of varying width made up of transverse bands of different sizes, each band showing a highly individual pattern of yet finer parts. The band is not the gene—no geneticist claims that—but it appears to be individual to the gene, each is the holder of a gene, "the house in which the gene lives," to quote Painter's picturesque phrase. Therefore, by counting the number of bands, we should arrive at the number of genes.

Here we are attempting to separate structures so fine that they approach the limit of visibility under the most powerful microscope. Two years ago careful counts showed about 2700 bands distinguishable, but recently Calvin B. Bridges, using a more delicate technic, counted 5,000 bands. There may be more, and with further advances in microscopy we may be able some day to count them. Painter recently suggested a total of 10,000, as a guess. And some late speculations of Muller open up the possibility of an even larger total.

But, in order to be very conservative, suppose we take Bridges' count as our basis. If there are approximately 5,000 genes to the drosophila cell, then we may say that one gene is not more than the five-thousandth part of the chromosomal material. But the chromosomes, in turn, are probably not more than a hun-

dred-thousandth part of the average cell. The gene then figures roughly as not more than one five-hundred-millionth of the total cell material. We arrive at a picture of a mechanism so delicately balanced, and of a unit so indispensable to the smooth running of this mechanism, that although the unit represents only the five-hundred-millionth part of the whole, its elimination is fatal.

What is the nature of this indispensable unit of life?

Demerec answers by picturing the gene as an organic particle, probably a single large molecule. Observation supports this idea. Thus it has been noticed that certain genes are unstable; they may change spontaneously from a form responsible for normal long wings to a form producing short miniature wings, and later shift back to the long-wing structure. These alterations may be accounted for if we assume the gene to be a large molecule which suddenly loses one of its subordinate groups, or by some other means breaks up into a different structure, and later recaptures its lost parts. Other evidence adduced from the study of unstable genes indicates that when a cell divides to form two cells the genes do not divide, but each is exactly duplicated by the formation of a new gene next to the old one. This method of reproduction favors the supposition that the gene is a single molecule.

If it is a single molecule it must be a large one. Organic molecules of extremely complex structure are known to chemists. Some proteins consist of thousands of atoms—egg albumin does, for example. But these substances are too complicated, their structures too labyrinthine, for attempt to represent them here. As suggestive of the plan of a large organic molecule such as we suppose the gene to be, Dr. Demerec cited a comparatively small molecule—a structure compact enough to lend itself to diagramming within the width of a magazine page, and yet sufficiently complex to illustrate the principle—the compound known as thymo-nucleic acid. It is a partial

degradation product of nuclear protein.

A molecule of thymo-nucleic acid consists of 59 atoms of hydrogen, 43 of carbon, 32 of oxygen, 15 of nitrogen, and 4 of phosphorus—a total of 153 atoms, with a molecular weight of about 1421 (in terms of hydrogen as 1). These atoms conform to a certain architectural pattern. A house of 153 rooms might be analyzable into a central structure with attached wings and towers—and similarly we find the 153 atoms of this molecule organized in a fixed sequence, with sub-groupings, following the arrangement indicated in the chart.

The chart outlines a central compli-

But conceivably some changes may be inconsistent with the continued functioning of the molecule. For example, the thymo-nucleic acid has 59 atoms of hydrogen but only 4 of phosphorus. If an x-ray photon should dislodge or cripple one of the hydrogen atoms, the loss would be only a fifty-ninth part of the hydrogen equipment and might possibly be endured or repaired from the environment. But the similar elimination of one phosphorus atom would deprive the molecule of a fourth of its phosphorus mechanism, and possibly the loss might be irreparable.

This suggests what may happen to the genes in those mutations called lethal.

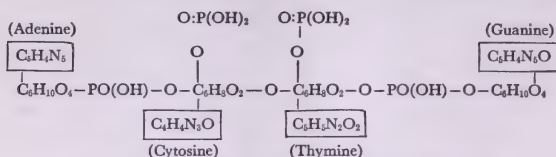


CHART OF A MOLECULE OF THYMO-NUCLEIC ACID

cated structure flanked by four smaller simpler structures. These four subordinate parts may also exist separately. There is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen which the organic chemist knows as "adenine," and so too there are "cytosine," "thymine," and "guanine." One might imagine a thymo-nucleic acid molecule in which the bond attaching an oxygen atom of the thymine group is very weak. There might be a tendency for this oxygen to break off and live independently, or to attach itself to some other molecular core. Such behavior would be analogous to that of the unstable genes, in which a sudden change occurs and causes a mutation. Demerec points to a gene of this kind in the locus controlling miniature wings, where transitions to living different forms are indicated, each form being responsible for a different type of wings. These changes in genic form may be accounted for as the result in each case of the loss in a sub-grouping—or, possibly, an addition in a sub-grouping.

The elimination of one atom may so change the gene molecule that its duplication is rendered impossible. And when gene duplication stops, cell division in many instances is blocked.

Thus we are led to picture a protoplasmic world in which a single small unit becomes critically important. Deprived of this small unit the gene cannot function, deprived of that gene the chromosomes cannot function, and with the paralysis of the chromosomes the functioning of the cell is halted: growth stops, reproduction ceases, life comes to an end. If life comes to an end with the failure of a gene, may we not reason that life begins with the functioning of the gene?

Of that functioning we know only three results surely: (1) that in the process the gene is exactly duplicated, (2) that the gene occasionally mutates, (3) that genes somehow control and pass along to the developing organism the physical characteristics which distinguish it.

All these functions are manifest only

in groups of genes. Indeed we know genes only as they operate in the closely correlated teamwork of the chromosomes. But suppose a gene should get separated from its fellows? Imagine one of these living molecules adrift in the cell fluid, a wanderer, could it function independently? If so, with what effect?

Several years ago B. M. Duggar, of the University of Wisconsin, speculated on this possibility. Dr. Duggar suggested that a lone gene might be a destructive agent. He pointed to the filterable virus. Might not the virus be simply a gene on the loose?

IV

The virus has been known for more than forty years. It has long been a candidate for recognition as the most elementary living thing, and Duggar's suggestion offers presumptive argument for such rating. But before we accept the argument let us review what is known of the virus. Recent research can help us, for within the twelvemonth an exciting discovery has been made. Wendell M. Stanley is the discoverer.

Dr. Stanley is an organic chemist. Graduate of the University of Illinois, he spent postgraduate years at Illinois working on leprosidal compounds and in Germany as a National Research Council fellow, and in 1931 joined the staff of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York. In 1932 the Institute opened additional laboratories near Princeton, New Jersey, and Stanley went there with definite designs on the virus.

The nature of the virus is one of the key problems of pathology. Such destructive diseases as infantile paralysis, influenza, parrot fever, rabies, "St. Louis" encephalitis or sleeping sickness, yellow fever, and certain types of tumorous growths are propagated by these invisible carriers; therefore virus investigation is a major project for medical research. Pathologists and other biologists have specialized on biological aspects and have turned up many important facts about

the biological behavior of the virus and its response to various agents. Stanley the chemist was asked to specialize on chemical aspects—to find out if he could what a virus is in terms of molecules, and what those molecules are in terms of atoms: how large, how massive, how composed, how reactive?

He chose for his inquiry the oldest known virus, that which causes the tobacco mosaic disease. This is a pestilence dreaded by tobacco growers; for if one plant in a field contracts the disease the infection usually spreads through the entire acreage, stunting the plants, puckering their foliage, and causing the leaves to assume the mottled appearance of a mosaic. Back in 1857, when mosaic disease was first described, it was confused with a plant pock affliction, and not until 1892 did the botanists realize that the two diseases are different. This discovery was made by the Russian investigator Iwanowski, and he startled the practicing bacteriologists of his day by announcing that the juice of infected tobacco-mosaic plants remained infectious after it had passed through a Chamberland filter.

Now a Chamberland filter is a porcelain affair with pores so fine that if a pint of distilled water is placed in the filter many days will elapse before the liquid percolates through, unless strong suction is applied. There was no known bacterium that could get through such minute holes. And yet the agent which communicated the tobacco mosaic disease readily passed. Other experimenters confirmed Iwanowski's findings, and six years later the first filterable carrier of an animal contagion was discovered in the foot-and-mouth disease. Since then scores of afflictions affecting plants, animals, and man have been identified as virus infections. Of all the viruses, tobacco mosaic virus is outstanding in possessing properties which enable it to be worked with easily. Furthermore, it has long been regarded as typical and representative.

On the acres near Princeton Dr. Stanley grew thousands of tobacco plants, in-

fected them with the disease, later ground up the dwarfed, puckering, mottle-leaved plants, pressed them to a pulp, and collected the juices. Somewhere in the gallons was the virus. You couldn't see it, you couldn't accumulate it in a porcelain filter, you couldn't culture it in agar or in any of the soups used to grow bacteria. You knew it was there only by its destructive effect. For if you took a drop of the juice and touched it to a healthy plant, within a few days the leaves showed the unmistakable signs of mosaic. The virus was there. But how to get at it chemically?

The known ingredients of protoplasm may be grouped into five classes: metal salts, carbohydrates, hydrocarbons, lipoids or fatty compounds, and proteins—this last the most complex of all. There are certain enzymes which break up proteins. Protein-splitters, or protein-digesters, they are called. Pepsin for example does precisely that in the stomach, and will do the same in a test tube. What would it do to the virus?

Stanley put some of the infectious tobacco juice in a test tube, poured in pepsin, kept the mixture at the temperature and other conditions favorable for pepsin digestion, and at the end of the experiment tested the solution for infection. It had none. Rubbed on the leaves of healthy tobacco plants it showed no power to transmit the disease. Obviously the pepsin had destroyed its power. But pepsin digests only proteins—it has no effect on lipoids, hydrocarbons, carbohydrates, and salts. From this it seems reasonable to conclude that the virus material is protein.

There are chemicals which precipitate proteins. These were tried on the virulent tobacco juice. Immediately certain substances dropped down as solid precipitates, and it was found that thereafter the juice had no power to infect. But when some of the precipitate was added to neutral liquid the solution immediately became infectious. This plainly said that the disease carrier resided in the protein precipitate, and Stanley now began a

campaign to track the carrier down to its lair.

He dissolved the precipitate in a neutral liquid and added an ammonium compound which has the faculty of edging protein out of solution without changing the protein. A cluster of crystals began to form at the bottom of the test tube—somewhat as sugar crystals form in syrup. But these might not be a single pure stuff, so Stanley sought to refine them. He removed the crystals, dissolved them in a much larger volume of neutral liquid, and with the help again of the ammonium compound brought this more dilute solution to crystallization. His next step repeated the process, but with still greater proportion of the liquid. In this way, by increasing the dilution each time, the chemist carried his material through ten successive fractionations and recrystallizations. One would assume that by now the substance was pure, that all extraneous substance had been separated out, also that all living matter had been eliminated—for we know no plant or animal, no bacterium, no protoplasm, that can undergo crystallization. So the experiment seemed ripe for a supreme test.

Stanley took a pinch of the product of that tenth recrystallization, dissolved it in a neutral fluid more than a hundred million times its bulk, rubbed a drop of the solution on the leaves of a healthy tobacco plant, and awaited the result. Within the usual time the plant showed all signs of an acute case of the mosaic disease.

Surely in the crystals we have the virus. And since, by all rules of chemistry the crystals have been reduced to the pure state and may be accepted as an uncontaminated substance, it seems reasonable to believe that *the crystals are the virus*.

I have watched them through the microscope: a mass of white needlelike structures bristling in every direction. It is not supposed that each needle is a virus. Just as each crystal of sugar is made of numerous molecules of sugar, so it is presumed that each of these needles

is a cluster of many molecules of the protein, and that *each molecule is a single virus*.

Stanley's chemical analysis shows that the virus molecule is composed of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and chlorine. Unlike many other physiologically-active proteins, it contains no sulphur and no phosphorus. Just how many atoms of each element are present and how the atoms are arranged in molecular architecture are details still in process of investigation. But the evidence indicates that the molecules are enormous.

Important additional evidence of this character was recently obtained by Professor Thé Svedberg, at the University of Upsala, Sweden, and by Dr. Ralph Wyckoff, at the Rockefeller Institute, using centrifuges of the ultra type. The apparatus is a whirling machine capable of doing better than one hundred thousand revolutions a minute. If a dime is placed in the ultracentrifuge, and the apparatus is rotated at a certain velocity, the centrifugal force is so great that the dime presses out with an effect equal to the weight of half a ton. The purpose, however, is not to perform trick stunts with dimes, but to separate solid admixtures of colloidal solutions, using a principle long familiar in the dairyman's cream separator. In Svedberg's ultracentrifuge this principle is harnessed to the uttermost degree of control. Under the accelerated fling of centrifugal force generated by the rotating mechanism, solutions in suspension are broken up, each solid constituent is thrown out with a speed proportional to its mass, and by timing the period required for its separation the molecular weight and size of any constituent may be determined. Dr. Stanley sent Dr. Svedberg samples of his crystals, and to the test of this ingenious weighing and measuring machine the substance was subjected.

Svedberg's and Wyckoff's results are yet to be announced in detail, but we can say this. The largest molecule known at present, that of the animal protein haemocyanin (which is the pigment of

earthworm blood), has a molecular weight of about five million. Stanley's crystalline protein has considerably more than that. The molecular diameter (or length) of haemocyanin is twenty-four millimicrons; the corresponding dimension of the crystalline protein seems to be larger.

The tobacco mosaic virus thus provides the chemists, the molecular architects, the microcosmic adventurers, with a perfectly enormous molecule for their exploration: a structure that must consist of hundreds of thousands of atoms, possibly of millions.

Is it alive? Stanley reminds you that it can be crystallized, a purely chemical property. He points to the additional fact that it has not been cultured in a test tube. A few bacteria placed in a nutrient soup will rapidly multiply into uncounted millions, but the crystalline protein shows no growth behavior in a glass vessel, no metabolism, no reproduction.

And yet, observe what happens when it comes in contact with a tobacco plant. Instantly the molecule begins to multiply. An almost imperceptible particle of crystal will infect a plant, and in a few days the disease will spread through a field, producing an amount of virus millions of times that of the original. It exhibits a fecund ability to propagate itself, to extend its occupancy of space and time at the expense of its environment—and is not this a characteristic of living organisms?

Perhaps the virus is a molecule of double personality, alive and yet not alive—animated by its environment when that environment is specific, but passive in any other environment.

V

Stanley's crystalline protein has certain apparent points of correspondence with the gene. The two appear to be of approximately the same order of size. Both are molecules that in certain conditions undergo duplication. Both suspend this reproductive faculty over long

periods without losing the capacity to call it into action when conditions are favorable. The quiescence of the genes in an unfertilized egg or in the cells of a resting seed, and the inactivity of the virus when stored in a bottle, are examples of the last-mentioned characteristic.

There is still another parallel. The gene, as we know, is sometimes unstable. Stanley has found a somewhat similar behavior in his crystalline protein. The common form of its disease is known as "tobacco" mosaic, and produces a green mottling of leaves. Recently there was discovered another strain of the disease which has been named "masked," and a still more virulent form known as "acuba" which shows a yellow mottling. The crystals of acuba strain are larger than those of the others, their solubility is different, they vary in other chemical characteristics. All this suggests that the molecule in each case is different from that of the others. And yet, experiment shows that ordinary tobacco strain may be suddenly changed to a masked strain of virus, and it in turn to a yellow acubalike strain—a curious suggestion of the mutation of unstable genes.

Oscar Riddle, of the Department of Genetics of Carnegie Institution of Washington, noting some of these parallels, is inclined to believe that in one respect the gene represents a higher order of organization than the virus. He points to the teamwork of the genes in the chromosomes as apparently an essential relationship. All the evidence goes to show that the gene must be in association with its fellow-genes in order to duplicate, and Dr. Riddle doubts if a gene alone can perform any function. Indeed he questions if an isolated gene can be called alive—which is precisely what Stanley questions of his crystalline protein.

But how "live" is alive?

There is a bacterium known as azotobacter, an organism nearly as large as a yeast cell. It lives in the soil, it breathes, it takes in food from its environment, it grows and multiplies—all authorities

agree that azotobacter is alive. Indeed it possesses a remarkable faculty which the majority of other species of living organisms lack—the faculty of nitrogen-fixation. The azotobacter is continually taking free nitrogen from the air and, by combining it with certain organic matter absorbed from the soil, it is making ammonia, fabricating that into amino acids, and out of the acids building protein. This faculty is indispensable to life as we know it, for without protein it seems impossible to have protoplasm. There is a temptation to think that the ability to form proteins is a test of life.

Recently, at the Academy of Sciences in Moscow, three Russian chemists collaborated in a series of experiments with azotobacter. A. N. Bach, Z. V. Yermolieva, and M. P. Stepanian were the experimenters. They cultured a pure group of the bacteria in a glass vessel, feeding them sugar, and obtained a small output of ammonia. Then the chemists took the teeming microbes, crushed them, ground them, and pressed out all the juices. This bacterial fluid could be filtered free of any trace of cell matter. Then to the clear filtrate the Russians added sugar and bubbled a mixture of nitrogen gas and oxygen gas into the liquid. According to their report, the filtrate produced ammonia. Something in the lifeless juice was doing what the living bacteria had performed as their unique function.

Professor Bach and his associates explain that the nitrogen fixation in the living azotobacter is accomplished by an enzyme. They infer that the crushing and filtration procedure separates out this organic catalyst which their experiments indicate is just as potent to perform the synthesis in a test tube as in the living creatures. Indeed, they claim it is more effective in the test tube, and cite records which indicate that the yield of ammonia from the filtrate is fifty times greater than that from the living bacteria when fed an equivalent amount of sugar. This very striking difference is explained on the supposition that the liv-

ing organisms consume much of the sugar to sustain their own growth and other vital processes, whereas the free enzymes in the filtrate are "mere" chemicals with no vitalistic burdens or obligations—so they stick to business and turn out a maximum production.

Dean Burk, chemist at the United States Department of Agriculture, visited the Moscow laboratory last winter, spent several weeks in consultation with the Russian investigators, and Dr. Burk is now repeating the azotobacter experiments in Washington. His results will be awaited with keen interest. Confirmation by an outside laboratory of the Moscow findings would mean another step into the dim borderland between the living and the non-living.

Perhaps the nearest we can come to a definition is to say that life is a stage in the organization of matter. The ascent of life, from azotobacter to man, is a hierarchy of organizations continually becoming more complex and more versatile. And so with the ascent of matter, from the single electron to the enormously numerous colony of electrical particles which make up the simplest living cell—it too is a hierarchy of continually increasing complexity, of organization.

Electrons, protons, and neutrons join to form atoms—but their organization is too primitive to permit any behavior recognizable as life. The atoms join to form molecules of simple compounds—water, salts, carbon oxides—but again the

grouping is too limited to operate in ways that class as animate. From these simple molecules more complicated ones are synthesized in nature's unrelenting crucible—sugars and other carbohydrates, fats and more intricate hydrocarbons. And somehow, in the melee, atoms get joined together in the distinctive patterns known as catalysts, of which the enzymes are a special class. The primitive catalysts may fabricate the first amino acids. Out of these essential acids they build the first proteins, simple ones at first. Proteins associate with other proteins, eventually they join as sub-groupings of larger molecules to form what we imagine to be the first genes, chains of the giant molecules link up as chromosomes, specialization develops, co-ordination evolves, the ability to duplicate, to divide, to multiply, to enter into a dynamic equilibrium of continually moving material and forces—life!

Just where life first appears in this sequence is beyond charting. But perhaps it is not far wrong to think of the turning point as being reached with the emergence of the protein-building catalyst. The gene may be the most primitive living unit. The virus may be the most primitive predator on life. But the presumption is strong that neither of these organizations antedates the selective, assembling, organizing presence of the enzyme. The enzyme may not be life, but it is the precursor of life. And wherever it becomes active may be the place where life begins.



COTSWOLD HONEY

A STORY

BY FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

THE taxicab, which had been held up in Bayswater by a series of those impediments which are only encountered by people who have no time to spare, slid down the incline of the Paddington Station "departure"-side and pulled up with a jolt that nearly threw its one passenger, who was straining forward as though he thought this attitude would get him there sooner, into the glass partition. The clock in the gable pointed to four forty-four. Only one minute to go!

Mr. Hopkins, who had been keeping his eye on his watch and on the taximeter, methodically adding each three-pence as the figure appeared in the slot, to the sum he held ready in his hand, threw open the door, flung his suitcase to a running porter, and crammed the fare into the taximan's glove as he dismounted.

"Where to, sir?" the porter asked.

"Chadminster," he gasped. "The four-forty-five."

"Then you'll have to look lively, sir. There's no time to get your ticket. Number One Platform. First or third?"

"First smoker."

"Keep close to me, sir. We may just about do it."

The wooden platform, thunderous with echoing feet, was swept by two streams of people moving right and left. The porter, accustomed to this sort of navigation, butted his way through. Mr. Hopkins, less used to crowds, floundered after him like a feeble swimmer caught in a double current. Before they reached

the edge of the platform the engine-whistle shrieked; an inspector cried "Stand back, please"; the train started to move. Already the porter had pulled open the last carriage-door and thrown in the suitcase. Mr. Hopkins scrambled in after it and, fumbling for coins, threw him a florin. The man grinned and touched his cap. This was money for jam!

The train gathered speed. Mr. Hopkins leaned back in the seat and breathed heavily. The exertion, to which he was unaccustomed, had tried him, and it took him several minutes to recover his breath. When he did so his eye caught in the morning paper he had mechanically unfolded a florid advertisement addressed to men over forty, expatiating on the perils of high blood-pressure. This warning disturbed him; for the middle-aged gentleman depicted gasping for breath with his hand on his heart was not, when he came to look at the picture, unlike himself. Palpitation, giddiness, shortness of breath. At this moment every one of the symptoms was applicable and sinister. He thought: "I'll make a note of the name of this stuff and get some."

Since his retirement, six months ago, he had rather been given to worrying about his health. A man cannot spend thirty years in the tropics—particularly in such an unhealthy region as Koboland which, if it isn't exactly the White Man's Grave, is the next worst thing—without emerging from them rather the worse for wear from

their routine of quinine interspersed with bouts of fever. When he had been engrossed in his administrative labors among the Wakobo, the savages in whose country he had worked as District and then as Provincial Commissioner for all those years, he had not had much time to think about such things as health. He had found a vocation—not one that had led to any spectacular fame or success, but still a vocation—and a reputation of sorts as the first living authority on that unsavory people's language and morals and customs while now, automatically retired in what men of his age called "the prime of life" on a meager pension, he had no prospect left so far as he could discover but that of writing a volume of monotonous experiences and ethnological researches which would probably never be published and, if published, never would be read by anybody.

He had been conscious of this the moment he landed at Tilbury. On the homeward-bound ship, among his African colleagues and their wives, going home on leave, he had still been "somebody." A provincial commissioner, even from Koboland, was a bit of a toff. But no sooner had the dank air of that greasy quay received him, no sooner had he surrendered his innocent baggage to the scrutiny of a suspicious customs-officer, than he realized that Gilbert Sylvester-Hopkins Esq., C.M.G., had abruptly become a person of no importance. The same humiliating sense of his own unimportance—that bathos which betrays even such splendid creatures as governors, who are used to being addressed as "Your Excellency" and making their entrances to "God save the King"—had pursued and depressed him during his stay in London. This return had none of the enchanting freedom of his previous visits to England on leave when, his outward passage booked and his salary assured at the end of it, he had been able to make a splash and live carelessly at the rate of a fellow with money to burn on a holiday. Now his income was less than that of a moderately successful professional

man. It would be as much as he could do to make two ends meet on it. Every penny counted. When he came to think of it, he realized that he had not even the right to be traveling first-class—much less to go tipping porters at the rate of two bob a minute. The thought of that recklessly wasted florin haunted him as much as that of his purely hypothetical blood-pressure.

And that wasn't all. The England to which he had looked forward as the reward of his services was not merely grudging of recognizing them and prodigiously, frighteningly expensive; it was also depressingly unlike the England of a tropical exile's dream. Again and again, in his steamy solitude, he has wistfully pined for her. Often, beneath his mosquito net, he had thought of (and even repeated to himself) that poem of Browning's about being in England now that April was there, about the brushwood sheaf round the elm-tree's bole and the chaffinch singing on the orchard bough. Well, here he was in England, in April, and it rained every day; and the West-end pavements were slimed with black grease and the great red buses spat-tered him with their mud, and not even in the parks, where there were neither elms in tiny leaf nor chaffinches but only leprous plane trees and hungry sparrows, could one breathe the authentic air of the kind of spring on which he had set his mind. Seedy men walked through them, muffled to the neck, carrying furled or erected umbrellas; and Mr. Hopkins bitterly wondered how many of them were disgruntled Empire-builders with C.M.G.'s to their names like himself, or even K.'s.

The thing that got most on his nerves in this English April was the paucity of light. The climate had obviously changed since the days of his boyhood—even since his last leave; for he remembered his schooldays and even those holidays as having been full of sun: not the splendid suns of Koboland, soaring out of the gray-green bush with a superb and joyful gesture of mightiness and drench-

ing the early morning world in floods of gold, but pleasant, moderate, neighborly suns, somewhat reserved maybe (like the English character), but admirably adapted for the gentle warming and illumination of river parties and cricket fields, and hot enough, on occasion, to tempt one (provided one's blood were not thinned by malaria) to bathe. But this April, even when the pale sun shone, there was not a vestige of heat in the air; and the people who sat out on green chairs in the parks, smiling and seeming to bask in it, filled Mr. Hopkins' shivering soul with annoyance: they were just showing off, he felt, like those objectionable skinny old men who plunge into the Serpentine before breakfast on Christmas morning.

And he was mortally lonely. He had never had any relatives to speak of; and those for whom he had felt any kindness were either dead or living in distant country-houses to which, when he announced himself, they invited him in terms not suggestive of ardent enthusiasm. Their letters were as mistily chilly as April. There was a world of difference, it seemed, between a relation home from the wilds on fairly short leave with plenty of money to spend and one who proposed to end his days in England on a smallish pension, and was no longer able to entertain them and give them a good time when they dashed up to London. As for friends, he had hardly any left after twenty-five years; and those few who remained seemed even more distant to him than the easy acquaintance he had picked up on the boat and who now, that artificial intimacy relaxed, were dispersed and no more inclined to substantiate their promises of eternal friendship than Mr. Hopkins himself.

That was why, in a fit of unusual gloom imposed by the frigidity of his club, in which, though he had belonged to it for twenty years, the porter regarded him with suspicion and asked what he wanted there, he had sent out an almost literal S.O.S. to a Koboland colleague, rather senior to himself, who had retired from

the service a couple of years before him and had settled in the Cathedral city of Chadminster in the Western Midlands. If they had little else in common, he thought, they could at least exchange nostalgic memories of malaria, black-water, sleeping-sickness, and dysentery, and the events of the native rising in nineteen-sixteen, and grumble as they took walks together about the English climate and the Colonial Office. His friend, if that were the proper way to describe him, had replied on a laconic post card inviting him to run down to Chadminster for a short week-end, which was better than nothing, though not very much, and had suggested a train. Neither he nor his wife, he had added, was in very good form at the moment; at the moment of writing both of them suspected colds. There was nothing extraordinary in that, Mr. Hopkins thought; as far as he could see everybody in England either had a cold or was getting over one or just on the point of having one.

In spite of this rather discouraging prospect, Mr. Hopkins was thankful to feel that, at last, he had shaken the mud of this huge, inhospitable London from his cold feet. It had been a mistake, he told himself, to stay there so long; for he was, after all, country-bred and unused to cities. All the richest memories of his youth were set against an English country background: the vicarage in which (following the example of most provincial commissioners in Koboland) he had been born and spent his childhood; the surroundings of his not very important public school; even Oxford itself—undistracted then by the making or breaking of motor vehicles—had worn, in his time, the air of a tree-shaded city surrounded and interpenetrated by green fields.

Yes, Oxford . . . Of course. Until this moment—the train was now whirling through Slough with the tower of Windsor Castle on his left—it had not occurred to him that this Chadminster express must actually pass through Oxford and

would probably stop there. Not that the idea of revisiting Oxford attracted him now. During his last leave, when he had still been able to flatter himself that he was in the running for a Chief Secretaryship, he had "run down" to have a look at his old college, and the visit had not been a success. He had been charitably invited, it was true, to dinner at the high table by a don whom, as a contemporary, he had always disliked; but the familiar stones were too full of the ghosts of dead ambitions to tempt him again. There was, in fact, only one of his undergraduate memories on which he could brood with any satisfaction; and this was connected not with Oxford itself but with a village lost amid the lower folds of the Cotswolds some miles away to the west of it. That memory, which had never quite left him even in the recesses of Koboland, returned to him now with a pleasant poignancy and continued with him, even more poignantly, when the train had left Oxford.

This was partly, no doubt, the effect of the April air which, now that the train had escaped from the London haze, was as limpid as April air should be. The sun had come out; the water-meadows shone green; here and there the bare hedgerows were sprayed with sloe-blossom. The whole landscape through which he was carried assumed an air of invincible youth and of hope, so persuasive that Mr. Hopkins, forgetting his arteries, permitted himself to dream.

It was a dream of first love—the only love, as he told himself, that really mattered; since his later essays in that adventurous pastime had not been satisfactory. He saw himself, again, in his last term at Oxford, cycling west in the company of an acquaintance named Dick Martin, who had invited him to spend Saturday night and Sunday at his home in a village called Westbury-under-Wychwood. He had accepted the invitation not so much because he liked Martin, who wasn't exactly in "his set," as because he was at a loose end and the April air tempted him. They had set out at mid-

day and lunched on bread and double-Gloucester cheese and beer at a pub near Woodstock. It had been nearly teatime when they arrived at Westbury, a village of tawny gray cottages nestling in a dip in the wolds on either side of a gin-clear tributary of Windrush. Mr. Hopkins remembered how at the crown of the road they had dismounted and looked down on the village and how, of a sudden (for he had been dreadfully shy, even in those days) he had wished in spite of its beauty he could find courage to invent some lie about a forgotten appointment and turn back to Oxford. But his cowardice was greater than his shyness; he could find no excuse; and this fellow Martin, who seemed much nicer than he had imagined, was so pathetically transported by the sight of his home that it seemed mean to damp his enthusiasm.

"We'll slip down very quietly," he said, "and give them a surprise."

"What? They don't know we're coming? They're not expecting me?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter a bit," Martin laughed. "It's all the more fun. In any case there's nobody there but Mother and Lucy."

They coasted silently down the winding hillside road. At the bottom, where the stream flowed, stood an Inn called the Coach and Horses, and a string of stone cottages standing back from the water and separated from the road by a pellucid leat, or feeder. They pushed their bicycles up a flagged path bordered by pallid daffodils to the porch of a low house with stone-mullioned windows that was larger than the rest. Martin knocked at the door and called "Mother!"

A woman appeared in the passage. She was dressed in black; her hair was silvery-gray, and her eyes, beneath brows that still were dark, had tawny lights in them like the bottom of a Cotswold brook. It was the most serene face, Gilbert Hopkins thought, he had ever seen, oddly young and soft in spite of the lines on it and full of a patient sweetness. When she saw her son her face was transfigured with joy.

"Why, Dick," she said quietly. "I never expected you."

"Of course you didn't, darling. I took good care of that. This is Mr. Hopkins. You'd much better call him Gilbert. He's come for the night. Where's Lucy?"

"She's gone to see old Mrs. Crump. She'll be back for tea."

That was how the visit began. Today, in the train slowly penetrating the rising Cotswold, its details came back to him more clearly than for many years. This lucidity of the past, no doubt, was a sign of old age (or hardened arteries), though it was also sharpened by the landscape's suggestions; for the railway ran roughly parallel, he guessed, with the road he and his friend had traversed, and the season, as well as the character of the country, were the same.

As he sat there, above the rumbling wheels of the last coach which swayed as the train took its corners, he remembered vividly how Dick Martin had taken him upstairs to a low-ceiled, lavender-perfumed room with two beds in it where they were to sleep; how they had "looked round" the tiny garden, discovering violets and primroses, and strolled to a bridge in the middle of the village to watch shadowy trout in the stream; how they had laughed and talked about Oxford, in an intimacy heightened by distance, and had come back hungry to tea in the one big living room, with a wood-fire flaring in the ingle, from whose shadowy interior, although it was still day outside, the stone mullions of the low windows and the black oak furniture stole most of the light.

Apart from its welcoming air of modest gentility, the whole "feeling" of that room was extraordinarily gracious, as a result, no doubt, of Mrs. Martin's serene presence. Up till then Gilbert Hopkins had had little to do with women. His own mother had died when he was a school boy and he had no sisters. There was a gentleness, a sense of security, in this kind of life that made him vaguely

happy, yet vaguely homesick. There was nobody in the world, he thought, with whom he could talk and in whose presence he could expand as Dick Martin did with his mother. This was an experience he had missed and now desired and envied. A kettle sang on the hob beside the embers; a spaniel, whose name was Nell, lay sprawled before them; a black cat rubbed itself friendlily against his shins. The very silence of that room had a friendly quality.

They were half way through their leisurely tea and the dim room had nearly darkened when his friend's sister, Lucy, returned. She entered the house so quietly that Gilbert Hopkins did not hear her coming. He looked up at the sound of an opening door and saw her standing there, doubtfully examining the unexpected visitors. Like her mother, she was dressed from head to foot in black (they were still in deep mourning for Dick's father) and the light of the wood-fire, illuminating only her face, gave it an unusual pallor. She was a tall, slim, golden-skinned girl, with hair nearer pale amber than gold and black eyebrows, like her mother's but heavier, above the same warm hazel eyes. She had her mother's soft voice and an even greater lightness of movement that was part of her youth. When her hand met his Gilbert Hopkins thought he had never touched anything so soft and so cool. When she sat down on a hassock at her mother's feet in front of the fire its flame seemed to transfuse her; her body was all warm light.

"Oh, how that old woman does talk!" she said, "and how hungry I am! Why, Mother, you've never given these poor boys any Cotswold honey. You know Dick loves it, and I'm sure Mr. Hopkins would like some."

Cotswold honey. . . . That, oddly enough, had been throughout all the years intervening their symbol, their leit-motif, the key that unlocked this chamber of memory. All the attributes of this ambrosia—its sweetness, its aroma, which was fresh and delicate, being prin-

cipally distilled from the essences of white clover; its hue, which if it wasn't exactly that of Lucy Martin's hair, represented, in his mind, the delicate color of her personality—reminded him, whenever he thought of them afterward, of that girl and that spring.

For that brief week-end of course was only the rapturous prelude to many others. Until then he had failed to realize what a charming fellow Dick Martin was. No doubt he found in Dick Martin's looks and his voice reflections and echoes of Lucy's, and so sought his company as a sort of vicarious solace. Though apart from their identical academic ambitions, the two boys had little in common, Gilbert Hopkins, once having set foot in the house at Westbury, meant to go there as often as he could, and succeeded in doing so. All that spring, all that summer, for five enchanted months, they cycled there every week-end; no such halcyon seasons had ever existed before or ever come since. Under cloudless skies they watched the hedgerows break and burgeon and blossom and the great trees shake out their leaves. They heard the cuckoo when first he came and when his note cracked. They saw the white clover dust the verges with ivory and then fade. They lounged in the garden or went for exhilarating walks over the hedgeless roads of the upland or through its watery valleys. On hot still nights they waited in a hushed silence to hear the nightingale. Every moment in those two sweet seasons was saturated and made magical by the enchantment of Lucy's presence. And at teatime, whatever else there might be, there was always pale Cotswold honey.

The odd thing about the whole business was that he never made love to Lucy; though, indeed, perhaps it was not so odd as one might think; for not only was the young man abnormally shy and made dumb by sheer rapture, but also there was in the nature of this adoration an almost religious strain, not uncommon in first love, which made him feel that the least admission of anything so common as

physical passion—though, heaven knows, he felt it—was a smirch on the ideal, unearthly purity of the creature he worshipped. There was even, as in most religions, a virtue and a mystical satisfaction in abnegation. Added to this, there was in his mind a certain diffidence: the consciousness of his youth (he was not twenty-one and young for his years) and of his doubtful financial position which entirely depended on his success in entering the colonial service and, even if he succeeded, would not permit him to marry for five or six years. And again, when he saw Mrs. Martin whom, in a different fashion, he adored almost equally, so dependent in her recent widowed loneliness on Lucy's company, he shrank from the thought of invading this precious relationship and taking her daughter away from her. So, though he supposed Lucy knew that he was in love with her, his love never passed beyond the stage of obvious mute adoration, which, no doubt, was extremely puzzling to the poor child and her mother as well.

And when at the end of the summer he took his degree (which was a brilliant one, for he expressed himself better on paper) and left Oxford to cram for the Service Examination, in which he did equally well, there came, as it were, a lapse in continuity. From the distance of London the village seemed terribly remote, and his head was so full of his new career's ambitions and the business of assembling his tropical kit, that when his orders to embark for Koboland came at short notice, there simply wasn't time to "run down" to Westbury. He decided indeed, before he sailed, to write Lucy Martin a letter in which, with considered eloquence, he would express the multitudinous things he had meant—but not managed—to say. Yet when he sat down to it, once more that odd, diffident streak in his nature obstinately intervened. Would it be fair, he asked himself, to demand that this exquisite creature should tie herself blindly to a man who had never courted her and was going to be

more than four thousand miles away for at least five years? So the letter he wrote at last turned out to be a final good-by, thanking the family for all their kindness and addressed rather more to the mother than to the daughter.

During the next month, on board ship, he learned a lot more about women. His willing instructress was a Koboland civil servant's wife who had been sent home for reasons of health and was now reluctantly returning. She was a pretty, thin, hungry woman, ten years older than Gilbert but a good deal younger than her husband, and desperately determined to make hay while the sun shone. It shone all the way from the Straits of Gibraltar to Pembeni, and in the space of three weeks she had completed the young man's education to her own satisfaction and left him no less shy but confused and rather ashamed of himself. He never, in fact, quite got over this violent experience; for though in the course of his service he was involved in more than one of those ugly, unromantic affairs which crop up like swift-growing obnoxious tropical weeds from the steamy soil of Koboland, his attitude toward women was ever afterward tinged with distrust and cynicism. Women frightened him; and though sometimes, in moments of loneliness, his thoughts returned to the Cotswold village and his first, ideal romance, it was with sentimental regret for something lost irretrievably rather than with any desire to pick up the threads of April gossamer and to persuade himself that the miracle could be repeated. Little by little the memory grew vaguer and less substantial. By the time that he came to retire, it had no more substance than a ghost.

Yet to-day that ghost of a memory had a strange actuality which grew sharper and more provocative as the train climbed onward past landmarks which he remembered as part of the setting of that unique experience. There, leafless as yet, but distinct against the soft sky, rose the hill-top clump of beeches that he knew looked down upon Westbury. He watched its

outline change, as the train ran on, with a wistfulness that filled his heart with a strange disquiet, for it reminded him of the hopes of youth and told him that the career which had once seemed so full of promise was over and the promise unfulfilled; that he was a middle-aged man, with the best of his life behind him, and that its best had been none too good. Such reflections were better suppressed. "In a moment," he thought, "we shall pass through Wychwood station and then, thank heaven, the engine will gather speed and leave the last of these disquieting memories behind."

But the engine did not gather speed as he had expected. On the contrary, as they approached the familiar platform he was conscious not only of the fact that it was slowing down but also of a certain unfamiliar smoothness in its progress. When, puzzled by this, he poked his head out of the window, he saw that the train had apparently broken in two and that the forward portion of it was gaily steaming away and leaving his coach behind. It ran on like a coasting bicycle. Just outside the station it nearly came to a stop, and a group of railwaymen took charge of it, guiding it into a cattle-siding, where it finally came to rest. The doors of the compartments in front of him opened, and from them emerged a considerable company of men in black clothes and women with pinched, set faces, obviously in mourning. Mr. Hopkins, with growing anxiety, hailed a porter.

"I'm going to Chadminster," he said, "and the train seems to have gone on."

The man stared at him. "Chadminster? Well, you can't get to Chadminster this evening, sir," he said. "There's no other down-train stops here till to-morrow morning. You see, what you done, you must have got into the slip-coach that's been put on for the funeral. These ladies and gentlemen here are the funeral party, and the corpse is in the goods-van behind."

"But I want . . ."

"I'm sorry, sir. I'll attend to you in a

moment when we've got out the coffin."

Mr. Hopkins watched the funeral party assemble and drive away. Then he tackled the stationmaster, who was no more encouraging than the porter. There was definitely no other train to Chadminster that evening. He was sorry, but there it was. Of course, if the gentleman liked to hire a motor car in the village and drive on, or drive back to Oxford . . . "

"If I stay here to-night," Mr. Hopkins said, "is there anywhere I can sleep?"

"Nowhere nearer than Westbury. That's only a matter of two miles, sir, the other side of the hill. If you like to go there the porter can carry your bag when he goes off duty. He lives in the village. Mr. Morris, at the Coach and Horses, will make you quite comfortable."

"I must telephone to my host in Chadminster. You see he's expecting me."

"Then you'd better go to the Post Office, sir. I'm sorry you're landed like this. But if you hadn't happened to get into the slip-coach . . . "

"I know, I know," Mr. Hopkins answered impatiently. "I suppose I shall have to do what you suggest. The porter had better carry my bag to the Coach and Horses."

It was typical, he reflected, of the way in which Fate played tricks with one that he should have been arbitrarily brought to the one place on earth that was capable of disturbing his established composure. As he climbed the long slope Mr. Hopkins felt deeply aggrieved; yet when from the crest he looked down on the Westbury valley another emotion affected him even more deeply. The village seemed to be just as it had been; not a stone was changed. When he dropped down into its green quietude his heart fluttered ominously; he felt more like a ghost than his solid, everyday self. First he went to the Inn and booked his bed for the night. Then, still conscious of an odd unsubstantiality, he made his way to the Post Office and rang up his friend in Chadminster, apologizing for

his defection and explaining the circumstances.

An irritable and hoarse voice answered him. His host was only too thankful to get in touch with him. Only that morning he had tried to get hold of him in London and failed. He couldn't have met him anyway; for both he and his wife were down and had gone to bed with this cursed English influenza. It would be much better, he said, to call the visit to Chadminster off, and to arrange another next month when the weather was more settled. If he liked to propose himself later . . . "

Mr. Hopkins rang off. Even in this, it seemed to him, he was no longer a free agent. He returned to the Inn—there was nothing else to be done. A shower passed and spangled the still air with glistening raindrops. Birds sang and the wet earth exhaled an odor that pierced the heart with bitter-sweet reminiscence. He sat down to a late high-tea in Mr. Morris's musty best-room. The man was communicative; at this season (or any, for that matter) visitors were rare. He watched Mr. Hopkins eating his fried eggs and home-cured ham, talking all the time, and when he had finished them, produced a tall jar:

"My wife says you ought to taste our Cotswold honey, sir, if you've never tried it. All the gentlemen that come here think the world of it. It's the white clover, they say, that makes it so tasty."

"I know it quite well. I've been here before," Mr. Hopkins said.

"Fancy that, now! And here have I been taking you for a stranger! Now when might that have been, sir?"

It was, Mr. Hopkins said, a long time ago. Thirty years.

"Ah, well, that's before my time, sir; but I reckon the bees won't have changed. Thirty years. Well, well! So you used to stay here then?"

"No . . . I stayed with people called Martin."

"Well, only to think of that! They still live here of course, sir. That is to say, Miss Martin's here. Mrs. Martin,

she died just about five years ago. If you'd like me to send a message to say that you're here, it's as easy as winking. The Old Vicarage, that's where Miss Lucy—I should say Miss Martin—lives. It's only just down the road."

"No, you needn't do that," Mr. Hopkins said hurriedly. "I'll stroll round there later." He added, "Perhaps . . ."

There was of course no "perhaps" about it. From the moment when the slip-coach deposited him, incongruously mixed with the funeral party, on the platform at Wychwood he had realized that his movements were no longer quite under his own control. He found it none the less difficult to nerve himself for the next step in his obligatory task. For years he had shrunk from the least threat of emotional disturbance, and this encounter promised to be more shattering to the emotions than any he had ever faced. There was nothing in it, after all, he assured himself, that need really embarrass him; he was merely, more out of duty than inclination, about to renew his acquaintance with an old friend. They would talk of old times—times so old as to have lost the power of moving either of them; and when the polite conversation was ended and the proper inquiries made, he would take his hat and shake hands and return to the Inn—in a mood faintly sentimental perhaps, but otherwise matter-of-fact and entirely composed.

That was all very well in theory. In fact, as he left the Inn and moved, in faint starlight, down the remembered road his legs trembled slightly and his heart beat faster than usual. When he reached the gate, his mind was divided between an intense, breathless curiosity and the desire to turn back. But he knew there was no going back. Whatever awaited him, he had to go through with it.

He could have found his way blindfold, the narrow flagged path was so familiar to his steps. On either side, in the starlight, he saw the spikes of

daffodil-leaves and their pallid trumpets. He approached the porch and knocked at the door; and as he did so he was aware that the whole progression of action and movement was an uncanny repetition of something that had happened before on the very first day he had ever visited that house; and now, as if to accentuate the precise similarity, he saw as the door opened inward not the slim figure whose delicate enchantments he had always carried in his mind, but a woman, whom, if the landlord had not assured him she had been dead these five years, he would certainly have mistaken for Mrs. Martin. She was dressed in black. Her hair was a silvery-gray beneath brows that still were dark; and though he could not see the color of her eyes, he knew they had tawny lights in them, like the bed of a Cotswold brook. The serene face, full of a patient sweetness, gazed at him doubtfully in silence. He said:

"Miss Martin . . . I happened to be in the neighborhood, so I thought I'd like to call on you. Of course I can't expect you to remember me. I'm Gilbert Hopkins."

"Gilbert Hopkins? How strange! I was thinking of you only yesterday. Please come in."

He thanked her and followed her. The room was exactly the same. A wood-fire flickered on the inglenook; a spaniel lay curled on the hearth-rug; a black cat passed like a shadow behind the chair to which she pointed him, and, in front of the other, stood a table and a tray laid with tea-things.

"I was just having my supper and tea together," she said. "I came in late from seeing one of mother's old ladies. Won't you join me? I remember you used to like our white clover honey."

He told her he had just taken supper at the Inn and explained the odd mischance that had brought him to Westbury.

"And if that hadn't happened," she said, "you would never have come here. How strange life is!" She surveyed him serenely. "You haven't changed much,

Gilbert. If it had been light, I think I should have known you."

He couldn't, honestly, return the compliment. All the time, as he sat there trying hard to recapture the immutable vision, he could not persuade himself that this woman was Lucy, that she wasn't, in fact, Mrs. Martin. He told her how like her mother she was.

"Yes, I suppose I am. I like to think so," she said. "I must be just about the age mother was when first you came here." She sighed. "That's a long time ago. More than twenty-five years."

"Nearer thirty," he said. "It's incredible, isn't it?"

So they went on talking together while she finished her supper. She was not, it appeared, in the least embarrassed. He almost wished that she were. It seemed unnatural that the air between them should be stirred by no waves of emotion. But it wasn't in the least. They just sat there quietly talking over old times and what had happened in the village during the last thirty years (which, it appeared, was next to nothing), and how Dick Martin had got on (or rather not got on) in the world, and what his wife and his children were like and what sort of a house they lived in somewhere in Dorset. The room seemed as familiar as if he had left it only the night before. It was all extremely peaceful and blandly domestic. The spaniel snored and growled at other dogs in his dreams, and the black cat came and rubbed its back against Mr. Hopkins' shins just as its grandmother in the ninetieth generation had done thirty years before. And all the time the thing that troubled him was that he felt as though he were talking not to Lucy, that exquisite golden or amber thing of his memory, but to her mother. He couldn't get this impression out of his mind. When at half-past nine he knocked out his pipe on the identical spot in the fireplace where he had knocked it out when he was an undergraduate it seemed to him almost ridiculous that he should be leaving the house to sleep at the Inn.

Lucy preceded him as far as the door to light the path with a flashlamp. They stood on the threshold where dozens of times he had wondered if he could summon up courage to kiss her. But the idea of kissing Mrs. Martin had never occurred to him; and when Lucy now shook hands with him, wished him good-night, the fingers that lay in his, though cool and soft, were not the soft, cool fingers whose touch had once thrilled him. She said calmly:

"I'm so glad you got into that slip-coach, Gilbert. I suppose it'll be another thirty years before I see you again."

There was no mockery in her voice, yet her casual tone hurt him.

"I should like to see you again to-morrow," he said, "if I may."

"But I thought you said you were going back to London?"

"I think I'll stay at the Coach and Horses a day or two longer . . . if you'll let me," he said.

"If I'll let you . . . ?"

"Good-night," Mr. Hopkins said hurriedly. "Good-night."

"If you'll come to tea," she called after him, "you shall have some of your favorite honey."

He stayed at the Coach and Horses exactly three weeks. Every afternoon, at five o'clock precisely, he walked up the path where the daffodils faded and shrivelled, and knocked at the door. Every evening they sat in the firelight and talked. As time went on they talked less. It seemed as if they really had nothing left to talk about. During all this time, in his lonely walks through the Cotswold lanes and in the watches of the night when he woke—for he was sleeping badly—Mr. Hopkins' mind was fiercely debating the question: should he or shouldn't he? Of one thing he was certain now. He wasn't in the least in love with Lucy Martin—or rather with Lucy Martin's mother, for that was what it came to. He wasn't even sure that they hadn't disastrously come to the end of each other; that they had anything in

common in fact but a store of memories some of which were much better forgotten. And yet . . . And yet the fact remained that nowhere else, since the day when he landed in England, had he felt so completely at home, so free from the feeling of being a spiritual alien, as by that familiar fireside and in her company. At the end of the third week he managed to make up his mind. As they sat in the firelight he suddenly asked her to marry him.

For a moment or two she was silent. That didn't perturb him in the least. This serene composure in such an unusual situation was just what he might have expected of her—or at least of her mother. This was the sort of wife, he thought, that a middle-aged man ought to have. Yet as Mr. Hopkins waited for the complaisant answer which, he felt, was going to give him a comfortable home, quiet company, and complete emotional security for the rest of his life, he became uneasily aware of the gathering in the dark space between them of an atmosphere charged as it were with a high potential of feeling. The silence was like that which precedes a crackle of dry lightning; and her voice when she spoke was not the comfortable voice whose tones he had found so soothing during the last three weeks, but harsh and intense. Strangely too, it was no longer the voice of Mrs. Martin, but that of the girl he had loved thirty years ago.

"You have waited rather a long time to say this, haven't you?" she said.

"Well, at my age one isn't exactly impulsive, Lucy," he said. "After all, it's only three weeks . . ."

"Three weeks?" she broke in with bitter scorn. "Three weeks? You're mistaken. It's nearly thirty years!"

Mr. Hopkins shuffled uneasily. "Well of course if you like raking up the past . . ."

"I don't like it," she said. "It hurts me too much. But I'm going to do it. You came here thirty years ago with Dick and you fell in love with me."

"A . . . a boyish attachment . . ."

"Please don't interrupt me, Gilbert. You know that you fell in love with me as well as I do. And that wouldn't have mattered if you hadn't made *me* fall in love with you too."

Mr. Hopkins gasped. "If I'd even imagined . . ."

"You didn't. Imagination wasn't your strong point, Gilbert. If you'd a shred of imagination to-day you would have realized that you couldn't come down here like this and ask a woman whose whole life you had broken to marry you just to suit your convenience. I was in love with you—in real, devastating love, not your kind of love—for fifteen years. When you went away without speaking it nearly killed me. But that didn't stop my loving you. You meant everything to me. I was fool enough—mad enough, if you like—to go on believing and trusting that you had something in your mind that I didn't understand but ought not, because we loved each other so much, to question. I went on believing that you would come back. But you didn't come back. And one day—I suppose it was just about fifteen years ago—I suddenly woke up and came to myself as they say. Yes, I got up one morning and looked in the glass and saw not the gentle soft girl I'd imagined myself to be all those years but a hard, dry woman of thirty-five; and from that moment I knew that I had wasted the best part of my life, thrown away the last chance of all the things that count most in a woman's life—a home, companionship, children—for the sake of a childish dream and my romantic idea of a man who really meant nothing to me whatever. Then, if you want to know the truth, I began to hate you. I tore out of my life every single thing that reminded me of you. If I look hard, I thought, I'm going to be harder than I look. I went on hating you bitterly for another ten years. But ten years is a long time to go on hating . . . or loving. I don't hate you now, Gilbert: I haven't the slightest feeling for you, one way or the other. When mother died five years ago I saw for myself how short

life is and how little things are worth bothering about. Now perhaps you'll understand why your wanting to marry me, if you really do want to, seems—how shall I put it?—faintly ridiculous."

"It would have been kinder, I think," Mr. Hopkins complained, "if you had sent me away when I came here the other day."

"Kinder? What do you mean? You mustn't expect me to be kind. You mustn't expect me to be anything but what you made me. I wanted to see—surely that was natural enough—just what I had . . . missed. And I have. I know exactly." She paused. "Won't you have some more tea?"

"I think I had better be going," Mr. Hopkins said heavily. "I should like to get back to London this evening if I can. You don't happen to have a timetable, do you?"

She laughed. "I've never had such a thing in my life. I'm too poor to travel, and why should I want to anyway?"

"Then I'll say good-by. It was good of you to put up with me."

She held out her hand. He took it. It was deathly cold.

"If you're ever in these parts again," she said, "you'll come and have tea with me, won't you?"

Mr. Hopkins, returning to the Inn in a breathless hurry, demanded a timetable. The landlord produced one with difficulty. It was three years out of date. "But that don't make much difference, you know, sir," he said, "because there's no train stops at Wychwood after the five-thirty."

"I must get to London this evening," Mr. Hopkins insisted.

"Then I reckon you'll have to get Jim Hollies to take you to Oxford in his car," Mr. Morris said. "Sixpence a mile, he charges. It'll cost you the best part of two quid afore you've finished."

"And cheap at the price," Mr. Hopkins declared. "Go and get him at once."





THE END OF SOCIALISM IN RUSSIA

BY MAX EASTMAN

IT is a strange experience, for one who has lived through these twenty-five years as a Marxian socialist, to see how in proportion as the Soviet regime drops overboard one by one every vestige of socialism, the liberal scholars and littérateurs of the whole world, in so far as they are at all flexible, "come over" to socialism, and rally with extreme emotion to the "defense of the USSR." Maxim Gorky, Romain Rolland, George Soule, Waldo Frank, Rockwell Kent, Malcolm Cowley, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Harold Laski—the list could be extended indefinitely of those representative intellectuals who, having remained cold to the efforts of the Bolshevik party under Lenin and Trotsky to establish a workers' and peasants' republic, have substantially swallowed down "Marxism" since the official "Marxism" ceased, either within the Soviet Union or anywhere else, to mean business about working-class power, or contain any fighting threat to the existing distribution of wealth.

It is a strange experience, and for one who rests his final hope upon human intelligence, a sad one. A prime factor in the wisdom of Karl Marx was his perception of the discrepancy between the ideas with which men commonly make and write history and the actual forces in play, the actual changes that are in progress. He called these loose-floating ideas *ideologies*, a term of contempt which he borrowed from Napoleon Bonaparte, and which freely translated into American means "applesauce." And he made heroic efforts to delve down under all

ideologies and use his mind in the making of history as a mechanic does in the making of bridges or automobiles. It was by using his mind in this ardently matter-of-fact way that Lenin guided the Russian workers' and peasants' revolution to victory and laid the foundations of socialism.

Since Lenin's death, ideology has prevailed in the ruling circles and the controlled press of Soviet Russia to the practical exclusion of scientific straight-thinking about society and politics. The assertion that they are "building a classless society" and yet more, that "socialism is finally and irrevocably achieved in the Soviet Union" are but crowning instances of this process of universal self-deception, samples of a particularly sublime "applesauce" under cover of which the exactly opposite process is in full flight—the restoration of class privilege and the soaking out of the foundations of socialism. To my mind there is not a hope left for the classless society in present-day Russia. Inside of ten years, barring revolutionary changes, the Soviet Union bids fair to be as reactionary as any country which has emerged from feudalism.

In the summer of 1934 I wrote an article saying every good thing that I could find to say of the socialist experiment in Russia. The theme of my article was that in that country, because of the socialization of industry and the removal of class privilege, progress hitherto considered utopian was being made "in every sphere in which radical reformers and what we call dreamers are

wont in our country to beat their brains out against a cold rampart of cynicism and indifference." I supported this by quoting our own leading authorities who had gone there and seen what was being done, each in his own special field of interest—education, prison reform, public health, women's freedom, sex and family relations, birth control, prostitution, yellow journalism, drug addiction, alcoholism, rights of national minorities, elimination of anti-Semitism, mental hygiene, administration of justice, peace, war and patriotism, economic planning. My thesis was that the proprietary enjoyment of wealth by a privileged few is what blocks progress on all these fronts and makes the efforts of truly social-minded idealists in capitalist countries all but futile.

I intended to follow my article with another saying the bad things that from the same standpoint an honest mind must say about the Soviet Union—chiefly, that these blessings of achievement, and yet more of hope, had been accompanied by a concentration of political power and privilege in the hands of a bureaucratic caste supporting an autocrat more ruthless than the tsars had been. I intended to point out that this situation, hateful in itself, was also a mortal danger, and if continued, certain death to the whole system. But I was still asserting the existence of the system.

After writing the first article, however, reading it to a group of friends, and showing it to one editor, I put it away in my desk as an anachronism. The conditions it described were disappearing while I wrote. Of the fundamental ones, those three which stand in most vital relation to the property system and the future—education, women's freedom and the family, peace, war and patriotism—there is now little but a memory and a clinging to the memory left.

In my section about education, I quoted from Miss Lucy Wilson, who made her pilgrimage to Russia in 1925 and stayed to 1927, and from John Dewey who followed her a year later, such ec-

static testimony to the liberation of Russian schools and children from socially irrelevant and spirit-killing regimentation that they sounded like another *News From Nowhere*. "Almost incredible to me, an eye-witness," said Miss Lucy Wilson. And John Dewey: "I cannot convey it; I lack the necessary literary skill."

These utopian conditions were founded upon manifestoes and decrees of the Lenin government adopted shortly after the seizure of power, containing phrases such as these:

Pupils of the older classes in the secondary schools, must not, dare not, consider themselves children, and govern their destiny to suit the wishes of parents and teachers. . . . Utilization of a system of marks for estimating the knowledge and conduct of the pupil is abolished. . . . Distribution of medals and insignia is abolished. . . . The old form of discipline which corrupts the entire life of the school and the untrammelled development of the personality of the child, cannot be maintained in the Schools of Labor. The process of labor itself develops this internal discipline without which collective and rational work is unimaginable. . . . All punishment in school is forbidden. . . . All examinations—entrance, grade and graduation—are abolished. . . . The wearing of school uniforms is abolished.

All this was swept from the earth, letter and spirit, by a "Decree on Academic Reform," issued by the Stalin government on September 4, 1935, and by instructions following it, of which the following phrases will convey the drift:

Instruct a commission . . . to elaborate a draft of a ruling for every type of school. The ruling must have a categorical and absolutely obligatory character for pupils as well as for teachers. This ruling must be the fundamental document . . . which strictly establishes the regime of studies and the basis for order in the school as well as the rules of conduct of pupils inside and outside of school. . . . Introduce in all schools a uniform type of pupils' report card on which all the principal rules for the conduct of the pupil are to be inscribed. Establish a personal record for every pupil. . . . Every five days the chief instructor of a class will examine the memorandum, will mark cases of absence and tardiness in it, and will demand the signature of the parent under all remarks of the instructor. . . . Underlying the ruling on the conduct of

pupils is to be placed a strict and conscientious application of discipline. . . . In the personal record there will be entered for the entire duration of his studies the marks of the pupil for every quarter, his prizes and his punishments. . . . A special apparatus of Communist Youth organizers is to be installed for the surveillance of the pupil inside and outside of school. They are to watch over the morality and the state of mind of the pupils. . . . Establish a single form of dress for pupils of the primary, semi-secondary, and secondary schools, this uniform to be introduced to begin with, in 1936, in the schools of Moscow. . . . (Italics mine)

Needless to dwell upon the difficulty I experienced in basing an argument upon John Dewey's raptures of 1928, when such a back-jump to the complete temper of education under tzarism—spiritual prison uniforms, political surveillance and all—was already in the wind.

In the sphere of sex and family relations, or in other words, upon the problem of the freedom and rights of woman and the related problem of population control, the counter-revolution in the Soviet Union in the past two years has been so crudely put over that even our serenest ideologues become uneasy in their dreams of "building socialism in one country." Everybody who means business about socialism in any country knows that a stoppage of the pressure of population on the means of subsistence is essential to the beginnings of it. In a country like Russia where mothers in hundreds of thousands are unable to produce, or buy, milk for their babies, and the problem of homeless children is openly acknowledged to be unsolved even in the capital, to come out with a proclamation advocating—or more accurately, decreeing—large families and wholesale human breeding, is not only remote from socialism, but from sane human kindness and sound reason in any of its forms. It is the madness of military nationalism in a power-clique which looks upon the masses of the population as its cattle and its cannon fodder.

It is needless to remark that the "holy instinct of motherhood" has once more

come into its own as a weapon of this reaction (*Pravda*, May 28, 1935), and also the proposition that "woman having received rights has therewith received duties" (*Pravda*, June 7, 1935)—a conception of "rights" known only to those whose permanent prerogative it is to give and withhold them. It is somewhat more surprising to see "chivalry," and not only chivalry but "knightliness"—a word of bitter execration to all Russian revolutionists for a century—now solemnly brought forward in the cause of woman's re-enslavement. We learn that, having accepted the above duties as well as rights, woman has "put man under the obligation to care for her with special knightliness." And this new knightliness is thus defined: "Every girl must be treasured not only as a textile worker, a bold parachute jumper or an engineer, but as a future mother. The mother of one child must be treasured as the future mother of eight." (*Pravda*, June 7, 1935.) Just how far the mother of eight children will go as an engineer or a parachute jumper, is well known to those who use their brains when they think.

To give teeth to this reactionary decree, and make clear that it relates only to the ill-paid masses of the workers and the peasants, it is enforced by raising the costs of divorce and alimony beyond the reach of these human cattle, and making abortion, one of woman's few real guarantees of liberty, once more a crime. That it will not be a crime to those who have money and are in the know—those most particularly who issued the decree—is perfectly well understood by all who understand anything. It is class legislation and discriminatory sex legislation in its foulest form. It is the absolute end of that utopian reign of freedom, justice, and mature intelligence upon all questions relating to sex and family relations which led Cicely Hamilton, returning from her pilgrimage to Moscow in 1933, to report "the most important advance . . . which has been made since the race descended from brute to human."

As to the foundation laid by Lenin of

a revolutionary policy and high public temper upon the problems of peace, war, and patriotism, there is not the shadow of it left. Even in my pamphlet I was compelled to point into the past for this. It was on May 29, 1934, that Litvinov announced in Geneva that the Soviets would abandon their anti-war alliance with the workers and oppressed peoples of the earth, and play the game of military diplomacy with the capitalist nations. It was not long after that Stalin himself issued a joint statement with the French premier Laval in which he "fully approved the national defense policy of France in keeping her armed forces on a level required for security." To "vote war credits," even after a world war began, was the crime of treason to Marxian principle which caused Lenin to abandon the Second International and the word *socialism*, and form a Third for which he took the uncorrupted term *communism* from the banners of the civil wars of 1848. In the name of Lenin, the Third International now supports the armies of imperialistic governments in time of peace. Having handed the power to Hitler without shaking a fist, this "Leninist" organization makes Hitler a pretext to enter again the old system of military alliances which turned Europe in Lenin's eyes into "one bloody lump." And to bathe this change in the appropriate emotions, *Pravda*, the official organ of Lenin's Party, hauls down the Marxian banner, "Workers of the world unite!" and runs up the slogan of all mad dogs of war: "Defense of the fatherland is the supreme law of life." Let us taste a few sentences from *Pravda's* editorial of June 9, 1934:—

For the fatherland! That cry kindles the flame of heroism, the flame of creative initiative in all fields in all the realms of our rich, of our many-sided country. . . .

For the fatherland! That cry raises tens of millions of toilers to the defense of their great fatherland and puts them in fighting readiness. . . .

Millions and tens of millions of people acclaim in our brave fliers great patriots of their fatherland, for whom the honor, glory, might and prosperity of the Soviet Union is the supreme law of their lives. . . .

The defense of the fatherland is the supreme law of life. . . .

For the fatherland! For its honor, glory, might and prosperity!

Compare that with the language of Lenin:

The essential thing is for us to be, even when times are most trying, real internationalists in deed. . . . There is one and only one kind of real internationalism: hard work at developing the revolutionary movement and the revolutionary struggle in one's own land, and support (by propaganda, sympathy, material aid) of such, and only such, struggles and policies in every country without exception.

Compare the two and you have a measure of the change since Lenin died.

And if you want a measure of the extremes to which ideology can go where criticism is stifled, you need only be informed that the above affirmation of universal hysteric passion for the fatherland was the preface to a decree—printed immediately below it—making it a crime of treason to "escape over the border" of this same fatherland, and punishing this crime by "shooting and confiscation of all property." Moreover, if it is a soldier who thus "escapes abroad"—for *abroad* and *over the border* are the same word in Russian—the grown members of his family who knew of his intention and did not notify the police so that he could be shot before he went, get five to ten years in prison with confiscation of property, and those *who did not know of it*, but lived with or were supported by him at the time of his contemplated act, may be "deprived of citizenship and exiled for five years to a remote region of Siberia."

It is only necessary to add that this abandonment of every vestige of Lenin's policy of socialist internationalism has been followed by a reorganization of the army on the western plan, abolition of the militia system, restoration of the titles, ranks, and privileges of officers, and revival of the uniforms and special rights of Cossack troops.

I need not go through the whole index of my utopian pamphlet, and examine to what extent the cultural counter-revolu-

tion has affected each one of those ideal reforms, or manifestations of unfettered social intelligence, upon which I was proposing to base so grand an argument. These three are vital—education, sex and family relations, and the stand on peace and war. With high intelligence abrogated in these spheres, we can cherish few extreme hopes in others. Whether my argument is abstractly valid or not, it no longer applies to the Soviet Union.

II

The fact that these reactionary decrees are being issued on the theory of a "complete triumph of socialism" in the political and economic spheres, and on the plea that what is oppressive in a capitalist society is progressive under socialism, that what is tyranny here is freedom there, merely reveals the degree to which critical thinking about real facts has been supplanted by ideology, honesty by crude deception.

In the spring of 1935 Stalin's government issued a decree which made the death penalty for theft—adopted for adults three years before—applicable to minors from the age of twelve. When this fact was announced at a congress of the French Teachers' Federation in August of the same year, the Stalinists in the Federation indignantly denied it. Being shown a copy of *Izvestia* (April 8, 1935) containing the decree, they lapsed into silence, but they were ready next day with the information that "under socialism children are so precocious and well educated that they are fully responsible for their acts"! It is but a reflection of the manner in which this ideology is being stretched to cover every saddest thing in Russia.

In view of such a decree, one blushes almost to recall that according to Marxian theory the state as an "instrument of compulsion" was supposed to "die away" with the triumph of socialism, and this process was to begin the very moment the industries of a country were socialized. This minor detail has been so far forgot-

ten by the adherents of Stalin that they themselves boast in the same breath that socialism has "completely and irrevocably triumphed" and that Stalin heads "the strongest government on earth." When confronted with this inconsistency, they explain it by alluding to the "capitalist encirclement." But that did not trouble them when assuring us in 1925 that "socialism" could be built in one country.* They were already talking ideologies and not facts.

The words socialist and communist are changing their meaning just as the word Christian did. Just as heretics were burned by thousands in the name of the love of the neighbor, so peasants have been starved by millions in the name of the workers' and peasants' republic. The crude animal egoisms of men and classes of men thus grab ideas and use them, not as heroic lights to action, but as blinds to hide inaction or actions that are too base. Lenin abandoned the word socialism because it had become a smoke-screen for a policy of place-hunting and accommodation to capitalism, and seized the other word to cleanse and renew the idea of proletarian revolution. Stalin's ideologists have invented the scheme of making socialism mean a "first stage" in the development of communism, thus elaborating the smoke-screen and making it possible to put over in the name of "socialism" policies of reaction that would horrify the most conservative antagonists of Lenin, policies that, but for the smoke-screen, would horrify enlightened opinion in every country of the globe. If your wayward child stood under the threat of being shot for theft at twelve, it would matter little whether he were shot on the theory that property has been "socialized" and now belongs to everybody.

* There was no true disagreement about whether socialism could be built in one country. All sane and sincere communists, whether Stalinist or Trotskyist, wanted to build all the socialism they could in Russia—and how much they could, nobody knew. The issue was whether meanwhile Russia should abandon her alliance with the revolutionary working-class movements of other countries, or join her old imperialist allies in the game of military power. Had Trotsky been a less philosophical Marxist, or a more astute politician, he would never have been maneuvered into defending the negative side of an unreal question.

When you remember that Marx placed at the very basis of his system the assertion that the proletariat, being the lowest class in society, could not emancipate itself without emancipating all mankind, and described socialism in consequence as "the society of the free and equal," you see how deep is the degeneration of this term. Within the same year Walter Duranty writes an article describing Russia as a completely "regimented land" in which "the principle of state control over the lives of individuals has been fully and firmly established," and another article asserting that "the battle for socialism in the USSR is definitely won." You may cling, as a strict Marxian, to the opinion that this heartless tyranny has appeared in place of the promised freedom only because Russia is a backward country with an economy of scarcity to which, in isolation, socialist theory does not apply; or you may propose to revise the theory. But you cannot as a thinking socialist assent to this glib journalistic talk.

I have myself never been a sufficiently orthodox and gullible Marxian to believe in the happy legend of how men, once wealth-producing property is owned in common, will find themselves living together in natural co-operative brotherhood as angels live. It rests, more than most of Marx's judgments, upon the relics of Hegelian mystic metaphysics. I have been all the more keenly aware, however, that in the proposed new society the location of the sovereignty is the supreme political question, and that if power is permanently shifted from the rank-and-file of the working-class and self-supporting peasants, organized in freely arguing and democratically controlled institutions, to a privileged and bureaucratic ruling caste, the experiment in socialism will not last long. And even from the standpoint of this more modest demand, you can not say that politically the battle for socialism is "definitely won in the USSR." You must say, if you are talking straight facts, that the battle is definitely lost. The power has passed irrev-

ocably—except by revolution—from the workers' and peasants' organization to the organizations of a privileged bureaucracy.

This process began long before Lenin died, and the fight against it, the fight for "Worker's Democracy" against bureaucracy, occupied his last months and days and hours as a leader. It was in the crises of this fight that he attacked Stalin as rude, disloyal, capricious, nationalistic, and spiteful*—as complete a characterization, if you change "rude" to "brutal," which was what he meant by "*grubie*" in that phrase, as history will ask—and recommended that he be removed from his position as General Secretary of the Party. Under Stalin's leadership the power has been withdrawn completely from the workers and peasants. The soviets have become but the relic of a rough-draft of proletarian self-government. The power is in the hands of a dictator and an organization of bureaucrats, still called the Communist Party, but by continual abuse of "purges" and periodic "verifications of credentials" cleared and cleaned of every trace of independent act or even discourse questioning the ruling clique, or in clear terms denying the infallibility (which is little but the divine right) of the dictator.

Ella Winter, who ranks just above Louis Fischer and Anna Louise Strong as our most naïve ideologist of the "workers' republic," says on page 281 of her fervid book, *Red Virtue*: "All restrictions against intellectuals of bourgeois origin were abolished by Stalin in the speech of June 23, 1931." That is true. That is how Russia is governed—by speeches from the throne. And this shift of sovereignty, nurtured with unceasing vigilance since 1924, has reached its culmination in the new "democratic" constitution, which is nothing but a sweeping out of the refuse of workers' rule to make way for a totalitarian state not in essence different from that of Hitler and Mussolini. The prelude to this constitution was a dissolution of the "Society of Old Bolsheviks," and a reorganization of the "Communist

* The citations will be found in Trotsky's *The Real Situation in Russia*, and in my book *Since Lenin Died*, pp. 21 and 22.

Youth," raising their upper age limit to 25, and at the same time, by a significant logic, removing them from all participation in politics! Its other prelude was the recent shooting of the old colleagues of Lenin—of which more later—and simultaneous police clean-up of thinking Bolsheviks, called "Trotskyists" or "Zinovievists," in every branch of the Soviet existence, from the cotton harvest to the Kammern theater and the Astronomical Observatory. With these preludes in mind, let us examine the constitution.

On the plea that socialism is achieved and that there are no longer any classes in Russia, that we are now verily in the society of the free and equal, Stalin has dissolved, not the communist party and its monopoly of political action and organization, as one might expect from those exalted premises, but the soviets based on factories and the electoral superweight of the industrial workers—the sole relics left of the idea of a distinctly proletarian democracy, the sole things in the whole political set-up that really point to socialism. A glance through this "most democratic constitution in the world" is sufficient to show that its representational schemes are too complicated and too slow of movement to have efficacy in expressing the "will of the people" even if they formed the real structure of the state. Their contrary operation is indeed assured, as Albert Goldman has pointed out, by the retention of the bicameral system in which the upper chamber, like a House of Lords or Senate, being based on the functionaries of the various republics, forms an integral part of the bureaucratic apparatus, and has the power at any time of bringing about through "disagreement" a legal dissolution of them both. All socialists and all radical democrats have always opposed this super-parliament as a bulwark of privilege, even when it had not this power, and even where the two parliaments really formed the legislative state. The real state under Stalin's constitution is still to be the communist party, now nothing but a pyramid of bureaucrats

supporting Stalin, who will operate this unwieldy "parliamentary" monster, and make it produce votes just as at the county fair a cardboard cow produces milk.

What is the "secret ballot" when only one party can run candidates for office, and that the party in power? What is "free press and assemblage" when no man can form, advocate, or support the platform of any but the gang in power, and when ten to twenty thousand of those who have done so are in jail or exile while you talk about it? What is the whole talk under these conditions about how "we" are going to "give the Russian people" (*sic!*) the most democratic constitution on earth? Is there any term in the American language to describe it except "applesauce"?

Let us turn from this unedifying political side-show—assassination of the phantom of proletarian democracy by the caricature of representative government—to the economic facts which underlie it.

III

Socialism means a classless society, and a classless society means that a privileged minority of the population are not in a position to enjoy the national wealth, while the majority live only in their labor to produce it. It means especially that privileged individuals who do have excess income cannot invest it in the instruments of production with which others work, thus reducing them to a position of fixed subservience. It means an end of rent, profit, and interest on stocks and bonds, an end of "surplus value," an end of the exploitation of labor. To all those other cultural goods of which we have been speaking, this economic change was regarded by socialists as prerequisite and fundamental.

That being the case, it is obvious that if Russia were a socialist state, or if its sovereigns had the slightest intention of allowing it to become one, we should know exactly what is the distribution of the national income among the different categories of the population and in what

direction it is traveling. We should know how much of that income goes not only as salary, but in the form of unpaid privileges, to the captains of industry and office-holders of the state, trade unions, co-operatives, collective farms, and communist party. We should know how much of it is going to the payment of 7 and 8 per cent interest to the holders of government bonds and savings-bank books, who constitute not only a privileged caste, but to the extent of their holdings capitalists in the essentially important sense of the term. We know nothing accurately about all this, and for the very good reason that accurate statistics are of all things least compatible with the free proliferation of ideologies.

Even without these statistics we can glean enough to prove that when our recently Marxified liberals come home from a brief tour of the Soviets telling us how well "socialism works" in Russia, they are really only telling us that life there is not radically different for people of their class from what it is here.* Among the reassuring practicalities of life under the soviets reported by George Soule, for instance, a prominent place was occupied by the news that it had been found "necessary to stimulate enterprise and ability by differential rewards," and that "there is no resentment of the fact that some people dress better than others." That Mr. Soule in this particular voyage was not functioning as the keen-minded economist he is may be seen in the fact that he reported no inquiry as to the magnitude of this "differential reward," or the degree of this difference of dress—how keenly it can be felt, for instance, by the peripheral nerve-endings in the long Russian winter. Here are a few figures as to this "differential reward"—figures gleaned from a studious scrutiny of matter printed in the Soviet press through inadvertence, or when

those interested in the distribution of wealth were not supposed to be looking. I quote Leon Sedov, writing on the Stakhanovist Movement in *The New International* for February, 1936:

There is hardly an advanced capitalist country where the difference in worker's wages is as great as at present in the U.S.S.R. In the mines, a non-Stakhanovist miner gets from 400 to 500 rubles a month, a Stakhanovist more than 1,600 rubles. The auxiliary worker, who drives a team below, gets only 170 rubles if he is not a Stakhanovist and 400 rubles if he is (*Pravda*, Nov. 16, 1935)—that is, one worker gets about ten times as much as another. And 170 rubles by no means represents the lowest wage, but the average wage, according to the data of Soviet statistics. There are workers who earn no more than 150, 120 or even 100 rubles a month. . . . The examples we give by no means indicate the extreme limits in the two directions. One could show without difficulty that the wages of the privileged layers of the working class (of the labor aristocracy in the true sense of the term) are 20 times higher, sometimes even more, than the wages of the poorly-paid layers. And if one takes the wages of specialists, the picture of the inequality becomes positively sinister. Ostrogladov, the head engineer of a pit, who more than realizes the plan, gets 8,600 rubles a month; and he is a modest specialist, whose wages cannot, therefore, be considered exceptional. Thus, engineers often earn from 80 to 100 times as much as an unskilled worker.

The whole standard of living of the Russian people is extremely low by comparison with ours, and that helps our ideologues ignore the fact represented by this last figure. "The differences of income . . ." says Edmund Wilson, "are, from the American point of view, very slight; but they are, for Russia, very considerable." The differences of salary, in so far as this figure reveals them, are alike in Russia and America. It is probably, as the author says, not an exceptional figure. But assuming that it is, let us compare it with exceptional American figures.

In the *New Republic* for July 15, 1936, there appeared a table comparing the salaries of officers in some of our wealthier American companies with the average weekly wage of the workers employed by

* They are telling us, too—and this is one of Stalin's truly subtle dispensations—that life is more luxurious for writers in Soviet Russia than it has ever been before in any place. General education has made publicity as important a weapon of despotism as the armed forces. In Soviet Russia The Fourth Estate has almost replaced the Second!

them. I learn from this table, picking it up at random, that Mr. C. F. Kelley of the Chile Copper Co., receives \$50,600 a year, his average worker \$23.58 per week—a difference of 1 to 41. Mr. George Horace Lorimer of the Curtis Publishing Co., has been receiving \$90,500 a year and his average worker \$33.68 per week—a difference of 1 to 51. If we take 170 rubles a month as the wage of a Russian worker—and being based on rather shame-faced statistics this is a very high estimate of the average—and compare it with the salary paid to Mr. Ostrogladov, we have a difference of 1 to 50. We are evidently among the same magnitudes.

We need only assume that Mr. Ostrogladov's laborers are for the most part unskilled, and receive the low but by no means unusual wage of 100 rubles a month, to see that his salary of 8,600 rubles compares favorably with that of Mr. H. F. Sinclair, an officer of Consolidated Oil, who receives an annual wage of \$126,659 while his workers get along on \$29.53 a week. The ratio here is 1 to 82. That in the case of Mr. Ostrogladov, 1 to 86.

It is not necessary to carry the comparison farther in order to show that the "differential reward" under what is called "socialism" is not radically different, in so far as salaries are concerned, from that under American capitalism.

The low level of all income in the Soviet Union is what makes life seem so different. According to recent official claims a ruble is worth twenty cents, and at that rate Mr. Ostrogladov's salary would equal an annual stipend of \$20,640 a year. Here again, however, official claims are optimistic; I doubt if the real salary, aside from "privileges," is much more than half of that. And this makes his "differential reward" seem, to people accustomed to regard such salaries as small, a significantly different thing from Mr. Sinclair's.

It is really in large part the backwardness of Russia that our literary tourists love. That medieval leisure and inviting of the soul, especially when combined

with a childlike and eager enthusiasm for the beginnings of modernism, the joy of a national industrial birth and rebirth, is irresistible. They love Russia much as John Reed did when he went there *before the revolution*, and came home exclaiming: "Russian ideals are the most exhilarating; Russian thought the freest, Russian art the most exuberant; Russian food and drink are to me the best, and Russians themselves are, perhaps, the most interesting human beings that exist.* Our tourists link up these charms of an agrarian backwardness with the myth of a utopian leap into the future, and with the actual relics of the workers' republic, and become the more easy dupes of Stalin's ideology. They have that much excuse!

Last winter at the time of her lecture in Los Angeles, I asked Anna Louise Strong, one who so loves Stalin's Russia that she "changed worlds" to be a part of it, whether it is true that Pilnyak, the novelist, received some years ago an annual income of 30,000 rubles a year—that is, some 20 to 25 times the present wage of an unskilled worker—and she answered, almost with asperity:

"I don't know specifically about Pilnyak, but I dare say he does. I could, if I wanted to turn my mind to it."

I quote this to show how little Marx's idea of a society of the free and equal is really troubling these ideologues, and also because it adds one more drop of arithmetic to our conception of those "differential rewards." It casts a light, too, upon Harold Denny's despatch to the *New York Times* of May 8, 1936, which appeared under the appropriate headlines: "Leisured Women Unite in Moscow"—"New Idle Class Gathers to Set Up Society to Help Workers Culturally"—"Aim Is to Make Life Brighter and Provide Useful Work for Executives' Wives."

Another American Stalinist recently returning from Moscow, to an inquiry after the health of Victor Vaksow, once head of the Metal Workers' section of the

* Quoted by Granville Hicks in his *John Reed, The Making of a Revolutionary*.

Red International of Labor, said: "He has done pretty well by himself. He is now head of one of the trusts in the automobile industry, has a fine house with two servants, two official cars at his disposal, and a Packard of his own bought in America." That is a significant statistic, when brought into relation to the thirty-odd dollars a month paid to metalworkers, and should be easy to verify.

For further statistical light I will quote this paragraph from a forthcoming book on Soviet Russia by Leon Trotsky:

The real earnings of the Stakhanovists often exceed by twenty or thirty times the earnings of the lower categories of workers. And as for especially fortunate specialists, their salaries would in many cases pay for the work of eighty or a hundred unskilled laborers. In scope of inequality in the payment of labor, the Soviet Union has not only caught up to, but far surpasses the capitalist countries!

The Stakhanov movement, it should be emphasized, is not only the adoption of American and German methods of labor organization and efficiency. It is the building up of a new privileged caste, an aristocracy of labor, who together with the highly paid foreman and managers can be relied on to support the dictator.

With the same disregard of the real aims of socialism, the "collectivization of agriculture" is being turned into a governmental grant of special privileges to vast corporations prospering at the expense of the masses of the peasants. Nothing could exceed the brutality, caprice, and disloyalty to socialism with which Stalin has handled this problem of problems. Expropriating the well-off peasants called "kulaks" at the point of the bayonet, shipping them to Siberia in cattle cars by hundreds of thousands, herding the remainder into collectives before even the machinery for large-scale farming was manufactured, he laid waste all fertile Russia like a battlefield. Then after a year or two he brought many of the deported "kulaks" trundling back and settled them on the farms with private allotments alongside for those still energetic enough to till them. And now he has turned the whole system into a reservoir

of special privilege by granting the land "in perpetuity" to those collectives which, because of good soil, geographical location, etc., have signally prospered. That is, he has given away franchises to vast farming corporations, deeding them the hereditary right formerly possessed by the aristocracy to cultivate for their own profit the most fertile and advantageous portions of the Russian soil. It is hard to say whether this act is characterized more by irrelevant "caprice" or by systematic "disloyalty" to socialism. It is a consistent step only in the building up of social support for a Bonapartist clique.

Trotsky for some reason fails to note what seems to me the meat of this whole situation—the fact, namely, that these happy beneficiaries of "the triumph of socialism," the overseers, specialists, bureaucrats, and labor and collective farm aristocrats, are able to invest their incomes, not, to be sure, in risky shares and debentures producing on the average if they are lucky 4 or 5 per cent of interest, but in government bonds which pay 7 per cent, or failing that, to deposit them in savings banks where they are exempt from both inheritance and income taxes, and earn 8 per cent of interest. Taking this into consideration, it seems clear that a large proportion of the capitalists of America could profitably change places with them, *if the general level of wealth in the two countries were equal.*

That our liberal scholars and litterateurs should be converted to a "socialism" of that kind is not surprising. I do not mean that there is any equivocation in their motive; and I must add that their zeal, industry, and devotion, like that of many of the party communists, afford one of the few signs of life in a sufficiently dead political landscape. But it is impossible for one who has accepted, even to the extent that I have, the Marxian view of the role of ideas in history, not to see that the change they are bringing about is etymological rather than economic. They are playing their part in the process of deluding mankind and

themselves with another ideology—a "socialism" which means as little in real fact and action as "Christianity" does to a busy and prosperous Christian.

After making the remark quoted above about "differential rewards," Mr. Soule asks himself a pertinent question:

"Well, then, why do not the more successful get all the power and rob the less successful, just as in capitalism?"

And he makes this reply:

The answer is that their money does not give them any power over the system, since they cannot own factories, mines, farms, apartment houses, newspapers, radio stations, stores or railroads—any of the means of production. They cannot employ labor in business enterprises. There are no shares, debentures, private bond issues, stock markets or commodity exchanges. . . . They can buy government bonds or put their money in a savings bank. There was much pride in the growth of savings accounts this year. They can travel. Social pressure will not allow them, however, to live on their savings without working. . . ."

Omitting some minor matters, then, like a high inheritance tax and "social pressure" against loafing (both declining rapidly), the substantial difference between "socialism" and capitalism seems to be that under "socialism," instead of investing your money at your own discretion, and your own risk, you let the government invest it for you and guarantee you a seven and eight per cent return on your investment. That does indeed prevent the amassing of prodigious fortunes, and might be described as a kind of populist or Bryanite utopia, so long as it may last. But it has very little to do with the gulf between the proletariat and the owning class as a whole, or with the aims of socialism. And just where Mr. Soule thinks that "social pressure" is coming from as these tax-exempt investments of private capital continue to pile up, is a mystery. It would be interesting to know what a Marxist of the vintage of 1935 thinks "social pressure" is.

That a noted economist, even of "bourgeois" training, could be so naïve once he thrusts his head into the mists of the Soviet ideology would be astonishing

were it not for the example of Sidney and Beatrice Webb, who are supposed to know something about economics from a socialist standpoint. They state that there is no "unearned income" in the country, in the very same three lines in which they discuss the borrowing of money at stupendous rates of interest by a government which is a vast corporation owning and operating all industry.

"Inflation," they say, ". . . amounts to a disguised cut in everybody's wages, which has hitherto been regarded as an objectionable form of taxation, though one found to be less injurious in an equalitarian community, in which there is . . . an absence of incomes that are unearned. A preferential expedient to which the Soviet Government usually resorts is an internal loan."

I am no economist, but I think I am not crazy. And if I am not, then when a government which is running the industries and employing the labor of a country takes loans from people who have excess income, and pays those people 7 per cent interest on the loans, then those people are not only receiving unearned income, but they are receiving surplus value derived from the exploitation of the country's labor. And when you add to these bondholders the "twenty-five million depositors" in the State Savings Banks, "encouraged by interest at the rate of 8 per cent and by total exemption of deposits from income tax, inheritance tax, and various stamp duties"—I am still quoting from the fabulous Webbs—you have a situation as remote from socialism, to say nothing of "communism," as anything that could conceivably be put across upon the most gullible mind as a cynical imitation of it.

If an American man of money gets an average profit of five per cent on his various investments he thinks he is doing passably well, and he submits, without any very steady cry of "socialism," both to an income tax and an inheritance tax upon this unearned increment. Under "soviet Communism" the man of money is guaranteed an income of seven and

eight per cent on his investments, and it is exempt both from income and inheritance taxes. It would be hard to suggest, off-hand, a neater system for re-establishing class divisions in a society in which they had been badly shaken up and were in danger of complete elimination.

It is of course somewhat more simple for the Soviet state, if you conceive it as distinct from the holders of these bonds and bankbooks, to repudiate its obligations than it would be for a mass of private enterprises. A Stalin-minded critic of my article has even suggested that some such trick is being deliberately played upon the Russian people. "If you raise a man's pay and force him to take bonds in proportion, then put the bonds through a conversion, and finally devalue the ruble with a prospect of cancelling the bonds altogether, it looks more to me like an extremely heavy tax faintly gilded with patriotism, than the establishment of vested class interest." People who can persuade themselves that a governmental clique which will swindle people in that raw fashion, destroying their plans, their hopes, their families, their life-structures by millions in order to run the state, are going to run it in the interest of the Brotherhood of Man and the Co-operative Commonwealth, have a determination to deceive themselves with which I do not know how to cope. Marx dismissed as utopian the idea that good men could be relied on to bring about socialism. A great many Stalinists have learned this so well that they actually believe bad men can be relied on to do it, if they are bad enough.

It seems obvious that if these rapidly mounting debts are *not* repudiated, then not only do exploitation and the class society remain, but all the basic problems of capitalism remain—the inadequate buying power of those who live on wages, the consequent lagging of distribution behind production, the cycles, the depression, and in the end the rage for foreign markets. The sole fundamental new thing left is the planning power in the hands of the state. This may prove

a very fundamental thing. So long as the state is ruthless enough to let four to six millions of the population starve to death in order to build up foreign credit, as was done (it is now admitted privately) by Stalin's state in 1933, it will certainly be momentous. But from the standpoint of the revolutionary science, it will mean that once more the toiling masses have taken arms and fought upon the barricades and died for equal liberty, and once more they have received for their pains a new and more efficient system of class exploitation.

IV

The recent trial and shooting of old Bolsheviks ought to make these facts clear even to those whose view of history is most personal. The list of those shot, or who shot themselves, or who were named as implicated with the victims, comprises—with a single exception—every one of the eminent Bolsheviks who sat with Stalin around the council-table of Lenin: * Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Rykov, Bukharin, Radek, Sokolnikov, Piatakov (mentioned in Lenin's Testament as among the ablest), Yevdokimov, Smirnov (once known as "The Lenin of Siberia"), Tomsky (head of the Federation of Labor), Serebriakov (Stalin's predecessor as secretary of the party), and several others only a little less eminent.

Distinctions of "left" and "right" opposition are obliterated in this list. Brains and understanding of the Marxian idea are what distinguish them. Max Shachtman, in his brilliant pamphlet *Behind the Moscow Trial* (Pioneer Publishers, 100 5th Avenue, New York City), has demonstrated up to the hilt, merely by analyzing as any good lawyer would the official record of the testimony, that this trial was a frame-up. The victims

* Krylenko, Kalinin, and Litvinov, although prominent in the government, never played any role in the party counsels. The exception is Rakovsky, whose distinction is that he was the last of all to give up open opposition, and capitulate to Stalin's dictatorship, remaining in exile until 1933, and capitulating all too obviously in a sick if not a senile despair.

were clumsily "confessing" to a manufactured tale of which they had not even taken time to learn the dates. It is obvious on the face of it, however, that the statement made by the prisoners—that they plotted the assassination of Stalin, or any other political act, through sheer "hatred," and with no program, and yet in complicity with Trotsky, and this through the secret police of Hitler, is not true. That is an obvious fairy story, and one which fits all too neatly with the now openly anti-Bolshevik purposes of Stalin both within the country and in connection with the Spanish civil war. This legendary confession, moreover, was first made in private and was published in the Russian press before the public trial. In the public trial it was repeated briefly and with a minimum of variations, consisting chiefly of additional self-vilification on the part of the prisoners. People do not vilify themselves before the whole world and in history for nothing. To me it seems probable that Stalin promised his prisoners their lives and the safety of their families on condition that they would repeat in public this so carefully rehearsed confession, and when they got through publicly dishonoring themselves, and each explicitly implicating Trotsky, led them out and shot them. Tomsy either shot himself rather than go through the shameful ritual, or else refused to do it and was shot.

However, that is an individual solution of a psychological puzzle that is not of primary importance to history. There is no puzzle as to the representative character of the men implicated and either

physically or politically destroyed. You will have a fair grasp of the historic meaning of the event if you imagine it happening in 1924 immediately after Lenin's death. On the day after the funeral, say, Stalin seizes the police power, ships Trotsky out of Russia, shoots Kamenev and Zinoviev, Smirnov and Yefdokimov (the orator at Lenin's grave), invades Tomsy's house and either shoots him or compels him to shoot himself, jails Radek, Serebriakov, Piatakov, and Sokolnikov, puts Bukharin and Rykov under surveillance, and compels Rakovsky, Trotsky's closest friend, to sign a vilification that no friend could ever voluntarily read through, to say nothing of writing. Having thus destroyed, either physically or morally and politically, every one of Lenin's strongest colleagues and co-workers, he promulgates a constitution abolishing Lenin's unique political creation, the soviet system of government, replaces it with the "parliamentary system" that Lenin above all political things despised, and devises this system in such a way that the parliament can be nothing but a clump of puppets, repeating his decrees, jumping when he pulls the strings, and deceiving the ignorant into imagining that his tyranny expresses the will of a sovereign people.

What would you have said, if that had happened in January, 1924? Say it now, and you will not be far wrong about the events of August, 1936. They are the bloody punctuation of a twelve-year period of counter-revolution. They mean that the experiment in socialism in Russia is at an end.



GERMANY'S HIDDEN CRISIS

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE front which Germany presented to the world this past season was undeniably impressive. If many visitors came back and reported that the country was teeming with new vitality, that unemployment had been ended and factory chimneys smoked again, that the country, and especially the youth, was amazingly united and "all for Hitler," that building was going on on a great scale the country over and a vast super-highway system was being driven to completion, they were only describing what they saw, and are not necessarily to be considered "duped" or foolish.

Even if your observer went on to say that, contrary to the stories circulated here, food was plentiful (as it was for tourists), stores were well-stocked with goods, and prices were low (as they were, in tourists' marks), he has still not laid himself open to ridicule. More, he might, if he were able, have compared the situation with that which existed in 1935, or in 1934, and said that to-day the country appeared more stable, quieter, more harmonious, busier at work. And if he went back to the pre-Hitler year 1932 to draw his comparison, then he might well have declared that here was a new country.

Gone the hopelessness, the political confusion verging on chaos, the street-fighting, the insecurity. Gone the strings of aimless wanderers from the highways. In place of all this there stands a revitalized nation, stronger, healthier; filled with, if not exactly hope for a bright future, at least a truculent will to win

through. That aimless youth of the by-paths has found a *Fuehrer* and a destiny; lustily it marches and works, believing much and thinking little, radiating power and energy, now almost too confident of itself. It will be necessary to remind oneself occasionally of all this, and especially of the vigor and the truculence, while reading what I have to say of the country's very serious economic plight.

For behind that brave front a startlingly different scene often presented itself. Once the visitor was inside the home of that Hitler-idolizing boy or girl, the father and mother would unplug the telephone from the wall and launch into the story of the past year, with its persecution of opinion, its forced contributions, recurring food shortages, and ever greater difficulty of making ends meet.

In the office, one's non-committal, all-platitudinous friend would accompany one to the corridor or to the main entrance door, and tell one of the unbearable official control and restriction on business, and of the more and more persistent round of collections and contributions and salary deductions. In the factory, behind the smoke of the domestic boom, one could catch revealing glimpses of the desperate situation of Germany's foreign trade, and the tangled muddle of German economy.

In the University, after the clean-faced, enthusiastic young student had finished his eulogy of this "new Germany" of theirs, the professor in his office would pour out the whole tragedy of education to-day, and the black outlook for German

science, on which the leadership of the country in this age, almost its very existence, depends.

Taken together, these reports indicated that the internal condition of Germany, hidden during the past three or four years in ever-deepening obscurity, is very different from the country's robust outward appearance. In any question of a war in which Germany might be engaged (and does any subject in the foreign world occupy us more persistently?) accurate knowledge of this internal condition is vital.

I present facts which I have gathered on annual visits to Germany during the past five years from persons in high places and low in the country's economic life. Figures gathered in Germany have been checked with those of the careful London *Economist*, and of that eagle-eyed observer of the German economy, Joachim Haniel of the Paris *Neue Tagebuch*. Many of the statistics presented come from these, and from early (and hence complete and reliable) publications of the Berlin Institute for Business Research.

II

The facts of Germany's food position are briefly these: her soil is poor, and despite the benefits of science, despite improved cultivation and extensive fertilization, it has not been able to grow more than 70 per cent of the nation's food and fodder needs.

The Republic, with the lesson of the War in mind, tried with might and main to increase the country's food supply. In its last eight years it could actually show a 43 per cent increase in wheat, and 3 per cent in total grain acreage; a considerably greater supply of oil-rich fodder; 10 per cent more cattle, and 41 per cent more hogs.

Now for the record of Herr Darré and his Reich Food Estate. They profess the identical policy. They had a record harvest in 1933; the following three have ranged from very bad in 1934 and 1935 to middling this year. Unable or unwilling

to import the necessary fodder, they have caused the slaughter of a million more than the normal number of cattle in each of the past three years. Probably the herds have been cut down some 20 per cent.

Beef has naturally become scarce, and veal is not to be had. To make things worse, the remaining cattle, being ill-fed, yield (according to official statistics) 10 per cent less meat than formerly. If there were plenty of pork, however . . . but market supplies of pork, which forms 70 per cent of the German meat diet, are being restricted to about half of normal in an attempt to rehabilitate the swine stock. And it is just at this time, when the nation is so busy marching and working, that large supplies of meat are needed; instead, the per capita consumption has shrunk 35 per cent since 1934.

Even with lots of eggs and cheese the nation could manage for awhile, until the herds are recouped. But eggs are scarce, because more poultry has been eaten, because other meat was scarce; and there is less cheese (and no fatty cheese at all) because there is less milk, because there are fewer cows, and these are worse fed. Still, if there were plenty of fish people could make shift. But fish, or at least the cheaper kinds which workers buy, has doubled in price.

Meanwhile, what with bad harvests and reduced imports, all of the grain reserve, even the so-called "iron" or army reserve, had been used up by late summer. Then came the short harvest of 1936, not so bad as 1934 or 1935, but of notably poor quality. Once more grain supplies for man and beast should be imported, and once again the money is not to be diverted from other purposes. This, then, is the food situation which has brought Herr Darré to the admission that he can now guarantee only a "workaday" diet of bread, potatoes, milk, and sugar. All else will be short, to a greater or less degree.

Nazi leaders are very fond of thundering that the "world," which "stole their colonies," is responsible for Germany's troubles. But on her food troubles at

least, the following facts throw singular light. *Five per cent of the country's grain acreage has been taken out of cultivation* at a time when prices were mounting and food becoming scarce! It seems incredible; it can only be because farm land has been expropriated for training grounds, for the broad military highways, and for airplane landing fields and the zones of secrecy around them. Also, only one-third as much food is being imported to-day as was brought in in 1929. Out of a total import trade that has remained steady since 1932 at around 4 billion marks, *one billion marks less food* is being brought in than in that "worst" depression year.

Instead, raw materials are being bought, to feed the speeding industrial machine. The food supply could be balanced only by cutting off half the imports of industrial raw materials. If this were done it is patent what the result would be: the collapse of the industrial machine and widespread unemployment. It will not be done. Nor can the annually growing food deficit be made up with cash purchases, for Schacht simply doesn't possess the *Devisen* (foreign exchange) necessary.

Under these circumstances it has only seemed a matter of time until food-rationing cards would have to be introduced, to insure that the available food may go round evenly. For political reasons the government has postponed taking this step, which it knows would have the worst sort of psychological effect on the populace.

Right up to the consumer, however, the nation's food supply is closely controlled under the full wartime system. A farmer or poultry-fancier dare not sell half a dozen eggs to his neighbor (and the neighbor dare not accept them for fear of tattlers); beyond his own needs all must be delivered to the government egg station. Similarly with grain and other crops: half his grain must be delivered by a fixed date, usually mid-October, and the rest by spring. Prices for everything are fixed, at about 20 per cent above the 1932 level. Although the farmer's income has

improved, and he is generally considered the darling of the regime, he is finding his harness irksome. Herein lies a potent cause for increasing unrest. At the Peasant Congress at the end of November Goering and Darré made it brutally plain that if the peasants didn't plant the products vitally needed without further price encouragement, the government would not hesitate to make them do so.

While the farmer may grumble, and find minor or major causes for irritation, he and his family will at least always have enough to eat. It is the town and city population which feels the food shortage and the price rise. Like a slowly rising flood the price level creeps up over the worker's rigidly restricted budget. For all the official warnings and prosecutions cannot keep retailers from raising the prices of food they find harder and harder to get or from selling it out of the back door at bootleg prices to those who can afford to pay; it is that or go under. It was just these traders who were once the Nazi Party's most enthusiastic adherents; now, mercilessly squeezed between the price flood rising from below and the government's fixed top prices, they are called "kulaks" and "speculators" by the Food Ministry, fit only for "extermination" (it is wonderful: all the old Soviet lingo has reappeared).

But in spite of the Government's attempt to hold prices down, they rise; and so potatoes now cost 75 per cent more than in 1932, butter 40 per cent more, margarine up to 350 per cent more, beef 100 per cent more for the cheap cuts and 35 per cent more for the better ones, pork 50 per cent more on the cheap and 25 per cent on the good cuts, eggs 50 per cent more, wheat flour 16 per cent, and so on. This is the food situation as Germany enters her Four Year Plan for self-sufficiency. It is hard to see how the idea is to be popularized.

III

Now for a look behind the smoke of the domestic boom. The country appears

busy, the visitors have said. That is true, the country is busy. Germany leads the world far and away in increased industrial production. According to League of Nations figures this had increased 87 per cent between February, 1933, and February, 1936, and was still going up; this compares with 49 per cent in the U. S., 39 per cent in Japan, 35 per cent in Britain, and minus 4 per cent in France.

The unemployment registration is reported down from something over 5 millions in early 1933, to just over a million in November, 1936. Of this last million it is said that all but 30,000 are derelicts, unemployable. There is a real scarcity now of skilled labor, especially machinists and building workers. I recently found machinery factories making over bakers' assistants and textile workers into machinists.

All of the metal industries are booming: steel output is 25 per cent above even last year, automobile production is up 125 per cent since 1933, the machinery factories are working overtime and are $4\frac{1}{2}$ months behind in deliveries. Nearly all of these have added to their plant. Ironically enough, a number which I visited were cheerfully filling orders for the British, making machines which the latter, in their haste to re-arm, couldn't make fast enough. Demand for cement exceeds even the present monthly production of 1,200,000 tons, considered by the industry as its maximum possible. Diesel factories cannot promise delivery for export under 20 months. The shipyards are clogged; 668,000 tons are on the stocks or the order books, compared to 31,000 tons in October, 1933. Again, 104,000 tons of these are for Britain.

But close alongside metal factories working 24 hours a day can be found textile mills, margarine factories, and abattoirs not running 24 hours in a week. For while production of so-called capital goods has increased by over 200 per cent since 1932, that of consumers' goods has increased only 15 per cent. Herein lies the dangerous unbalance of the German recovery. Schacht knows this, and has

said so repeatedly; but the others want more armaments, and overrule him.

The German scene presents some amazing contradictions. Unemployment has been reduced to a million, but 12 to 13 million people are expected to apply again for Winter Relief. The country leads the world in "recovery," yet bank deposits shrink and hardly any German except the metal workers earns a nickel more than in the "worst" days of 1932. On the contrary, what with work-sharing and short time, a good many earn less; and the buying power of what they do earn has dropped 35 to 40 per cent.

With all those millions restored to work, retail sales volume remains almost the same as at the bottom of the depression. Measured in marks, it is up 27 per cent, but that just about keeps pace with the price rise. Where is the buying power of the nation? A survey of the national income and taxation issued in November by the Institute for Business Research showed that while the nation's income had risen 38 per cent since 1932, taxation had climbed 75 per cent, and the larger part of the increase was being borne by the little man, on salary or wages.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* published this year, uncontradicted, a statement that 90 per cent of the German workers now earned on an average only 25 marks (say \$10) a week. Forbidden to strike, with no way of protesting his wages or conditions, the industrial worker can now, by Goering's latest order (Goering seems to have become the *active* leader of the country, effectively the Chancellor) be conscripted out of his present occupation, put back in the trade he originally learned, and sent anywhere in Germany. For agricultural workers something very like serfdom is being prepared. Darré proposes to have them established in house and garden on the farmer's land, *bound to him for so many days' free labor per year*.

Why do the workers and farmers and the shopkeeping class not rebel at the sacrifices demanded of them? Because,

first, they are Germans. And because the Government really has many successes and achievements to show them for their pains. It has made work for all, and that is much. It looks after the "submerged tenth" better than many countries who can more easily afford it. It has put on a wonderful show. It has turned the Labor Service into a thing of national pride, and in other ways has made the youth more fit until it could conquer the world at the Olympics. Don't underestimate what that moral victory meant to the Germans, who had so long had an inferiority complex.

Through the *Kraft durch Freude* movement the Government has provided extremely cheap and popular holiday excursions. It has improved public health and the birth rate and reduced ordinary crime. Last but not greatest, it has given this "lost" nation the idea that it is going somewhere, given it new confidence, a new sense of power, and unity, and self-respect. All this must be remembered if you would conjecture how long the people will continue to make sacrifices for Nazism.

IV

Four more years is the term which Hitler has set on their sacrifice. He offers the nation a "Plan" (it is really only a continuation of the present policy) to attain self-sufficiency in that time. What is there in this business of self-sufficiency, beyond an immoderate worship of the God of German Chemical Genius? To what extent can the country be made independent of imported raw materials? Haniel calculates that, on the basis of the first half of 1936, German imports may be classified as 40 per cent foodstuffs, 22 per cent textiles and leather, 13 per cent metals, 17 per cent wood, oil, rubber and other rawstuffs, and the rest (8 per cent) manufactured goods. Let us see how much of this can be eliminated.

Not the food; Hitler said that *that* was to be increased with the money saved on the others. Textiles, then? Germany

has already for over two years strained every effort to increase home production of wool and linen, and to create substitutes for cotton, wool, and silk. Some sort of staple fiber has finally been made from German beech, an infinitely poorer wood than the Canadian or Scandinavian pine formerly used.

In jute bags and sacking is now mixed 25 per cent of paper yarn; in cotton underwear, 16 per cent *Zellwolle*; in uniforms, 30 per cent *Wollstra*. Rayon (though scarcely any more considered a substitute) has been employed for every sort of women's clothing, mixed in men's suiting, in carpets even. Normally Germany imports a third of her wood needs, and keeps her own forest up 100 per cent. To-day German forests are being felled at a rate 50 per cent above that of sound replacement, the British journal *Engineering* reports. Goering makes no bones in confirming this. "They say I am using up too much of Germany's forests . . . but if I have struck deep into them so far, I shall strike two or three times as deep (yet), for I had better destroy the forests than the nation." The substitution of wood fibers for cotton and wool will be continued.

As for metals, Germany has long known all too well how few and poor her deposits were (Lorraine and Upper Silesia taken from her by the Versailles Treaty were terrific losses). All German mines have already been working hard, under heavy subsidy, for three years. Though domestic iron-ore production has been pushed up almost five-fold since 1932, and the operators say it has reached its maximum, yet it provides less than a third of the country's present requirements. Averaging only 30 to 35 per cent iron content, German ore costs four times as much to smelt as the good 65 per cent Swedish ore. Deposits in the Hartz Mountains containing only 5 to 7 per cent iron are now being worked.

In zinc the domestic production (subsidized) accounts for only two-thirds of the total, in lead a quarter; there is neither tin nor copper. These two have long

since been replaced wherever possible by aluminum made from Jugoslavian bauxite. All in all there appears little more possibility for domestic development in the metal field.

In the matter of oil, there is no doubt but that the country could make its full requirements from German coal if it had to. Present annual needs are 4 million tons. Altogether 970,000 tons were produced at home last year, being made up of 420,000 tons of crude, 300,000 tons of benzol, 150,000 of wood alcohol, and 100,000 of artificial gasoline. Gasoline production is to be increased 500,000 tons during 1937, which would just about cover the country's motor fuel—but only 40 per cent of her *total* oil-needs. Still, she could probably get along if she had to.

Nothing has claimed greater attention or effort than the production of substitute rubber. *Buna*, the *Ersatz* rubber on which the trucks of the German Army are to ride, was announced by the I. G. Farben in 1929, declared ready for use in 1932. There is little question, either, but that it is an excellent substitute. *But its cost is at least six times that of natural rubber* at the present world price. It is the same with all these substitutes: artificial rubber is to cost the German people 220 million marks more per year than natural rubber, artificial gasoline 500 millions more, domestic beet sugar 550 millions, and so on with the wood fiber substitutes, domestic iron ore, and the rest. All this is aside from the huge plant capital required to produce them. That is why costs rise and standards of living sink.

Both the *Frankfurter Zeitung* (owned by I. G. Farben) and Schacht's *German Economist* gave the self-sufficiency Plan a very skeptical reception. The latter remarked that it was well the Plan allowed a period of four years, as the skilled labor and raw materials necessary, as well as the huge capital, would be available only after rearmament was finished. And Schacht ought to know these things if anyone does.

The Labor Front *Angriff*, however,

greeted the Plan enthusiastically. Here speaks the voice of Nazi radicalism. As far as it is concerned, the bigger the plan and the harder it is pushed the sooner will socialization of industry come. And indeed the Plan promises such a continually increasing degree of state control of industry as will in the end be scarcely distinguishable from nationalization.

Autarkie—self-sufficiency—is a war economy. It has only one use: that of fitting Germany to withstand siege. It is a political objective, which can only be viewed by the economist as madness. It cuts square across the line of German developments during the past seventy years. For the growth of Germany's export trade was the thing which permitted the doubling of her population in that time. At least a quarter of the national income normally comes from this trade; without it there are simply fifteen million too many Germans.

V

To return to a peace-time footing and normalize her relations Germany *must* pursue export trade. Yet with the move toward autarkie, upon which she now seems irrevocably embarked, much of the country's trade will have to be abandoned. As it is, only through the endless effort, patience, wiliness, and, in sum genius, of Dr. Schacht has this barely been held up to the level to which it had fallen by 1932. At home Nazi circles have ascribed the difficulties met by German export trade to Jewish and general world boycott. "The world fears and envies our orderly, clever, hard-working Germany; it is against us now, as it always has been . . ." How many hundred times have I heard that argument!

The actual reasons for Germany's trade difficulties come much closer to home, and are much more closely connected with economic fact. They are due chiefly to: 1. Her failure to align the mark while she still could. 2. Her policy of using all her financial resources for rearmament and refusing to pay her international debts (which, labeled as "tribute" pay-

ments, were taken out of the economic into the political sphere). This reduced her to barter, with all its annoyances and expense. 3. Her policy of self-sufficiency, with high protection for home agriculture and the uneconomic development of inferior domestic resources and substitute materials. All of this raised production costs and made competition in the world market still more difficult for German manufacturers.

The first result of these policies was to reduce an export surplus which in the worst year, 1932, had held up to a billion marks, to an adverse balance of a third of a billion in 1934. Since then, under the most rigid of controls, trade has been balanced evenly. The new policy is: "We buy only as much as we can sell, and we buy only from those who buy from us." This, while appearing reasonable and sound, has often unfortunate effects. For instance, Germany's cheapest market for cotton has always been the United States; she bought three-quarters of her needs in this country. She has, however, a particularly unsatisfactory balance of trade with America, and failing to persuade the Americans to buy more from her, has been forced to turn to dearer markets, to Brazil for example.

Likewise with wool, of which she has practically no domestic supply (Germans prefer pork, eat no mutton), she has, through failure to pay ordinary commercial debts for goods delivered, shut herself out of the Australian and New Zealand markets, and must pay dearer in South Africa and the Argentine. Still not filling her needs, and having a favorable balance with England, she buys *partly processed* cotton and wool there (because under the terms of the clearing agreement she cannot take trans-shipped raw materials). Is it any wonder that under such an economy of waste prices are rising in Germany, and food imports are curtailed?

The export side shows the same opportunistic policy. France, Holland, and Switzerland have complained during the past year that Germany was not sending

them all the margarine, shoes, and clothing they were willing to buy. Amazing! On the face of it here was a chance for Germany to improve her already extremely favorable balance of trade with these countries, and make more work at home in idle industries.

But Germany owes all of these countries money, to collect which they have set up "clearing" systems. In France, for instance, the proceeds of German exports are divided up as follows: 16 per cent to French holders of Dawes or Young Plan bonds; 59 per cent to firms having commercial debts owed them by Germany; and only 25 per cent, finally, left available for German purchases in France. Any further German exports would thus only go largely to repay old debts; they would produce for Dr. Schacht none of the all-necessary *Devisen*—on the contrary, he would be out the good money for the raw materials he put into them. So he refuses to sell them. This German refusal, or steady neglect, to pay commercial debts, is another reason why the country is losing trade.

The way sought out of the dilemma has been an utterly simple one: barter. Eighty per cent of Germany's trade is now done this way; only 20 per cent brings in the coveted *Devisen*, and half of that must at once be transferred for Dawes and Young interest. With his remaining 35 million marks in *Devisen* per month Dr. Schacht leads a hand-to-mouth existence; *a rise of only 1 per cent in the price of international raw materials means he has to find 3 millions more in Devisen.*

In the scramble to export enough manufactures to get the raw materials needed for its program the Government was giving away by last midsummer *just twice the tonnage of exports for the same number of marks as in 1931.* Here is a little example close to home. Wanting to make a purchase of American cotton last spring, the Germans offered glassware in return. But Czech glass was selling at just half of the German price. So the Germans doubled the quantity. Then they had to pay the Southern bank a

bonus of 30 per cent more glass to persuade it to handle the deal. So they ended by giving 160 per cent more glass than they first reckoned.

In the same way Brazil is offered locomotives for coffee; Jugoslavia, steel bridges for bauxite; India, machinery for cotton; South Africa, various manufactures for wool. The Balkan countries are offered armaments in barter for foodstuffs. The present uneasy European situation has greatly favored this last proposal. Last June Dr. Schacht made what was then acclaimed as an eminently successful trip through Austria, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Greece, Bulgaria, and Rumania; just lately he has been to Turkey. These countries all had credits piling up in Germany. All needed, or thought they needed, armaments. They had no money to buy them, so it only remained for Dr. Schacht to point out the logical solution: why not accept German armaments for their debts? A very political enonomist is the wily *Herr Doktor*; for by this arrangement Germany becomes armaments maker to a whole region over which she seeks political domination.

Much is made of the extension of German trade in Central Europe and the Balkans, but actually the eight countries from Czechoslovakia down to Turkey take all together only one-ninth of Germany's exports and the gain in trade here in 1935 amounted to under 2 per cent of Germany's total. The truth is, Germany lacks the financial power to play big brother to these needy little countries, undeniably a big potential market for her. If she fails to establish her economicopolitical *Mittel-Europa*, it will be more on this account than anything else.

Far bigger markets for Germany are her neighbors, the former gold-bloc countries: Holland, Switzerland, and France. They rank as Customers Nos. 1, 4, and 5 (Britain is No. 2, Italy No. 3), and on the basis of trade in the second quarter of 1936 they net her a handsome annual surplus of half a billion marks. With these countries trade decreased by 155

millions in 1935, or far more than the increase in the Balkans. There seems little doubt but that since gold-bloc devaluation it must drop still farther.

To continue to sell to Holland, Switzerland, and France, as well as Italy (another devaluator, with whom her trade is also favorable) as much as heretofore, she will have to drop her prices drastically. In the long run trade is likely to even out here, as it must nearly everywhere if Schacht pursues his New Plan a while longer. *But it will nearly always come out on a lower level.*

Germany's main export articles are steel, machinery, chemicals, and textiles; her great market is and always has been continental Europe. The prospects in that market would appear to be worse every year. It is not only that war is blowing up. These articles are just the things which every European country has been trying to produce for itself since the last war. New fears, in which Germany has a large share, only speed the industrial self-sufficiency process everywhere.

Germany's one big opportunity came and went ten years ago: Russia! German industry and the Russian market; German skill and Russian raw materials—what immense possibilities there were in that combination over the next fifty years! Now that is all finished, and you daren't mention it in Germany. That is, all but Dr. Schacht daren't; he says what he thinks, and waves his letter of resignation about if anyone objects. He needs cash, and Russia pays in good, yellow gold—200 million marks last year alone. So while *Angriff* and *Izvestia* name each other "scum" and "barbarian," a Russian delegation is actually in Berlin negotiating for a new 200 million trade credit to follow that of April, 1935, now almost used up.

Some world trade could yet be recaptured, it is claimed in some quarters, if Germany were to devalue. Before examining the advantages and the difficulties of devaluation, let us take a look at the country's financial condition.

VI

Where has the magician of the mark found the money for rearmament and recovery? In what state has this great effort left the country's finances? How has devaluation been staved off so long, and when will Germany be forced to undertake the operation?

The money for Work Creation and Re-armament schemes has largely been raised by the issue of three-months Credit Bills. These are paid out to contractors or industrialists for work done, must be held by them three months, and can then be turned in at any of the commercial banks. They are supposed to be paid off in 3 to 5 years, and are renewable every three months till then. They pay $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest. Banks are full of them, and industrialists hold many for investment.

The London *Economist* recently made a painstaking calculation that the Government had used in 1933 short-term credits of 1 to 2 billions; in 1934, 2 to 3 billions; in 1935, over 5 billions; "and the evidence suggests that the tempo has not been reduced for 1936." A conservative total is set at 12 billions. Competent observers in Germany say this is a decided underestimate; 15 billions would be nearer, they told me.

In addition, long-term loans of 3700 to 4200 millions have been floated since 1933, also bearing $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, at first more or less compulsorily subscribed by banks, but now forced with little formality upon savings institutions, life insurance companies, industrialists, and private individuals. Two billions were supposedly used to consolidate Reich short-term debt. Not included is a 500 million consolidation loan by the State Railways.

From increased tax revenue and savings on the dole the Reich has gained, according to the Finance Minister, some 7 billions to date. As supplements to these regular revenues must be considered also the collection campaigns such as the Winter Relief (which nets, officially, 350 millions per year), and the dues for the

Labor Front deducted from the pay of all German workers (about 900 millions per year). At the same time almost every mobilizable capital resource has been drawn upon. The billion-mark gold reserve and the billion-mark export surplus which the Nazis inherited, the huge sums withheld from their creditors, the hundreds of millions of Russian gold, several hundred millions from the sale of the Government's shares in the Steel Trust and the private banks, the cash and estates confiscated from the Jews, the funds of the former trade unions—money has been combed out of every corner in the land. Beside this, a billion a year is being diverted from food imports to industrial raw materials.

Not all has gone for armament. Probably 4 to 5 billions have been put into other recovery projects, such as house repairs, home-building subsidy, ordinary road repairs, etc. That leaves 18 to 19 billions for armament; for Army, Navy, and Air Force, fortifications, military highways, munitions, and what not. To this must be added the sum which the industrialists have been "encouraged" to invest in strategic industrialization, plausibly reckoned at 5 billions; and, finally, a billion-mark raw material stock on hand.

That the Government has published no budget for 1936, nor indicated any for 1937, will not appear surprising. The size of the 1936 budget was however computed for me recently by a well-informed German economist. It is of about 12 billion marks, made up as follows:

Expenditures

Regular budget.....	5 bills.
Ordinary military budget.....	3 bills.
(estimated at double the pre-war military budget of $1\frac{1}{2}$ bills., to allow for mechanization)	
Armament creation.....	4 bills.
(estimated from an apparent monthly expenditure of 300 to 350 mils.)	

Receipts

Revenue from taxation, etc. (9 bills., of which $2\frac{1}{2}$ bills. go to the states)	net $6\frac{1}{2}$ bills.
Deficit.....	$5\frac{1}{2}$ bills.

The country's internal floating debt has been increased by the Nazis from under 8 billions to around 25 billions. How long can the merry dance go on? Are there any reserves still left? Does a condition of inflation already exist?

The condition existing at present is called "credit inflation"; only 10 per cent more actual currency is in circulation to-day than a year ago. With the Reich having usurped most of the bank credit during the past four years, the Reichsbank and Golddiskontbank (both State-owned) and the ordinary commercial banks are full literally to bursting with three-months Work Creation and Re-armament bills. Lately the banks have been called on to finance new raw material factories. Very, very little more credit is still to be had from them.

Three hundred millions have been taken from the savings banks this year—over their protests—and probably a billion more could be found there. Seven hundred millions was squeezed out of the industrialists' surplus last year for an export subsidy; the whole of it, or 1½ billions, could be taken this year. The corporation tax, raised recently from 20 to 30 per cent, should bring in a little more. But the milking of industry cannot go on at this rate forever; already there are signs that it has ceased to accumulate liquid funds. Ordinary tax revenue continues to mount: the figure for April-September, 1936, is an even billion ahead of last year. The Government could, and probably will, sell its Hamburg-Amerika Line shares. So the game *can* go on a little while longer.

Yet the Government's recent acts proclaim a desperate capital situation. Twenty-five per cent of the assets of all Jewish firms are made confiscate immediately, in cash. Certain foreign securities owned by Germans are called in for deposit at the Reichsbank (though not yet formally expropriated). The death penalty is decreed for all citizens and Jews found to have a secret bank account abroad. The entire property of anyone even *suspected of the intention* of leaving

the country can be seized and held by the Exchange Control Board, without appeal to Court. This means that in practice anyone's property can be seized.

Something will have to be done soon. As the *Annalist* puts it: if they go ahead with the credit expansion, prices will rise farther and cause more unrest among the people. If they stop, unemployment will be upon them. "We will dump our exports!" Herr Hess threatens; but they are doing that already. Why not devalue, then? What does "devaluation" mean, when 95 per cent of the country's foreign trade is being transacted to-day in marks discounted from 20 to 80 per cent?

Of "devaluation" for Germany, Sagittarius in the *New Statesman and Nation* well says:

A state defaults on foreign debts,
It goes its happy, bankrupt way
And astronomic credits gets
Because it does not mean to pay.

The solvent states, to ease the strain,
Devalue before a fall
Till none at last on gold remain
But states that have no gold at all.

It is probable that Herr Schacht has already gained all the advantage to be had from a devalued mark, both in foreign trade and in tourist traffic. Devaluation would send Germany's foreign debt leaping up again, requiring more interest (the debt is now 13 billion marks, compared to the high of 27 billions in 1930; 5 billions have been lopped off as creditor after creditor has devaluated). Devaluation would increase the cost of everything Germany buys, which could be expected to raise manufacturing costs and domestic prices still more, bringing on a general demand for a wage increase. Would this not make it more difficult, instead of easier, for Germany to export competitively?

What the mark needs is *revaluation*, and a large foreign loan to support it while—the exchange controls being thrown off—money is drained out of the country to pay commercial debts abroad. Then certainly German trade would flow more easily and in greater volume. No

use undertaking the operation without the stabilizing loan and abolition of exchange controls. Schacht's one serious hope of such a loan has been the Bank of England. Up to a year ago talk persisted that he might get it; but it is hardly likely now.

VII

Germany's dilemma seems complete, and it does not look as though any purely internal measure could extricate her now. The builders of the Thousand Year Reich may be standing—about 995 years before the expiration of their self-appointed term—before those old twin German bogeys, inflation and unemployment. Nor will there be any way out through a glorious spending spree next time. The only peaceful way out for Germany is an end to her political alarmism, a foreign loan, currency stabilization, and *more export trade*. Is there the slightest indication that she is seeking that way?

National Socialism is a political and racial program, not an economic one. Hitler has decided on certain political objectives, and to attain them will demand any sacrifice from the nation or twist its economy into any shape whatever, so long as it serves his ends. Now he has launched out on self-sufficiency, which is a war-preparation program and not to be justified in any other way. The signs indicate, however, that economic retribution is close behind and will not give him much margin.

This is the danger period, as pressure at home urges him on to adventure abroad. There will be no lack of opportunity in Europe in the next year or two for one to hurry events by merely making one's demands a little too unreasonable, or one's moves a little too alarming. Let Europe's statesmen then, and especially the British, only clear their heads of all illusions as to what Germany under Hitlerism means; let them keep her isolated, and navigate the troubled diplomatic seas of the next year or so with the utmost care, and there is a fair chance that disillusion and privation in Germany will have forced a change of policy.

The democracies—and this is too often forgotten—have the power of money on their side in this game of peace or war. If the French would give a vigorous lead in the economic reconstruction of Danubia, Hitler and Mussolini (neither of whom, after all, has the money) could be kept from domination there. If Britain, France, and the United States would get together and make some settlement of the old war-debt annoyance; and if, along with the Empire, Holland, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, and the big South American countries, would all get busy improving trade among themselves, and in an ever-widening circle, the world may be ready by then for another try at fitting Germany in her place.

The alternative is scarcely to be contemplated by sane men in this year 1937.



The Lion's Mouth



OUR NEW OLD

BY MARIAN CASTLE

PROBABLY no generation in history has made such a botch of its relations with its elders as has mine. We are mother-complex-haunted, in-law-ridden, age-burdened.

Ironically enough, we are the same generation which, upon reaching our twenties in the nineteen-twenties, became so tediously and offensively articulate about declaring ourselves free of our elders. Hadn't Freud assured us that to be saved we must be unrepresed? Hadn't Millay and Fitzgerald and Hemingway convinced us that we were a generation of air plants, growing entirely without roots in the form of parental restrictions and home duties? They had. And so we stamped around campuses with our galoshes and our opinions unbuckled, telling the world we were going to Live Our Own Lives, and just let anyone dare to stop us.

Some fifteen years have since gone by; we have aged; world conditions have changed. Our much publicized wildness, that went up like a rocket, has come down like the stick. To-day we find ourselves doing that most distasteful of all things—eating our own words. For instead of being free of our elders, we have nearly ruined their lives and ours by too close association with them.

This disastrous inconsistency on our part was due to the fact that, with our maturity, we found ourselves facing problems concerning the elderly that no previous generation had ever faced. We weren't ogres at heart; so we handled these problems in traditional ways—we ignored them or we tried to solve them according to the sentiments on a Moth-

er's Day card. Neither method has worked. New problems require new solutions. We may as well try to find those solutions.

For no one can deny that we have new problems. In the first place, my generation possesses more elders than any generation that has gone before us. Each year the relative number of young in the population decreases; the relative number of old increases. Since our grandparents' day the proportion of the population over sixty-five has exactly doubled. We have heard a lot about our New Poor; less has been said about our New Old.

In the second place, we have just come through a depression which wrecked many of the investments of the elderly. People in their thirties and forties may be able to recoup lost capital. But when the nest-eggs of the elderly are smashed, or even badly cracked, there is no mending them. Many old people who expected to be financially independent have been left with insufficient incomes to take care of themselves.

How has my generation met this situation? They have taken their elders in to live with them, and put off their marriages, and spoiled their marriages. For every instance of filial neglect that I have observed among my contemporaries, I know a dozen who have all but ruined their lives through over-much filial devotion.

The worst havoc seems to be among my unmarried women friends. These, fifteen years ago, were the "advanced" thinkers of the college, talented, promising, often beautiful. These were the ones who declaimed about liberty and the libido and love, who went after careers and got them. To-day they are

stringy under the chins, pinched round the nostrils, and given to nervous breakdowns.

There is Jane who goes to the office every day and has an apartment and a car and an elderly mother all her own. Of course her brothers can't help take care of the mother because they are married. Jane at one time had several proposals. But after her mother came to live with her the proposals of marriage ceased. Jane has had other proposals since, but none with Mrs. attached to them. And now she has fine tired lines round her eyes and smokes too much and each year grows a little more acid in her comments upon life and her friends.

I know a lot of Janes. Sometimes there is a suitor who has waited ten years for Something to Happen. Usually he too has an elderly dependent. As often as not he lost his job during the depression—it was queer how women could hold on to them when men were let out. But even if he had a job, a household containing *two* sets of in-laws was unthinkable.

The Janes are rather touching. For with their assumption of the male duty of breadwinning, they frequently assume the masculine vulnerability to weakness called chivalry. A Jane is much more easily wrapped round her mother's little finger than a more feminine daughter would be. Yet for all that Jane carries her own cigarettes and check book, she continues to be a woman underneath, with a woman's needs and longings.

These unmarried Janes who support their elders are a relatively recent phenomenon. Only a generation ago, a girl with a widowed mother to support had but one way of doing it. She looked round a little desperately and more than a little calculatingly and let herself fall in love with a Good Provider. True, she had to find a man who would take on a mother-in-law. And true, she had to have her mother living with her thereafter. And she had to make the best of what had started out as a somewhat utilitarian marriage. But she had children

and a regular sex life and fewer nervous breakdowns. For to support her mother she was forced to live a biologically normal life.

Since the War the exact opposite has been true. To-day the one thing that a girl who must support a mother *cannot* do is to marry—to live a biologically normal life. Her only course is to work very hard to earn degrees and promotions. Eventually she can buy herself bowls of guppies and hooked rugs and electric gadgets—everything to make up a home, in fact, except the things that really make a home!

Psychiatrists note an ever-increasing number of nervous tics, "female troubles," and breakdowns among successful single women to-day. Such women are not satisfied with promiscuous affairs. They crave the stability, the integrity, the serenity of marriage. And marriage is denied them.

As I looked about me I saw that the burden of the elderly was not confined to the unmarried. My married contemporaries have suffered too. Here, too, conditions are more difficult than they were a generation ago. For in addition to the depression and the longer lives of older people, there is the problem of the cramped living quarters of to-day.

A successful and observant woman real estate dealer of my city said of the housing situation: "It wasn't true, in my experience, that many young people went home to their parents during the depression. For every case like that, a dozen youngish couples came in with the request, 'We have to move; please find us a larger apartment—or a house with a bedroom on the first floor. Mary's mother—or John's—is coming to live with us.'"

The expensiveness, and consequent smallness, of modern living quarters makes the burden of the elderly heavier. When our mothers had their mothers-in-law come to live with them, they merely set up a base-burner in the spare bedroom and cooked a few more potatoes out of the root cellar and used more milk inside the house instead of letting it go for the

pigs. To-day's couples move from a three- to a four-room apartment, and order extra chops and head lettuce and oranges when mother comes to live with them. It is usually mother and not father, because women normally outlive men by four years, and because most men marry women younger than themselves to begin with. So it means two women under one roof, with all the resultant friction of a housewife and a housewife emeritus living together.

There are the Hapgoods. Back in college Sally was the kind who would sit up all night talking about William Blake, but who could never seem to find time to get her hair marcelled before a dance. She married pleasant, conventional Harry Hapgood and bore him two husky boys. Because she loved him, she managed somehow to get the laundry out on time, and the meals on the table, and the boys' stockings darned—which last she did with a book propped up in front of her. Harry, in turn, kept his eyes on his wife, and not on the dust under theavenport.

Then Mrs. Hapgood Sr., who has always prided herself on being a good housekeeper and a devoted mother, came to live with them. And now Sally is growing edgy and a little shrill about defending her method of folding socks and bringing up children and thickening gravies. And Harry is becoming housekeeping-conscious. He notices the peelings left on the potatoes and the buttons left off his clothes; and he spends less time looking at Sally.

There are the Allan Jordans who have Peg's mother living with them. Peg is an only child. She is constantly torn between her mother's plaintive nagging jealousy of Allan and Allan's sullen resentment toward his mother-in-law. . . . In the case of the Swaynes, it is Stan's mother who lives with them. Hilda has a sophisticated flair for the smartest thing in interior decoration and hats and opinions. Her mother-in-law volubly adores crossword puzzles and Shirley Temple and making yo-yo quilts. Each woman

would be a useful and happy person alone; together they are wretched.

What can be done about all these failures? Since many of them are the result of new conditions, we shall have to evolve a new technic for handling them.

Take the unmarried Janes, for instance. Those with brothers can insist upon no discrimination in the matter of filial duty. The brothers—and sometimes the married sisters—who use their families as an excuse for not bearing their share of their mothers' support must be made to do so. I know that at this point most of the Janes will mutter grimly, "Try to get them to!" Nevertheless, Jane will have to make them see that not only are their families no excuse for shirking but that, on the contrary, it is Jane who will work hard all her life, at a relatively smaller wage than either her brothers or her brothers-in-law will receive, only to end up with no younger generation left to worry about her.

If all the children contribute equitably, the mother need not live with any of them. To accomplish this, the really tactful Jane may have to invest in a trip abroad for herself or a summer away doing graduate work. Preparing for the separation, she will of course encourage her mother to join things, to cultivate her own contemporaries, and to develop hobbies; after this she will arrange for her mother to settle in some pleasant boarding house or tiny apartment. Upon her return she can always find it more convenient to room alone near her work—or far from it—or wherever she can best succeed in having a life of her own.

Even if Jane has to bear all of her mother's expenses, it may yet be wiser to sacrifice every luxury in order to have separate domiciles. Psychological factors must decide this. Some of us who are unmarried live with our mothers without cramping either their lives or our own, just as some of us who are married have mothers-in-law living with us in a state of serene co-operation on both sides. But we are exceptions; and no

matter how harmonious is our life together, the maintenance of harmony requires forethought and real forbearance on both sides.

The only remedy for the Hapgoods and Jordans and Swaynes is to be brave enough to face not only their mothers but the comments of the world when they insist upon keeping their family lives separate. It may be merely to the extent of finding a boarding place for mother next door. Then when she comes over to visit she is an honored guest; when the family goes over for Sunday night tea with her it is a festivity.

Of course these suggestions will not always work. Just as we make exceptions, for the child who is sick or defective, to the rule that children should learn early to shift for themselves, so we may have to make exceptions to the rule of separate households for every family when our elders are hopelessly incapacitated or when there simply is not enough money for two establishments. But at least we can hold to the idea that such cases *are* exceptions.

The best time to remedy mistakes is before they occur. Now is the time to ask ourselves what we, who are probably going to live longer than our parents and considerably longer than our grandparents, are doing to lighten the next generation's burden of the elderly—ourselves.

Are we saving enough and wisely investing it? In spite of sad observations during the depression, no substitute for personal thrift has yet been discovered. Are we declaring our intention of living independently in our old age—whether in housekeeping rooms or family hotels or old people's homes; and are we laughing aside the one-time stigma upon the last-named? Are we stoutly refusing to attribute a lack of filial loyalty to those grown children who arrange for separate homes for themselves and their parents? Are we developing so many hobbies and interests that we shan't *want* to live in the lives of our children when we are old? For hobbies, like good teeth and character, should be started young; and the per-

son without a hobby is the person who grows old gracelessly. Above all, have we dusted off that early vow of ours about *Living Our Own Lives*? For now is the time to say it and mean it. If we have done all, or any, of these things we shall without a doubt become the most popular elder generation in history.

ON THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

BY ELMER DAVIS

TO THE French we must seem a nation of sissies. When our presidential campaign ended last November most of us felt that we had been through something, and something we would just as soon not go through again. Not in half a century had there been a campaign so savagely bitter; a good many worthy citizens had insisted that the very existence of the republic was at stake, and they had upheld their end of the argument with the vigor that might have been expected of those who were striking for their altars and their fires, home, and their native land. It was not only a bitter campaign but in spots a dirty one—dirtier both out in the open and in its underground whispers than any of modern times. Yet at the end of it all the French weekly *Guingoire* commented: "We have no idea of what an American election is like. There, the bitterness of the struggle does not interfere with good humor; the campaign is conducted in the atmosphere of a fair or a carnival."

No Democrat ever said anything half so scathing about Father Coughlin or John Hamilton or Robert R. McCormick, about the New York *Sun* and the Hearst papers. They all did their very best for God and country, they minced no words in their denunciation of the alien-minded agitator from Groton and Harvard who threatened to destroy the American way of life; and to a French observer it all looked like good clean fun. We had been implored to save a Constitution that had been stabbed in the back, to uphold a republic menaced with immediate over-

throw; yet *Gringoire* could callously remark, "The two candidates had identical programs, and so did the two parties." It is enough to make any American blush with shame for his halfhearted and inarticulate country.

It must be admitted that *Gringoire's* standards of political controversy are fairly exacting. Only a couple of weeks after it passed this derogatory comment on American campaigning it succeeded in hounding the French Minister of the Interior to suicide. It had accused him of cowardice and desertion in the War; an army commission headed by the Chief of Staff had investigated the charges and exonerated the accused M. Salengro; but *Gringoire* kept on telling the same story till Salengro's nerves cracked under the strain. Evidently in France, in a quite different sense from that in which English courts used to employ the phrase, the truth is no defense. One begins to understand the naïve astonishment of *Gringoire's* observation: "No American would dream of sending his opponents to jail, or to death, just to insure the victory of his candidate." In France they not only dream of it but sometimes get away with it.

Gringoire represents the Right—the conservatives, the wealthy, the aristocracy, the adherents of order, discipline, and revealed religion; and it is not much more abusive than most of the other journalistic organs of its faction. In our own campaign too most of the mud-slinging was done by the rich and wellborn, or by those who had lined up with them; experience has pretty well proved that when it comes to abuse and misrepresentation, your agitator sprung from the gutter can seldom compete with the gentleman who is afraid he may lose some of his money. Our cisatlantic aristocracy sometimes went pretty far, both in mendacity and in violence; but compare their language with that used by the French Right, and they are simply nowhere. It almost makes you wonder if our aristocrats are really aristocratic after all.

And so does their subsequent behavior.

For some days after the election they seem to have been stunned with astonishment at the discovery that the majority had dared to disagree with "the Christian men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has committed the control of the property interests of this country." But after that they pulled themselves together and, on the whole, seemed to accept the verdict. Some of them still muttered and talked about moving to Canada; but there were plutocrats who dared to say, and others who were willing to listen to the contention, that it appeared that they would have to change some of their ideas and some of their ways. It is not to be supposed that very many of them agreed with William Allen White, who irreverently referred to the great crusade to save the American way of life as "our quadrennial papier-mâché crisis." Most of these gentlemen—and a still higher proportion, probably, of their ladies—believed that it was a real crisis, a real crusade; and in logical consequence, a veritable disaster. Yet after they had got over the shock most of them accepted the result with resignation—sometimes even with at least the outward semblance of sportsmanship.

What else could they do, you may ask? They had just taken the worst licking in American political history; they were under precisely the same obligation to accept it that Margaret Fuller was under to accept the Universe. But the rich and conservative of Europe can think of other things to do when they lose an election; there you seldom hear any of this talk about all getting together and co-operating for the common good. The Spanish Conservatives, losing control of the government, started a war; not having enough Spaniards on their side to win it, they called in Germans, Italians, and Moors to save the national tradition, called in Lutherans and Moslems to save the Catholic faith, by burning Spanish cities and slaughtering Spanish women and children. The Austrian conservatives, being unable to establish themselves solidly enough by constitutional means,

ensured the domination of the wise, the rich, and the good by turning six-inch howitzers on inhabited apartment houses. Nor have conservatives been the only offenders; the Russian Communists have been in power so long that a good many people forget that they first seized power by force after they had lost an election.

It is hard for the American who contrasts all this with his own country's practice to escape a touch of Pharisaism; but before he thanks God that he is not as other men are he had better look at the record. Once in this country the party that lost an election managed to retain power by a blend of chicanery and the menace of force—a menace which was successful because the country had fresh and vivid memories of what civil war was like. But sixteen years of revolution (the politics of the Reconstruction period were only a continuation of war by other means) had then accustomed the country to violent solutions; and the people of that day seem to have had a gift for dressing up their interests and passions as moral imperatives which since, happily, has to a large extent been lost. To most Europeans of to-day what happened here in 1876 would seem natural and obvious; but no American of to-day who might approve of such tactics in his own time would dare to admit it—which must reinforce the widespread European conviction that we are not a serious people.

If we are not, it is a matter of luck rather than virtue; we began with an enormous margin, in space and in resources. No depression was permanent because new reservoirs of wealth were always waiting to be tapped; no individual disaster, political or economic, was irreparable because the defeated could always carve themselves out a new life on the frontier. Spatially that margin is gone, economically it has narrowed; but by contrast with Europe it is still immense, and the state of mind it has engendered is still with us. The habit of accepting the verdict of the majority is perhaps the richest of our national resources; and its conservation is one of the

major tasks of the second Roosevelt Administration.

It would be easy to save it—at too heavy a cost. Probably one large reason why the rich and conservative so readily accepted the verdict of November, 1936, was that after the excitement was over they did not really believe that Mr. Roosevelt was going to do anything very serious to them after all. A good many people indeed are afraid that he will not do enough; that urgently needed reforms will be neglected in the interest of harmony. Your Communist and your Fascist, both convinced of the imperative necessity of liquidating the opposition, can point to some conspicuous recent examples of what happens when the victors are beguiled by the charms of harmony into failure to consolidate their victory. The German Republic kept unreconstructed Monarchists in its service, and in the end was stabbed in the back; the Spanish Republic, in its early stages, failed to take really thorough measures against the old privileged classes, with consequences which have occupied the front pages of the newspapers for months past. And the Spanish Conservatives, taking up arms after losing an election, doubtless blame themselves because the last time they were in power they did not deal so vigorously with the opposition that there would never be any more danger of their losing an election.

To your Marxian with his belief in predestination, in the unchangeable inevitability of historic and economic processes, all this is a warning to Mr. Roosevelt; now that he has the economic royalists licked, let him see that they stay licked. If Marxism were the whole truth this might be a sound argument; but nothing is clearer from recent history than that Marx's economic analysis merely shows the natural direction of economic development *if unchecked*—and human nature being what it is, economic development seldom remains unchecked very long. As for Marxian psychology, it is merely a picture of the way people would think and feel if their

thought and emotion were not influenced by other factors, which Marx never took into consideration at all. Despite Marx, and despite the Republican campaign arguments that made the whole concept ridiculous, there really seems to be, in a sense, an "American way of life" that contrasts with the way of life prevalent in most of Europe; and one large factor in that way of life is a distaste for settling political arguments by force of arms. Call it the result of our luck and not of our virtue; still, there it is.

In this country then there are powerful reasons for not indulging in violent reprisals against a defeated political party or economic class. Spain has given us a picture of what the class war means; we are a long way yet from anything like that in this country, and no public man would willingly do anything that might bring it nearer. And yet there are reforms that Mr. Roosevelt must undertake if he is to justify the confidence expressed in him by twenty-nine million voters, who did not all go to the polls just to record their satisfaction with a rising stock market. There is no point in listing those reforms here; almost everybody might have a different list, but most of the twenty-nine million would probably agree that there are plenty of things that still need doing. Now a time of prosperity—or even a time, like the present, which looks like prosperity by contrast with recent years—is never very hospitable to reform; when the patient is feeling pretty well he is seldom willing to stop drinking and take

cold showers and go to bed early, and do all the other uncomfortable things that may be necessary to keep him feeling well. And while Wall Street and State Street and Wilmington and Pittsburgh and Philadelphia may say that they accept the inevitable and are willing to go along with the Administration, any serious reform program will make them bleat with anguish.

Yet somewhere there is a golden mean, a best possible equilibrium between the economically and politically necessary and the psychologically acceptable, a program which blends as well as possible what the country needs and what the country will accept. In the next four years we have an opportunity for peaceful and reasonable reconstruction which, if lost, may never recur; yet all experience shows that there is no use trying to give the American people more than they are willing to swallow, however good it may be. Here is as tough a job as was ever laid out for any President of the United States—the saving of the American way of life on two fronts at once, by action which will simultaneously meet the economic and the psychological need. Luckily Mr. Roosevelt is, when he chooses to be, a good persuader; and he is an extremely skilful tightrope walker. His very defects may here prove an advantage; the serious-minded shake their heads because he seems to have no reasoned and consistent doctrine; but if you want to see where reasoned and consistent doctrine gets you, look at Europe.



THE FUTURE OF LONGFELLOW SCHOOL

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

LAST month the Easy Chair examined the case of Kitty Smith of the Longfellow School, in relation to a virtuous if simple question, Are American teachers free? We found that the question was unrealistic because it was too simple, the problem of freedom and Kitty Smith comprehending more relationships and contingencies than a forthright Yes or No could resolve. The finding will serve to get us into the problem of the primary schools themselves. It is a problem of first importance to American democracy, of such importance that the future course of democracy may well depend on what is done about it.

The events of the last year have shifted democracy in the United States from the defensive to the offensive. As recently as a year ago those who believed in the democratic way of doing things were under a cross-fire from both right and left, and the drunkards of absolutism seemed more self-confident than they were. Much has happened abroad and much more at home to reverse the situation, turn a rear-guard action into an advance, and make democracy more confident and more aggressive than it has been for a long, long time. The reflection of Mr. Roosevelt, for instance, meant many things, but among them it meant a victory for the point of view that sees the problems of society as multiple and inter-related rather than as homologous and independent. Simple solutions, absolute solutions, perfect solutions, and uniform solutions have been at least temporarily

discountenanced, and democracy is seen to be a pluralistic process of moving toward a resolution of forces, rather than a generalized and single process of moving to a goal. The nation is committed to multiplicity and prepared to be realistic about it.

No institution is more important to our democracy than the system of public education, and of that system easily the most important part is the primary schools. Over a period of years they have drifted into a condition now best described as chronic crisis. That condition is a serious danger at the present time and an ominous one for the future. If the public really desires to be more realistic, there is no better place to begin. And one of the best instruments of realism is the recognition that multiplicity is a condition of the problem—that any attempt to solve it for x alone must leave y and many other variables to run wild destructively. Social problems are usually insoluble because usually stated in too simple terms; they cannot be solved because they must be resolved. The problem of the primary schools, certainly, is of this order, and it cannot be grappled with at all except in the understanding that many forces operate on it and that the relationship among them limits what can be done about any of them. Let us state this month a few, a very few, of the forces involved.

Kitty Smith herself is a problem, or rather a whole series of problems. She is a woman and there is reason to be dis-

turbed by the fact that an overwhelming majority of our primary teachers are women, that only a small fraction of our citizens are ever taught by men. And she is a young woman. Many teachers spend their lives in their profession but far more do not. Usually teaching is a woman's temporary way of making a living while she remains unmarried. Kitty teaches until she gets married, then she quits—on the average at about the time she has learned how to do her job. She thus creates a turnover so large that one of the governing conditions of our primary schools is that they shall be staffed in great part by apprentices. Finally, neither the conditions of the job nor the salary it pays can attract enough competent and satisfactorily trained teachers. However humble your standards for teaching in the primary schools, you will find that a large number of the teachers and of the institutions at which they are trained fall below them. And it must be recognized that only a limited improvement is possible. The cost of generally raising the level of competence would be more than society can pay.

Again, the public schools, being so central in the social organization, have created a number of vested interests, none of which, probably, can be altogether eradicated. The school system is linked with politics, and it is concerned with spending money. Both of those facts imply graft, and though society can tolerate a certain amount of graft and probably requires it in order to operate efficiently, the school graft has unquestionably passed the tolerable maximum in many places and approaches it in many more. Teachers' organizations combat at least the part of the graft that produces terrorism, and sporadic attacks are made on it by educational leaders, civic organizations, and associations of taxpayers and parents. But there is no steady opposition to it, little occasional opposition of any strength, and no such thing as a concerted effort to put a stop to it. No such effort could wholly succeed, but until one is made it is essential, in any considera-

tion of the schools, to accept corruption as one of the constant conditions.

But graft is not the most dangerous of the vested interests. What is called the science of education has created one more widespread and far more securely entrenched. It probably handicaps the schools much more than such neutral graft as that associated with the sale of textbooks and supplies or such vicious ones as the pressure of political machines or the propaganda of corporations. Our reformers bellow horribly when a public utility is permitted to condition young minds against public ownership, but have watched with blithe indifference the capture of the whole school system by colleges of education. Laudably designed to make teaching more effective, the system riveted on the American schools not only is open to the gravest doubts of its theory and philosophy, but has created a stupid and brutal tyranny. The tyranny most oppressive to Kitty Smith, and most dangerous to society and to your children and mine, is not the one that forbids her to smoke a cigarette in public or to picket during a strike, but the one that enforces on her a "methodology" in great part meaningless, a set of principles and practices in great part erroneous, and a set of opinions and beliefs derived from theories of education in great part absurd. Glance at the "credits in education" required by statute of your child's teacher before she can be certified, and the ones she is forced to add to them from year to year, and you will be looking straight at one of the most dangerous menaces to the American schools. The system is now so strong that it cannot be uprooted, but it could be weakened and confined. Attack on it must be made simultaneously in three places, among the schools themselves, among the legislatures, and among the colleges of education.

Even more alarming is what seems to be an inexorable tendency of society to lower the intellectual standards of primary education in order to use the schools for other social ends. In response to needs which other social mech-

anisms have so far been unable to serve, our metropolitan schools (and to a smaller degree our other schools) have become agencies of public health departments, of police departments, and of juvenile courts. The services thus performed are indispensable, but that the schools can best or most economically perform them is open to the most serious doubt. And whether or not they can, one unexpected and very vicious result has been to make them asylums and detention homes in which many children are kept not to be educated but merely to be protected from the streets. This force has joined with others to produce an assumption not only that a child is entitled to be maintained in school while he is of school age but also to be automatically advanced. It is now widely true that at the end of the school year teachers must pass on to the next grade all but a microscopic fraction of their pupils. If they neglect to, their principals and superintendents force them to, and those officials in turn are yielding to pressure that comes straight from society itself. Society demands that the child be passed through the educational process whether or not he is capable of learning from it.

This insistence on teaching children who cannot be taught, and on keeping them on an equal basis with those who can be taught, has resulted in stiffening class divisions, increasing the cleavage between public and private education, and multiplying the number of private schools. Thirty years ago, in the Middle West and the Far West, a child who was sent to a private school was either the child of the richest man in town or else a defective. Now many parents who want their children to go to college, or even to reach maturity decently equipped for it, have to send them to private schools because the public schools cannot prepare them. Moreover, experimentation has gone beyond the capacity of society and the individual to adjust to it. In our own generation we have seen "experimental" secondary schools develop because "experimental" primary schools

had too solicitously protected their charges from natural selection, and "experimental" colleges develop to take care of what the secondary schools had produced and to extend the protection as far as possible. There is no such thing as an experimental world, and the graduate of such a college must therefore go back and teach at his alma mater, adjust under severe handicaps to a world for which he has not been prepared, or solve his problem head-on with an emotional collapse. Such an issue from the problem of democratic education is as grotesquely ironical as it was unpredicted.

Operating in all these phenomena is one of the liveliest sentiments of democracy, the feeling that everyone is entitled to as much education as he wants. How vigorous it is may be gauged by the vilification heaped on every suggestion that the democratic privilege ought to be limited by the individual's ability to learn. The sentiment has no rational support, and the rational autocracies make short shrift of it. Russia, for instance, has a highly intelligent system of gradations which progressively screen out educable young people and carry them upward through the schools and universities as far as their capacities justify the advance—but only as those capacities are demonstrated by a series of realistic tests. Russia considers that wasted education is social waste and acts accordingly. Note, however, that one democracy reaches the same end in a less mechanical way: it is probably easier in England than anywhere else in the world for a genuinely gifted person to utilize all the opportunities of the educational system. Bureaucracy makes the French system more rigid, but it also achieves the same end by a democratic process.

Such sentiments as this one are stronger and probably more important than the rational principles with which they conflict. They are social energy at its highest potential. This one was incalculably valuable for the nation during the term of its expansion, but the costs of education were much lower then and there was

a wider margin to cover them than we shall ever have again. It is less valuable to a matured nation and the costs have astronomically increased. Society can no longer afford that enormous expenditure and must require education to serve a less confused function. Much of that enormous sum is wasted—because many of the pupils forced through the system cannot profit from it, and because the system is required to do things that can be more cheaply and effectively done by other agencies. To continue the waste will be ruinous—will end by destroying democratic education, and probably democracy along with it. It cannot be continued and increased—it must be cut down. The desirable outcome can be phrased: the state must educate all its citizens so far as they can be educated, and must facilitate and support the education of the best even more than it now does. But it must require them to prove that they deserve and can assimilate what they are getting and it must refuse them advancement when they have reached their limits. A practical working maximum must be determined. Some analyses have found that the generality of our people cannot be educated beyond the fifth grade. The maximum may be higher than that, or lower, but it must be found; and, once found, it must be respected. If it is the fifth grade, then universal education must stop short there. Instead of forcing everyone beyond it, we must permit to go farther only those who prove their fitness, and we must require additional proof at every succeeding step. Furthermore, the schools must not be

held responsible for anyone who is not being educated. Haphazardly, even accidentally, they have been assigned the care of the defective, the maladjusted, the delinquent, the unhealthy, and the merely idle elements of our childhood population. They deal with them badly at best and the attempt to deal with them at all frustrates the principal function of the schools. Such accessory services are indispensable but they must be turned over to more efficient and less costly agencies.

The outcome is easily phrased, too easily. The process of achieving it is difficult and complex beyond all conceiving, but the urgency of our educational crisis is equally complex and dark. The sentiment that everyone must be given as much education as he can be forced to submit to, quite without regard to his capacity for absorbing it, is as old as the nation and has been one of the principal sources of our strength. An attempt to modify any such sentiment is dangerous and unpredictable, but this one has moved dangerously out of accord with the facts. Fortunately the one kind of force that can modify such a sentiment is a financial interest, and the obviously insupportable waste of money on our schools will exert increasing power. We are right in not asking democracy to obey the inhuman logic that guides and must eventually destroy the dictatorships, but we must require it to submit to the laws of self-preservation. And the only promising way to attack one of its central problems is to attack at the center of the problem.



Harpers *Magazine*

THIS RECOVERY

WHAT BROUGHT IT? AND WILL IT LAST?

BY GEORGE SOULE

NOW that dividend checks are back in the mails, factories are noisy again, and even the Pullman cars are overflowing, people ask questions about how long good fortune is going to last, whether we shall have another boom and whether it will be followed by another crash. But most of them forget the questions and prophecies that preceded recovery. Before venturing to predict any more, it may be well to check up on some of the guesses of the recent past. There were spirited controversies in the early "thirties" about whether and how depression could possibly end. The facts now on record and analyzed by competent experts have answered some of these questions, settled some of these arguments. Aside from the purely scientific interest of these answers, they may help in looking forward.

First, when did the downswing of depression end? This was a subject of much acrimonious dispute, especially among politicians. Mr. Hoover and his

supporters argued that the bottom of the curve was passed in the summer of 1932; his opponents put the low point in March, 1933. If the first date marked the beginning of recovery, it was supposed that the Republicans could claim the credit; if the second, then Mr. Roosevelt was the economic savior. Statistics do not apportion credit for events, but they do indicate what happened. Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, leading authority on the business cycle, has, with Dr. Arthur F. Burns, recently published through the National Bureau of Economic Research a bulletin entitled "Production During the American Business Cycle of 1927-1933," in which this point is decided. Out of 40 important measures of economic activity, 24 reached their lowest point in the spring of 1933, while only 12 were lower in the summer of 1932. A considerable number had two troughs, one in each period. Drs. Mitchell and Burns conclude that this is "one of the not infrequent cases of a 'double bot-

tom," but because the spring trough was lower in a majority of the series they select March, 1933, as the beginning of recovery.

This decision leaves one free to suppose, if he can be convinced by Mr. Hoover's arguments, that the upturn of 1932 would have continued uninterrupted had Mr. Roosevelt not aroused fears about the banks or currency or something else. There is, however, no evidence in Dr. Mitchell's bulletin that this was the case. There were two other abortive upturns in the course of the depression before that which occurred during Mr. Hoover's final summer as President, and the Democratic candidate cannot possibly be blamed for the failure of either of these to keep on rising.

Next comes the great debate about the necessary sequence of events in a revival. Some argued that what always had happened first, and must happen first, was an increase in the confidence of investors and business men—something that would lead to more orders for buildings, machinery, and other capital equipment. Others contended that what had to come first was an increase in demand for goods on the part of average citizens—those who finally bought the products made by new capital equipment. It seemed clear to those who took the first position that unless the builders, the railroad companies, the steel makers, and the others who produce durable goods should hire more workers and order more materials people would not have the extra money with which to buy more food, clothing, shoes, automobiles, and radios. Furthermore, it was in the very industries which produce durable goods that the heaviest unemployment existed. On the other hand, it seemed equally clear to the other side that business men would not order buildings, steel, and machinery unless there first arose an increased demand for industry's products on the part of ultimate consumers. Why should factories equip themselves to produce extra goods when

they already had facilities to provide more than people could buy?

The capital goods *vs.* consumers' goods debate raged with peculiar bitterness because the two sides argued the desirability of diametrically opposite governmental policies. If the thing to do first was to encourage new capital investment you had to let wages and prices of raw materials fall, keep taxes low, and try to balance the budget. This would make it seem like a good time to invest, in anticipation of a period when costs would be higher. If, on the contrary, you wanted to begin by increasing popular purchasing power the thing to do was to go in heavily for relief of workers and farmers, let the budget slide into the red, and set a bottom to wage-cuts.

To this debate also the Mitchell-Burns bulletin gives a decisive answer. "Contrary to precedent, the durable-goods industries remained at or near their lowest ebb when the contraction ended," while textiles, shoes, and most foodstuffs were among the earliest industries to revive. Out of twenty-five kinds of durable goods, listed under the general heads of metals, motor vehicles, machinery, industrial equipment, construction, and construction materials, seventeen did not reach their lowest point before the beginning of recovery. Of course the classification of "durable goods" includes a few things bought by ultimate consumers—notably passenger automobiles. But the output of these did begin to increase before the revival date, while that of trucks, which of course are used for business purposes, did not.

The statistics settle the facts as to what happened, but not the argument as to how it could happen, and why it did. Drs. Mitchell and Burns make it clear that in most previous depressions investment in new capital goods had revived first. Why not then in this one? They suggest that the answer lies in its comparative severity and duration; this was the most violent slump of any concerning which we have adequate data to judge. In an ordinary recession many business

men will seize the first opportunity to prepare for future profits; when prices and interest rates fall and wages drop they will enlarge their plants and buy machinery in the expectation that revival will soon come. By so doing they help it to come. But "in a severe depression the future appears profitless."

This answer provides a reason for the failure of the heavy industries to begin the revival; it does not suggest any reason why the others should or could have done so. Some light may be thrown on this question by the three abortive upward starts made before the depression ended. The first of these—that in the early part of 1930—was brief and mainly restricted to automobiles, steel, and heavy construction. This was before business pessimism had become universal; and we may guess that if there had not been extraordinary obstacles it would have grown into a revival of the usual sort. In the first half of 1931 a more vigorous upward movement occurred, but this was more pronounced in the textile, rubber tire, shoe and leather industries—which make consumers' goods. These are goods of a kind that do not need to be renewed daily or weekly, but do eventually wear out. The summer revival of 1932 also was marked by demand for goods like these. "On the whole," the Bulletin says, "families probably had relatively well stocked wardrobes in 1929. Pinched by hard times, they could buy sparingly for a while. But after a year or two replacements of worn-out garments and shoes become necessary. . . . Thus there is reason to expect that any contraction prolonged beyond the usual duration of about two years will be diversified by moderate upturns in the production of semi-durable necessities."

Johnnie may need a new pair of shoes and his father a new suit, but how are millions of fathers to get the money or credit with which to buy them unless there is a substantial increase in jobs and payrolls? The fact that this increase of payrolls did not occur in 1931 or 1932 was what stopped the upward movement.

There is, indeed, a puzzle as to how it could have begun at all in view of the fact that the purchasing power of the masses was steadily declining during that period. Some consumers, to be sure, still had small savings on which they could draw, or ability to buy on credit. But the main answer seems to lie in a curious little eddy which takes place in the down-rushing torrent of depression. "Even a decline in the rate at which sales are shrinking," writes Dr. Mitchell, "will force dealers to order more freely unless they are willing to let their stocks fall well below the customary ratios to sales." This is a complicated idea because it involves changes in rates of change. But a moment's reflection will untangle it. You, let us say, are a clothing dealer. You customarily keep on hand a stock of suits equal to your monthly sales. This month you will sell 100, next month 90, the month after that, 80. As your sales drop you let your stock drop too. You start the second month with 100 suits. After it is over, and you have sold 90 suits, there are 10 suits left. Then you order 80 more to bring your stock up to 90. After selling 80 in the third month, you again have 10 left, and must order 70 to bring your stock to 80. But in the fourth month, your sales drop from 80, not to 70, but only to 78. You began the month with a stock of 80; you have 2 suits left. You want to keep a stock of 78. Therefore you order 76 suits—an increase of 6 over your order of the previous month. Your sales are still declining, but at a slower rate; this forces you to order more in order to keep the old ratio between stocks and sales. In real trade the thing happens irregularly and over a longer period and with more complications, but the principle is the same.

II

Thus we can explain temporary improvements in the production of consumers' goods, though not a sustained revival. Why did the one in the spring of 1933 continue, whereas the others did

not? It was far more vigorous and went much farther. Various reasons may be assigned for that. The first was the ending of the banking crisis, the renewed confidence in banks and the cessation of hoarding, the making available of more and more bank deposits. Chalk up Credit No. 1 for Mr. Roosevelt. The second was the widespread belief that the departure from the gold standard and the projected New Deal measures would increase prices and wages. Cotton mills and shoe factories hastened to order materials and make them up while prices and wages were still low. Chalk up Credit No. 2 for the Administration. Production in the light industries shot up almost perpendicularly in the spring of 1933.

Even this spurt, however, did not last. Production leveled out in the summer and dropped again in the fall. The upturn had, unlike the previous tentative upward movements, brought about some increase in employment and payrolls, but not nearly so much as the increase of output for the market. It, therefore, wore itself out, like the others. It is counted as the beginning of revival merely because the subsequent drop did not go down as far as the former low level—that of March, 1933. We still have to account for that fact and for the later resumption of the rise. In spite of all we have said so far, the spring excitement might have turned out to be merely a speculative episode, followed by another bump to a lower point than any we had experienced before. By August both production and payrolls of consumers' goods industries were falling rapidly again, and the heavy industries, where most of the unemployment existed, had hardly been affected by the stimulus. The early Roosevelt action might readily have turned out to be, as was said at the time, merely a "shot in the arm," to be followed by a worse reaction.

Here enters at last the combination of facts that seems to justify the advocates of government spending, our old friends of the consumer-goods *vs.* capital goods con-

troversy. Capital goods had not revived. Industrial payrolls as a whole were falling away. The same was true of railroads, trade, and service industries. Business simply was not providing the extra purchasing power needed to sustain revival. But, toward the end of 1933, government began to pour into the economic system the huge appropriations for unemployment relief and farm relief, home relief and the rest, money for which was obtained by borrowing from the banking system rather than by taxation. The extra purchasing power came, of course, from unused credit resources. It was not simply a transfer of money from Peter to Paul. The total stream of income was at last being enlarged at a rapid pace. Business might have increased our income in the same way—by borrowing and spending—if it had been able to keep on expanding its activities. But it did not. Government did spend, and revival was resumed. Chalk up Credit No. 3 for the Roosevelt recovery policy. There was at the time no other economic event of comparable magnitude which can be assigned as a cause for the turn about from decline to continued recovery at the beginning of 1934.

Here a doubt may assail the reader. He must admit that the large and rapid expenditures of the C.W.A. in unemployment relief brought strength to the retail markets. But how about the benefit payments to farmers under the A.A.A.? Were not these covered by processing taxes which, in turn, took as much money from consumers as the farmers received from the government? Did that not involve a transfer of money from one group to another rather than a net enlargement of it? Yes, eventually—but in the beginning the processing taxes had not begun to roll in, and hundreds of millions were paid out to the farmers in benefit payments, on the basis of government bond issues bought by the banks. Additional evidence of the effect of these expenditures based on credit-financing occurred in the early summer of 1934, when C.W.A. was curtailed and collection of

processing taxes began to overbalance farm benefit payments. Then another downswing of industrial production set in and lasted for several months.

One persistent theory of the depression, that was adopted by Mr. Roosevelt's Administration, was that monetary devaluation would bring increased prices and would thus stimulate recovery. Did it? Have we overlooked something in attributing the 1934 advance merely to governmental spending? Let us see. We have admitted that the *anticipation* of a price increase, arising in part from the gold policy, stimulated business in the spring of 1933. But subsequent events proved that, in spite of the lower gold value of the dollar, prices did not go on rising, at least not very rapidly. To say that a foreign-exchange bill is worth less gold does not, as if by fiat, make dollars spent internally worth less in terms of commodities. The ordinary citizen did not use gold to buy commodities, and he did not often exchange paper money for gold, even before it became unlawful to do so. The gold value of dollars, and of commodities, is, therefore, a remote abstraction to most of us. What has far more bearing on prices is the relationship between the number of dollars in our pockets to spend and the supply of goods for sale. And of course the overwhelming number of dollars spent consists either of paper money or of figures written on checks.

Devaluation—both *de facto* valuation and its subsequent legalization—did at once affect the foreign exchange value of our money, because foreign trade balances are customarily settled in gold, and gold is bought and sold frequently across international boundaries. As soon as the gold value of the dollar fell it was cheaper for foreigners to buy here (in terms of their own money) and more expensive for us to buy abroad (in terms of ours). The cheapness of our goods abroad helped to stimulate exports a little, and that acted to diminish the domestic stocks of exported goods and so to

raise their prices here a little. The prices of imported goods were at once increased, and that acted just like a protective tariff—it tended to cut down our imports and brought up internal prices for competing goods, in so far as the competition of imports is a factor in domestic prices at all—as in most cases it is not. Foreign trade is normally so small a factor in the total of our business, and had been cut so much below normal during the depression, that this price-raising tendency could not exert much direct pressure.

Internally, the main result of devaluation was to increase the effectiveness of gold in bank reserves. Any bank could issue more money and credit against a given amount of gold or gold certificates after devaluation than before. But the crucial question here is whether the extra money and credit are issued. For many months they were not, because business did not demand it. All through the depression, banks had excess reserves.

One can, however, regard devaluation as a second-line defense of the governmental spending policy. With it we joined, in substance, England and the "sterling bloc" and thus protected ourselves against the continuing deflation in the "gold bloc" countries. Or, in plainer language, we made more sure that the money being distributed as a result of governmental spending would increase production in this country rather than increase imports from countries in which prices were still falling.

III

And how about the N.R.A., which began to operate in the summer of 1933? Economic authorities are now in fairly complete agreement that this added little to recovery, and in some respects retarded it. The opinions as to why this was so differ and are complex, but the facts are simple. Under the "Blue Eagle," and for the first few months of the new codes for separate industries, the volume of employment and the purchasing power of

industrial labor declined, as did industrial production itself. But the main object of the N.R.A., as of any strictly recovery measure, was to increase production and purchasing power. At the beginning of 1934, as we have seen, production, employment, and payrolls began to rise again; but this rise is to be explained largely in terms of the expansion of governmental expenditures on relief of farmers and the unemployed. When that expansion stopped in the late spring, business decline again set in until the N.R.A. was abolished by the decision of the Supreme Court.

There is no rigorous scientific proof that the N.R.A. hindered recovery instead of helping it; but the judgment rests on opinions which, however they differ among themselves, lead to the same broad conclusion. It is difficult to cite a reasonable argument, in concurrence with the known facts, on the other side. The theory of those who supported the device was that (a) by shortening hours of work it would increase employment and (b) by raising wage rates it would increase the pay of those employed, so that in total effect it would enlarge the remuneration of industrial workers and provide better markets for the products both of agriculture and industry. Hourly rates of wages did rise appreciably under the codes, but the total number of hours worked dropped off so much that the aggregate money paid out in manufacturing wages declined from September to December, 1933, and from May to November, 1934. The total number of hours worked dropped because industrial production dropped also. Why was this? Conservative economists said it was because, with the increases in hourly rates, labor costs rose so much that it became unprofitable to produce at the lower prices which would have been necessary under the circumstances, in order to enlarge sales. A number of studies show that under the codes hourly rates for women and unskilled men were increased not only far above the depression bottom but even

above the level of 1929, while the rates of semi-skilled and skilled men were brought close to that level. Economists of progressive tendencies said that it might have been possible to make profits at these higher wages and with lower prices, in view of the increased sales which would have resulted from the price reductions. Both groups agree, however, that prices were in fact kept up—in some cases were actually increased above the 1929 level—and production was restricted by the codes which the government, under the N.R.A., permitted employers to adopt. It is customary for business to seek profits by raising prices rather than by lowering them even though, as in a period of this kind, increased prices mean smaller sales and restricted output. But all economists worthy of the name agree that if we are to pay higher real wages and raise the general standard of living production must be expanded instead of being curtailed.

We should be careful not to push this adverse judgment on the N.R.A. too far. After its abolition wages were not generally reduced, and yet recovery continued. The wage rates it established, or even higher ones, may be perfectly compatible with prosperity and large production. Indeed, once production and employment have revived, these higher wages may be necessary in order that wage-earners may be able to buy the larger amounts of goods that industry is now able to produce per worker, as compared with 1929. Some of the corrections effected in hours, wages, and prices ought to have been made even during depression. But *at the time and applying them so generally*, the N.R.A. can scarcely be credited with stimulating revival.

The government policy of public works, about which we heard so much, was supposed to help construction and the other heavy industries. Doubtless it did so, but at no time was enough spent by P.W.A. or other public works agencies to take up more than a small fraction of

the decline in private building. This and other capital-goods industries lagged not only at the beginning of revival but all the way through it. Recently they have recovered rapidly, if you measure recovery by percentage gain on the very low depression base; but with some exceptions they are much farther down in comparison with 1929 than the consumers' goods industries. Continued unemployment in many of the durable goods industries was one of the things which made necessary continued large unemployment relief, and this relief must have been in large measure responsible for keeping recovery going until consumption was expanded sufficiently to encourage new capital investment.

It was supposed that steel could not prosper again until building and railroads, two of its largest customers, should become active and place heavy orders. This supposition was wrong. So many people bought automobiles, refrigerators, bicycles, and a long list of other metal gadgets in 1935 and 1936 that steel has been operating close to capacity. Here is a striking illustration of the fact that so-called capital-goods industries may be stimulated more by the renewed purchasing power of individual consumers than by new investments on the part of business. It is not necessary to imagine of course that the recipients of unemployment relief and farm relief themselves went out and bought new automobiles. But the spending of the money restored salaries and profits all along the course of its travels; much of the government dole at last turned up in big dividends.

It is still true to say that we shall not experience full prosperity until construction and railroads and the other important capital-goods industries are again on their feet. The mistake was merely in saying that they had to revive first.

IV

Now for a few of the main questions about the future. We have active business, in some cases even exceeding 1929

levels, accompanied by a large volume of unemployment and the need for continued governmental relief. How can we account for that? And must we always suffer so much unemployment? A few well-authenticated statements can be made about this situation.

1. When construction revives, as it will because of the long interruption of building, a big slice of the unemployment will temporarily disappear.

2. It is true that much of the unemployment is technological, in the sense that industry can produce more goods with fewer workers than in 1929. But there is no reason why it should not produce and distribute many more goods per capita than in 1929. People need and desire them. All that is necessary is that the prices should be low enough, in relation to wages and salaries, so that the goods can be bought. Of course prices may not be low enough. But if technological unemployment continues in heavy volume the price and wage policies of business will be largely responsible.

3. In conjunction with general unemployment, limited labor shortages are appearing in certain localities and occupations. The unemployment is heaviest in obsolete or declining industries and derelict areas. Some opportunity exists here to move and retrain workers. But experience shows that this is a slow and difficult process. Nobody should be surprised if large unemployment continues long after expanding industries are complaining of inability to get workers.

4. Many persons, long unemployed, have been so injured psychologically that they are incapable of holding jobs. This means a continuance of relief.

In addition, we may guess that in order to curtail relief it is just as necessary to restore confidence among the unemployed as it was to restore confidence among business men in order to assure the continuance of recovery. Too many on relief have had the experience of leaving it to accept a job, only to find that the job petered out and that it was impossible to get back on relief rolls, at least without

long delay. Hundreds of thousands of relief workers would prefer to hold what they have than take a slim chance in private employment.

Another question that still worries many persons is whether we are headed for inflation. Few words in the economic dictionary are more abused than this one. Most of the fearful persons do not know exactly what they mean by it or exactly how it can come about. If what they mean is sky-rocketing prices following inflation of currency, whether by means of devaluation or issuance of fiat paper money, the history of the past three years should reassure them. The utmost efforts of the Roosevelt Administration to bring price increases by currency manipulation have had meager results, and nothing more of the kind seems to be contemplated. Some of the fearful connect inflation with government deficits, brought about by large spending of borrowed funds. But as long as the government can continue to borrow, can sell its bonds not too far below par, and can pay the debt charges out of current tax receipts, this is not likely to happen. It is only when the government debt reaches an astronomical figure, and rapidly depreciating paper must be issued to cover interest and other necessary expenses, that inflation of this sort is really on. The present debt is, in relation to our national wealth and income, far below that of Britain and most other important countries that are in no danger of monetary inflation. And as prosperity approaches, increased tax collections diminish the need for borrowing, even without the imposition of higher tax rates.

A real danger of inflation of a different sort exists, however. This is not the kind of monetary depreciation experienced by Germany and other countries after the War, but the speculative boom, accompanied by rising prices and financed by rapid expansion of bank credit, which the United States has often suffered in the ordinary process of

business and trade. Such speculation can take place not only in the stock and commodity markets as in 1929, but in real estate or in commerce and industry itself. It comes when trade is active, when shortages appear, when it looks profitable to buy in expectation of a marked rise in prices. The rush to buy stimulates the rise expected, and the movement accelerates itself for awhile, until it becomes clear that the things accumulated cannot be disposed of to ultimate consumers. Such a movement can properly be called inflation because its basis is an increase of money more rapid than the increase of things which are bought with the money. The fact that in this case the money appears in the form of bank deposits resting on an expansion of bank credit does not render its effect very different from that of fiat money turned out by government printing presses.

This danger is clearly foreseen by central banking authorities. The immense unused reserves of the banks, augmented by large gold imports in the past year, would make possible a tremendous expansion of credit if the movement once got underway. New, legal powers have been given the Federal Reserve Board to check such expansion. Months ago it exercised one of these powers as a precaution when it decreased the maximum legal ratio between loans and reserves. Yet it is doubtful whether central banking policy alone could check an inflationary boom if it were once well started. It is extremely difficult to restrict credit where it is doing harm without at the same time restricting credit where it is needed. Under pressure of what most people will regard as unexampled prosperity, it is difficult to restrict credit at all, especially in a banking system with so many competitive units as ours.

Such a boom would of course be followed by another depression. Even if it were mild and yielded to banking control, there would be a reaction from it. It is likely that during the next few years we shall have minor setbacks in any case, like

those of 1924 and 1927. There are many cogs which may get out of gear in an unplanned and uncontrolled economy like ours, and little or nothing has been done under the New Deal to keep them permanently meshed. The chances are, however, that the next economic recession will not be so severe as that which began in 1929. The gravity of that may be accounted for by the concurrence of the low point of a "minor" cycle, averaging a little over three years in length, with that of a "major" one, averaging ten or more years. The recessions in the course of a longer upward trend usually do not correct all the maladjustments that are accumulating; these pile up and bring a big smash later on. "We think," write Drs. Mitchell and Burns, "that the violence of convulsions such as occurred in 1907-08, 1920-21 and 1929-33 is due largely to the

partial character of the liquidations affected during mild contractions, a shift from confidence to recklessness, and, in general, the gradual accumulation of stresses within the economic system to the point where tension forces a disruptive break." There is no reason whatever to expect that the new prosperity, if we have it, will be eternal.

All such predictions must be highly tentative, since the circumstances are sure to be altered by unforeseen events. The greatest hazard of all is of course the possibility of war. If this comes it will upset all calculations. It can bring prosperity, depression, inflation. It might even destroy so much of modern civilization that the very business order, of which booms and depressions are a characteristic part, would itself disappear.





A MAN AND HIS GOD

A STORY

BY DAVID THIBAUT

BACK in his childhood Easter had escaped church. Aunt Malissa Thomas was devout, but as cook at the big house her job ran seven days to the week. She tried sending Easter to church with various good sisters; he became supple as a mink at squirming out of it. Those entrusted with him were not too severe; they had their own churchly affairs to prosecute.

When he grew into young manhood he and his cronies made sacrilege a tenet of their heady youth, basking in the radiance of hell-fire as right young men of all colors and ages have always done. This was natural, logical, inevitable. Life was beginning to be mighty good, and they didn't mean to forego any of it for the bleak promise held out by sorry-looking elders. The promise was offered with a good deal of hypocritical sanctimoniousness, and they knew it. But one by one most of Easter's friends came into the church as their fire slackened. Fear was the unvarying incentive. George and John Mack and Easter were the last to flirt with the idea; all three of them strove to see light the summer Will Jones, Hezekiah's brother, died of malaria fever. It was contemplation of his long illness and their own separate brands of logic which brought Easter and the Macks toward the fold. They talked it out one sunny afternoon, sitting on the ground at Easter's house, their backs propped against the huge old "Matt Lewis" walnut tree.

"It's gwinna j'in dis year," George stated, grinning. "I got a 'sparience to tell 'em."

The others laughed, and John uttered a short, filthy word. "When I j'ins," said he, "hit'll be to *get* 'speriances—not to tell 'em."

"We knows the onliest kind ov 'speriances *you* wants," said Easter.

"I reckon you does. Dey is de kind you wants, an' de preachers wants, an' Deacon Troop wants."

"Naw," George contributed. "Effen you mean wimmins, Troop don't *want* 'em; he *gits* 'em."

"All dem preachers does." John lacked his brother's boldness but he had a slow, shrewd way of dealing finally with a thought. "Dey gits de cream an' leaves us po' sinners de blue-john. Dats whut I wuz sayin'. Ain't dat enough reason fo' a man t'git religion?"

"Den dey mout be kinda right," Easter said. "Effen dey is, a man as well to try to b'lieve all ov it he kin."

"Naw," George interrupted. "Effen you straddles yo' legs, you splits yo' pants. Whole hawg or none, East."

But Easter was serious. "But sho' nuff: listen heah. When I wuz jes a boy, I wuz listin' cotton rows down in de lower field. I had a ol' Brinley plow, an' hit wuz a-runnin' too deep. I was plowin' Kit an' Joe."

"Dat wuz a team!" breathed George.

"I tried eve'y thing I knowed to take a plow outen de groun'. Fust I shortened

de traces till de single-trees wuz a-knockin' de mules' hocks. Den I short-coupled de clivis in de buck-head. Den I took up de back-band till it wuz nigh tore in two—"

"Did you bend up de plow-p'int?" George asked.

"Sho'. I had dat big wrench, an' I screwed it to fit de p'int an' come up hard as I could strain. I didn't know *whut* to do. Den Mr. Henry he rid up. 'Loosen up de bolts dat hol' de beam to de plow stock'—you know how he talk. I loosened 'em 'thout seein' no sense in it. 'Now,' he say, 'put a piece ov stick between de castin' an' de beam—at de back.' I did, an' he made me screw down de nuts again."

"Did it he'p?" John asked.

"Sho'!" George said impatiently. "Don't you see dat tipped de front ov de beam *down* an' when de team pulled up on it, dat lifted de plow outen de groun'? It's bledged to, boy."

"Well I'll be a son-ov-a-gun!"

"Now listen," said Easter. "I thought I knowed it all, an' heah wuz a little trick worth all I had. Whut effen dem preachers knows jes one little suthin' whut we don't?—jes like dat I done tol' you."

That was the only way Easter could put it to them. But this incident had, for years, meant more than that to his own inside self. A man needs somebody at his back, his logic ran. Mr. Henry is fine to have in that position; and everybody says God is a lot bigger than Mr. Henry.

A few days after the three friends had this talk, Easter visited Will Jones. Old Dr. Staves was there, and he had just driven the score or more visiting brothers and sisters from the twelve-by-ten sick-room, as he always did. "Dad-damn it!" the old doctor blazed, "You're just standing around to see him die. He needs air. He needs nursing and care—not a cloud of black buzzards sitting around to see the circus! Now git out—all but Sarah." He detained Will's plump wife for instructions while the solemn, outraged visitors of the sick poured out of the cabin.

Among them was Deacon Troop. "How's Elsie?" Easter asked, falling in step alongside the man of God.

"She fine, brother Easter. How's crops up dis way?"

"Dey's good. De worms come, but dey come too late to make no never-mind."

At the main plantation road Deacon Troop did not turn off but walked with Easter to the latter's cabin. Easter gave his guest a drink of cool water and brought out his two chairs to the shade of the walnut tree. That is how beautiful and simple hospitality can be. They talked crops, fishing, meat curing, mule doctoring, planting fall turnips, and the weather. Then: "You knows, brother Easter, our big revival stahts at Zion Wheel Chu'ch de las' Sunday in August. I hopes to see you young mens turn out strong."

"I'll try t'come, Deacon."

"Jes tryin' don't put no meal in de ba'll. De devil he do mo' dan jes try."

Easter had enjoyed his talk with Deacon Troop. He was flattered by the attention of this important man. There was also deep, subtle satisfaction in remembering that he had possessed Elsie before Deacon Troop married her. These emotions combined to sweep him into one of those sudden hurricanes of confidence to which unformed minds are subject. "Deacon Troop, 't'ain't no chance fo' me. I got a double-actin' mind inside my haid, whut thinks twict at onct, like a snake a-lickin' out his forked tongue."

"Dey is always a chance, brother. Sinners is God A'mighty's mainmost worry. You don't plow yo' crop effen hits clean, does you?"

"You plows hit when Mr. Henry tell you to—on dis plan'ation! But whut I means is . . ." With endless repetitions, haltingly and at great length, Easter told Deacon Troop about Ol' Double-Actin'.

"I sees, brother Easter. You got two thoughts, an' one ain't good."

"Naw suh! I ain't got but *one*: de one I *wants* to have. Den Ol' Double-Actin' hit come along an' say *whut* is."

"I see, brother. Whut you got in you is God an' de devil, a-fightin' fo' yo' soul. I's seed it time an' again. I's 'sperienced hit my own self."

"Dat whut it is?" Easter asked; and right then Ol' Double-Actin' double-acted and said "Nawl!" so loud Easter was afraid Deacon Troop had heard it.

"Sho, brother Easter! Hit's well nigh a miracle. Effen you gits up at de revival an' tells yo' 'sperience, de sinners'll come a-rollin'."

For another hour Deacon Troop wrought seduction, playing crudely but not unskillfully on Easter's fear and vanity. When the good man left, Easter stood committed to give his experiences as a battleground of good and evil. Through the weeks that followed he worked on George and John Mack, and upon his other friends. "May as well to save my friends effen I kin," Easter said to himself, satisfied. Old Double-Acting, who was near the surface these days and as sharp as vinegar, said, "Hum! You is gwinna make a natchul fool outen yo' self, an' you wants you plenty company!"

And when Easter and his friends finally did see the light, on the third night of the revival, they had plenty of company. Zion Wheel Church was jammed. Folks stood three deep round the walls. The windows and the wide door were blocked with knots of intent heads, and a hundred men and women stood outside or sat in the wagons hitched to the trees.

Easter, George, and John Mack sat miserably together near the tiny rostrum. For days they and other consequential sinners had backed and filled. Imported exhorters had worked on them. The good sisters had prayed over them. Deacon Troop, with an injured air, hampered ceaselessly. To-night's meeting, he had told them, was especially for them. They had promised to come through. Troop himself was in the pulpit, shrewd, knowing more psychology than many who teach it—one of those wise medieval churchmen redivivus, abjuring any idea of fighting the devil with snowballs on a

battleground so favorable to the enemy as a human soul. The deacon's unctuous voice, the stifling air, and the yellow glare of the reflector lamps, wrought hypnotism.

"We will now sing, an' while we sings, let de sinners come up. Jesus is a-callin'! All ready?"

"Been listenin' all de night long,
Been listenin' all de day.
Been listenin' all de night long,
To heah some sinner pray."

"Come up, sisters! Come up, brothers! Don't keep Jesus waitin'!"

The hymn swung on. Now and then a convert leaped up, shouted, and plunged through the crowd toward the platform. Others resumed their seats after rising to shout. That was more fun because then their neighbors plucked at them, begging them to go forward to salvation. The penitents always did too, just as the plucking and begging and attention began to lag.

Between George and Easter sat John Mack. He suddenly shot an elbow into the near kidney of each, leaped to his feet, and shouted, "Halleluia! I's saved! I's saved!"

Easter and George exchanged a quick glance, and the latter instinctively plucked at his brother. "Sit down, you fool!" But the spirit was working strong in John, like a piece of "mother" in a jug of vinegar.

"I's saved! I's saved! I feel de devil grab my coat-tail, but his han' done slipped!" John charged headlong to the mourner's bench.

The singing went on for an hour. Deacon Troop stopped it when he knew that all the fruit was garnered which would fall to this kind of frailing. The hush that followed had its own effect. As the first penitents rose to give their experiences, Easter and George looked at each other again. Neither smiled; both of them were breathing hard, and Easter's lips and the flanks of his nostrils felt stiff. Something had him.

His gaze was fixed on the fat woman who was climbing the platform. She

turned. It was Loda Green, his former wife, and Easter's trance snapped like an icicle.

Loda said God had come to her last June, and she had been in a trance for two weeks. Easter tried to be impressed, but Ol' Double-Actin' checked up and grunted, "H'm. Loda an' God bofe knows when is cotton-choppin' time." Loda rambled but her story was dramatic. While in this trance she had walked across hell on a hair, and her faith had kept her from falling off. Easter marveled more at the faith that hair must have had because Loda weighed all of a hundred and eighty now—another reason he was glad he was shut of her.

"Brothers an' sisters, b'lieve me, I ain't got de smell ov burnin' brimstone an' sulphur outen my nose yit!" she shouted.

"Amen, sister Green!" cried Deacon Troop, and all the congregation yelled "Amen!" Loda had sprung her climax, and didn't know it. She wanted to keep hold of this attention she had gained, but all she could do now was to spread her arms and shriek, "Thank God I's saved from hell!" and then begin to shout.

Suddenly George Mack sprang up. "Save me effen you kin, God, but it's gwinna take a man an' a boy to do it! I's rotten wid sin, an' I *knows* it!" He sprang toward the platform, and the crowd gave a full-throated shout. Here indeed was a hard-wood brand from the burning!

Sight of Loda had helped Easter cast off the mass-hypnotism that held them all. He had just concluded that church was as good as a honky-tonk up to a certain point, and that the methods of getting customers were the same: get the prospects worked up, irresponsible. But while promising less, the honky-tonk fulfilled more satisfactorily. . . . Easter was interrupted by a loud "Amen!" He himself had shouted it in response to the telling opening of George Mack's experience.

"An' brothers an' sisters, I wuz in a saloon down on East Markham Street. An' there I wuz. They had free stuff t' eat, an' I et. They had beer, an' me an'

some ov de boys drunk all we could hol'. It wuz pay-day, an' de man he didn't mind how much we et long as we wuz drinkin' beer an' payin' fo' it."

The throng was so quiet that the little restless sounds of the mules tied out in the hitching grove came clearly through the pauses. It was the kind of story revival audiences crave—the Odyssey of a lusty sinner, giving them vicarious, unpunishable orgies under protection of the official business of salvation; the oldest trick of sacred writers as it is the newest one of their descendants and heirs on Broadway and in Hollywood to-day.

"Den 'bout quarterin'-time my belly begin to rise. It riz till I fell outen de chair I was sittin' in an' fell down on de flo'. All de mens stood round me, an' dare I wuz on de flo'. One man say, 'Whut he need is a drink.' So dey took an' poured more beer into me, an' my belly had done riz so's I couldn't say nothin'. It kept on a-risin', an' den I knowed either I wuz bledged to die or belch, one or de yuther. An' I prayed to God A'mighty to lemme belch—"

"Amen!" yelled Deacon Troop. "Our brother's on de flo' in sin! De devil is a-blowin' up his belly like chilluns blows up a hawg's bladder! Will he die down dare on de flo' in sin? Pray, folks, an' make 'ase doin' it! Don't let 'im die, Lawd, don't let 'im die!"

They sprang up moaning and stayed up to shout, "Don't let 'im die, Lawd, don't let 'im die!"

"Listen, eve'body!" George waved his arms. "I ain't through!"

"Let 'im talk!" Deacon Troop's voice vibrated with holy ecstasy. "Let 'im speak an' reveal. Maybe he won't die down on de flo' in sin! Maybe de Lawd done heard us po' sinners prayin'!"

"Listen!" and this time George quelled them. "Dare I is, an' I ain't got but one bref left in my mis'able body. Den it got kinda dark, an' de devil say in one ov my years, 'Use dat bref to breve, 'cause dat's whut brefs is for.' An' in de yuther year de Lawd God A'mighty Hissself He keep a-shoutin', 'Pray! Pray! Pray!' An'

betwix bofe ov 'em is me, an' I's sayin' suthin' different from all ov 'em. I's a-sayin', 'Nigger, effen you don't belch wiv dat las' bref, dey'll haul you to de graveyard.' . . ."

"Salvation!" yelled Deacon Troop. "Salvation! Whut'll it be? Will our brother breathe with de devil, or pray with de Lawd, or belch in de weakness ov de flesh?"

"Amen!" The congregation rocked and moaned. "Pray with de Lawd, brother, pray with de Lawd!"

"Listen!" George shouted again. They were instantly silent, so expectantly, so cannibalistically still that George was startled into naturalness. His arms fell slowly to his sides.

"Which'll it be?" thrilled Deacon Troop's tense whisper.

"Well," George spoke in his every-day cotton-patch voice. "To tell de natchul troof, hit wuz all three, an' dey all come at onct. But I always gives de credik to de Lawd."

Then another man sprang up, shouting, and fought his way toward the pulpit while the house cheered. He leaped to the platform and raised his arms . . . and Easter realized, with the down-swooping of spirits as of one hit in the pit of the stomach, that this man was himself!

"Salvation!" shouted Deacon Troop, and the congregation took up his cry.

"Brothers an' sisters," said Easter, "I's been a fightin'-place fo' pow'ful large spirits! Listen at me, whut done happened to mel!"

He shook them with the vehemence of his narration, telling how God and Satan battled within him, pulling his easeless soul first this way, then that. How, as he lay for a week in a trance last May, an angel appeared and handed him a double-barrelled shotgun. And the angel said this dispute had gone far enough. "Take dis heah gun," said the angel. "'T'ain't but one ba'll loaded, but you don't know which 'un, an' hit's got sixteen number eight buckshots an' five drams ov black powder. Cock bofe hammers. You is

got to shoot first at de Lawd, an' den de ba'll dats lef you gotta shoot at de devill!"

Easter had them and they had Easter and the church was charged to bursting with the thing that had them all.

"Lawdy, Lawdy, let de hammer click on de Lawd's ba'll!" prayed Deacon Troop. Half a dozen women sprang up, shouting to be allowed to throw themselves between that shotgun and the Lawd. The hammer clicked. The jubiliations of the crowd drowned the report of the second barrel, the contents of which presumably abolished Satan from Easter's soul forever.

Easter was so dazed by his success that, heedless of plucking hands that sought to guide him to the mourner's bench, he fought back to his old place on one of the pews.

"Let 'im soak!" commanded Deacon Troop. "He done hoed a great row fo' de Lawd! Let 'im soak in righteous sweat. He'll come up when de comin'-up time come!"

The performance went on. As soon as Easter was seated he heard Ol' Double-Actin' say, "Umph, umph, umph. You is de heaviest liar fo' yo' weight in dese bottoms. You ain't said nuthin' 'bout me, an' dat double-actin' shot-an'-powder ho'hn Mr. Jeemes give you. You done said whut dey wanted you to say, an' hit wuz all lies." Easter felt still inside, and his knees were trembling. He suddenly had utmost contempt for his lies, and for Deacon Troop for having sponsored them and for being so glad about their results; and right there, while the crowd still sobbed to his fervor, whatever it was that had been lighted in him died forever. He was not sorry. It was good to be his natchul self again, and to take a sinner's interest in the slender, pretty gal who was getting up to testify. He looked her over appreciatively; when his eyes rested on her young breasts and well-turned ankles, he was ashamed of himself as he had not enjoyed being for ten years. . . . A nice gal can't keep a man from seeing what she's got . . . any more than a brash gal wants to . . . a man oughtn't to bug his

eyes out. You can always tell when they mean to be seen of men. This girl didn't. Easter had seen her resist the urgings of a group of elder sisters for some minutes. Then old Aunt Minnie Graves had patted the girl's shoulder and said something, and Easter had heard a clear young voice reply, "All right, effen you sez I got to, I'll go!"

Her performance was a timorous, colorless affair after Loda, George, and Easter. She finished and went decorously to the mourner's bench. Right then that mourner's bench looked different to Easter. He got up and made for it. George and John, already seated with the newly righteous, plucked at him, indicating seats beside themselves. Doggedly Easter went where he had pointed himself and sat down by that girl. She drew her clean, blue skirt closer to give him room, and Easter saw how small her hand was and how slim the fingers of it and how, despite their slimness, a dimple came over each knuckle when the hand was relaxed. He felt completely her master until he raised his eyes to hers. She was still shaking with fright, and her smile was a faint bright shadow and her eyes fell before his at once. But Easter didn't feel masterful after that. His own joints trembled. He swallowed his Adam's apple; sitting there became exquisite agony. He tired himself straining to keep from touching her on her clean, cool dress, though he would have made a whole cotton crop in Johnson grass, and then given his half away just to put his knuckles to the blue cloth of her skirt. "Dat's de way de po' ol' devil felt when you shot 'im wid dem buckshots," said Ol' Double-Actin'. "Hah! Hah! Hah!"

The meeting broke up at midnight. The men toted the chairs out and replaced them in the wagons. Easter, active in this work, strove to trail the new girl to her folks. He saw her join Aunt Minnie Graves and a very tall gray-haired man who reminded him of old John Key. A thick crowd surrounded the three, who were evidently very well thought of.

While Easter gaped, wondering if he would have the courage to offer assistance with their chairs, Annie C. caught his sleeve. "You gwinna he'p me in my wagon? I come up wid de Slaughters."

"Yeah. An' dat ain't all I means to do to you, gal."

"Don't talk like dat *heah!*" Annie was fearful but she couldn't keep from laughing. "Pussen listenin' at you wouldn't never know you jes done new got religion."

"New paint hit rubs off mighty easy," Easter rejoined.

"Comin' down to-night, East?" Annie asked softly.

"Can't."

"All right. I'll look fo' you when I sees you."

Easter and the Mack brothers sat on the steps of the deserted church long after the mutter and laughter of departing worshipers and the lonely wagon-sounds had died under the stars. They were somewhat ashamed of themselves, and readjustment to one another as newly made believers seemed something that might be easier under cover of this warm darkness.

John only was his natural, gently ribald self. "Trouble, East, you an' George held out till you *had* to come up: dat made you come up *too* fur."

"You talks like you wasn't de first one," Easter began.

"John charged up dare like a boar-shoat through de briars," said George.

"Sho', I did! I went up easy an' I kin come down easy. You an' East is gwinna waste a lot ov time comin' back to sin whar you b'longs, an' you gwinna have plenty misery. But you watch me! I's a Sunday-Revival-Christian; dat's what I is, an' it ain't gwinna hurt me no matter whicha way I slides—back'ard or fo'ard."

"When I come heah to-night," said George musing, "I had my story all made up—jes like I tole it. I wuz meanin' to make you boys laugh. Den I got up, an' whut I made up lies turnt into de natchul truf."

"Yeah." John freighted the word with

derision. "'Bout all de truf in it wuz dat you has got drunk an' you has et too much."

"Well," George was complacent; "I is seed dem saloons whar dey gives you free grub. But I ain't sho' nuff been in one."

"Whut I said was de natchul truf!" Easter protested, and wondered why he had uttered such a lie.

"Well I is a son-ov-a-gun!" murmured John. "When you had any trance las' May—dat lasted a week?"

"Well, it seemed like it. Anyhow, I got suthin' in my haid dat double-acts like dat shot-an'-powder ho'hn Mr. Jeemes gimme—"

"It's jes a June-bug done crawled in whar yo' brains oughta be." John got up and dusted the seat of his good trousers.

Through the following weeks Easter labored at belief. His greatest difficulty, after choking off his reason, lay in trying to reconcile the acts of his fellow-Christians with their protestations and dispositions. If believing was as big a thing as they said, why didn't it mean more to them on week days? He took his trouble to Deacon Troop. The holy man found Easter less important now that he believed the convert safely added to the saved; and he was frankly amazed at Easter's simplicity and ignorance. "Sho', de good brothers an' sisters don't do all dey know dey ought to. But de Bible itself say dat man is prone to sin," he explained. "Dat kivah de p'int, brother?"

Easter said it did, but it didn't. He had not been comparing Christian tenets with Christian conduct, and condemning sourly. His puzzlement struck through to something fundamental. He could not explain to another precisely what he meant, but Ol' Double-Actin' put it clearly enough to Easter himself: "Effen anybody b'lieved all dat *sho' nuff*—like you b'lieves it hurts to smash yo' finger wid a hammer, or like you b'lieves it's fun to be wid a gal—dey would all go round a-singin' an' a-prayin', an' a-bein' good. But is you seed any whalin' difference twix dese folks an' sinners?"

When his night to visit Annie C. came round, Easter wrestled with the temptations of the flesh, and won. It was raining torrents, Annie lived three miles across sticky "buckshot" fields, and he was tired from nights of revival ecstasy, his imagination full of the picture of that new gal. It seemed better to sit with his door open and listen to the rain zipping through the leaves of the Matt Lewis walnut tree.

"Maybe," he muttered when, not long after dark he was preparing for bed, "maybe I is gettin' a little better. Fust time ever I's skipped goin' to Annie."

"Yeah," said Double-Actin', "you is! Whut yo' mind been runnin' on all dis evening?"

"Dat new gal I sat by on de mourner's bench de night I come through."

"Unhuh. She fadin' Annie, an' you think it's yo' 'ligion fadin' sin."

That focused Annie C. strongly in Easter's hot imaginings. He stood in the middle of his cabin, holding the shirt he had just stripped off, feeling that here was a show-down between his religion and all that Annie C. stood for. It had not been Christian of Double-Actin' to point out so clearly that another gal is better defense against the weakness of the flesh than brand new faith. And the whole welter of emotions brought the sure charms of Annie compellingly before him; of Annie waiting in her cabin.

Easter stood so still a mouse came from its hole by the hearth, and he could hear its phantom squeakings above the drumming of the rain. Suddenly he scrambled into his shirt, snatched his hat and his oldest jumper from the wall, stepped quickly outside and locked the door. "Hit ain't late," he muttered, setting his face toward the rain.

"You see?" said Double-Actin' as Easter slithered through the mud, "When it come to a show-down twix Annie C. an' de Lawd you sho' make it rough on de Lawd!"

When time came for baptizing the revival converts, both George and Easter

backed out and spent the long sunny afternoon at Easter's house playing casino with Annie C. and George's wife. Everybody knows that a deck of cards will damn you as far as you can hear a bull-frog on a May night; and as it was Sunday besides, this was epical back-sliding. That happy Christian, John Mack, was baptized. Later he dropped by Easter's and took a hand in the game.

"Lawdy, look at Johnnie!" exclaimed Annie, half fearful of such impiety. "I don't b'lieve you wuz sho' nuff babtized."

"Ax Deacon Troop. I cotched me a catfish in bofe hans whilst I wuz under de water, an' I made one ov 'em fin him in de calf ov de leg."

But Easter lacked John's lightness of spirit and George's seasoned boldness. Nobody but himself and Ol' Double-Actin' ever knew how close he came to getting converted again. It seemed like the 'spariance he had reeled off so glibly was coming true for him. Certainly there was a mighty seesawing in his soul throughout the last days of the revival. Every time his fears drove him toward repentance some earthly fact sprang up to turn him back. He noticed, for instance, that many of the most devout church folks had grassy crops, and that they had the usual troubles a man has with his women and his children and his boss-man. And it was inescapable fact that shouting sisters pretty often forgot just what kind of ecstasy they were supposed to cultivate, and scattered a good deal of sunshine by starlight. Unctuous brothers knew how to improve their opportunities on those long night trips to and from the meetings. Easter saw these things, and he had the word of confirmed sinners like Hezekiah Jones to corroborate his own observations. "Folks gits worked up at dem meetin's," Hezekiah would say. "Meat's cheap when a big revival is goin' on."

But under it all beat the thought, "What if the preachers are right? And I find it out too late?" He labored hard, trying to overlook the delinquencies of the godly in field and bushes, hoping that

he could pump up enough belief in God's servants to create belief in God. Going at it the other way round was utterly impossible, because as soon as his reason came out of the lethal chamber of those meetings, it promptly vomited all that had been force-fed into it.

George went through something of Easter's trials, but one day, smiling his sunniest, he said he reckoned the Lawd had cut him out for a sinner, and it would be sin to change the Lawd's plan. And religion never bothered George after that. It never had bothered John. Easter told him so one Saturday noon, as they sat at Easter's, eating lunch. They planned to visit Will Jones, who was still low-sick, after the meal.

"'Ligion sho' ain't made no difference in you, Johnnie," Easter said. "You is de same, but twict as wicked, seem like to me."

"It's different, all de same," John assured him, grinning. "You 'member once I said de preachers got de cream, an' we got de blue-john? Well, I wuz a mis'able sinner den. Now I sez *we* gits de cream, an' you po' sinners gets de—Listen, East!"

A single stroke rang out from the bell of Zion Wheel Church, half a mile away. Wide eyed they listened. Another stroke. It was tolling all right. "It's Will Jones!" breathed Easter. "It's tonein' fo' Will."

They counted the strokes aloud: "Twenty-six," said John finally. "Will wuz 'bout a year younger'n me. How old is you, East?"

"Twenty-six."

Easter, John, George, and a new hand named Pink Dawson dug Will's grave under the supervision of old Pike Stafford, a seasoned expert. They cleared away the sumac bushes and briars not far from where Aunt Malissa Thomas lay. It was a solemn business. "Will, he de fust one ov our ol' gang to go," said George. They were down through the leaf mold and the sandy loam now; the light clay subsoil was like old gold.

"You forgits Alf's Jim," replied John,

and they snickered in spite of themselves.

"Straighten yo' side, Easter, boy!" admonished Pike Stafford. "You is under-cuttin'. Dat sof' clay make yo' spade drif'."

"All right, Uncle Pike," said Easter respectfully. The old man's insistence on perfection reminded him of John Key. Easter had thought of John and Hettie a thousand times this past month, wondering if they had religion. When Easter himself had it, as for whole hours at a time he believed he had, then it seemed to him these friends probably had it too; but when he was in a rational, back-sliding mood, he was certain they hadn't.

"Brother Dawson," George asked politely, "is you gwinna make a crop?"

Pink Dawson was a lean, reddish-brown man, bold-spoken, swift, with lines of suffering about his mouth. "I's done asked yo' boss-man fo' one. Who gwinna work his land—now?" He tapped the floor of the grave with his shovel.

"Ain't no tellin'," replied George. "It's a long time to cotton-plantin'."

"It's a good cut ov lan'," Easter said; "an' de house is warm in winner an' hit's tight."

"It wuz fresh kivahed with new boards dis spring," John contributed. "I he'ped Uncle Pike heah rive de boards. Didn't I, Uncle Pike?"

"Folks don't onderstan' gittin' out boad timber like dey uster," said Pike Stafford irrelevantly. "Dey'll use anything dat will split dese days. Put de dirt back farer dan dat, John. Folks will be a-standin' right whar you pilin' it."

"Will, he made a good crop—fore he got sick," Easter told Pink.

"I got a good notion to speak fo' dis lan'," said the newcomer, and the three young men urged him to do so.

"Umph, umph, umph," grunted old Pike Stafford. "A man's grave ain't dug fore we grabs fo' his lan', an' he ain't in it fo' somebody grabs fo' his wife." The remark had nearly too much point because Sarah was known to be fairly gay even in Will's lifetime.

"I didn't mean no harm, old folks,"

murmured Pink Dawson. The others thought well of this apology coming from a bold-spoken man. Pink was advanced toward their acceptance.

"I don't mean no harm nuther," rejoined Pike. "When you gits old as me, you knows don't nobody *mean* no harm: dey jes *does* it." That was forty years beyond the others. So they snickered decorously and deepened the grave.

All was ready that afternoon when the long queue of wagons, each freighted with a dozen or more mourners seated on straight-backed chairs, wound its way through the fields to the graveyard. The plain pine coffin was in the first wagon. On it was a saucer of salt and a great wreath of Jacqueminot and Marshal Niel roses brought down to Will's house and placed there by Mr. Henry and Miss Molly. The men who had dug the grave, aided by Deacon Troop and Hezekiah, the dead man's brother, took the coffin from the wagon.

"Save dat saucer!" warned Deacon Troop. "Sarah mout need it."

This was the common sense abject poverty teaches. All who were there understood and approved. Easter took the saucer of salt and the flowers from the coffin. Three to the side, with plow-lines taken from the gear of the teams, they lowered Will Jones into the earth.

Deacon Troop opened his Bible and read the burial service in his strong voice. There was no sound while he read. He closed the book, turned up his face and prayed. When he concluded, "Amen!" breathed through the packed folks like a single muted note from an orchestra.

"Let us sing," said Deacon Troop. "Pitch it, brother Hezekiah."

Hezekiah gave them the first line in his faultless tenor:

"Didn't my Jesus arise?"

They caught it on the swing, a hundred and fifty men, women, and children blending their voices in effortless harmony:

"And ascend up on high!"

The words and the music were borrowed from another race. The wailing acknowledgment of mortality they voiced was peculiarly their own.

The singing ended. Sarah gave a piercing shriek, stiffened, and would have fallen if Hezekiah and George Mack had not caught her.

"Watch out!" cried Deacon Troop. "She mout try t'jump into dat grave!"

Other sisters keened in sympathy. Sarah hung shrieking between the two men. "Lemme go wid 'im!" she cried again and again, struggling. "I don't wanna stay effen you kivahs up Will! Lemme go! Lemme go!" She surged desperately toward the open grave. George and her brother-in-law did their best to calm her.

Easter grieved with Sarah while he and John Mack filled the grave. But, "Hum!" said Ol' Double-Actin'. "She ain't sho' nuff tryin' to hurt herself. 'Member de night you rassled wid Elsie Lewis?" Easter remembered, guiltily, and he half agreed when Double-Actin' added, "Sarah jes like Elsie wuz dat night: she makin' a good show to look at, but she holdin' back dat las' little poun' ov steam."

Old Pike finished off the mound and someone handed to Easter the plain flat pine stake upon which Mr. Henry had lettered the name and the date in carriage paint. Easter held the headboard for Pike to drive. "Turn hit roun', boy! Turn hit roun' so de writin' is *out*. Don't want folks a-straddlin' 'im to see who he wuz." Easter turned the stake, and Pike drove it down with the back of his shovel. Deacon Troop said a short prayer, they sang another hymn, and before it ended George and Hezekiah got Sarah into the wagon. The crowd thinned as wagon after wagon filled and lumbered homeward. John Mack, Pink Dawson, and Easter, who had offered to return the shovels borrowed from the gear room, were last to go. They shouldered their implements and slowly followed the wagons. Looking back, Easter saw a mocking-bird flutter to a

sassafras sprout for a closer inspection of the new mound.

Next day Easter sat on his door-block making a cotton-sack. Aunt Malissa had taught him several such handy accomplishments, and his bachelor years had proved their usefulness. Across half a mile of dust-green cotton fields he could see the new roof of the house that had been Will Jones', and beyond that the small cluster of trees in the Bill Jones slough. Easter cut off three yards of number eight thread with his pocket knife, threaded it double through his needle, knotted the end into a monkey-fist big enough to fill a pipe. He thought of Will, and of the others he had grown up with. It was hard to be dead on a day like this, with high white thunder-heads sailing across the sky, and cotton beginning to pop open on the sand-blows. It was hard to lose somebody like Will you had grown up with. It must be hard on Sarah. He looked at the roof of her house floating over the cotton. She was there, alone, grieving. She had certainly carried on strong at the grave. Easter wondered if a woman really would jump in a grave if you didn't hold her. He would like to see it tried. . . . Even if they did jump in, he'd bet his bottom dollar they would climb out mighty quick if you started filling in the earth.

Easter measured off six yards of cotton sacking. He wondered if Sarah hadn't had her thoughts too yesterday. She and Will hadn't got along together so well. Sarah was pretty lively and devilish. Will didn't know anything but work. Well, Sarah had something to be lively *with*. She was built like Annie C., but she was a little taller, and darker . . . and she was over there now, alone, grieving. Will had been sick a long time. Easter rolled up his work, got his hat, locked the door.

"Whether I is a chu'ch member or no," he muttered, "I kin try an' comfort dem in misery. Dat po' gal maybe ain't got no wood split up fo' her cookin'." He took the straight turning-row toward

Sarah's. "H'm," said Double-Actin'. "Why must you lie even when you is by yo' self, in broad daylight? 'Tain't no ax you is gwin' ovah dare to use—effen you has yo' way!"

There was no one in the house, but the door was unlocked, and when Easter pushed it open after knocking, he saw a good fire in the fireplace. "Dat mean she close round, or ain't got no sense," he thought. All his life the ways of a woman with a fire had puzzled and disgusted him. In the yard was a pile of freshly split cottonwood logs. Easter supposed Hezekiah had done the work. It was the season, between laying-by crops and cotton-picking, when the hands laid in their wood for winter. Easter had neglected his own wood getting. He decided to fill in the time while waiting for Sarah by inspecting the trees in the Bill Jones slough—the thicket named after the father of Will and Hezekiah.

Two minutes' walk took him there. He skirted the outlying blackberry brambles, eyed the tall trees, speculated on their splitting qualities. Without warning he came to a little red-bud bush in thick weeds. Under that bush were Sarah and Deacon Troop.

They had not seen Easter. He stopped in his tracks, his pulse pounding. Then he turned softly and walked home. He was by turns indignant, hysterically amused, and chagrined when he thought of Sarah's perfections. Of one thing he was certain: he would broadcast and embroider this story to his friends. "Jes' wait'll dat Troop come at me again 'bout j'inin' de chu'ch!" Easter muttered; and imagining the deacon's future discomfiture helped him somewhat to forget his own. Under all, was envy of the holy man's forehandedness and enterprise.

But this was one secret Easter kept to his dying day: not through fear of Deacon Troop, for once his mind was made up, Easter carried a resolution through; but because subtle things happened inside him the very next morning at the gear-room.

When Easter got there, Mr. Henry was

already on the seat of judgment: the door-block. His gelding was tied to the fence across the road, and Mr. Henry thoughtfully whittled the butt of a riding switch he had cut. Eight or ten hands sat on plow beams, or flat on the earth, their backs against the walls of the gear-room. Easter sat down beside George Mack. The Deacon began an oration.

"You know me, Mistuh Henry. I's been is dese bottoms long as de biggest mud-turkle in 'em. You knows if I say I'll handle a crop I'll sho' handle it."

Mr. Henry whittled his riding switch. He seemed to be no more moved for or against the orator than was the heart-cypress door-block on which he sat.

"Whut I'd like to do is to jes' take over Brother Will's crop—an' his sto' bill too ov course. An' jes move right in an' work dat same land dis next in-comin' year."

Mr. Henry whittled. It was evident that Deacon Troop would have preferred tackling the white man with no audience present; but the audience was there; the deacon lived five miles away; and he had to cut his suit to fit his cloth. Unfortunately the audience was made up of young brothers whom he especially desired to keep impressed and, consequently, he was more or less jumped into being a trifle too loud, a shade too eloquent.

"You knows my wife, Mr. Henry, Elsie Lewis. 'Tain't a better workin' woman in dese bottoms, if I does say it myself. So," Deacon Troop turned to the audience, "Mr. Henry know me an' he know my wife. Sarah, she want us to move right in with her. Whut I wants to do now is jes staht callin' myself yo' han', Mr. Henry, and draw myself some rations an' git to work. Whut de answer?"

Those who knew this white man well knew it long before it came. Mr. Henry looked up slowly from his whittling. "You had a crop here about twenty years ago, and Miss Ruth had to hire it picked."

"But Mistuh Henry! I wuz jes a boy den!"

"You made three crops on the Jack Mitchell place—that cut by the old gin-house. You were no boy then. It was always in the grass. You've been with Mr. Keatts six years. He says he's running you off this year because you are too busy preaching and running after women to work in the field." Mr. Henry stood up and brushed the shavings from his thighs. "No. I don't want you."

"Umph, umph, umph! Jes listen at Mr. Henry!" said Deacon Troop. He half turned to the audience, striving to carry off his discomfiture as a joke; but his face went lean with chagrin and disappointment and with the hurt to his dignity. Later, walking toward home with George and Easter, the deacon became very grave and kindly. "Well, he is white an' I is black. But Jesus sees us. I forgives him! I forgives him!"

The incident worked down deep in Easter. He knew that in judging Deacon Troop as a share-cropper and field hand Mr. Henry had been just. But Easter liked the picture Troop made of a kindly, righteous, and holy man. His own recent observations, facts, and Mr. Henry successively spoiled that picture, and, spoiling it, took one more comfortable thing out of life. Away from these

brutal factors Deacon Troop could quickly rebuild that image. It pleased Easter better to permit this; he even resented the harshness of Mr. Henry which had obscured for a time what Easter wanted Deacon Troop to mean to him. It was like having someone paint a favorite cooking pot white, or like plowing with a turning plow that threw the dirt to the left. That is why Easter shut his teeth against telling anybody what he had seen under the red-bud bush in the Bill Jones slough. He was never further from divulging it than when Deacon Troop, beaming, deprecatory and kindly, cornered him and upbraided him for his sins.

For then the picture Easter liked was sharpest. For himself, with the unwelcome aid of Double-Acting, he reached a comfortable conclusion regarding religion: "Deacon is right. You can't serve de Lawd an' de devil bofe an' have no rest. But 'tain't easy as jes *sayin'* it. Run out de devil, an' he don't stay run out. Run out de Lawd an' He come back like a aggravatin' chicken you shoos offen de porch. A man as well to leave 'em bofe inside 'im. Den dey balances each other like a sack ov cotton an' a three pound pea on a good scale beam."



ARIZONA DESERT

REFLECTIONS OF A WINTER VISITOR

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE road I have often traveled between California and Arizona is so recent that it is not marked in all its length even on many new maps. It was only in 1910 that Arizona was incorporated into the Union as a separate State. Everything that happened here before yesterday is prehistorical. Turn back a page or two, and the Indians are raiding, the bad men are shooting up the towns, and the traveler whose horse has gone lame is dying of thirst. Middleaged men can remember the time when these smooth broad State highways were faint trails. The very children have seen them being made. Yet these roads, running across mountains and deserts, now see a whole new world of travel and commerce and social life.

We in England tell ourselves that we have now brought back to our roads a brisk life they lost when the railways first came; but America, with its vaster distances, its greater restlessness, only stimulated by the depression, has easily out-reached us. Here along these Western highways, with their fine surfaces, careful grading and banking, elaborate signs, their filling stations, their autocamps, their roadside eating houses and hotels, their little towns passionately claiming your custom in a startling sudden glare of electric signs, is a brand-new busy world. It has its own inhabitants: the highway patrols; the wandering out-of-works "thumbing" you for a lift; the families traveling in old Fords gro-

tesquely festooned with bedsteads and frying pans; the uniformed lads at the filling stations; the C.C.C. boys, brown and grinning, and very different from our hollow-cheeked unemployed; the elderly retired couples moving sedately in their motor-caravans. A contemporary American *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, or *Tom Jones* could be written about these highways and their people.

The lads and men at the filling stations always catch my eye, they are so different from the sleepy, perfunctory fellows who work the pumps in England. Here they fill your tanks as if they had dedicated their lives to a great mission. They are proudly, passionately, filling-station experts. They hasten to clean your windshield, to offer water, either for yourself or the radiator; they make zestful remarks about the day; they ask you to call again.

And every village and tiny town, with its neon signs, looks to a European like a bit of a city that has just detached itself. There are the drugstores, the eating houses, the hotels, all blazing with colored lights. They may be a hundred miles from anywhere, deep in the desert, but you would imagine that somebody had contrived to pick out a block from Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, and drop it down there. At night you travel either in the darkness of Siberia or through what appears to be the main street of a carnival town. And you also notice at night, coming this way, the air beacons

on the distant peaks, flashing red and white for the pilots of the trans-continental night planes. Everything here had no existence, would have meant nothing if it had been dreamed of, the day before yesterday. It is all to-day's doings. It is all bright-new. And most of it, in its pretty frivolity of colored lights and facetious appeals, seems to have no more to do with the savage countryside itself than a jiggling line of chorus girls would have. Yet these toylike arrangements conduct us, up in the air as well as on the ground, straight across the waterless wilderness, day and night.

All this, new as it is, cannot be regarded as a solitary experiment, a local eccentricity. One would find something like it all over these United States. By day, by night, private cars and giant buses go roaring out from New York away across the continent to San Francisco and Los Angeles, with the planes shooting past them like aluminum projectiles. Very soon there will be something like this road life all over the world, penetrating Africa, glittering across Asia. *Gas, Eats, Hot and Cold Drinks*: something like this will be spelled out, in paint by day, in neon lights after dark, all the way from Shanghai to Capetown. There is rapidly coming into existence a new way of living—fast, crude, vivid—perhaps a new civilization, perhaps another barbaric age, and here are the signs of it, trivial enough in themselves, but pointing to the most profound changes, to huge bloodless revolutions.

There has been no planning. Some people took to moving here and there, others hurried along the roads they went to make a few dollars; that is all. Perhaps there will not be any planning for a long time, until it will be too late to plan. This new life is simply breaking through the old like a crocus through the wintry crust of earth. And it is here in America, and above all in this America of the Pacific Coast, that the signs of it are most multiplied and clearest.

America is definitely in front. She hardly knows she is leading us, but she is.

Russia can turn the old economic and political system upside down, but no sooner has she done so than she takes a long look at America. One country after another follows suit. They may be ten years behind, but they are following on steadily. America does not know where she is going, but if she walks into some abyss of barbarism she will not walk alone. This is a solemn responsibility. Britain had a similar responsibility when she achieved her industrial revolution and led the way to the slag heaps and dirty back alleys and poisoned air, to the greed and cynical indifference, of competitive industrialism. So far she has failed the world; for having led it into this dark pit, she has not yet led the way out. It is now America's turn.

If any American denies all this, adding that it is a queer lot of farfetched stuff to come from the sight of a few gasoline stations, autocamps, new roads, and air beacons, I have no reply. I shall persist in my belief, however, that it is here in these States that the Time Spirit is working hardest, harder even than it is in Russia, and that American political and social ideas, though they are changing already, will have to bound forward, to borrow some of the enterprise and courage of the engineers and builders and even of this new wayside population, in order to keep up. In short, you will have to discover where it is you are taking us.

II

I think our chosen district in Arizona, near Wickenburg, between Phoenix and Prescott, and about two thousand feet high, has the best winter climate in the State, which means that it has one of the best winter climates in the world, which is notoriously short of good winter climates. There are plenty of warm moist places—almost the whole range of the tropics—but not fairly warm dry ones. I prophesy that as transport becomes quicker, cheaper, easier, the Wickenburg district will become increasingly important; for a winter climate as good as this

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will prove a better gold mine than the Old Vulture, which Henry Wickenburg discovered while chasing his burro, ever was. In short, there's gold in them thar hills, but the best of it is the January sunshine.

The air is enchanting, quite unlike any I have known before, being crystal clear and faintly but persistently aromatic. It is this air, strongly actinic, that gives the Arizona landscape its enduring charm. Seen close at hand, there is nothing very attractive about these hills, so prickly with cactus, or the savage rocky peaks behind them. There is no foreground prettiness here, as there is in California. The vast distances do the trick. This air seems to act like a powerful stereoscopic lens. Everything far away—and you can see scores of miles—is magically molded and colored. The mountains, solidly three-dimensional ranges and peaks, are an exquisite blue in the daytime and then turn amethyst at sunset. Things near at hand are dusty green, grayish, brownish, rather drab; but everywhere toward the far horizon rise chunks of color, unbelievably sumptuous.

And the nights are even more spacious than the days. No lid of darkness is clapped over you. The spaces are wider than ever, and are lit, night after night, with all the stars of the Northern Hemisphere, as precisely defined as the stars in a planetarium. To return to England is to feel like a man who is let down into a cellar after sunset. If Shakespeare had ever seen such nights of stars, he would have gone mad trying to improve upon his "Look, how the floor of Heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!" But literature does not like too much encouragement, which is why some of the best lyrical poetry, ecstatic in its praise of Nature, has been written by fellows shivering and fog-bound in dark attics. No real poetry has come out of Arizona yet and not much painting. Nature is doing it all.

Now that the bad men have shut up their last saloon and we tourists are coming into Arizona, the copy-writers in the

publicity departments of the railways and the local chambers of commerce are showering their adjectives on the place and gushing over it like new oil wells. One of the mildest descriptions is "This Wonderland of the Great South-West." This folder is enough to make any intelligent adult regard the place with the gravest suspicion. It must be a fraud on an impudently gigantic scale. And oddly enough, it isn't. For once these descriptions have an almost scientific precision. Nothing has been exaggerated. I am not a son of the State, have not ten cents invested in it, and am not being paid to boost it. Nevertheless, I declare that Arizona really is a wonderland. You ought to enter it by floating down a rabbit-hole.

It is filled with marvels. Wizardry has been at work here. In the north, where you are a mile and a half high, there is the Grand Canyon, which is enough in itself to clear a whole continent from the charge of being dull. But you also have the Painted Deserts and the Petrified Forests. The dinosaurs left their tracks in these parts. When the giant meteor decided to embed itself in the earth, it chose Arizona, and you may see the crater it made, near Winslow. There are great tracts of virgin forest as well as hundreds of miles of desert. There are mysterious Indian ruins all over the place. There are strange heights called the Superstition Mountains, where men have gone to look for lost gold mines and have never returned. There is about the whole State a suggestion of the *Arabian Nights*. Its vegetation, with the immense pillars of *Saguaro* cactus dominating everything else, is fantastic. Its rocks hide treasures of gold, opals, and rubies, and are covered with ancient writing, perhaps Indian symbols for "Open Sesame." Its moon, stars, and mountain peaks seem to beurnished by genii. Sinbad might have once passed this way, and there may come a morning when a riding party will find a new valley and there disturb the Roc himself.

The old-timers here—the stringy old

cowboys still rolling their cigarettes, the withered and dusty prospectors sitting by their piles of empty bean cans—sound like the most stupendous liars, but you cannot be sure that they are not indulgently descending into the truth; for anything might have happened, and still might happen, in this vast empty State. Take the wrong turning here one morning, and you might never be heard of again. But what might happen to you nobody knows. The clever fellows who sit in Chicago writing those "Wonderland of the South-West" railway folders do not know the half of it. One day they will come and lose themselves in Arizona, and be heard screaming among the hills for new and impossible adjectives. The Baghdad barber and all his six brothers will turn up here, sooner or later, and Scheherazade herself will be discovered in the beauty parlor of the Adams Hotel, Phoenix. It is not for nothing that the capital of the State is called Phoenix. And if this town does not match your mood, you can try Yuma and Buckeye, Ajo and Nogales and Tombstone. Arizona was the last State to enter the Union, and if it is not the most fantastic of them all, I will eat my hat and it shall be a ten-gallon Stetson.

III

It was here in Arizona that I first met cowboys. Many of these cowboys now spend more time taking parties of ranch guests out for a morning ride than they do in rounding up cattle. Nevertheless, they are genuine cowboys. As a rule they have known nothing but ranch life, and they have all the accomplishments of the legendary cowboy, except perhaps that famous marksmanship with a Colt. When not at work they practice for forthcoming rodeos or entertain themselves, and you, with that melancholy music, those long lugubrious strains, for which all men who lead an active open-air life seem to have a strange passion. Sedentary men may need gay cynical little tunes, but the cowboy, the sailor, the soldier, and their kind ask for nothing better

than a gloomy ballad of true love cut short by early death. The cowboy, who is a man of tradition, keeps the traditional tone in song, an odd and rather nasal little tone, which would drive any singing master mad but somehow pleases the rest of us.

And like all healthy primitive males, the cowboy is a dressy fellow. Most of his pay still goes, as it always did, in tremendous hats and high-heeled boots, in belts and saddles and gaudy shirts. He is a peacock of a chap, unimpressed by any defeatist urban nonsense about quiet, respectable, drab clothes. The male in his natural state likes to show off, to blind the coy female, to stun her into admiration; and that is the cowboy.

He has the luck to live in a simple world. There are certain things he must be able to do well, or it is all up with him, and they cannot be faked, as politicians and professional men and directors of companies so often fake things. He cannot pretend to ride and rope and get away with it. He has to be able to ride and rope really well, and to do a few other things too; but once he has acquired the necessary skill and the courage and endurance that match it, all is well with him. He lives a natural healthy life in a healthy uncomplicated world. He does not go to bed to worry himself sick about what the public, the debentureholders, the board of directors, the departmental boss will say. He does not feel like a piece of straw in a whirlpool. He does not grow fat and apoplectic, or thin and cancerous, at a desk, wondering what exactly it is that has wasted his manhood. He has not much money, but then neither has he many taxes, mortgages, insurance policies, and doctors' bills. If he has a wife, she does not regard him as a sagging, moody fraud of a fellow, whose mysterious and probably contemptible activities during the day have robbed him of all bright masculine virtue; but she knows exactly what he has to do and respects him for the obvious skill and courage he brings to his tasks. If he has young children he shines in their sight as

a wise hero and is, therefore, the perfect father. His life may be infinitely narrower than that of a saint or a philosopher, an artist or a scientist, but can it be said to be any narrower than the existences of all those pale-faced millions who go day after day to factories, warehouses, offices, and shops, the victims of all the cunningly deployed forces of publicity and salesmanship, of rubber-stamp opinions and artificially stimulated wants?

He is at peace with himself because his work allows free play to the strongest instincts of man. Unlike so many other men, he has not to pretend to be a short-sighted, deaf cripple all day to earn his living, and then to try and catch up with himself as a vital human being during the short hours of leisure allotted to him. His work is not without danger, and he is sustained by a sense of this, knowing that he has a certain fundamental dignity. This is true of other kinds of men such as the miner and the sailor, men who are shabbily treated by the community they serve, but are often inwardly sustained by their sense of being engaged in an heroic calling. This is joined in the cowboy to an outward picturesqueness and a magnificent stage setting.

There is still a good book to be written about the legend of the heroic West and the cowboy. The author would have to be a social philosopher as well as an historian. The legend has not been with us long. That West had a very short history. It did not begin until the Sixties, and its homeric age was over before the century ended. It was created by a passing set of economic circumstances, by cheap open grazing land in the Southwest, and good prices on the hoof in Kansas City. It could not survive the invention of barbed wire. Yet what a legend it has created!

Cheap melodrama, whether in fiction, plays, or films, soon claimed that legend; yet there always remains a faint gleam of homeric poetry, not in the monotonous and incredible fables of very good men and very bad men and doll-like heroines, but in the enduring image they give us

of a man riding in the wilderness of desert and mountain, the solitary heroic figure. Here is one who seems to have escaped the economic slavery and universal degradation of our time; who does not compete except with charging animals and the hostile elements; who is seen as the strong free male, careless and smiling and bronzed, that essential male for whom all women have a tenderness. He is a man of our world who has contrived to live his life in an epic simplicity impossible to the rest of us, caught in a bewildering tangle of interests and loyalties.

All this is more than enough to explain the flood of popular stories, plays, and films about the cowboy. They are not as good as he was, or still is. There has rarely been a genuine artistic impulse behind these things.

The heroic free man, certain critics of our society will tell us, has been used to stupefy the enslaved masses. This is true. But we must ask ourselves what disease it is that these masses are suffering from that demands this particular form of dope. Are they entranced by the cowboy simply because they do not own the means of production, because they belong to the exploited proletariat, because the profits of their factories are being handed over to capitalist shareholders? Change all this, and does this wistful admiration of the cowboy vanish at once? I doubt it.

The disease is not so easily diagnosed. It is less general and superficial, more personal to each man and woman, cutting deeper into the psychic; though I will readily admit that the make-up of our personalities owes more to economic and political conditions, capable of being completely changed in a few years, than most of us care to acknowledge. A free people, no longer feeling that their lives were undignified, unheroic, a waste of manhood, but conscious of the fact that every stone they lifted would be set in its place in the city wall, would smile with pleasure at the sight of the lean graceful cowboy, but would not hunger for every doped confection offered under his name.

Yet I believe some wistfulness would remain; the men with machines, in their air-conditioned factories, would be haunted by the vague image of the man with the horse and the campfire.

IV

From the first moment we met the cowboy and his folk we were impressed by their manners. While you are still a stranger the cowboy observes with you an almost Spanish punctilio. His polite questions have an air of grave concern. He does not, in the actors' term, "throw away" his "Please" and "Thank You." He listens carefully to what you have to say, and may be brief but is never offhand in his replies. His manners are very much like those of old-fashioned Americans in most parts of the country.

It is odd that American men are so frequently presented in European caricatures of the type, in fiction, plays, and films, as being extremely ill-mannered, loud, rough customers. Such Americans exist, of course, just as sneering Englishmen, bullying Teutons, insolent Latins also exist. But it has always seemed to me that American manners in general tend to err on the side of formality and solemnity. They are rather like those of elderly English dons and clergymen. The ordinary English are much more casual. We do not take enough trouble, for example, with our introductions. Terrified of appearing pompous, we hastily mumble names or hastily accept a mumble instead of names, so that our introductions do not serve their purpose, and often, not knowing to whom we are talking, we saunter into the most dreadful traps. The deliberate ceremony that most Americans make of introductions protects them from these dangers and errors.

I think the Far Western manner with strangers is like that which was common among all cultivated persons in the Eastern States a generation or two ago. But unless you deliberately make yourself unpleasant you are not a stranger long in

the West. The shell of grave formality is soon pierced, especially when the visitor is a man; and once you are through you find that the rancher and the cowboy are hearty and merry and easy in their manners. They live in a world of first names and nicknames: Jack and Smoky, Short and Hank. Where the older West still lingers, as it does round Wickenburg, where we have stayed, you have a pleasant glimpse of that classless society about which we hear so much now. The equality may be an illusion, but the manners do not hint at any suspicions of inferiority and superiority. To return to England after a few months of this is like dropping back into the Feudal System.

Many Americans, usually people who have money and leisure, take to English country-house life as ducks to water, and tell us how enchanted they are by the good manners they find in this fading world of aristocratic landowners and hat-touching tenants, and how delighted they are to have left behind their native democracy of bad manners. But if they had moved West—which would have been more sensible than coming to England to play charades all day—they might have discovered there a democracy of good manners. It is made up, as all such societies will have to be, of people who are reasonably sure of themselves, easy in their own minds, not galled by feelings of inferiority, and are ready to take others as they find them. And I prefer a classless society in which you are Smoky and he is Hank and I am Jack to one in which we are all official comrades. I would rather be Mr. Priestley first, then Jack afterward, than Comrade Priestley all the time. In fact, I don't want to be Comrade Priestley at all.

V

There was a time not very long ago when these ranches in northern Arizona carried feed for vast herds of cattle. But what the cattle left, the sheep that followed almost completely destroyed, pulling up the very roots. The goose with the golden eggs was cooked for one fine

merry meal. And I gather that there has been during these past fifty years in America a great killing and cooking of these golden-egged geese. The rugged individuals of one generation have bequeathed to their sons little more than an opportunity to be rugged still. The desert hills have been swept clean of feed for cattle; forests containing easily marketable timber have been massacred without quarter; mines have been worked in what once seemed the cheapest way but in what has since proved to be the most expensive fashion; and the mottoes have been "A short life but a gay one" and "Here to-day, gone to-morrow."

The economist's knowledge and sharp eye for facts are not mine; I cannot pretend to any better observation than what is usual in a wandering man of letters; yet even I have been struck by the fact that these States have had an economic past, that there are signs of departed yesterdays as well as of glorious to-morrows.

We Europeans are taught to think of the United States as the country that is only just beginning, the land of unlimited opportunity, the place that is all a golden future. What we see in New York only confirms this belief. Here are people who with an astonishing ease and confidence seem to rebuild their magnificent city every few years. Buildings that our own cities would be glad to boast about are torn down, as if they were nothing better than a huddle of slums, and new towers and palaces go shooting up, glorious in that clear light. We are not merely impressed, we are almost terrified. We are pigmies watching the giants at play. If this is what is happening in the greatest American city, then, in spite of certain disturbing rumors, the whole vast land must be dripping with milk and honey, the cleanest certified milk, the sweetest and most nutritious honey. We might as well all move across to enjoy this superb plumbing, these phenomenally cheap automobiles, these hygienically sealed packages of food, the whole bewildering bounty of this continent and its new civilization, and let Europe dwindle

into a tourists' playground, inhabited by guides and head waiters. There are not a hundred and fifty millions living here yet. Absurd! Make it three, four, five hundred millions. Let the whole world begin again here, dating the new era of plenty from the Declaration of Independence.

Then the dream is shattered. Even after we have traveled among these States and have been surprised by what we have seen, we may still believe—as I still believe—that the United States, with its huge resources and its undiminished stores of energy and enterprise, is the Land of the Future, with the Soviet Union, binding half Asia to itself, as the only possible rival. But we realize that the epic of this land will not be the economic fairy tale of our imagination. No manna will descend from the skies. We are astonished to find in a country that is still so new so many witnesses to enterprises already dead and gone. The trains that carry us from one growing city to another take us past farmsteads that seem neglected, forlorn, ruined. In the West we hear tales of ranching that are now as far in the past as the tale of Sheridan's Ride. We can visit, as I have done, whole ghostly chains of dead mining towns, with their own deserted railway tracks, stations, sidings, hotels.

There is probably no region in America newer and more proudly flourishing than that of Southern California, which supplies our motor cars with gasoline, our dining tables with orange juice, and our picture theaters with films. In the modern world, we may say that Southern California is "sitting pretty." One reason why people like to live down there is that the sun shines nearly every day and it hardly ever rains. Unfortunately, millions of people, with their houses and factories and fruit farms, need a great deal of rain; and so the ghost of drought haunts this region. It has room for millions more, but will it have water for them? What will happen if the population steadily increases and there come a few unusually dry years? We are told

that Boulder Dam has been built to regulate the supply of water into Imperial Valley and to sell the coast towns cheap electric power. But I suspect that all the people in those towns are glad to know that behind that vast wall in the mountains is a great new lake of fresh water.

We had seen Boulder Dam, and had pointed our ciné-kodak at it so that we could see a moving shadow of its splendor when we returned home. In order to see it we traveled for hours and hours along narrow dirt roads through the high emptiness of Nevada. Anybody who is under the impression that the world is becoming too crowded should move into Nevada. If the whole of Great Britain were inhabited by the people of Oxford, there would still be more folk about than there are in Nevada. A road there seems to lead endlessly from nothing to nothing. A solitary filling station soon gives the Nevada traveler a sense of a bustling urban life. When they do achieve a town there they throw it wide open, probably feeling that any restriction would be intolerable at the end of such trails. Reno, with its divorcing, and Las Vegas, with its all-night gambling, are tiny oases in an immense mile-high desert. To meet a few other human beings in Nevada is to assist at a miracle. Here, like the young Mark Twain, they are roughing it still. Anything new that has been introduced since his time is lost in these vacant immensities.

Except Boulder Dam. And that is worth traveling weeks to see. It is like the beginning of a new world, that world we catch a glimpse of in one of the later sequences of Wells' film, "Things to Come," a world of giant machines and titanic communal enterprises. Here in this Western American wilderness, the new man, the man of the future has done something, and what he has done takes your breath away. When you look down at that vast smooth wall, at its towers of concrete, its power stations, at the new lakes and cataracts it has created, and you see the men who have made it all moving

far below like ants or swinging perilously in midair as if they were little spiders, and you note the majestic order and rhythm of the work, you are visited by emotions that are hard to describe, if only because some of them are as new as the great Dam itself.

Compared with this piece of building, the recent skyscrapers seem like toys. The shining towers of New York merely express the new man in his initial playful mood. With Boulder Dam he has really set to work. This is what he can do when given a real job. This is a first glimpse of what chemistry and mathematics and engineering and large-scale organization can accomplish when collective planning unites and inspires them. Here is the soul of America under socialism. This is the reply to the old heedless, wasteful individualism.

Some Americans I met grumbled to me about the cost of the Dam, and dropped the usual hints about nest-feathering. I was a visitor and it was not for me to tell them they were wrong, even though I have the privilege of paying American taxes myself while not being granted any other privilege of the ordinary American citizen. But if any of the dollars taken from me went toward paying the cost of Boulder Dam, I am more than satisfied; I am proud and delighted. The Colorado River must not be allowed to do what it likes. Imperial Valley cannot exist in constant danger of flood or drought. The electric power that is carried over the hundreds of miles of desert to the coast, will light up the faces of Chaplin and Garbo for us. There may come a season soon when all the water in Boulder Canyon will be urgently needed.

So much for utility. But Boulder Dam is something more than a vast utilitarian device, a super-gadget. Enchanted by its clean functional lines and at the same time awed by its colossal size, you might be tempted to call it a work of art; as if something that began with utility and civil engineering ended somewhat in the neighborhood of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. There is no doubt whatever that

it is a thing of beauty, and that the impression it makes on any sensitive observer is not unlike that made by a massive work of art. But if you feel that language is being abused here, and hold that nothing so impersonal as a dam can be a genuine work of art, then you have to find some new way of accurately describing this new creation.

It remains in my memory, an inspiring image, as a kind of giant symbol. It is the symbol of the new man, a new world, a new way of life. In this new world men who know and care nothing about art, who might foolishly despise artists, can be driven by sheer necessity to gigantic collective action, and through that action can produce something that is at once stupendous and impersonally beautiful. We see these new men at work everywhere. It is they who design and build our modern vehicles, our cars and engines, airplanes and ships. Everything they do is impersonal. They do not sign their names and talk about temperaments. We do not know who they are. But their creations are everywhere, and even when such creations are engines of death, as they so frequently are in this sad muddle we are in, they do not fail to satisfy or sometimes to exhilarate us. It is probably true to say that in these days our æsthetic emotions are more often stirred outside the narrow circles of art than inside them. The nameless men move us when the artists have failed.

It is possible that we shall soon have to give up many things dear to us. Time hath a wallet on his back. A great deal of deck cargo may have to be thrown overboard in order to save the ship. The adolescent frolics of individualism must give way to the sober adult task of co-operation. Already much that was admirable in its day has gone or is going. Even at my age I know there is much to regret, and when I am feeling less than my age, and more than my age—in short, am feeling at once senile and childish—I find myself cursing this relentless movement of the time spirit. Like most writers, I delight in what is individual to the

point of eccentricity, in the whimsical and freakish, in characters that are magnificently themselves; and I welcome real persons and distrust crowds and mass movements. I take little pleasure in what is new and slick and standardized, preferring what is old and crabbed and richly individual. Not being of a mechanical turn of mind, I am suspicious and rather frightened of machinery. The sight of any highly mechanized and super-efficient process chills rather than warms my heart. I do not like the way in which we think of humanity increasingly in terms of abstractions of it, turning real people into consumers, operatives, customers, passengers, and the rest. I am both irritated and alarmed by the emergence of States and Parties that are considered to be more important than the sum total of the persons they should be serving. I believe that ordinary human happiness is the great thing, and that somehow we are now creating all kinds of monsters—the State, the Party, Industrial Efficiency—to whom ordinary human happiness is nothing. Sometimes in my despair I feel that, short of being a slave, a serf, a miserable peasant, I could have been happier in any other age.

Then I have the sense and decency to remember that there have always been a great many slaves, serfs, miserable peasants, poor bewildered wretches toiling from dark to dark that a few of their betters should have warmth and light; and to tell myself that vaguely sentimentalizing over a favored group (whose dirt and disease and narrow outlook we are apt to forget) is not entertaining a true vision of the past. The world is as it is, with our social consciences as part of it, and no occasional bouts of self-pity will push the world back or stop those consciences working. And then I see that we have to scrap many things we hold dear to keep the rest secure. I may like persons and distrust mass movements, but we may be in such a dangerous situation that there must be mass movements in order to save persons.

The world that will emerge, that is al-

ready emerging, though not yet secure, may be strange and uncomfortable to us. Old landmarks will be missing. A certain cosy individuality may have vanished forever. Many things will be new and coldly indifferent. Yet now and then I feel that I am catching a glimpse of this new world that is more reassuring than my own vague anticipation of it, probably because it is easier to imagine what will be missing from it than it is to fill this world with new splendors of its own.

And Boulder Dam, that vast impersonal work of utility-art, that expression of new collective humanity, remains in my memory as one of those reassuring

glimpses. Perhaps we shall soon say good-by forever to the "magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn." Perhaps the words will lose their enchantment; the images they call up will seem idle or evil; and the author of them, if remembered, will seem a fretting childish dreamer. But if this worst should happen, and the magic casements open no more and the poets and the painters be all silent and still, I take some comfort from the thought that I can stand with the crowd, nameless humanity at ease watching nameless humanity at work, and be filled with wonder and awe as new Boulder Dams arise.

PARADOX

BY MARION LEMOYNE LEEPER

HOW simply falls the rain
Upon a waiting plain.

*How simply grows a tree
For every eye to see.*

*How simply lies a man
In dust where he began.*

*Yet there exists no key
To earth's simplicity.*



OUR BACKWARD THINKERS

BY ALICE BEAL PARSONS

THE greatest dangers confronting the world to-day arise from the failure of political thinking to keep pace with events. Many things have happened in the past nineteen years, but the intellectuals of the world are still riding furiously into the lists against one another, each crusader bumping and rattling along in the same old Model T Ford in which he started. They agree, however, as to our perilous position. Men who differ in practically every other respect agree that the civilized world stands to-day in the greatest danger that has confronted it since it slowly dragged itself out of the Middle Ages.

There are three main facets of this danger: the crisis in the capitalist system, the threat of international war (since the Have-Nots among the nations are joining together to extort concessions from the Haves, already united in the Versailles Treaty), and the impending world struggle between Fascism and Communism. The greatest of these three dangers, so men in general are coming to believe, is the last. The capitalist system might conceivably be repaired or superseded without wrecking civilization. The Haves might conceivably make their peace with the Have-Nots. But while these admittedly difficult adjustments are under way, the Fascist-Communist conflict will throw us into war—so at least more and more people are beginning to believe.

They believe this in spite of the fact that by far the larger part of the world's population is as yet neither Communist

nor Fascist, and would, if it were articulate, cry out a plague on both their houses. The correctness of their belief seems at present abundantly illustrated by the war in Spain. By the time this article appears the war may be over or it may still be raging. Whatever the outcome, the bearing of the present Spanish situation on my argument will remain the same. At this moment the avowedly Fascist nations are alleged to be surreptitiously and most effectively smuggling aid to the Rebels. Communist Russia, after trying to maintain its friendly relations with the democratic countries by agreeing to act only on international agreement, is now alleged by virtuous Fascists to be surreptitiously and effectively smuggling help to the Loyalist Government. Meanwhile the democratic countries stand on the sidelines arguing over these alleged violations of the international agreement.

Their supineness in the face of the catastrophe is owing to their fear that any active participation in the conflict on their part would be the signal for a new world war. On the other hand, they know that if they permit the Fascist power to spread they will eventually face a world war anyway. Why did they, who were in complete command of the situation in 1918, permit Germany and Italy to defy international agreements concerning armaments and grow powerful enough to place them in this dilemma? Because the Conservatives who chiefly controlled both governments until Blum took office were afraid of the Communist

Peril, and rejoiced to see a strong anti-communist movement built up. It would seem as if John Strachey's thesis that the whole world would eventually be drawn into the Fascist-Communist vortex were by way of being proved.

Possibly it is, but if so this world catastrophe will come about only because of the servility and backwardness of political thinking. Fascism and Communism have both undergone fundamental changes since they were first launched. They have changed so radically that to advocate their original intentions in either of the two countries where they first seized power would probably be to incur the charge of treason and summary execution. In Russia last summer a group of highly placed officials, nearly all "Old Bolsheviks," that is to say original co-workers of Lenin and Trotsky, were actually executed for conspiring to seize the government and restore it to what they believed to be its original communist intention. Those combatants in the impending Fascist-Communist struggle who ardently insist on pulling down the world in order to make their cause victorious will be pulling it down for a cause that has already changed, and will in any case be making impossible the realization of all the things their cause stands for.

II

Consider the second half of that statement: a world-wide war between Fascism and Communism would make impossible the realization of the things both sides are fighting for. It is now generally agreed that a clash between Fascism and Communism will involve a major war if it is allowed to spread to countries not now Fascist or Communist. What would a world war mean? It would mean world revolution, Stanley Baldwin said at the Lord Mayor's dinner. And world revolution means anarchy and the possible destruction of the gains of civilization. "And we all know it," he shouted almost desperately at his hearers, as if to startle them into stepping back from the abyss.

"But world revolution is what we want," our social reformers exclaim bravely at this point. "Poor old Stanley Baldwin doesn't want it because he is a Tory and wants to hold on to his Tory privileges." On the revolutionary side this answer would have been true a number of years ago. It is no longer true. Russia, the one great country controlled by Communists, no longer wants world revolution. In fact, she executed those highly placed Bolshevik officials chiefly because they were Trotskyites and still believed in simon pure Communism and world revolution.

Why does the Communist desire his system to prevail? He proposes the setting up of a dictatorship of the proletariat. Under this dictatorship he proposes the expropriation of private property because he hopes by this to secure to the worker all the wealth he creates. Both the dictatorship and the expropriation of private property are a means to an end. The end is the increased welfare of the worker. Will the destruction of most of the gains of civilization improve the lot of the worker? Only men temporarily insane could think so. The Russians don't think so. They are willing to make innumerable compromises with other governments (witness their hesitation in the Spanish matter) in order to save such gains as they have. There was a time when world revolution might conceivably have been accomplished without plunging the world into ruin. That time started to pass when Mussolini infringed Lenin's patent for imposing the rule of a minority and established his Fascist state. It was definitely brought to an end when Hitler followed in Mussolini's wake.

The Fascist also advocates a dictatorship in order to make his system prevail. What does he want to accomplish by his system? The leaders of course want a good many things, among them power and glory; but leaders without adherents are powerless, and their adherents joined them because they desired the continuation of the private-property system.

They wanted to continue to live in their own homes, however poor those homes might be, and to work at their own jobs, however unremunerative. Mussolini and Hitler were permitted to seize absolute control of their respective nations because of the fear of the majority of the people in those nations of a bogeyman called Communism. The majority of the people in Italy and Germany are poor working people. They are the very people Communism was devised to help; but they are now lined up behind two dictators whose avowed object is to crush Communism. This avowed object threatens world war, and world war would destroy the private property which the Italian and German people hoped to save. The mere preparations for the war are constantly reducing the Italian and German standard of living, and should the war come it would probably, as Stanley Baldwin said, destroy most of the gains of civilization, and private property among them.

This dreadful danger hangs over the world because of a struggle between two causes that have changed fundamentally since the struggle started.

The Soviets tried to replace the unjust capitalist system by one which would give to each according to his need and take from each according to his ability. This system collapsed in famine and confusion and was followed by the New Economic Policy with its famous and effective Five Year Plans. Russia to-day is not a communistic state. It is a political dictatorship presiding over an experimental and constantly changing economic system at present partaking of the qualities of state socialism, guild socialism, and American mass production. Let no Communist sympathizer jump to the conclusion that I am belittling the tremendous achievements made under the Soviets. I am only pointing out what the Russians themselves repeatedly admit, that Russia does not at present have Communism.

The Fascists set out to save the world from Communism, that is from the expropriation of private property. There-

fore Mussolini became the darling of those who wished to preserve the present economic system. He was lovingly referred to by wealthy American travelers as the man who made the Italian trains run on time, who banished beggars and rubbish from Italian streets, who persuaded Italian workers that it was more glorious to restore the Roman Empire than to receive their share of modern Italian wealth. But this doughty Mussolini, once completely entrenched, enacted a number of measures vastly disturbing to the business men who began by praising him. He has not even stopped at that terrifying socialistic threat, the capital levy. He is, in brief, well on the way to state socialism.

The Communists under Lenin and Stalin, wishing to gain economic justice for the worker, sowed dictatorship. The one indisputable result of their act is that it has reaped dictatorship. The Fascists under Mussolini and Hitler, wishing, so they asserted and their followers believed, to save the individual's right to private property, sowed dictatorship. The one indisputable result of their act is that it has reaped dictatorship. These two dictatorships threaten world war, which in turn threatens both the welfare of the worker and private property. And this war, if we are deluded enough to let it spread over the world, will be waged over a corpse; for Communism and Fascism no longer represent the issues for which their followers would be fighting.

Yet our world may go down fighting over that corpse. We all fought the World War without knowing why. The Guelfs and Ghibellines continued to fight each other long after it was practically impossible to disentangle what they respectively stood for and what they were fighting about. Only real thought can save us from calamity. We must stop heaving catchwords at each other and reconsider the objectives of the two combatants and the possibility of attaining those objectives.

Of course they had and have objectives.

The injustices for which Fascism and Communism offer their respective cures are facts and must be dealt with. The Versailles Treaty laid a heavy hand on several great nations, ruined their economic systems, and helped upset the economic equilibrium of the world. Capitalism may destroy both itself and us if it is not reformed. It does not follow, however, that the methods used by either Fascism or Communism to correct these palpable wrongs are immutably decreed as the only correct methods, that they were handed down by another Moses on tablets of stone, or that it is courting destruction to change a jot or a tittle of them. The heads of the Fascist and Communist systems understand this very well. They change their theories as they go along, with the result that they have fundamentally altered their original systems. But knowing the importance of seeming infallible, they disguise the fundamental nature of these changes from their followers. Moreover, the leaders of the two systems know that there is no going back for them personally. They have burned too many bridges, spilled too much blood, to dare be anything but infallible. They are in a mortal struggle, even if the causes for which they are struggling have changed. Therefore the Soviets still maintain officially that Communism is inevitable, that is to say, in old-fashioned phraseology, pre-ordained, or God-given. And under the comprehensive appellation Communism they lump together their particular method of securing control of Government, their particular method of maintaining control, and their particular methods of production and distribution. In like manner the Fascists still maintain that Fascism is written in the stars as the next and most glorious development in the human cycle, and under the terms Fascism and Nazism they lump just about everything that Mussolini and Hitler wish to do or find themselves forced to do.

The rest of the world is on the sidelines watching this struggle, very much divided in sympathy between the two combatants,

who naturally make the most of the confusion and ignorance of the bystanders, since it is these bystanders who will determine the event. On the success of the efforts of struggling Fascists and Communists to persuade the watchers on the sidelines that their respective systems are unaltered and inevitable the fate of civilization may depend. If the rest of the world comprehended that Fascism and Communism are fundamentally altered and their adherents so confused that they are continually passing from one camp to the other (witness Mussolini and Doriot, ex-socialist and communist, now leading Fascists), it would certainly refuse to join a dreadful struggle in which no one knows who stands for what, or what goal anyone is aiming at. What chances are there that so crucial a deception can continue to succeed?

III

There is every chance, because of the gravity of the economic crisis and because of the effective propaganda of Fascist and Communist sympathizers in sideline countries. In America, with which this article is chiefly concerned, we shall probably have a "breathing spell." Barring world-war catastrophe, we shall have a period of prosperity. Only when and if the next crisis comes shall we be in danger of a Fascist and Communist flare-up. But a crisis will inevitably come unless drastic preventive measures are taken, and such measures can be taken only if creative thought is applied to the causes of breakdown.

Much thought is undoubtedly being given at present, but it operates, perforce, in a world whose two leading ideas are the two antagonistic philosophies of Fascism and Communism. These tend, as ruling ideas in any period always tend, to draw everything else into their vortices. Even in prosperity our intellectuals will debate and advocate their respective merits. As long as prosperity continues, the majority of the people will be almost completely unconcerned about

either Fascism or Communism; but if even a partial breakdown occurs, such as that of 1929, the emergency measures proposed will, in default of the development or the effective reaffirmation of a third philosophy of government, tend to come from either the Fascist or Communist vortex.

A word as to the make-up of these vortices. Each has a nucleus composed of a very few men who truly comprehend the philosophy itself, the policies adopted to put the philosophy into effect and to maintain it afterward. Even in countries actually controlled by one or the other philosophy, this nucleus is extremely small and by no means includes all the active members of either party. Most of the members are mentally incapable of understanding the philosophy. They may be excellent party henchmen, willing and able to carry out orders, to organize effectively, to fly airplanes into enemy territory, to supervise work colonies, to speed up production schedules; but they leave the subtler reaches of Nietzsche, *The Brown Book*, Hegel, and Marx to party theorists, just as they leave the formulation of the "party line" to party tacticians. These rank-and-file party members agree one day to abolish the family, since it is incompatible with Communism, and the next day hasten to reinstate it and to compete for the bonuses offered for many children, because the little Father Stalin tells them large families are desirable.

These rank-and-file party members form a larger circle round the small nucleus of the men who really understand precisely what Fascism and Communism are. But this larger circle is also very small compared with the total population even in countries under Fascist and Communist control. It is almost negligible numerically in the Communist party in America, and very much in a minority in France and England.

Much larger and also much more influential are what I shall call the Fascist penumbra and the Communist penumbra, made up of people who tend to sym-

pathize with one philosophy as against the other. The members of each penumbra tend to bring all important events to the touchstone of one or the other philosophy. A somewhat extreme example, but one which will I think explain how this operates, is furnished by the brilliant liberal magazine *The Nation*. All its comment on world events is brought to the touchstone of a special point of view. Its attitude toward the Blum Government is a case in point. First it asked Trotsky to write two articles on Blum. Naturally Trotsky criticized him from the point of view of an Old Bolshevik, one who believes in immediate world revolution. Since then both editorially and in special articles *The Nation* has condemned the Blum Government whenever it has failed to go as far left as the Communist wing desires. Had the touchstone to which *The Nation* brought its comment been that of a desire to see the Popular Front maintained, even if its maintenance meant that it would remain in general close to the desires of its majority wing, the Radical Socialists, this journal would have praised Blum for the very acts for which it has condemned him. I am not suggesting that it would have been better to praise Blum. I am only concerned to show that though *The Nation* would probably deny being Communistic, and although the members of the small American Communist party would deny that *The Nation* is Communistic, it, nevertheless, belongs to the Communist penumbra.

This penumbra describes a larger circle round the small one of party members and the still smaller nucleus of those in the know. It includes a great many of the men and women who by writing, teaching, and lecturing help to form the mind of the majority of the people, who are for the most part unaware of the manner in which their mental orientation is brought about. This majority of the people constitutes the sideline watchers for whose aid the Fascists and Communists are constantly angling through their respective penumbras.

Do the members of the penumbras know that their causes have changed fundamentally? Most of them do not. I am reasonably certain, after extensive investigation, that in America the majority of the Communist penumbra, which is far ahead of the Fascist penumbra in social intelligence, is even ignorant of many of the actual concrete objectives proposed. They have adopted a certain general direction in which they wish the world to go. They believe human rights are more important than property rights, therefore they give their sympathies to the Russian experiment. They are ignorant that in an attempt to improve the economic status of the worker, that is to say, his status in respect to commodities or property, the Soviets have swept away most of the human rights which were his, or at least which would have been his in a democratic country. This penumbra believes again in justice to submerged minorities. In America they particularly mean by this justice to negroes. Very few members of this penumbra know anything about the actual Communist plan for the American negro—the creation of a Black Belt from which the Whites shall be driven out, and which shall form a separate autonomous Republic in the American Soviet system, the reestablishment, that is to say, of segregation, against which the most gifted negroes have constantly struggled. The ignorance of most members of this penumbra continues straight down the list of Communist objectives and is even more marked when it comes to tactics. Almost all, except the actual working Communists, and many of them, would think anyone guilty of grossly libelling Communism who quoted to them Lenin's remarks advocating misrepresentation and intrigue. Those members of the Communist penumbra who are ignorant even of its original objectives are of course thrice ignorant of the changes made in them.

There are others, however, in the penumbra who understand both the original objectives and the changes made in

them, but are unwilling to admit the changes. These sympathizers have habituated themselves for many years to deny the outrageous misrepresentations of purposes and conditions in Soviet Russia by their enemies. From this it was an easy step to assume that all criticism of Russia was untrue and hostile in origin. For years, therefore, they refused to admit, or even to see the fundamental changes going on in Russia, and now that these changes are such common knowledge that they must be admitted, they join the Russians in maintaining that the changes are either not fundamental or that they are temporary expedients. They seem not to realize that if the changes are temporary expedients they are *per se* an argument against the Communist theory that a violent coup whereby Communism will be installed at once and for all time is the only solution and supersedes all notions of making desirable social reforms as rapidly as a free electorate can be persuaded to desire them, that is, by democratic means. (If, after their violent coup, the Russians were obliged to give up their attempt to establish Communism instantaneously, and go back over their tracks and build it gradually, there might still be room for argument that in democratic countries it would be wiser to avoid the dislocation, suffering, and slaughter that follow such a coup, and, since Communism must be constructed gradually in any case, begin by constructing it instead of introducing it by a coup.)

The fundamental changes in Fascism have also been ignored or denied by their sympathizers, though in this case less self-deception was involved because the Fascists have from the beginning granted to a leader the right to make all decisions, no matter how contradictory.

IV

Since the Fascist and Communist leaders cannot afford to admit the fundamental changes their respective systems have undergone, since their rank-and-file party

members do not understand the matter sufficiently to perceive the radical character of the changes, since the penumbra round each movement is either ignorant of the change or unwilling to admit it, the stage remains set for an attempt on the part of the two antagonists to try to seize control the next time an economic breakdown gives them an opportunity. Events in Russia, Italy, and Germany have shown us all too well that a well-led, determined minority can seize control over a great country, and that once it is in possession of the military arm it can keep the majority in sorry subjection. Spain now offers proof of an even more alarming fact. When the Fascists and Communists are fairly evenly matched they may all but destroy themselves, their country, and the majority in the struggle for control.

The stage being thus set for a death struggle of civilization, can anything be done to prevent it? Many people think not, and act accordingly. Yet it could certainly be prevented if the majority were to organize to protect itself from the two combatants, and if this majority were to adopt a third philosophy which offers a cure for the evils Communism and Fascism attempt to redress, without positing a war of extermination to make the world swallow its cure.

Curiously enough, in France and America we have witnessed the organization of the majority in advance of the promulgation of the third philosophy. The various parties which make up the Popular Front in France and the many unorganized citizens who voted for Roosevelt agree only on the general direction in which they wish to go, and are very vague as to the road they shall take to get there. There is one exception to this vagueness. In both countries a group of conscious revolutionaries have joined the Popular Front for purposes of their own. The majority behind Blum has organized in order to decide for itself under what system it shall live. But the Communistic wing of his Front wants chiefly to forestall a Fascist coup and to begin pushing

the Government toward Communistic objectives. The majority who voted for Roosevelt were voting against a return to the economic practices which resulted in the collapse of 1929, and in favor of various of the meliorative measures proposed by Roosevelt—the reduction of work hours and raising of wages, first steps toward social planning and insurance against economic stresses outside the individual's control. But a certain number of those who voted for Roosevelt did so chiefly to prevent a reactionary government which might suppress them and their ideas forever and to push the Roosevelt Government continually to the left.

The presence of these two minority groups in the Blum and Roosevelt Governments might be of great value in formulating necessary economic reforms because of their intellectual caliber and long study of the causes of economic injustice, if they did not also advocate the overthrow of popular government and the establishment of their own kind of dictatorship. Praise of constitutional liberties leaps to their lips whenever the liberties of a radical agitator are invaded; but they advocate publicly and privately, in season and out, the so-called Dictatorship of the Proletariat, that is to say, the complete abrogation of constitutional rights.

Let me make the point clearer. The Popular Front, the most significant development since Mussolini countered the Communist coup with Fascism, has as its central intention the preservation of the right of the majority to determine the form of government under which it shall live. But within this Popular Front, officially included in France, and wholly unofficially included in America, is a group or element which actively advocates the disruption of Popular Government and the setting up of dictatorship. In France the attempt of the Communist wing to lead the movement constantly threatens the stability of the Front. In America the majority making up the front is unconscious that a Communist tail has joined it with the hope of eventu-

ally wagging the dog, even though Earl Browder broadcast the fact to the world. Communism is too weak here as yet to do anything alone, he said in effect. We must build up a Farmer-Labor Party capable of making a wide appeal to Americans, he argues; when such a party has gained control we will throw out the moderate leaders, seize control, and institute Communism. If the majority behind Roosevelt ever comes to believe that there is a chance of its Popular Front being manipulated in the direction of Communism it will do one of two things—withdraw from the Front or purge the Front of Communist sympathizers.

The first course might precipitate Fascist overturn of the Government. The second course would take out of the Popular Front many of the people best able to help adapt our economic system to changed conditions, would, in other words, leave the Popular Front too conservative to take the necessary steps to prevent grave economic crisis.

But if the Communist penumbra in the Front succeeds in maintaining its present democratic disguise and remaining in the Front even worse possibilities may result. Part of the world is already Fascist or Communist and facing a death struggle with its opponent. On the sidelines are the non-Fascist and non-Communist countries trying to stay out of the struggle. When a civil war between the two opposing systems gets under way in some country closer and more vital to us than Spain, for example, in Mexico or South America, our Communist sympathizers will attempt to influence the government in favor of the Communists, just as the reactionaries, who are at present courting government favor, will attempt to influence it in favor of the Fascists.

One of the most vital links of the policy by which Roosevelt hopes to keep us out of the impending world struggle is the attempt to get all countries in the two American continents to stay free of European entanglements. There would be excellent hope of his succeeding in

this, in view of the Americas' bitter disillusionment with their part in the last War, and in view of the ocean between us and Europe, if it were not that the chief European entanglement of the future may well prove to be the Fascist-Communist struggle, and if that struggle had not already made its appearance both in South America and Mexico. Our chief hope for peace in the Americas will, therefore, rest on two things—first, that the success of our own adherence to democratic methods of making social changes may induce the other American countries to use the same methods; second, that if any of the countries falls into a violent struggle between the two systems that struggle may be confined within its own borders. If we succeed in the first the second will be relatively easy. But the presence in the Popular Front of radical intellectuals who do not believe in democracy and who wish to aid the Communists in their struggle with the Fascists threatens both objectives.

V

What then do I propose that the radical intellectuals who make up our Communist penumbra should do? I seem both to be saying that they ought to be in the Front and that they ought to be driven out of it. I propose that they re-evaluate their ideas, redefine their objectives, separate their means from their ends.

For years they have based their thinking on the Russians, but at present they are imitating the Russians in the letter rather than in the spirit. The spirit of Russian thinking is flexible realism, the letter is those pronunciamientos made nineteen years ago, those blue-prints for a new system which in practice they have had to modify greatly. And even the original blue-prints, being the product of realistic minds, were conditioned by the fact that they were designed for a nation accustomed to Asiatic despotism. Any blue-prints designed for America must be conditioned by the fact that America is a

nation accustomed to constitutional government. Once our American social revolutionaries really accept this fact, abandon the idea of forcible revolution, and bring all their intelligence to bear on effecting a change in our system within the framework of democratic, constitutional government, they will have a splendid chance of achieving their end. At the same time our chief danger of Fascism will be eliminated; for the only other possible cause of Fascism would be our entanglement in international war. This would threaten us with dictatorship, because the waging of a modern war requires dictatorship and the temporary abrogation of civil rights. But the danger of our becoming involved in war would be greatly lessened by the banishing from our midst of the Fascist-Communist controversy.

Who desires a war of conquest? Only adherents of the traditional economic system faced with the appalling difficulties of its breakdown. If they were in control of the government we might well become involved in international war; but the recent election has shown that the advocates of change can outvote them.

There remains the possibility of a defensive war against an invader. Provided we maintain our present virility and effectiveness, no invading country could wage a successful war of conquest on our territory unless we were divided by civil dissension, and the only civil dissension facing us is that of the Fascist-Communist controversy. With this eliminated we should be unconquerable. Our chief danger of becoming involved in war, therefore, lies in the development of the Fascist-Communist struggle within our nation, and this struggle will not develop unless the great popular majority can be persuaded that we have a Communist Peril. In brief, it lies with our Communist sympathizers to decide whether or not we shall be crushed under Fascism.

The task for the intellectual radicals in democratic countries seems to me to be to keep the essential objectives clear.

The essential objectives I take to be the securing of the greatest amount of economic justice compatible with the freedom and welfare of the greatest number of people. Theory undergoes such an astonishing sea change when translated into practice, that it is a supremely difficult task to keep social objectives clear, much more difficult than to mount the now out-of-date barricades.

Consider any concrete aspect of the problem. Would it for example be possible to keep that paramount necessity for freedom, a free press, under socialized government? It is usually assumed that such infringements of freedom as our American press suffers are dictated by advertisers, who are men of property, and by the fact that the owners, being also men of property, put property rights before human rights. But the advertisers pay for space in proportion to circulation, and circulation, by and large, is dependent on pleasing the greater number of readers, who show their approval or disapproval every time they buy a paper. Is it possible to think of any socialized control under which the press would be so immediately responsive to public opinion? Possibly, and I hope that freedom can be maintained under conditions of greater economic justice; but only real thinking will make it possible. An ill-considered social control of the press might destroy liberty, just as an ill-considered abandonment of the incentive for work disrupted Russian production and had to be replaced by the more realistic New Economic Policy. The popular forces at last have the power in America and can get what they want. It is the task of the intellectuals to clarify what they want and see that the attainment of their desires does not lead them into the cul-de-sac of a new despotism. I see this as a much more useful role than their present course of angling for the electorate by misrepresentation and intrigue, under the delusion that if they hide their horns in the sand their tails will remain invisible, and at the appalling risk of plunging us into Fascism.



LAMBERT OF FIJI

BY WEBB WALDRON

TU RUA, a good-looking eighteen-year-old brown boy from Rarotonga, dressed in a sulu, stood up in front of the class and gave a lecture on the human heart. With colored chalks he drew on the blackboard a large-size picture of a heart, explaining each part and function as he went along. Now and then he shot a quick question at one of his classmates on the benches.

"Josateki," he said, "what is the reason for the tricuspid valve?"

A boy in a rear seat, dark, almost black, rose bashfully.

"It stops the flow of blood back into the right auricle," he said.

"Correct!" said Tu Rua. He turned sharply. "Alapiti, tell us the period of diastole of the human heart!"

Alapiti, a graceful lad with golden-brown skin, spoke hesitatingly. "I think—" he paused, uncertain.

A dozen hands went up. "Four-tenths of a second!" spoke a dozen voices.

Dr. Hoodless, the principal, who sat beside me at the back of the room, glanced at me and smiled. . . .

This was the second-year class in the Central Medical School in Suva, the capital of Fiji. The class, numbering perhaps fifteen, was made up of native boys from Fiji, the Cook Islands, American and British Samoa, the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, the Solomons, the New Hebrides. They ranged in age from seventeen to twenty-one. They were all dressed in sulus—native waistcloths—and open-necked shirts; barefooted, barelegged.

This school is unique in the world's educational institutions. It is accomplishing something of vital import not only to the South Seas, but to the entire civilized world. Behind it, in its present form, is a magnificent American philanthropy. The link between the school and the philanthropy is a modest, stockily built, near-sighted, small-town American named Sylvester Lambert, who probably knows more about the islands and people of the South Pacific than any other living man.

Before I picture him and tell his slightly incredible tale, I must set forth the background of the enterprise.

The Kingdom of Fiji, after trying unsuccessfully to become a part of the United States, got itself annexed to the British Empire in 1874. The first colonial estimates provided for a Chief Medical Officer and one district Medical Officer. The need for medical care was dire. Yaws, a native malady, was rampant in Fiji in its most dreadful form, and the white man had brought in diseases of his own against which the Fijian had no immunity—smallpox, pneumonia, tuberculosis, dysentery, syphilis, measles. Infant mortality in Fiji ran almost 50 per cent of births. In 1870 the population had been estimated at 300,000. In 1881 it had dropped to 114,000. The medical personnel of two was woefully inadequate. In addition, the white men found themselves up against native prejudice and superstition expressed in the power of the witch-doctor. Inevitably, medical progress was slow.

In the 80's, a distinguished Chief Medical Officer, Dr. B. Glanville Corney, confronted with the constant peril of a small-pox plague, with no medical man-power to carry out wholesale vaccination, conceived the idea of training native boys as medical practitioners. He had used native boys as dressers and helpers in his hospital, had found them so reliable that he judged them capable of further responsibility. Corney started a course of simple medical instruction for a small picked group of young Fijians. The students, eight in number, lived in an old building on the grounds of the Colonial hospital, and raised much of their own food. There were no lecture rooms and few lectures. No models, no diagrams; almost the only equipment was a set of bones. The boys got most of their knowledge from acting as nurses at the hospital.

Out of this simple beginning rose the system of native medical practitioners. After a three-year course at the hospital a boy took an examination, got a license, and was sent out to a village in the bush, where he acted under instructions from the Chief Medical Officer. He was forbidden to charge for his services. The village provided him a house and a garden. The government paid him a modest salary. Corney was shrewd enough to pick his boys whenever possible from the leading native families, so that the strange white man's knowledge which they brought back to the village was backed by a certain social prestige. Naturally these boys were not the equal in learning and technic of full-fledged medical graduates; yet with their knowledge of the language, traditions, and prejudices of their people they often could accomplish what no white doctor could. The communal society of the Fijians was admirably adapted to this form of medical care, in which one person with medical training served the entire community, with no obligation on the part of any family or individual.

It was some years before the work of these native medical practitioners had

much effect on the declining population. In the 90's came a deluge of coolies from India, imported by the sugar men to work on the plantations. These coolies upset the social and economic life of the Fijians and brought in new diseases. By 1895 the Fijian population had dropped to 86,000. But after that the work of the brown medicos in the bush began to tell. In every year since 1900 (except in 1918, the flu-year) births exceeded deaths. There was, however, a need for more native medical practitioners than the school in its existing form could turn out.

Now for our man Lambert and how, with the help of the Queen of Tonga, he gave this idea an application that seems likely to affect profoundly the destiny of the Pacific.

II

Lambert comes from a small town in upper New York State. His father was a leather-tanner. From boyhood Lambert was afflicted with bad eyesight. Despite this handicap he resolved to become a doctor. After leaving Hamilton College he entered medical school, graduated, though he never was able to see anything through a microscope. He married, practiced some years in Rochester, N. Y., then went down to the west coast of Mexico as medical director for a large sugar company, with private practice on the side. Fate intervened. An officer of the Yaqui army, needing an emergency operation, died because Lambert's strict instructions regarding his care were disregarded. The Yaquis, hating the whites, fixed on Lambert as a scapegoat and ordered him to be shot. Lambert with his wife and his small daughter got away on a United States destroyer. Landing in San Diego, his name in newspaper headlines, he found an offer awaiting him of a job with the Rockefeller Foundation.

The International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation, in its great campaign for world health, was starting a drive against yaws and hookworm in Malaysia and the South Seas. Lambert's first assignment was Papua, the vast half-

explored part of New Guinea belonging to Australia. Lambert was tremendously adaptable; he studied his new job, learned technics, and set out into the Papuan wilds. He walked thousands of miles along the coast or over mountain trails through head-hunters' country, much of it never before seen by a white man; delivering illustrated lectures to the villagers on yaws and hookworm in the lingua franca of the jungle—pidgin English; examining people, administering treatments wholesale, preparing the ground for a permanent health program.

From Papua his work led him into the South Seas. In the early 20's he reached Fiji.

Lambert had already observed in other western Pacific islands the same alarming depopulation of native races that had threatened the extinction of the Fijians. The reason was the same. White men's diseases added to native diseases were too much for the islanders. Lambert realized that with white medical men alone it was an almost hopeless task to bring any good measure of modern medical care to these widely-scattered islands. Now Lambert had already employed natives as helpers in his work. He had, in fact, been groping toward the same idea which the intelligent government of Fiji was carrying out so successfully. Lambert studied the workings of the Suva school and talked with the authorities in Fiji and other island-groups.

Why not appeal to the Rockefeller Foundation to help finance the education of native medical practitioners for all the western Pacific islands?

"I thought it would be feasible to apply this idea to all the islands," Lambert said, as we sat talking in his office in Suva, "because the social and economic life and the physical conditions in the different groups show remarkably little variation. Almost all the natives living west of the 170th parallel of longitude are Melanesians, who come from the same ethnic stocks, have the same root languages and similar customs. Almost all the natives east of that line are Polynesians, with simi-

lar customs, traditions, and languages. In addition, there has been considerable intermingling of Melanesians and Polynesians in blood, customs, and ideas. Both Polynesians and Melanesians have the communal system of society, both live under the same general climate, eat the same foods, suffer the same diseases, with the exception that malaria is found only in the Solomon Islands and the New Hebrides. I thought the system of native medical practitioners would work admirably throughout the western Pacific."

On his next trip to New York Lambert put the idea up to his superiors.

"But," said he, "they turned me down. They said the Foundation was interested in backing only first-rate projects, and a medical school with native boys as students was bound to be a third-rate affair. Of course this was only an expression of a general white man's point of view. The South Sea islanders are a so-called primitive people, therefore they must be immensely inferior to us intellectually. I know better. The Polynesian"—and here Lambert's eyes flashed behind his spectacles and his shiny round face gleamed—"is not only the equal; he is the *superior* potentially of the white man! Oh, you're surprised to hear me say that. But it's true. Well, I argued. But they couldn't see it. Still, I didn't give up. Not by a long shot."

Lambert returned to the South Seas, and from time to time he urged his plan by letter, thinking up new arguments, submitting new evidence. Finally he got an ultimatum from his superiors in New York. He was to forget about his scheme, and lose no tears over it.

"I happened to be in Tonga when I got that letter," he said. "It was a bitter blow to me. I talked the matter over with Queen Salote. She's a remarkable woman, Queen Salote, the only native sovereign left in the Pacific islands, head of the oldest reigning dynasty in the world. 'The school is dead,' I told the Queen. 'I'm ordered to forget it.' 'But Doctor,' she said, 'is this school so big a thing that the islands can't do it them-

selves?' 'No,' I said, 'the islands could do it, but each group would have to contribute about fifteen hundred pounds. We've got to have buildings and equipment and funds to get started with.' 'Well, Doctor,' said the Queen, 'Tonga will contribute fifteen hundred pounds.' I was electrified. I saw my dream coming true. As fast as I could, I got a boat across to Apia, the capital of British Samoa. I told the Governor what the Queen of Tonga had promised. 'Ah,' he said, 'if Tonga is giving fifteen hundred pounds, Samoa cannot be outdone.' "

Then Lambert approached the governments of the other groups. He found, however, that no other government could give as much as fifteen hundred pounds. Some could give smaller amounts. Some were unable to contribute anything. Lambert went to New York and announced that the islands were going to do the thing themselves, but it would be in such a curtailed way that the school would be twenty years behind the need.

That was the turning point. The story of the Queen of Tonga evidently made a profound effect in New York. Lambert's superiors agreed to investigate his idea. Dr. Victor G. Heiser, then associate director of the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation, visited Suva. He studied the school. The outcome was that the Foundation agreed to back financially a plan for training native medical practitioners for all the western Pacific.

Lambert's work, however, had just begun. Several island governments which had not yet been approached had to be brought into the plan. Negotiations were concluded with all of them. A point must be fixed for the larger school. Suva, Lambert thought, was the obvious place. The idea had been originated and developed in Suva. It would be comparatively easy to enlarge the existing school. Suva, with its population of 13,000, was the leading city of the south Pacific, the natural crossroads of the islands, with frequent steamer communication with New Zealand, Australia,

Honolulu, and mainland United States. It had better hospital facilities than any other town in the Pacific south of the Line. The Fiji Islands are the meeting and merging points of Melanesian and Polynesian cultures. But the Tongans, though strongly in favor of the plan, feared that their young men might be corrupted by the fleshpots of the great city. British Samoa, jealous of Fiji, thought that Apia would be a better place. Lambert, with immense tact and diplomacy, soothed over local jealousies, quieted the fears of the Tongans, succeeded in getting everyone to consent to Suva.

Agreements were made with the British territories of Fiji, the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, the British Solomon Islands Protectorate; with the Islands under New Zealand jurisdiction—the Cook group, Niue, Western Samoa, the Tokelaus; with the native Kingdom of Tonga; the New Hebrides, ruled by France and Britain in partnership; and Nauru, the phosphate island, under Australian mandate. Later, American Samoa entered the plan.

In all, the plan included some hundreds of islands, ranging in size from Viti Levu in the Fijis—which is almost as large as Connecticut—down to tiny atolls awash at high tide, scattered across six million square miles of ocean, with a total population of nearly half a million.

III

In the grounds of the Colonial War Memorial Hospital, gorgeously overlooking Suva harbor, the Rockefeller Foundation erected a new school building accommodating forty students. The building comprises a theater for dissection and the teaching of anatomy, a large laboratory, a lecture room, a museum, and a library. The Foundation also built new quarters for the students, with dormitory, kitchens, laundry. Hitherto instruction had been given by the hospital staff. Now a permanent principal was engaged. The medical men of Suva volunteered

their services gratis as a lecture staff. The school opened in 1928.

At the outset the Rockefeller Foundation contributed also to the running of the school. The understanding was that the various island governments were to take over this responsibility as soon as possible. Lambert believed that the more responsibility of all kinds the participants assumed the better. In the past two years the different governments have met the entire cost of maintaining their students at the school, divided according to the number of boys from each group of islands. Tuition, living, clothing run to only seventy-five pounds a year per boy, including ten shillings a month pocket-money for each student.

One reason for this low cost is of course that much of the teaching is the gift of the generous medical men of Suva. Another is that the boys live as much as possible in the native manner, eat native foods, wear sulus. Though they are getting white man's knowledge, it would be fatal for them to acquire white man's ways. The basic idea is that they are to remain part of their own people.

The directors of the school leave the picking of the boys to the different island authorities, with the provision that they meet certain scholastic requirements, and with the suggestion that, if possible, the same plan be followed as in the original Fiji school, of choosing them from leading native families. The scholastic standard can be only that of a common school education. Indeed, in the case of some islands, such as the British Solomons, it is impossible to get boys with even that much schooling.

"But," the principal of the school said to me, "the chief thing is to have a boy who is keen as mustard to become a medical man. That is more important than outstanding scholarship."

As I sat listening in the classroom, or looked on at experiments in the laboratory, or watched the upper-class boys at work with the sick and the injured in the hospital, I was in a constant state of incredulity whenever I reminded myself

that these neat, eager, competent lads were only a year or two from the jungle. I was more than half convinced that Lambert is right in his belief that the Polynesian intellectually is the potential superior of the white man. (He does not, so far as I know, make the same claim for the Melanesian; yet certain Melanesian boys have made brilliant records in school and afterward on the job.) Other visitors to the school more competent than I have been equally amazed. Dr. Heiser describes his astonishment when a young Samoan, picked at random from the class, demonstrated the brachial plexus on the blackboard with colored chalk, just as Tu Rua, the Rarotongan, expounded the human heart for my benefit. On a recent visit Professor William Wright of the London Hospital and Professor George Buckmaster of Bristol University declared that the knowledge of anatomy possessed by these South Sea natives with their sketchy common-school background compared favorably with that of students of the same grade in the London University Medical School!

More than one observer has suggested that the skill of the South Seas boys in the dissecting room may be an inherited aptitude. "I had a startling experience in Fiji," said Professor Felix M. Keesing of the University of Hawaii, at the Pacific educational conference in Honolulu last summer. "I happened to run across the diary of my missionary grandfather, and in it I read his vivid and terrific description of seeing a human body cut up and devoured by Fiji cannibals. The next day I myself saw some South Sea islanders cutting up a human body. No, they weren't cannibals. They were students in anatomy at the Central Medical School!"

"Why did you decide to study to become a doctor?" I asked Tu Rua.

"Because I wanted to do something for my people. First I decided to be a teacher. Then I learned that doctors are needed in Rarotonga more than anything else. So I took up medicine."

Most of the boys in the school, I find, are inspired with this same motive of service. They are self-conscious missionaries of science, who will ultimately, I think, be of more value to their people than have been those other missionaries of an alien faith whose ugly concrete meeting-houses deface the lovely shores of these islands in the blue Pacific.

Mistakes in choosing boys for the school are sometimes made of course. In Suva I was told about one boy from American Samoa who had to be sent home because he was not the sort to make a medical practitioner. Later, in Pago-Pago, I heard the story that this boy told to account for his being shipped back. "I learned to do three appendicitis operations while the white doctor was doing one," he said modestly. "So of course they couldn't let me stay there. I would put too much shame on the other boys!"

Face, apparently, is as important in American Samoa as elsewhere.

By virtue of the enlarged and improved school, Fiji itself has been able to increase the number of native medical practitioners in the bush from twenty to fifty-nine. The native death rate in Fiji was brought down to less than 18 per 1000 in 1936. Forty years ago it was 50 per 1000.

It is too soon for the other island-groups to show any such figures. The graduates of the school haven't been in the field long enough. However, Lambert is confident that the other islands will ultimately show results quite as remarkable as those in the Fiji group. New Zealand is so pleased with the changes already brought about in the islands under her rule that recently she made a startling proposal: that the entire school be turned over for a period of years to western Samoa and Cook Island boys! The idea was to get these islands a full quota of native medical practitioners as soon as possible. New Zealand would gladly pay the cost.

Lambert persuaded the New Zealanders that their idea was unwise, for two reasons: The other western Pacific islands would be deprived of graduates for several

years. Then, when western Samoa and the Cook group had got all the trained youths they needed for the time being, they would deprive themselves of co-operation with the other groups of islands until they required more practitioners. Lambert rightly believes that there is a distinct value for the western Pacific in the continuous association of boys from *all* the islands and in the continuous association of *all* the governments in the battle against disease, for public health.

The public-health aspect of the work of these brown medicos in the bush is the thing in which Lambert is most keenly interested. Each of them should be, and usually is, says Lambert, a quiet unobtrusive propagandist in his district for public health—sanitation, better diet, infant care. In that work, Lambert holds, is the real foundation for rebuilding of the race. An article in a recent issue of the school magazine by a young Samoan graduate, Togamau Faatiga, entitled "Infant Feeding in Native Villages," describing his work with young children in western Samoa, has been copied in newspapers all over the Pacific and quoted in medical journals round the world.

Certain white residents of the western Pacific have declared that they prefer native medical practitioners to white doctors for their own families. Commander Burroughs, district administrative officer in the Ellice Islands, said he would rather have Joni Teliauli, the native medical practitioner in his village, operate for appendicitis on any member of his family than the average white physician of the islands.

"I wouldn't agree with that as far as my own family is concerned," said Lambert with a grin, "but it shows how highly some whites regard these boys."

The Chief Medical Officer of western Samoa, after watching a graduate of the school named Islu operate on a native for elephantiasis, said he wished he could get as good results in the Apia Hospital.

Perhaps the most remarkable graduate of the school thus far is a young Fijian named Malachi. Lambert found

Malachi the best man he had ever had on microscopic work. He put Malachi in charge of a yaws and hookworm campaign. Malachi ran it with conspicuous success. Malachi was the first native medical practitioner boldly to defy the chief witch-doctor of his village. The witch-doctor had threatened to put the death-curse on Malachi. Malachi said: "Go ahead! Curse me!"

The witch-doctor cursed Malachi. But Malachi didn't die. Witch-doctoring thereupon lost considerable prestige in the minds of the people.

Two years ago Malachi was sent to the Gilbert and Ellice Islands to take up work with the natives that had been botched by a white doctor. To-day he is the senior medical officer in those islands.

IV

Should you visit the Central Medical School you won't see Lambert about. You may not even hear him or the Rockefeller Foundation mentioned unless you ask a direct question about it or him. Lambert has retired discreetly into the background. As Rockefeller representative in the South Seas, he travels through the islands or sits at his desk in his office in Suva, down near the wharf, busy with many things; an adviser to the school who is in touch with its activities, but keeps his hands as far as possible away from its management. He wants it to run effectively without his immediate aid. Last year he secured from the Foundation an additional gift of twenty-two hundred pounds for a pathological laboratory. Now and then somebody comes along and, noting the ability of these South Sea Island boys in class and laboratory, asks why some of the best of them shouldn't be sent to Australia or England or the United States for a full-fledged medical education. Then Lambert steps in. "Sending one of our boys to a white man's medical school," he says emphatically, "would absolutely unfit him for his work. He might get more knowledge, but he would be of little or

no use for his job. He would have lost touch with his people."

As a man with special and valuable knowledge among his own people, the native medical practitioner is a leader in his own right. But should he get into white man's ways, wear white man's clothes, think white man's thoughts, inevitably he will begin to look down upon his race, be dissatisfied with his life among them. Yet comparatively few white people will accept him socially or professionally. He will be lost—a tragedy of race.

Just now Lambert is concerned with the marriage problem of the N. M. P.'s. At present, when a graduate goes back to his village he must marry a girl who has no knowledge, no understanding of his work. Lambert is hoping to establish a school for nurses in Suva, to train girls from all the western islands. These girls will make good wives for the brown medicos, work with them in the bush, be helpers in the best sense. . . .

Yet, despite all Lambert has done and is doing, it is difficult to get him to admit that he has had much to do with the creation of the school in its present form. I have had to gather most of the evidence of his part in it from other sources. Ask him, and he will give most of the credit to the Queen of Tonga!

I have said that this school in putting new vigor into the peoples of the western Pacific is doing something of vital value not only to the Pacific but to the entire world. That is no exaggeration. The maintenance of the Melanesian and Polynesian races has political and economic importance. Had these peoples been allowed to languish toward extinction in the western Pacific, there might well have been a greater influx of Asiatics into those archipelagos, disturbing the political balance of the Pacific. Furthermore, the social life of the islanders has something to teach us. Their concepts of the family, of the relation of parent and child, of sex, of adolescence throw an instructive light on our own ideas of these things, help us to understand where we have

come from and where we are going in our human relationships, as Margaret Mead has brilliantly shown in her *Coming of Age in Samoa*. The psychology of work which impels a village to toil wholeheartedly together building a house or a boat or gathering taro or coconuts from the common field, but to regard monotonous labor in a sugar-cane field for another man's profit as foolish: that also has something to teach us. The beauty of the Samoan and Fijian house, its great arch of timbers, hewn to a perfect fit and lashed with vegetable fibers, the beauty of the tapa and the carved canoe: these have a value for the world. The beauty of the people themselves, the tall supple

Fijian with his magnificent chest, his narrow hips, his crown of hair like a drum-major's busby, the graceful curves and golden-brown skin of the Samoan—it is good to know that there are people like this in the world, who are not dying out, but are increasing in numbers and vigor.

Compare Fiji or Tonga, full of the will to live, with the islands of the eastern Pacific, Tahiti for example, where disease and drink and a careless administration have brought the native population from 200,000 down to 10,000—almost beyond the hope of revival—and you have a contrast that illustrates what modern science can do when the idea, the man, and the money work together.

LULLABY

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

FEAR not waves nor winds that bring
The unbridled hurricane;
 Fear not cold nor the sleet's sting,
 Flaming heat nor levelling rain;
 Fear not even fear itself,
 Fear not pain.

*Only fear the eye grown dull,
 Only fear the heart grown bland,
 That applauds the beautiful
 With a condescending hand,
 Only fear the green fields covered
 By the sand.*



ENGLAND'S WEAK SPOT

BY ELMER DAVIS

THE British Empire may no longer be able to regard itself, as it reasonably could until 1914, as the leading power of the world; since we let opportunity slip through our fingers in the early twenties, it may be doubted if the world has had any leading power, which may be one of the things that is the matter with it. But London can still make a plausible claim to be regarded as the world's first city—and beyond all others an imperial city. In numbers and wealth indeed the New York metropolitan area—including the cities just across the river in Jersey—has gone beyond anything that could be regarded as the London metropolitan area; and the New York skyline may seem a visible token that here is the City of the Future. But that skyline is also a souvenir of the painful past; too many of those soaring towers rise from a foundation of defaulted bonds and deflated bondholders. Moreover, the capital of the United States is split into two parts—perhaps even three; for in some ways Chicago is our chief city; of late years the part that is in Washington has become predominant—to the good of the country certainly, but it has meant the reduction of New York to an almost provincial status.

But London is still the one and only capital of Britain, in most respects the capital of the British Commonwealth even though it has lost, for the Dominions, much of its political importance; and more than any other city in the world it looks a capital. London is easier to see than it used to be thanks to the in-

creasing prevalence of electric heating, and the consequent diminution of smoke and fog; and that tremendous accumulation of public buildings, encrusted with the soot and the tradition of centuries, produces an impression of solidly built-in power and dignity such as not even Paris can approach, to say nothing of parvenu Berlin and decaying Vienna. And besides the public buildings the countless semi-public buildings such as India House, Rhodesia House, Australia House; the private structures on which you read names that have been part of world economic history for centuries—no other city can begin to offer such a show as that. A visitor whose acquaintance with London had virtually ceased in 1912 found it last winter far less changed than might have been expected, aside from the greater visibility. The streets were dotted with unfamiliar spots of red, white, orange: red telephone booths which give the Londoner something he hardly had in prewar days—a chance to telephone after he has left home; the white fronts of milk bars (soda fountains); the orange bulbs of the "Belisha beacons" on the sidewalks, which are supposed to pierce fogs that blanket ordinary street lamps. But in bulk and structure the town seems hardly changed at all.

Some few famous old houses have given place to modern apartments; some disgraceful old slums have been cleared away and replaced by model tenements; there are new public and business buildings, but they usually harmonize so well,

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in height and style, with their surroundings that you can identify them only because smoke has not yet blackened them. (The worst of the few exceptions is the black-enamel-and-glass home of the *Daily Express*, which looks like a movie star's bathroom.) Public and semi-public London is still a silver city; even when smoke has turned its color to a grimy dun, the silver sunlight that shines through the London mists on winter days can somehow magically restore the buildings to their original and proper tint. London under its pale winter sun has an effect in some ways deeper than the impact of the harsh splendors of New York; here alone, as yet, modern times have produced a world city comparable to imperial Rome. (If New York had remained the capital of the United States—? Ah, yes; but that was not allowed.)

Not that London is a city of the past; just now it seems brisker and busier than New York or Chicago (and, on the whole, rather more expensive). London is prosperous and does not care who knows it; there are unemployed, but less than half as many in proportion to the population as in the country at large, and they are kept decently out of sight. The ubiquitous beggars who in the days of England's greatest splendor defaced the streets of the imperial capital have all but disappeared; the dole takes care of them now, however inadequately. (And the army of street-walkers has dwindled to a handful of skirmishers; no doubt the others, like their professional colleagues of prewar New York, found it impossible to compete with the low-cost production of cottage industry.) Downtown London is busy, cheerful, optimistic; suburban London is growing even faster than suburban New York, eating up more and more of the countryside, turning more and more of England's all too scanty fertile farm land into a fabric of contiguous and interconnected factory towns.

For London, which has long been port and capital and financial center, has now become England's great manufacturing

city, producing more and more of the nation's industrial output—a sixth in 1924, well over a fifth in 1930, almost certainly a full quarter now. It is both the center and the show window of England's prosperity—a city that looks and is prosperous in a country where many once great cities are in decay. And, like American cities in the generation before the crash of 1929, it has become the nation's last frontier; ambitious young men who used to go out to the colonies to make their fortunes, and now find that the Dominions are inhospitable to immigrants and that in most of the crown colonies there are no fortunes to be made, still hope that in London they may find the pot of gold.

Not unreasonably then the Briton may regard his capital as the choicest jewel in the British crown; and it is just lately that he has begun to perceive that jewels too conspicuous may become a burden and even a peril to their possessor. Too much of England is concentrated in London; too much of the existing wealth, too much of the plant that must produce the wealth of the future. The danger has lately begun to be apparent to many people; but attention was most pointedly called to it—as to a good many other perilous tendencies of British development—last November in the third report of the Commissioner for the Special Areas, Mr. Malcolm Stewart. Bluntly he declared that “the growth of Greater London is a national menace.”

London flourishes like a green bay tree while the manufacturing cities of the North droop like plants no longer watered. British industry, like American agriculture, prospered in the nineteenth century because it had no effective competition in the world market, and like American agriculture, it thought the fat years would last forever. As our farmers too often cropped out their soil, so industrial England cropped out both its mineral and its human resources; and the irrigating inflow of youth and energy and ambition that might have helped refertilize it (with much assistance of course)

is drawn off to London. Other communities, rural and urban, pay for the upbringing and education of the ambitious young, and London gets the benefit; once grown, they go there to seek their fortunes, leaving the old behind them. So the city has a higher proportion than the nation at large of active and vigorous workers, while the back country is left to take care not only of those who are not yet ready to work but of those who have been worked out. "A subsidy to London industry paid by the rest of the country," one commentator calls it. This is a complaint of the country and the small town in every nation: every great city grows fat to some extent by sucking blood from its hinterland; but London is the greediest of vampires, drawing all the life of England into itself.

This would be bad enough no matter where London was situated. But it happens to be situated close to the southeast corner of Britain—the hot corner, where Britain has been attacked by almost every Continental invader since Cæsar's day. This vast agglomeration of nearly nine million people—a fifth of the nation's population, with a fourth of the nation's tangible wealth—is within two hours' flight of the German frontier; within gunshot of the French Channel coast, for such guns as the Germans, who almost reached the Channel coast, built in 1918. One of the more deplorable Roman Emperors—Caligula, I believe—is said to have wished that the Roman people had only a single neck, which he could sever with one blow. That the overgrowth of London has given the English people a single neck has lately become evident to many observers; one of whom, not impossibly, is Adolf Hitler.

II

By no means all the causes of this urban elephantiasis are economic, and of the economic causes all but one are negative. The single positive economic factor is the gravitational attraction of mere size; because it is big, London grows bigger. Every new factory means more work for

the railroads and trucks that deliver the raw material and take away the finished product; more houses for the workers, more gas and light and food and fuel, more clothing, more cleaners and dyers, and so on. In volume, the clothing industry remains first, paper and printing second—both businesses in which London's preëminence has been long established; but the service trades occupy an increasing part of the population for the simple reason that London is the biggest concentrated market in Europe. One by-product of industrial growth, for instance, is the prosperity of the Port of London; from 1913 to 1929 its traffic increased by fourteen per cent—and is increasing more rapidly now—while that of the West Coast ports, including Liverpool, steadily declined.

Perhaps stronger are the negative advantages. In 1935 more than forty per cent of the new factories in all Britain were started in Greater London. But this was only in slight degree a transference of industry from the North; it was mostly new industry, serving to a large degree new tastes. Northern industry, which was heavy industry, is slowly dying; the prosperous industries of Britain are mostly lighter, and they prefer London or its vicinity.

Why? Well, why not? One powerful reason is that London labor is as yet more weakly organized than in the older industrial districts. Factory owners in the north must deal with old and powerful unions, which in regions of stationary population are apt to become cohesive close organizations; but in London organization was weaker to begin with and the steady influx of young men from rural districts tends to break the labor market. For somewhat similar reasons some of our New England industries moved south a decade or so ago, only to find that Southern labor, once it had heard of unions, began to think that there might be better ways of getting higher wages and shorter hours than by depending on the boss's big-heartedness. This is just beginning to happen in London, but it will go on;

others of London's negative advantages are more durable.

In England, as in the United States, industry grew up close to the sources of power—first water, then coal; railroads followed the factories, and more factories followed the railroads. The motor truck and electric power have removed this need for concentration in England as with us; new factories can be built wherever the owner prefers. And it is usually an individual owner, with personal tastes which he can consider, rather than a manager going wherever the absentee directors of a great corporation choose to send him. The old British heavy industries which are now decaying were mostly organized on a large scale; but the new and prosperous industries, lighter industry, consist to a much greater extent of the smaller units made possible by motor transport and electric power.

So if the owner can locate where he likes, why not London? As a Londoner put it concisely: "The North is a wreck; nobody wants to live there." Neither the workmen who prefer the lights and buzz and excitement of the metropolis to grimy old cities with nothing better to offer than an aspect of dreary decay; nor the owner, whose family likes to go to the theater, perhaps to the opera; and to see if not picture galleries, at least the Royal Family on parade. "The fashion of living in London," wrote a contributor to the *Times* not long ago, "may amount to a national misfortune." But his suggestion that an "improvement of amenities" elsewhere, particularly in the North, might promote decentralization does not help much. Restoring the amenities in those devastated industrial districts is going to be a harder job than turning western Kansas back to grass.

Finally, some of London's growth is based on purely psychological factors. "A considerable volume of opinion," says the Stewart report, "associates assured industrial prosperity with visible growth. Local prosperity abounds; nothing succeeds like success. Manufacturers follow in the footsteps of those whose success is

obviously demonstrated." A doctrine to which every Chamber of Commerce in the United States would say amen.

Most cities grow too fast; some of London's problems are familiar to every American city—and the way London meets them would put our cities to shame. As with us, traffic is the problem about which least can be done. The London tube (subway) system was pretty well built up before the War and has had only slight extensions since; but in London, as in New York, it has been found that the more subways you build the more traffic increases on every subway; the average number of rides per capita more than trebled between 1900 and 1935. As for the London streets, the number of buses and trolleys has doubled since the War, the number of private cars in London and the suburban area whose traffic flows into London has multiplied fourteen times, not to speak of the immense suburban growth which has crowded the commuting trains till an acid observer described them as "slums on wheels."

People are beginning to say that the London streets already have as many buses, perhaps as many private cars, as they can hold. It must be said that there are only a few districts in which traffic flows as viscously as in midtown New York; London does not yet know what real congestion is. (Which of course makes for higher speed; and this, coupled with the curvature of London streets and their habit of flowing into one another at unexpected angles, makes it far more perilous for the pedestrian.) The County Council has slashed out a few tangles of buildings, but not enough to help the flow very much except in limited areas; whoever tries to go from Covent Garden to Leicester Square, for instance, might still be stumbling about in darkest Brooklyn. It begins to look as if in London as in other cities the only solution for the traffic problems is the abolition of all means of conveyance, so that people unwilling to walk will stay at home.

Other things London does much better. Sewage disposal, for instance; where New

York blandly dumps its waste into its rivers, polluting them so that no fish can live there, and used to throw its garbage overboard just outside the harbor mouth to befoul bathing beaches for fifty miles around, London burns its garbage, treats its sewage chemically, and dumps nothing at sea but sludge and ashes, far enough out to be sure they will sink. London municipal authorities are much dissatisfied with their sewage system and think they ought to be able to improve it; but to the New Yorker it is already an occasion for wistful envy.

And so is the London municipal government, which gives one more demonstration of the British ability to make antiquated machinery function extremely well. The old City of London of course includes little more than the financial district now, as if the City of New York were Manhattan Island south of Fulton Street. Outside that city grew up villages and boroughs and at least one other city, Westminster, but not till 1855 was any central authority created; and the London County Council, which is the nearest approach to what Americans would call the municipal government, was not established till 1888. Even then London had already overflowed the boundaries of "County London"; which now occupies toward the rest of the metropolitan area something of the position of Manhattan in New York. Its population has been declining for thirty years; it is probably now not much more than four million, while "Outer London"—in every respect but administration part of the metropolis—has close to five million.

Even in the one hundred seventeen square miles of the administrative county the County Council is not the sole municipal authority; the police are under the Home Office of the national government, and a good deal of local administration—including that conspicuously delicate task, the assessment and collection of local taxes—is left to the twenty-eight Borough Councils plus the City of London Corporation. Beyond the county border is more than half the population and five-

sixths of the area of London, and there again are local borough councils, groups of them co-ordinated after a fashion in the Middlesex, Essex, etc. county councils, with which the London County Council has to negotiate as with foreign powers, not to speak of the Transport Board and Water Board and other agencies covering the whole district. Not even Chicago has such a complex tangle of governments; but the efficiency and honesty with which it is administered would be unthinkable in Chicago, or indeed almost any other city in the United States.

One hears tales of local small-scale graft in some of the Borough Councils, but the County Council seems to be above any suspicion. Yet it consists of one hundred and forty-four members, elected on party tickets, and unpaid; it has a Labor majority just now, and a good many of its members are obviously self-educated workingmen—but men who are not only incorruptible but who know their job. A meeting of the London County Council is as different from a meeting of the New York Board of Aldermen as Hyperion from a satyr; more like a meeting of the City Club, or a conference of municipal experts at the Russell Sage Foundation. We also can produce that serious and incorruptible competence, but we very seldom let it have anything to do with the government of our cities. It may advise, it may on occasion be called in as expert assistance to straighten out a tangle; but it does not rule.

As for Lord Snell, chairman of the County Council, who comes nearer than anybody to being what we should call the Mayor of London, he was a farm hand and the son of a farm hand, who worked his way up at any job he could get through London and Heidelberg Universities, and so on into the House of Lords. Such a rags-to-riches success story would be a priceless asset to any American mayor, but so far as I could find out it had nothing to do with Lord Snell's elevation to his present office; he was put there because it was believed that he was the best man for the job.

III

But one of London's problems is beyond solution by any amount of honesty and serious devotion; do what you may, London remains two hours' flight from Germany, within gunshot of the coast of the Continent. There is a fourth of England's wealth, a fourth of England's productive capacity within easy reach of the air fleets, against which there is no longer any effective defense except retaliation. And even though the imagination of fiction writers has outrun the achievement of inventors and technicians, the numbers and capacities of European war planes have increased so that you can be pretty sure that the air raids of the next war, even if it breaks out this year, will be nothing like those of the last one. More like the San Francisco earthquake, or the Johnstown flood.

The industrial growth of London has enhanced the peril; an appendix to the Stewart report observes that, even if it were possible to keep the factories working—that is, if powerhouses were not blown up and workmen were not scared out of town—destruction of roads and railways might make it impossible to keep up the supply of raw material. Worse yet, of England's twenty-five aircraft factories twelve are in and near London and five more in the southeastern counties. An enemy would certainly strike at them, for it seems generally agreed that victory in the next war will go to the nation that can most quickly and effectively replace its air fleet—the annihilation of the first-line planes and pilots being taken for granted. Other essential needs of a nation at war—electrical and cold-storage equipment, for instance—must come from London factories; deprived of them, England could not long go on.

But the greatest danger is the mere size of the city—nine million people in an area twenty-five miles square, such a target as is presented nowhere else on earth except in New York, which is still beyond reach of serious attack. There are regions in Belgium and Northern France, in Ger-

many, in Poland, in Japan where population and industry are almost as closely concentrated; but not even in Japan would the destruction of one single metropolitan area so cripple a nation. And to say destruction does not mean the blowing to pieces of every building in the city, or that massacre of nine million people by gas of which so much is heard. The incendiary bomb has been immensely improved since 1918 and it might be possible to burn a good deal of London (the experiments on Madrid have to date been on such a small scale that they are not worth much); but the direct danger from gas is often overestimated. Alarmist speakers tell how the gas from bombs dropped in Oxford Circus would flow down every street till it covers London and goes on into the surrounding countryside; but people who really know about gas call that nonsense. A gas attack would be bad, but not that bad; and in any case, against gas some defense is possible.

There is now an Air Raid Precautions Department of the Home Office which is conferring with local authorities on defense measures, or rather measures to palliate and heal the damage that will certainly be done; fire fighting, rescue work, something ominously termed "decontamination of roads, vehicles and other material objects." Thirty million gas masks are being manufactured for distribution to the public; owners of factories and office buildings are urged to build gas-proof rooms; and—inspiring example of commercial enterprise—there is an institution called British Air-Raid Shelters, Ltd., which manufactures the Igloo Bomb and Gas-Proof Shelter. You see it pictured in advertisements in almost any illustrated magazine—a cozy, brightly lit domed cave under the house, in which a happy family cheerfully goes on with its evening bridge game while bombs drop overhead. It seems incredible; but then it is incredible to the American visitor that all Europe goes on about its business in fatalistically certain expectation of the next war, asking not if it will come but

only when—next year, next month, next week, the war that may set Europe back a thousand years. It is incredible, it would be impossible except that the mass of the human race fortunately has no imagination. (Or unfortunately; if enough people had enough imagination they might do something to prevent it.)

But if the effects of gas and fire may be counteracted, an air attack on London involves two perils against which there is no defense—hunger and, above all, panic. "Population and wealth," says the Stewart report, "is concentrated in a small area dependent on an extremely complicated mechanical organization. It would take very little in the way of systematic attack to destroy the most vital parts of this organization, with the result that the feeding of the population would become impossible." Starvation would bring the impulse to flight if bombs had not done so already. London had plenty of air raids in the late war and pretty well kept its head, but I believe the largest number of planes that ever attacked the city was thirty-three. What would London do if five hundred planes attacked—and after dropping their bombs went back home to return to-morrow, and the day after, and every day?

What tactics the general staffs expect to be most effective in the next war I do not know—perhaps those of the last war, since general staffs are slow to grasp new ideas. But what may very well be the most effective tactic, if any power can keep a strong fleet in the air for only two or three weeks, was described a few years ago in (of all places) a novel by a woman—Cicely Hamilton, the English actress, who from the air raids she saw in 1918 drew the conclusion that must logically follow as soon as air fleets are sufficiently numerous and powerful; which they may be by now. This unanswerable weapon is the displacement of population. You need not destroy London, still less kill all its people. All you need is to destroy enough buildings, kill enough people—above all, to attack so incessantly that shocked nerves have no chance to recover

—and London will become uninhabitable. Nine million people trying to get out of town all at once are too valuable a weapon to be killed; let them go, eating up the countryside as they go, to sink down at last of hunger and exhaustion. By that time you will have pretty well destroyed not only London but England; and against such an attack, if any power has enough planes to carry it out, there is no defense. Wrecking Berlin would not save London.

The authorities, it seems, are just beginning to consider the possibility of a wholesale evacuation of London, a problem not to be solved offhand. There are fifteen railroad stations—but several of them are on the south and east, directions in which few fugitives would want to go; and the growth of suburban London along old roads, streets, bypaths has left an appalling shortage of easy exits. Something is now being done (by the Minister of Transport, for this is not under the jurisdiction of municipal authorities) to cut arterial highways through the outer ring; but getting out of London by motor (or on foot for that matter) will for some years to come be a far harder job than getting out of New York.

What such an exodus would mean has only once been at all adequately pictured—by H. G. Wells forty years ago in *The War of the Worlds*. But Wells's Martians were content with one great shock which drove the population of London out of doors; they did not make the incessant attacks that might eventually drive many people to hysteria and insanity. Also, having other things more urgently on his mind, Wells hardly took up the food problem at all. A first-rate piece of writing, but it falls far short of what would really happen. Perhaps it is just as well for us to have no picture of what would really happen until we must.

IV

The only answer to the London peril—if there is an answer at all—is decentralization. Our Resettlement Administra-

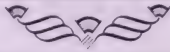
tion has played a little with that idea, but under no urgent compulsion; in London it has become an immediate and vital problem. But how to get industry out of London, or at least prevent any more from coming in? The British, though they take for granted government services which when proposed in this country bring outraged shrieks of "Socialism!" are in their way prouder than we of their rugged individualism; nothing is more repugnant to the Englishman than the idea of the government's telling him what he may or may not do (in some way to which he is not already accustomed).

Yet, as the anonymous contributor to the *Times* above cited put it, trade agreements by the British government have helped certain parts of the country at the expense of others; "the State is already, not in one way but in many ways, guiding the location of industry; but its guidance is often blind and hurtful because we cling to the pretense that there is no guidance." The precedent exists, then, for guidance in the right direction. Malcolm Stewart, in this as in other matters ready to consider measures more drastic than most of his fellow-countrymen have yet envisaged, goes so far as to suggest government licensing for factories in the metropolitan area. "Industrialists should be required to state their reasons for seek-

ing to establish themselves in Greater London; if these reasons are not found to be valid, then they should be restrained from so doing, but left free to make their choice elsewhere."

Possibly milder methods than that might be effective. The Derating Act of 1929 authorized local governments to exempt new factories from three-quarters of the local taxes; exclude London from its operation, and there would thereafter be few new factories in London. Another suggestion has been made. Lloyds will now take no more insurance against air raids, which means that the government will have to go that much farther into the insurance business—indeed will probably have done so before you read this. If it refuses to insure any more buildings erected in the London area without its consent, that will put an effective brake on further growth.

But nine million people are there already, and how to reduce that perilous congestion nobody yet knows. We ought to watch the attempts at solution with some interest; it is England's problem now, but it will be America's, or at least New York's, as soon as the time comes—perhaps in our day, certainly in our children's—when the Atlantic is no more of a barrier to air fleets than the Channel is now.



FLYERS ARE INARTICULATE

BY BEIRNE LAY, JR.

A TINY inky shadow lurked there motionless, sitting by itself out in front of the hangar. It was an Army pursuit ship. An open cockpit single-seater—a P-6. A howling bullet, resting bare and silent on the cold ground.

I shivered a bit in the shoulder muscles. *That* was my transportation for the night. I had to take a two hundred and fifty-mile jump through the November darkness in *that* thing before I'd be warm in bed at Langley Field, Virginia. As I stood there eyeing the P-6 warily the palms of my hands were wet; I felt rigid in the stomach and uncomfortable.

I was an Army pilot. Why did I feel that way? Why the wet palms? Perhaps you won't believe me when I tell you. But you might as well know what I'm talking about, so here's the case for the defense.

I had flown the P-6 up to Philadelphia earlier in the afternoon with a manuscript and turned it over to a magazine editor. It was an article called "Aerobatics, Thirty Minutes," later published in *HARPER'S*, and was an experiment—an attempt to convey in print the detailed sensations of stunting a P-6.

The first draft of the article had been pretty bad. As I read it over, I realized that it didn't convey anything—didn't capture the sensation of flying. I had not been able to inject imagination into it. So I got a P-6 next morning and went through all the maneuvers I had wanted to describe, including a terminal velocity power dive and pull-out, *with a deliberate eye to perceiving and recording in my*

brain the sensations I had experienced. I came down with my imagination alive for the first time since I had learned to fly, and hammered those sensations out on my portable with sweat streaming down my cheeks.

That did two things to me. It released an ordinarily repressed emotional reaction to flight and it ripped away the flyer's defense mechanism against fear of falling and of speed. Fear of falling, although you probably don't remember it, was the first instinct you had as a baby. But it is one which must be suppressed in aviation. From the day flyers first strap themselves in a bucket seat, listen to a good deal of rough language, and learn what to do with a stick, rudder, and throttle, they are forced to forget that there is any hazard connected with plummeting toward the scenery from fifteen thousand feet at three hundred miles per hour. And they become inarticulate where flight sensation is concerned. Why? Because you must imagine, *visualize*, intensely before you can express yourself vividly, either by the spoken or written word. But the flyer has learned *not* to visualize what he is doing. It is a subconscious safety compensation. This explains why it is so hard to get a flyer to describe a harrowing personal experience in more eloquent terms than "the wings came off, so I bailed out."

I didn't realize I had stirred up trouble for myself when I wrote that stunting article, but I knew something was wrong as soon as I took off in the P-6 for Philadelphia, eager to release the masterpiece

to a breathless reading public. The ship didn't feel right. It felt too sensitive on the controls. Unstable. I worried unaccountably about a dozen little things. The slightly high oil temperature, the dearth of landing fields sliding past below, the question whether I should be able to get down into one of them without cracking up if the engine cut, the slight changes in note of the six-hundred-horsepower Conqueror engine when we passed over an air bump. I was even a little air sick, and I'd never been nauseated in the air before, except once down at flying school—after I did fifteen slow rolls in succession with gas spraying in my face from the top tank air-vent.

I dismissed my uneasiness with the thought that I wasn't really at home in a Pursuit ship. I was a bombardment pilot. But I hadn't guessed what the trouble was. I didn't realize it fully until I was sitting in the crowded bus, returning to Camden airport. It hit me then in a flash. I knew that the trip back was going to be much worse than the trip up. Call it a delayed reaction.

I saw myself all of a sudden in a queer light. There I sat, an average person with two hands and two feet, rolling along securely in a bus filled with other average people with two hands and two feet. The rest of those sensible people were going to leave the bus and walk up the good solid sidewalk to a cabbage supper and Major Bowes' hour, or they were bound for Camden, where they would let a crack airline take care of them. But what was I going to do? I was going to strap myself into a tiny cockpit and let six hundred detonating horsepower yank me off the ground and up into the sky at one hundred and seventy miles per hour—at night too, when you can't see much—and I was going to try to set myself down on a spot of light two hundred and fifty miles away. I thought of it that way instead of as a routine "night cross country from Camden to Langley." I realized for the first time *exactly what I was going to do*, with all its implications of danger, with *your* eyes.

Naturally I said with my mind: "You know how to fly. You've done this plenty of times before. Don't be a damned fool." But it was no use. I had tampered with the mental machinery just to write an article, and knocked away the bars of a circus cage holding a black leopard. I was a prey to incongruous forebodings that had long ago been buried and forgotten. As I stood there looking down at the P-6 parked in front of that dark hulking hangar, I was positive I wasn't safe to fly. And I *wasn't*. Still it didn't seem "safe" either to send a telegram to the Commanding Officer, Langley Field, and say: "RETURNING BY TRAIN STOP SEND PILOT FERRY P-6 LANGLEY STOP AFRAID FLY BACK STOP LAY."

In the dispatcher's room the weather man turned away from his teletype machines and sputtering radio receivers to give me a weather report. Visibility was good all the way down the line, with ceiling unlimited except for scattered clouds at 3,000 over Washington. So that was that. The weather offered no excuse.

II

I left a departure message for Langley, via Bolling Field, and walked down to where the P-6 was waiting. Inside the hangar a mechanic unlocked the wooden toolchest in which I had left my flight gear. "I'd warm the ship up for you, Mister," he said, "but I don't know how to *start* one of them peashooters."

Very deliberately, I stripped off my uniform blouse, and, shivering in my shirtsleeves, folded it and handed it to the mechanic. He took it out and stowed it in the baggage compartment behind the pilot's seat in the P-6. I stepped into the warm leather flying trousers, lined with gray fur, and wriggled into the winter flying jacket with the big fur collar. The shivering didn't stop though even after I'd twined the white silk scarf round my throat and, sitting on the toolchest, pulled on the sheepskin flying moccasins, and stood up, armored in warmth. Those moccasins are great, but

just then they didn't seem warm enough.

I removed my flight cap, folded it flat and stuck it in a knee pocket. From the other knee pocket I extracted a pack of cigarettes, lit up, and walked out toward the P-6, carrying the rest of my gear—parachute, radio helmet, fur gloves, map, and flashlight. I tossed the cigarette away after a couple more puffs, swung a leg up over the fuselage, lowered myself into the dark, deep, narrow cockpit, and switched on the cockpit light.

A scattering of radium-coated needles glimmered from behind their glass dials in the black metal instrument board, and countless little gadgets gleamed in the shadows round my knees—cold-metal oil-smelling gadgets. The mechanic stepped up on the wing and tugged at the crank of the inertia starter until he had its whining gears revolving at top speed. "Contact!" he yelled.

I turned on the reserve gas tank, the ignition switch, the starter toggle-switch, and kicked my padded right toe against the starter cable beyond the rudder pedal—all as though someone were leaning over me and telling me what to do.

The Conqueror caught like a short string of firecrackers.

Its 600 H.P. settled down to purring smoothly. I warmed her up slowly for ten minutes, shoved the throttle forward, and let her race wide open, while I tried each ignition switch, noted the R.P.M. (engine revolutions per minute) and the oil pressure, and listened for a sour note. There was none. The thunder of explosions was rhythmic and full-bodied.

I retarded the throttle to idling speed, glanced out at the short-clipped shiny yellow wings, and wiggled the ailerons. I looked back over my shoulder and wagged the rudder and flippers, and, as an extra precaution, climbed out of the ship again and checked the parachute flare, to make doubly sure that it was "armed." The flare is "safetied" in the daytime, so that it will not ignite if accidentally dropped.

I strapped myself in tight with the safety belt, motioned the chocks away,

and taxied out toward a dark far corner of the field, where the longest runway into the wind began. The floodlights flowed out, cast the shadow of my head against the side of the windshield and the trailing edge of the top wing, and guided me to the center of the wide, gravelly runway strip, as I swung round and paused, aimed at the floodlights. A "shadow bar" in the center of the lights prevented the glare from blinding me and illuminated the tapering avenue in front of me. I was warm all over now in my heavy flying clothes, but my feet trembled against the rudder pedals with convulsive jerks—enough to jitter the pedals back and forth. Bad business. You can't have your feet jittering in a P-6. Its rudder, in the air, is sensitive and responds quick as thought.

I stamped my feet on the flooring and placed them against the pedals again, but they jittered as before if I relaxed them; and you have to relax them to feel the airplane. All right then, I'd have to push hard against the pedals. I tried it and the trembling stopped. But that meant I'd have to take off mechanically, without feeling the ship, when I skimmed along with my tail up, gathering speed.

I moved the throttle forward and catapulted down the runway, feet braced solidly, weaving badly, as I tried to hold the nose straight mechanically—correcting a swerve only after it had begun, visually, instead of *feeling* it before it started. In my anxiety to get off the ground before a really bad swerve got out of hand, I pulled the stick back and staggered off in a skid, and with a bare minimum of speed, hurtling forward into a vague blare of light, with shadows streaking by close under the wings.

I straightened out of the skid, partly by a desperate glance at the bank-and-turn indicator, climbed in a quivering rush of speed up over the glistening smear of lights that blazed from the congested area of Camden and nearby Philadelphia, and took up the compass course that would lead me down the string of ro-

tating beacons to Bolling Field, Washington. I kept on climbing, far above the necessary altitude, until I was at 7,000 feet. I wanted that extra height to give me lots of time in case anything should happen. But why was I afraid something was going to happen?

Why did it seem like madness to entrust my life to the proper functioning of an engine built and cared for by fallible human hands—to a little stream of sparks flickering from the sparkplugs up front—a little stream of sparks suspending me tenuously above the inky blackness thousands of feet below, but only so long as they continued to flicker? Why did it seem like curious optimism to depend on the weather's not changing its mind and stirring up some nasty concoction between me and Bolling Field? Why, only a few minutes out of Camden, was I already worrying about landing safely at Bolling? I hadn't landed a P-6 at night before, it was true, but I had landed a P-12 several times at night a year before, and there wasn't much difference between a P-6 and a P-12. Why wasn't I all right once in the air, as I'd expected I'd be?

The uneasiness increased with the miles that clicked by. I looked down at the double railroad bridge at Havre de Grace, and farther on, at the car headlights below me on the main highway near Aberdeen—looked down at sensible people with good solid ground under them. The tiny white Capitol Dome of Washington presently rose out of the broad flat glow beyond the nose to the right, and then I could see the red and green boundary lights that outlined Bolling Field, off to the left.

I tightened my belt another notch, broke into a sweat, eased the throttle back, and nosed down in a power glide that would bring me over Bolling at 2,000 feet. As I came over the field, I looked down below the trailing edge of the wing and cursed at what I saw down there—a sprinkling of red lanterns, dotting nearly its entire area, placed there to mark off runways under construction and soft spots

from recent rains. I dropped down and circled to have a better look. Apparently there was only one small strip, running along close to the hangar line, available for landings. I thought of going on over to Washington-Hoover airport but decided against it. There was a mess of red tape connected with purchasing gasoline away from Army fields; and besides, Bolling had not been declared unsafe for landings.

I slowed the P-6 down to 90 and circled the field twice more. The floodlights came on. Everything looked wrong. The field was too small. My speed seemed too high—things happened in too rapid sequence—and the motor sounded funny. Height and distance looked wrong. This was going to be a mechanical landing, like the mechanical take-off. Why couldn't I slow the ship down anyway so that I could have time to see what I was doing, instead of barging down into that confusion of red lanterns at 65 miles an hour?

I knew how to make a mechanical landing—the kind those lazy airline pilots make. I flew far downwind of the field and started a long, low, straight-away approach, with a little power on and a little excess speed. "Low and fast" gives you better control and is safer at night than trying to land out of a normal slow glide. The low approach keeps you from overshooting, and the excess speed keeps you from dropping in if you level off too high.

The blot of the floodlights swelled out in front of the nose close ahead and I could see that I was down to about fifty feet, with the ground skipping by like a jackrabbit. "You're doing 140!" I yelled inwardly. I glanced at the air-speed indicator. Only 85. "Somebody's crazy!" I cut the gun all the way back and nosed down till I was skimming along just above the ground. I kept the nose pointed at a cluster of red lights in the distance. Another glance at the air-speed. It was 70. "You've lost all your speed—you'll spin in before you reach the edge of the light." I gave a quick burst of the gun to carry me fifty yards

farther, still holding the ship just off the ground. I reached the edge of the light clearing, eased the stick all the way back into my gut—and waited.

The nose reared up high in front of me in full landing position, obstructing forward vision, so I looked out the side toward the hangar line, feeling helpless and blind and scared. A wing started to drop. Awkwardly I picked it up. I had a sinking feeling—seemed to be sinking into a bottomless pit. Endless seconds passed. I touched bottom. I was "on."

A red flag whipped past under the left wing and then two more, beneath the right wing. Had I landed in a danger area? I wanted to tramp the brakes, but the ground felt soft, and I was afraid of a nose-over. I waited until the P-6 had slowed down to thirty or forty, then eased on the brakes, and came to a stop with the wheels sinking in. It was muddy all right.

I taxied over to where a mechanic on the line was waving his flashlight and rolled to a stop. I clambered out and stretched, glad to be on the old sod again.

"Fill her up," I said, and waited expectantly for the mechanic to comment about my having landed on the worst part of the field. No comment.

"Corporal," I said, "the field looks pretty bad out there. What's the safest part to use?"

"Lieutenant," he said, "you landed on it." I scratched my head.

III

Ten minutes later I was back at 7,000 feet again, with the big bend in the Potomac River near Dahlgren Naval Air Station creeping in under me. I felt a little better. I had got up and got down again to-night—and off again once more. All I had to do now was get down once more. Yes, I felt reassured, but I was still having a bad time with my nervous system.

A late moon had cut a round white hole in the sky off to the east, shedding

enough light so that down below I could see the thin smokelike scattered clouds floating half way between me and the chromium-plated highway of the Potomac. Isolated, huge white cumulus clouds towered up above my altitude a few miles farther down the course—ghostly promontories in a setting of luminous vastness. Grandeur like that would thrill a blind man, and I was beginning to half-enjoy it and relax a little when, without a mite of warning, the Conqueror engine cut cold, the echo of its explosions still seeming to linger in a silence that was like the grave.

I sat there frozen, feeling as if my heart had stopped, listening to the suddenly audible shrill of the wind through the wires, listening to that abrupt awful silence.

Even as I swung my head round toward Dahlgren to see if I could reach it, the Conqueror sputtered and broke out in full cry again and, in amazement, I realized that my fingers were on the gasoline valve. *Without knowing it* I had instantly switched tanks after the engine cut. The faithful habits born of hundreds of hours at the controls had been standing at my elbow all the time tonight, invisible, but on the job. They were stronger than imagination or fear. Suddenly I knew it.

I relaxed—completely—drew a deep breath of relief and let a big grin spread over my face. I was all right. And so, apparently, was the Conqueror, which continued to flog away in a determined manner. A vapor lock in the gas line from the belly tank had probably cut off the gas supply until I changed tanks, but that seemed unimportant now. What was important was that I was in command of myself again.

Of course I sat down at Langley without any more grief, and *of course* I pulled off some night aerobatics on the way, snap-rolling at the moon and tobogganning down a few cloud "snowdrifts." And *of course* flyers are inarticulate. Wouldn't you be?



FREE SAMPLES IN CHINA

BY CARL CROW

A CHINESE friend who spends a good deal of time in my office in Shanghai made a trip to Dairen recently and returned to Shanghai very much impressed by the evident prosperity which he had witnessed. For days he talked of nothing else. When someone in the office expressed the opinion that he had overdrawn the picture a bit, he adduced one final and convincing bit of evidence. The people of Dairen, he said, were so prosperous that the streets of the city were littered with cigarette butts and no one bothered to pick them up.

There are no cigarette butts littering the pavements of the purely Chinese sections of Shanghai. By the time a smoker gets through with his cigarette here, as in other parts of China, there is so little of it left that if he took another puff he would burn his lips. What is left could only be called a butt because of the etymological difficulty of finding another appropriate name for it. Foreign smokers are more wasteful. Most of them toss a cigarette away when there is a good half inch left, and others are even more extravagant. But there is no waste. This flotsam of the pavement is observed by keen-eyed old men who, with a prong on the end of a stick, pick up the commercially valuable butts and deposit them in a can. On rainy days, when the salvage end of the old man's business is a total loss, he removes the charred ends, shreds the tobacco from the papers, and with this material rolls by hand a lot of readily marketable cigarettes. In the matter of net income, it is the most profit-

able cigarette business in the world. There is no expense either for materials or advertising and every cent the manufacturer takes in is just so much clear gain. It also serves the useful purpose of keeping the streets of Shanghai clean.

During the Japanese war on Shanghai in 1933 there was a tremendous expenditure of ammunition of all kinds, ranging from heavy shells to machine-gun bullets. In fact, some of the Shanghai foreigners developed the theory that the Japanese had a lot of old ammunition on hand and had decided to use it up on the live targets provided by Chinese and so gain some useful military experience. In the fighting which took place in the Hongkew section of the International Settlement of Shanghai there was a lavish and apparently useless expenditure of ammunition. There were no Chinese soldiers in Hongkew, and never have been any, but the Japanese riflemen and machine gunners took shots at every moving object, and the artillerymen showed considerable skill in putting shells through some Chinese houses and leaving uninjured adjacent structures in which there was some Japanese interest. A great many inoffensive Chinese civilians were killed and the slaughter of cats was terrific.

While the Japanese were enjoying this bloody military holiday, everyone moved out of this area, even the police stations were closed, and the streets were deserted except for the presence of Japanese troops. The one branch of municipal service which was at all times in the great-

est danger, but which continued to operate during the entire war, was the street-cleaning department. The coolies who swept the streets of Hongkew were ordered to come in for duty in a safer part of the settlement, but they ignored the order, or pretended they had never received it, and stuck to their old post. A good part of the time they remained hidden in comparatively safe places, but when there was a lull in the Japanese target practice, and it appeared to be safe to do so, they swarmed out with their brooms and baskets to salvage the rich harvest of empty brass shells and other abandoned articles of modern warfare. This was probably the only opportunity they had ever had to sweep off the streets anything of the least possible value. Ordinarily early risers give the streets a pretty thorough going over and pick up the more important scraps of paper before the street cleaners start to work. Here they had a rich field with no competition and they made the most of it.

When, a few hours after the fighting was definitely over, an army of Shanghai souvenir hunters swarmed into the war zone, they didn't find even so much as an empty machine-gun clip. The "Shanghai war" was, in this respect, probably the tidiest war that was ever fought, because every morning the bullets were not whistling about them the street cleaning coolies were on the job and left the battle area as clean as a freshly swept kitchen floor.

The harbor of Shanghai is not only one of the most important and busiest but one of the cleanest in the world. The water is not the brilliant blue to be found in other more favored places; it is a murky yellow. However, on the surface of the water will be found none of the flotsam and jetsam of other harbors, no broken fruit crates, half-submerged gunny sacks, decayed oranges, and odds and ends of lumber floating about. All these things are valuable and they are rescued from the harbor by the salvage boats which ply about. Most tourists, in their ignorance, refer to these respectable craft as

"beggar boats" or "scavenger boats." These derisory terms are both inaccurate and unjust. In their limited way, the work done by these Shanghai salvagers is just as reputable as that done by bigger concerns with steam tugs, stockholders, and boards of directors. The difference is only one of size and the importance of the undertakings. They are modest, both in equipment and personnel. The boat is flat-bottomed and small enough to be navigated by a single pair of oars. The crew invariably consists of the skipper, who is also the owner, his wife, and such children as are too young to be usefully employed ashore. The energies of the entire family are devoted to the rescue of wrecks from the sea.

It is because they do their work so thoroughly that there are no sea gulls in Shanghai. These useful scavengers thrive on the thrifty coasts of Scotland, but they would starve to death here. There is a fanciful story to the effect that migrating gulls occasionally call at Shanghai but always hurry away to warn the confraternity that no matter how short the rations may be, the members had better stay where they are, for here there are no rations at all.

As soon as a big merchantman or gunboat drops anchor in Shanghai, one or more of the little salvage boats anchors in a strategic position to catch everything that comes from the garbage chute. It is customary in the British and American navies to delay clearing the galleys for a day or so before arriving in Shanghai. This allows for the accumulation of an amazing amount of empty bottles and sometimes food which has been condemned by the navy doctors. Members of the crew save up their old clothing and so provide riches for the human gulls of Shanghai. When one of these richlyladen gunboats steams into port, the salvage boats come swarming about just as the Arab pirates of the Barbary Coast came around the clipper ships a century ago. Each skipper does his best to get there first; there is foul and abusive language, and a lot of unfair and reckless seamanship.

The crews of the British and American gunboats watch these races with keen interest and reward the winner with the richest prizes by giving him the best garbage the galley affords. But he is not allowed to take everything. After the garbage chute has disgorged what appears to be a just and appropriate amount of salvage, he is ordered away so as to give somebody else a chance. From the time the gunboat arrives in Shanghai until it leaves, it is always surrounded by these small salvage boats. Nothing escapes them. The bottles and cans are readily marketable and the food will fatten pigs and chickens. Everything in China has some intrinsic value and can be turned into cash.

II

Every foreign household provides a rich supply of salvage which is the perquisite of the house coolie. In fact, the zeal and avidity with which house coolies collect every discarded object round the house would seem to indicate that the principal function of the household was to keep him supplied with saleable empty bottles, cans, old newspapers, and discarded garments. Clothing is seldom too old to find a ready sale; but if it is, the garment is reduced to its component parts. The cloth can then be patched together and reconstructed to form almost anything from a shirt to an overcoat. A few of the buttons may be chipped or cracked, and while these defects may lessen the market value they do not destroy it. If there are any dress-making activities going on round the place every scrap of cloth is saved. If the cloth cannot be used in any other way several layers of scraps are pasted together and make very serviceable shoe soles. The sails of a great many Yangtze River junks are composed of old flour sacks. Some cans are valuable just as they are. The solder is melted from others, producing from each a rectangular piece of serviceable tin, which may be put to any number of uses. If you get enough of them you can put a tin roof on

your house, lapping the individual pieces like shingles. Even bits of broken window panes have a value, as carpenters use broken glass to finish woodwork.

Our house coolie searches the waste basket every day for old manuscript pages I have thrown away. He has no foolish idea that pages bearing my handwriting will ever have any historical value or become collectors' items, but he knows that as only one side of the paper has been written on, only half of the usefulness of the writing paper has been destroyed and that what is left finds a ready sale to students. Stubby ends of lead pencils probably find the same market. He even saves old film negatives, though I can't imagine what use is ever found for them unless for kindling fires.

Hundreds of garbage coolies push their carts round Shanghai and collect the refuse from the households of three million people. Theirs is a melancholy occupation, not because of its humbleness, but because of its humdrum lack of opportunity. They know that never, by any chance, will there be an empty beer bottle, an old pair of shoes, or a broken-down chair in their carts. They know that even if an old newspaper is found there it will be so torn or crumpled as to have lost its re-sale value. The servants of the household always see to it that nothing that is by any possibility useful or saleable ever escapes them.

Since the Chinese boys and cooks are as a rule far better housewives than any of the foreign ladies of Shanghai, the latter gracefully surrender the management of the household to the servants and thus have plenty of time to play bridge. Life for them is one perpetual series of week-ends, which start on Thursday morning and end on Wednesday night. Shanghai is probably the only place in the world where bridge games start at nine o'clock in the morning, the wife going to her bridge game at the same time as her husband goes to his office. The quantity of slightly soiled playing cards produced here is prodigious and provides the wherewithal to purchase many an extra

piece of pork for the enjoyment of the thrifty house coolies. It also provides the ricksha coolies with unbelievably cheap cards, for each card is cut in two pieces, thereby making two packs out of one and providing a pack which will fit into the pocket of a Chinese jacket. If you examine a pack of cards closely, you will note that each card can be cut in half without in any way destroying its utility.

One of the most interesting streets in Shanghai is Peking Road, famous for its second-hand shops. Some of the more aristocratic establishments deal only in second-hand furniture; if one is lucky and a careful purchaser, fine antiques at very reasonable prices may at times be picked up. In the less pretentious places will be found some of the salvage from the foreign households. Here one may also purchase antique silk hats, riding boots, saddles, golf balls, and slightly worn collars. Some of the shops specialize in odds and ends of motor cars, radiators, engines, steering wheels, and old tires. In other shops there are stray parts collected from launches, marine engines, binnacle lights, bells, lanterns, and life preservers. One would think that only by an almost miraculous coincidence could anyone find in this assortment of highly specialized rubbish anything that would be needed, but I pass these shops several times a day on my way to and from the office, and I see that sales are constantly being made. I once bought a second-hand bear trap there, not because I had any need for it, but because I was so surprised to find one on sale there. Very probably anyone with patience enough to hunt for the parts and skill enough to assemble them could build himself a complete automobile out of the materials to be found on Peking Road.

When I say that everything in China has some value, that statement is a little more comprehensive than one might think, for it includes counterfeit coins. Twenty years ago, before the coinage of silver dollars became uniform through

the operation of a central mint, there were quite a number of provincial mints operating and, in addition to the coins they produced, a great many Mexican and a few old Spanish dollars were in circulation. As directors of the various provincial mints had different ideas as to what should constitute the proper weight and fineness of a dollar, and also changed their minds from time to time, we had dollars of many different values. In any transaction involving the payment or the collection of a quantity of dollars, it was necessary to specify which dollars were to be used, or to come to an agreement as to the relative value of the different kinds of coins. Travelers usually carried a confusing assortment of dollars about with them; the Chinese Government Railway had posted in most of its principal stations an official list setting forth the discount at which various provincial dollars would be accepted. At the bottom of the list there was a line reading: "Counterfeit coins accepted at market rate."

We are on a paper or "managed" currency basis now, and silver dollars are rare, but when they were found weighing down the pockets of everyone except the totally impoverished, it was not at all unusual to locate, among the mementoes of last night's visit to a cabaret or night club, one or two dollars of doubtful parentage whose silver tinkle was somewhat dulled. But the fact that they were not of pure silver, or contained no silver at all, did not by any means destroy their value. It wasn't necessary to pass them off slyly on someone else. We merely took them to an exchange shop where the experts would determine their value very carefully and give a fair price for them. If I should find myself in possession to-day of a chest full of counterfeit dollars, I would take them to my friend Lott Wei, of the Chinese Mint, who would give me full value for them. I wonder what would happen to me if I tried to sell a lot of counterfeit coins to a mint director in some other part of the world!

Of course, the reason for this lenient attitude on the subject of counterfeit coinage was found in the fact that Chinese coins were never worth any more than the value of the metal they contained. A lump of silver weighing five pounds was worth approximately the same as five pounds of silver dollars, provided the fineness of the silver was the same. The older silver dollars had stamped on them the exact weight of the piece so that there could be no misunderstanding as to what it was worth. The silver dollars have now been replaced by notes, and the smaller silver coins are being replaced by nickel and copper tokens. The new coins are coming into circulation as fast as they can be minted and the old coins being melted as fast as the mint can buy them up, so it is only a question of time until the old coins will disappear entirely. But it will be a much longer time before the practical-minded Chinese will become accustomed to the miracle that a copper coin containing metal worth only a tenth of a cent will actually purchase one cent's worth of goods.

III

If I were living in England or America, there is a pet charity I would promote. Instead of throwing my daily paper away after having read it, I should fold it up carefully, stack it with its fellows and induce my friends to do the same thing until we had most of the town following our example. Then when everyone had a six months' supply of newspapers, we should collect them at some central depot and have them baled and shipped to China to be sold for the benefit of Chinese famine relief. There are famines in China at all times, some are big famines and some are not so big. So this is a charity which needs perennial support. Of course, if everyone saved his newspapers and contributed them to this worthy cause, the chances are that the Chinese market would be glutted, the market price for second-hand newsprint would drop severely, and the cash return

for the benefit of the famine sufferers would be very small after the packing and carriage charges had been deducted. But if the normal market price could be maintained, a contribution of the old newspapers of the United Kingdom would feed starving China during a small famine year and go far toward feeding it during a big one.

Several years ago two wealthy brothers fell heir to one of the too numerous foreign-language newspapers of Shanghai. They didn't know anything about the publishing business, but, fortunately for them and for all concerned, they had inherited, with the newspaper, a fine old fortune from their grandfather's opium business, so they could afford the luxury of playing at running a newspaper. They stuck with it for several years and never lost their amateur standing as publishers. One of their favorite stunts was to get out special editions, and some of them were very successful. A few of the advertisers in Shanghai, including all our clients, have learned that about the only thing extraordinary about a special issue is the extra revenue it brings to the publisher; but there are enough dupes to give Shanghai the world's record, month by month and year by year, for special editions. Daily papers are published in six different languages and each has different pretexts for special editions. The numerous weeklies also have a special issue on the slightest provocation. The only people who don't get them out are the publishers of annual directories and they are probably making plans for golden anniversaries or centennials.

Encouraged by their success in smaller enterprises, these inexperienced publishers decided to get out a special issue which would make all previous attempts trivial and insignificant. They employed extra advertising and circulation canvassers, made discreet cuts in rates to stingy advertisers and, in the end, produced one Sunday morning the biggest daily newspaper I have ever seen. Being an old fogey about such matters, I never place any business in these special

editions unless compelled to do so by my clients, and this gargantuan edition had appeared without any help from us. The advertising manager was so proud of his success that he couldn't resist the temptation to do a little gloating, so he came round a few days later to tell me what a wonderful opportunity I had missed because the sale of this Sunday paper had been twice that of the ordinary issues and very much greater than that of any other foreign language newspaper that had ever been published in China.

He had fairly convincing proofs of his claim about the circulation of the paper, but they were entirely unnecessary so far as I was concerned, because I already had a guilty knowledge of the sales of their paper which was embarrassing to me. When I got to the office on the Monday morning after the big edition came out, I found the place full of copies of the giant newspaper. It didn't take very long to find out what had happened, though I never should have known that anything had happened if I had arrived in the office half an hour later; for by that time all the Sunday papers would have been delivered to the old-paper dealer who had contracted to buy them. What had happened was this. A couple of coolies in my office, who through selling my old papers had an expert knowledge of the market value of old newspaper, had learned of the amazing number of pages this issue was to contain, had computed the weight, and had made the profitable discovery that they could buy copies of this paper at the regular newsstand at street sale prices and re-sell them to the old-paper dealers at a profit of about twenty-five dollars for each thousand copies. They formed a syndicate to finance the enterprise, got some friends to help them in their operations, and as fast as the papers came off the press they bought them. They did the job so thoroughly that, although deliveries were made to the regular subscribers, it is doubtful if a single copy got into the hands of any other bona fide readers. I heard rumors round the office that the

coolies made about three hundred dollars on the deal.

IV

Although the lads who work in the retail shops on an apprentice basis seldom receive any fixed wages, that does not mean that they have no spending money. This in some shops may be quite liberal. By very old and inalienable custom, everything which comes into a shop except the stock itself constitutes salvage belonging to the assistants. This includes all cases, barrels, crates, and other packing material, samples of merchandise, and all advertising matter. Packing cases provide the richest prizes. The nails are carefully removed, the lumber sorted out and sold. It fetches a good price. With unimportant exceptions, all lumber in China is imported and, when shipped to interior parts, where there is no local supply, the high freight charges make lumber excessively dear. The individual boards in a packing case may be worth in some parts of China four or five times the value of the lumber when it came from the overseas mill. For a Chinese living in the interior to chop up a packing case for kindling would be as absurd as for people living in countries where wood is more plentiful to chop up pieces of furniture for the same purpose.

A good many manufacturers who have tried to economize in the cost of packing cases in China have found the experiment an expensive one. If a shop stocks two competing brands of sardines, let us say, one packed in a case with a re-sale value of thirty cents and the other in a case with a re-sale value of half that amount, there is no question about which brand will receive the concerted selling efforts of the shop staff. The brand with the fifteen-cent case will be shoved into an out-of-the-way corner and the other will be thrust on the attention of the customer. There are few fiber board boxes in use in China. They are manufactured there and are widely used for export packing, but few manufactur-

ers dare to use them in shipping goods to interior points in China. They have no re-sale value and any goods packed in them would meet the determined opposition of the men who actually sell the goods. On the other hand, some manufacturers deliberately use heavier and more expensive cases than necessary in order to provide a higher re-sale value. The additional cost is added to the wholesale price, passed on to the customers, the assistants get the benefit, and everyone is contented. The man who is trying to establish a sale for his products in China and is not thoroughly familiar with the re-sale value of his packing cases and other containers has not learned one of the kindergarten lessons in Chinese merchandising. On the other hand, the manufacturer who can devise a practical packing case or other container with a low production cost and a high re-sale value is well on the road to success and might even build up a very large and profitable business without the aid of an advertising agent.

Free samples which are given to the retailer for distribution to his customers fall into the same category with packing material and, if the quantity is liberal enough, are of even greater value, not as a means of promoting sales but as a means of filling the pockets of the salesmen. With their hard common sense, born of the necessity of salvaging every stray copper that appears to be homeless, Chinese cannot understand why anything should be given away and, if an article, even a sample which is supposed to be free, has any value, they are perfectly willing to pay for it. The result is that when some hopeful manufacturer sends samples to a retailer, the assistants sell them, and the proceeds purchase many cigarettes. As the most logical customers are people who are already using this brand of tooth paste, let us say, the samples are usually sold to them at a very low price, so that all the manufacturer accomplishes is to kill the sale of some of his regular-size packages and turn a profit into a loss. Also he has estab-

lished a very bad precedent, because once the assistants have found out that a manufacturer is foolish enough to give away good saleable merchandise they never give up exerting pressure on him for more and more samples.

Every now and then I read in the American advertising journals of a successful sampling scheme by which the manufacturer of some new product has made his brand well known almost overnight through a princely distribution of full-size packages as samples. In all cases the scheme is fundamentally the same. A coupon is to be clipped from the paper and presented at certain designated places in exchange for a package of the article advertised. Sometimes the reader is told to present the coupon to any dealer who, by arrangement with the manufacturer, gives the sample packages out of stock, and the manufacturer later reimburses the dealer by paying for the coupons at the full retail price of the goods given away. It must be a good plan or so many manufacturers wouldn't use it. But I shudder to think what would happen if we should try anything like that in China.

We have had two experiences, with modifications, of this wholesale free sampling and both were sad. In the first one, which happened just after the War, an old and highly respectable and very conservative British firm had taken over the agency for a New York house which manufactured talcum powder, cheap perfumery, and other such knick-knacks. The New York manufacturers, full of the self-confidence and exuberance of post-War prosperity, sent to Shanghai thousands of samples and full details of the method they had used to popularize their product in city after city in America. It was nothing more nor less than an invitation to all readers to come in with a coupon and get a sample consisting of miniatures of talcum powder, scent, soap, and tooth paste.

The assets taken over with the perfumery agency by this British firm included our services as advertising agents, and

we were called in to put the scheme into execution. We argued against the free offer and suggested that a small charge of ten cents be made for the samples. The manager of this rather aristocratic old firm had always before dealt in big and important articles such as cotton goods, machinery, and dye stuffs and had been a little chagrined when his London directors had compelled him to take on this cosmetic line. Our suggestion that he charge for the samples threw him into a very natural rage. Did we think, he demanded, that he was running a retail shop? Did we think that, because they had taken on this line of muck, they were reduced to the necessity of cadging postage stamps and asking coolies for coppers? In the end, the free offer was advertised, but we purposely advertised it in only one of the local papers, the one which had the smallest circulation and which we assumed would bring the poorest results.

Before the agent's office opened on the morning following the appearance of the advertisement a good-sized crowd had assembled; an hour later the street was blocked. They couldn't give out the samples fast enough and the crowd grew unruly. Someone threw a brick through a plate-glass window. The police were called out to clear the street so that traffic could get through. In the end, the manager was hauled before the police court on a charge of obstructing traffic and fined five pounds.

We took part in a similar scheme several years later and thought we could work out a system which would, at least, obviate the necessity of an appearance in a police court. The idea was to give everyone a full-sized cake of a new brand of toilet soap in exchange for a coupon clipped from a newspaper. Arrangements were made for distribution of the samples at forty different points so that,

no matter how great the demand, it would be scattered over a wide area and cause no serious trouble. In order to avoid counterfeiting of the coupons and other nefarious plots, the scheme was kept a complete secret to all but a few executives. The first copy sent to the papers contained no hint of a free scheme, but at the last moment we substituted a new block and went to bed feeling that we had been rather clever.

The next day we found out that we had not been quite clever enough. While the papers were being printed someone discovered the free offer and soon every newsboy in Shanghai knew of it. They promptly increased their orders for papers so that some ten thousand extra copies were printed. Then the boys clipped the coupons from all the papers, delivered or sold the mutilated papers and were all ready for us when the coupon redemption was to begin at eight o'clock.

Of course, we had specified that only one sample would be given to any one person, which was a very fine theory but nothing more than a foolish gesture in actual practice. When we tried to enforce it the newsboys, with pockets full of coupons, merely employed gangs of small boys and paid them a copper for each coupon they redeemed. In fact this suited the racketeers very well, for they sat in a nearby tea house which provided a convenient place for the assembly of the tablets of soap which were costing them practically nothing. Before the day was over with, we had given away several thousand dollars' worth of valuable samples. So far as we could judge, more than nine-tenths of them went to the newsboys. They sold the samples to dealers who offered them to the public at a very cheap price; the new brand was completely dead in less than six months from the date of its birth.



WANTED ON THE VOYAGE

A STORY

BY SYLVIA THOMPSON

LILY BIRD had always been bright. Her teacher had advised her mother to send her on to Secondary School; and in her last year there she went to the Polytechnic Evening Classes to learn typing and shorthand and bookkeeping.

She was only eighteen when she got her job with Marx, Denham & Klein, the rubber people in Mincing Lane. She held her job there, and one day Mr. Denham himself congratulated her on her work. And with Mr. Denham she knew it was because her work was good, not because she was pretty.

Mr. Klein noticed when she had a new scarf or necklace on or her hair set in a different way. But it was Mr. Denham she admired, his clothes and his way of speaking, and the way his hands were kept, clean and gentlemanly, with the nails cut square.

She often talked to her family about Mr. Denham and how his clothes all came from Leslie & Roberts, the tailors in Hanover Street, and how he had books on his desk written in French that had nothing to do with the business at all, and a picture by a French Artist called Chardin hung in his room.

She liked Mr. Denham for not looking at her as if she was pretty. It was part of his being such a gentleman. She saw Mrs. Denham once and admired her too. She was just the sort of wife he ought to have, ever so smart and fascinating, and yet you'd never think for a moment she was anything but a lady. She wore all

black and a narrow diamond bracelet over her black sleeve.

That winter Lily wore all black. She got a paste bracelet at Selfridge's that looked quite good and wore it over her sleeve.

When she went out with Ed he said, "Whatever d'you want to dress as if you was in mourning for?" Ed was a nice enough fellow but he had no eye for style, and didn't ever read anything except the newspapers. She didn't care when he married Grace. She went to their wedding. He looked sort of stupid and stiff dressed up as a bridegroom, and Grace wore a smoke-gray crepe-de-chine that didn't fit her anywhere, and they went off afterward to Southend where Ed had taken Lily once for that day, when she wouldn't eat winkles or go on the Giant Racer with him, and he told her she was getting stuck up. They had come back in the train not speaking, and the rain splintering on the dark windows, and all the other people in the carriage making a row and singing; and when he left her at the gate outside her people's house she had just told him, quietly, that she felt they weren't really suited to each other. But when he'd gone off in the rain, with his coat collar turned up without saying much, she had felt sort of sick and alone and wanted him back again, to put his arms round her.

But she had seen reason again in the morning, and her mother said, "anyone could see you was a cut above him, Lil."

She told her family about the office, and they were ever so proud of how she got on. Her father was a shopwalker in Benson's, the big store in the High Street near the District Station. He had been there nearly twenty-six years. He was a slight man with a gray mustache and pince-nez, who drank too much strong tea and liked to work week-ends in the little garden at the back. He used often to look at Lil and marvel at her; but he never said more than, "You aren't doing too badly," or "You don't look bad in that dress." Her mother was a big vital woman who had been accountant in the butcher's shop over the bridge before she married. She had a quick, sensible brain and her presence was warm and comfortable like a stove. She looked what she was—kindly and full-blooded. She was fond of stout and smoked-ham and buttered toast. Lil had her dark bright eyes and curling mink-brown hair; but she was built slender like her father.

Lil told them about Mr. and Mrs. Denham, how they went to St. Moritz in the winter and to Biarritz in the summer, and her father said, "Travel's a wonderful thing!" And her mother, knitting a blue cardigan, said, "I daresay. But there's no place like home all the same."

Lil was always going in for Competitions in the newspapers. She liked the fun of it, crosswords or puzzles or anything. But she always said, "It's useless hoping to get a prize. I don't believe they really give the big ones."

All the same she couldn't help wondering sometimes what she'd do if she were to get one of them. There was the series of crosswords in the *Sunday News* that offered a motor car, 1st prize; a radio gramophone, 2nd; and a solid silver tea service, 3rd! But she didn't even get an Award: although she had every answer but two right in the whole series.

It was Mr. Klein at the office who one day handed her the *Daily Bulletin*. Mr. Klein always found any excuse to talk to her. He said, "I know you're a puzzle fan, Miss Bird! Have a try at this. It looks too easy for a clever young woman

like you!" Lil thanked him and took the paper out with her at the lunch hour, and read it while she ate her poached-egg on toast, crowded elbow to elbow in the A.B.C. round the corner. There was a series of pictures, and you had to find Great Names in History hidden in them. In one there was a cobblestone in the form of a "D" next to a garden rake, and this she spotted as *Drake* at once. The others looked as if they might be as simple.

On the way home, straphanging in the District train, she solved five more. Anyway she made out Edison, and Watt, which was "Kilo" crossed out, followed by a large question mark. After supper her mother, who liked puzzles too, joined in; and they made out *Napoleon* and *Nelson* together. Her father, toasting his toes and reading *Through Wildest Africa*, glanced up several times and wondered how ever they got at it. But then Amy, his wife, was as quick as they're made about those things (except that she never could think out about the Daylight Saving giving them an hour more or less sleep); and Lil had always been bright.

"Maybe Lily'll get First Prize," he said. Lil glanced up, pencil poised in one white pretty hand.

"Round Trip to New York, first class on the *Atalanta*. I don't think!"

"You never know," said her father. He added, "I've often thought I wouldn't mind crossing the oshun."

"Eastanwest home's best they do say," said Amy Bird, and then, "Look 'ere! What about Shake-speare for that one? . . . S . . . then the bit of hake, on the slab there . . . and spear's the chewing-gum with the 'mint' crossed off!"

The morning she got the letter from the *Daily Bulletin* she came into the office late and with such a color that even Mr. Denham, who was waiting for her to take a letter, noticed immediately and said when she'd taken it, "You look very fit, Miss Bird." And because she really hardly knew if she was coming or going, she smiled and then started blurting it all

out. "Well, I've won first prize in a competition, sir." And Mr. Klein came in at that moment and she couldn't stop herself telling them both. "First Class return to New York and forty-eight hours ashore and on the *Atalanta*!"

"Well you've got your bit of luck! Haven't you? Let me congratulate you!"

"Thank you, Mr. Klein." She smiled. (He wasn't a bad sort really although he wasn't as classy as Mr. Denham.)

"And when are you going?"

"Well . . . Mr. Klein . . . I can choose the date"—she just went on smiling because she couldn't help it—"as long as it's in the summer. So I thought maybe I could arrange my holiday so as to go then."

"Certainly. We will see about that."

Mr. Klein's bulging brown eyes were looking hard at her in the way he did sometimes that disgusted her. But to-day she didn't even care when he added, with one of his shiny looks, that a girl like her was sure to have all the men on board running after her.

She didn't mind at all. She rather liked it. It started her thinking all in a sort of enchanted muddle, and with this beating of excitement in her head, about what she'd wear, and if there'd be dancing, and about young men in white flannels and in evening dress with brown serious faces; and about decks with white rails in moonlight, as in the advertisements. . . . She'd get a *Ladies Pictorial* pattern book at the lunch hour. . . . A dancing dress in floral chiffon perhaps but simple in style. . . . And one or two of those sunback dresses in piqué . . . and perhaps a scarlet belt and monogram.

The telephone. . . . "Yes. This is Marx, Denham & Klein speaking (and a pair of silver-kid dancing slippers) . . . Yes . . . I'll just see if Mr. Denham is engaged (and of course people spoke to one another on board ship; they didn't have to wait for introductions) . . . I'm putting you through to Mr. Denham. . . ." (*We are delighted to inform you that the Daily Bulletin Competitions Committee have decided to award*

to you . . . RETURN FIRST CLASS TRIP.)

The Cunard offices had nothing to offer Alan Farrington except an inside cabin on D, or a double cabin on Deck B. Alan glanced at the plan the young man spread out. He didn't see it. He said, "The double on B and I'll write you a check now."

"Return?" the young man was asking.

"No. Single." The offices were as hot as the street. The young man was saying that the *Atalanta* sailed on Wednesday at noon.

"At noon," said Alan stupidly. "How hot." And then, "What day do we arrive in New York?"

"You should arrive Monday morning," said the young man proudly.

"Monday morning," Alan repeated. "Could you give me some ink for my pen? . . . Monday! . . . That's two days then?"

"Four and half we reckon it," said the young man with satisfaction. "And if you wouldn't mind filling in this form first?" (Would she answer his cable? And then, supposing after all, she wasn't there? It was so like her, that drifting off with people she hardly knew, and couldn't conceivably like—to—to Connecticut! . . . and nothing except "*my Bank will forward all picture post cards.*")

The young man was talking about the Head Tax. . . .

When Alan Farrington was a little boy he had slept for four years alone in a room and for four years every night he had been afraid. But he had never told his parents (who had cared for nothing so much as his happiness and serenity of mind). The fear which the little boy had so dreadfully felt, and the pride which had prevented him from telling, were still in the face of the man of thirty who walked out of the Cunard offices in Street, up the Haymarket, along Piccadilly. It was the face of a man whose imagination and desires were kept under control, but at the cost of his nerves. The hazel eyes were full of light and un-

certainty; the bones of his face were vigorous but pressed too close under the tanned skin; the nose was fine; the lips sensuous but set a little rigidly. His movements were just too quick; and this afternoon as he went through the streets in the July heat his haste had a quality of panic.

Perhaps he became aware of this, for in Curzon Street he slowed and strolled from Shepherds Market to Number 24.

The striped awnings were out, so that indoors the rooms were dark and cool. His man said, "There's a cable for you, Sir."

There it was on the chimney piece; pale blue against a bowl of yellow roses. He took it to the window to read it in the pallor flowing in from under the awnings.

"Absurd to pursue me now. Good-by. Sonya."

He turned back into the room, went to the writing table, wrote out her name and the address of her bank on an envelope, and "Sailing *Atalanta* Wednesday." He gave it to his man to send off at the post office in Queen Street.

When he was alone he read his cable again, then put it in his pocket. "Pursue" was so one of "her words" (she said, "Let's pursue a meal, a drink, an exhibition of pictures," as she said, "Let's complicate," meaning let's think of something new or curious or funny to do).

Thinking of her words, the room was suddenly empty of her. She wasn't leaning, one hand on the curve of her waist, against the chimney piece. She wasn't standing turned away from him (her small head, her wide shoulders, her slender back) by the high bookshelf in the corner, taking out one book after another and not reading it. She wasn't on the balcony, in a black suit, leaning with her elbows on the iron rail and, half intent, half laughing, inventing private lives for the people going past in the street below.

He went to her photographs standing on the writing table, and turned them downward. All her photographs were women he'd never seen—not Sonya herself. He realized now that even his mind

had no static memory of her; that he could remember only her changing expressions, her slow or swift gestures, and her voice, that was most lovely when in one of her rare shivering moments of emotion she could say nothing but "Oh" or "Darling" . . . or her out-of-breath "Alan, I'm pleased!"

He remembered, in those final minutes, her gesture of utter nonchalance, her look quivering between hatred and laughter, her pallor, her red lips, and the ludicrous black elegance of her little hat. He remembered his own words, at the end of the too familiar dialogue. His "We ought to be able to respect each other's freedom."

"But we *don't*! We *can't* . . . and by now we ought to know that it's futile even to *try*!"

Lily came on board in the navy-blue linen suit and the panama hat and white shoes; and everything was too bright and crazy and like a dream; and there was only one real second at Waterloo Station when she minded leaving Mother and Dad, and yet felt ashamed and relieved they didn't come with her to the boat.

So she came on board alone, walking up the gangplank and stepping into the boat as if it didn't mean more to her than it did to any of the other hundreds of people pushing to and fro. And when one of the men in white coats and white-covered caps said, "Which way, Miss?" she heard her own voice saying quite sensibly, "Cabin B 51."

There was a basin with hot and cold running water and a bed, brass with a box-spring mattress; and pile carpet, pink; and chintzy curtains just as in a classy hotel room, and four toothglasses in all. And her luggage was there, the imitation crocodile dressing bag, the navy "Revelation" case Father had got through the wholesale; and the American-cloth hatbox she had had from Ed last Christmas looking ever so nice! And suddenly that hatbox from Ed being here on the brass bed in the cabin made her know she really was starting out for the

trip! And as she turned to the glass, there was her face that she saw only this morning early (that seemed an age ago) in the familiar glass in her room at home, and now looking back at her startled and dark-eyed under the white peak of her hat.

And now a throbbing and quivering began round her in the white cabin and then a long blind hooting that cut in a widening blade of sound across her nerves. And then, in the silence, she heard a voice in the gangway outside, "We're off. . . ."

He leaned on the rail and watched Cherbourg dissolve into the hazy line of coast.

There had been no cable for him at Cherbourg—No reason why there should be. But persistent stupid hoping ever since Southampton had made him expect one. Though why should she even think out where his boat would be?

He began moving, then strolling, then pacing the long yellow deck, and hating her. This hating always began by imagining what he'd say, quite quickly, and with indifference to her; and worked up, in his imagination more and more wordless, more vivid and silent and maddened, until his hand was on her throat (her firm warm throat), his fingers tightened. . . .

He spun round, gripped a rail, swung himself up a companionway to where a crowd was playing deck tennis. Most of the girls were in bathing dresses; two were in shorts.

He stopped and watched the game without seeing it. The people round him were the usual business-and-pleasure English-American crowd, cheerfully intent on taking exercise by day and organizing gaiety by night.

As Alan turned away to find an emptier deck he noticed a girl in a white dress with a red belt; she was the only woman there who wasn't anatomically an open book. She was holding on a wide straw hat so that he couldn't see her face. But as he went down the companionway she turned so that her back was to the bright beating wind, and her face set in the huge halo of her hat.

A vivid face, he thought. But rather tiresomely "pretty."

The handsome young man with the melancholy expression was only two tables off at dinner and once she felt he was looking at her, so she went on looking away, until she was sure he wasn't looking any more, and then, while she was helping herself to the *bombe glacé* which the attentive waiter (or was he called a steward too?) handed her she managed to look at him again.

He was wearing a dinner jacket and a soft shirt, but somehow it seemed to look all right on him, and his waiter was bringing a great huge glass and pouring some sort of wine into it, but hardly enough to show! He looked up and spoke to the waiter, and there was something in his ways that put her in mind of Mr. Denham! She stopped looking directly at him any more just in case he might notice; but she was aware when he lighted a cigarette.

She wondered if she should smoke? Most of the women were smoking. But then one or two of the more refined-looking ones weren't. And she had a sort of feeling always that men didn't like to see women smoke in public, any more than they liked to see them with those bright-colored varnishes on their nails. She always kept her own a pale rose. (Maisie Dean in the office had hers scarlet like the woman at the next table. But it did look "fast.") There was no getting away from it.)

Lily drank her coffee, keeping her glance down on the table, her little finger lifted away from the little cup. At nine o'clock there would be dancing. She had seen that chalked on the notice-board by the Purser's office. She decided she would go and sit in the lounge leading out of the ballroom, taking a book with her. She finished her coffee and rose.

Alan Farrington, glancing up as she passed his table, noticed that this girl in the "floral chiffon" was the same girl he'd seen on the sports deck, in a big hat. Her bloomy skin and dark eyes and something

about the full curved under-lip of her small mouth reminded him of the portrait of "Lady Hamilton as a *Bacchante*."

When Alan had had a second brandy he went up to the radio room. He wrote out a radio to Sonya. "Shall probably proceed to China."

Then he walked round the upper deck. A huge dusk was deepening and pressing down over the rippling sheen of the sea. He paused astern, diverted by the way the ship flared her white plumed train in her wake. A couple passed behind him. The woman said, "... but of course you can overdo sunbathing," and the man said, "That's true. But then you can overdo anything, can't you?"

Alan relit his cigar. . . . What the hell was Sonya doing in Connecticut anyway? Why must she always be shifting from place to place, from friendship to friendship, from one interest to another? Why couldn't she come to some sort of sane final conclusion about herself, and her tastes . . . and her feelings? Why couldn't she, sometimes, behave like a normal woman?

As he turned and went down to the covered deck he thought out a remark, for her, about "all conscious deviation from the normal being a sign of mediocrity." She would of course, as she always did, bring her defense round to the statement that she was not "a person" and "a woman," but a *self*; and that she must love him (if she loved him . . . and when she loved him!) in her own way; and escape him, when she did, for no reason, escape him, because this was what she, and probably he too, needed!

He crossed the deck rapidly to the lighted interior. The band in the ballroom was playing "One Night of Love." It reminded him of Venice with Sonya a year ago. He went through the lounge toward the ballroom.

The girl was sitting in a corner. She looked up as he came in. Then looked at her book again. He went up to her and said, "Excuse me. Would you care to dance?"

She hesitated. She colored. She had

brown eyebrows spread like wings. She pressed her shut book awkwardly between her hands and then said in a musical but mincing tone, "Thank you. I don't mind if I do."

She put her book on the little table and rose.

"It's a waltz," he said.

"So it is!"

He followed her into the too lighted ballroom. They moved into the crowd of dancers. She danced well, but holding her head a little stiffly. He guessed this was shyness. He wondered what she was?

"How well you dance," he said.

"D'you think so?"

"I do."

English suburban obviously, but out of exactly which suburban drawer? Traveling soft, and yet . . . Not a mannequin; she wasn't sophisticated enough in her own way. Certainly not Stage, of any kind. She hadn't that give and take, that sitting-easy-to-life quality.

She asked, "Are you fond of dancing?"

"Very."

"Not a bad band, is it?"

"Very adequate."

Her glance stayed for a second, but without coquetry, on his face.

"How d'you like this ship?" he asked.

Now she wasn't looking at him any more. Close under his glance it was the bloomy warmth of her skin that was attractive.

"I like it all right. It's very nice I think."

Now they swung to where the floor in the center of the room was less crowded. He asked:

"Are you going to stay in America?"

"Oh, no. I'm just doing the round trip."

"I see," he said abruptly and not listening when she added something about New York. Only four days now until New York. Would Sonya answer? Had she got his radiogram yet? But her bank would have to forward. . . . The sudden sharp conjecture that Sonya was probably in the country at this moment, with one of her young men, sent his mind

back to the impulse of revenge which prompted every flirtation he had with every other woman.

The girl was talking to him.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "I was preoccupied with that couple who seem bent on tripping us up!" (He'd be able to say to Sonya—"There was a ravishing Little Bit on the boat. . . .")

"Some people never know when they're not wanted," she agreed, and gave a little laugh.

When the music stopped he went back with her to her corner in the lounge. He said, "Let's sit here. It's nice. There aren't too many people. And what about something to drink?"

She sat down, spreading her flowered skirts each side of her.

"What'll you have?" he said when the steward came.

"An orangeade, please!"

"Nothing stronger? Whisky? Brandy? A liqueur?"

"No, thanks so much. I never touch anything!"

He ordered a brandy for himself. Then he told her that his name was Alan Farrington. And what was hers?

"Miss Lily Bird?" he repeated. "How pretty!" She had never thought of that. She smiled suddenly, not in the stilted way she'd smiled before. He picked up the book she had been reading when he first spoke to her. It was the *Forsyte Saga*. He asked her if she enjoyed Galsworthy's novels. She said this was the first of his she had read. The people in it seemed very natural and true to life. She liked a good novel now and again she said, and asked him his favorite author. He said his favorite author was a French author, Anatole France.

"Very suitable if he's French," she said with her genteel little laugh. "D'you like French pictures too?" she asked.

"Very much."

"Did you ever see any pictures by a French artist called Chardin?"

He said, "Yes," surprised.

"Well, I never!" and she gave him a funny little quick smile. He wanted to

know why. But she shook her head saying, "Just a coincidence, that's all!"

But she was more at ease after this, although she didn't seem to want to go on talking about French pictures. But she asked him questions. Was he in business? Had he been to America before? What did he think of the rumba? She thought it "common." And she answered his questions, nearly always by ready-made phrases such as "I like the country, but only in good weather," or "I like to see a really good play now and again." But occasionally by a quick retort or comment it seemed to be her own; as when she said that a woman who passed them, red-faced in a white tulle scarf, looked "like a prawn popping out of a paper bag."

When they had danced twice again, and she said that it was time for her to be "getting to bye-byes," he said he hoped to see her the next morning. This provoked one of her automatic exhibitions of coyness.

"You may and may not," she said. But her look, a moment later as she said good-night was grave and friendly and, as it had been in that first moment, a little shy.

One thing Lily was determined was that he shouldn't get the idea that she was one of those easy girls, only too pleased to make friends with anybody. So she didn't come on deck until nearly twelve, and then she went straight to her chair and lay back and started reading. But she wasn't prepared, when she heard his voice at last, to change color and feel her heart jump in such a silly way.

He took an empty chair beside her.

"I hope you slept well."

"Yes, thanks."

"I've been looking for you everywhere."

"I bet you haven't!"

"Cigarette?"

"No, thanks."

"Did you swim this morning?"

"No."

"Just lazy!"

"That's about it." She added, with only a second's hesitation, "I don't usually get up till twelve o'clock."

This surprised him. He remembered one of Sonya's perverse little aphorisms about people who had fixed their hour of getting up had fixed fifty per cent of their character. (Sonya herself got up one day at seven and another at ten, just as she breakfasted one day off orange juice, and the next off kidneys and bacon and eggs and sausages.) Thinking of this, he turned to Lily. His smile, that began as though it was difficult and then grew suddenly radiant, made her forget her plan to be stand-offish. He said:

"As you've stayed away all the morning I'm going to insist on your lunching with me. Will you?"

"Thanks."

"Good. We'll lunch in the Verandah Grill upstairs. I'll go up and make sure they keep us a table!"

She watched his hurried graceful moving away down the deck.

His flannels were a perfect cut! And no one had ever had a table kept for her before.

She got to be friendly with quite a lot of very nice people. But if anyone had asked her, by the third day of the trip, to describe each of them, or repeat any of the conversations she had had with them, she wouldn't have given more than a few hazy descriptions; remembering that Mrs. Wabash had been twice round the world, or Mr. Lemuel was a naturalist who went orchid-hunting; or that Mr. and Mrs. Trotter (with whom she had struck up, by all appearance, quite an intimacy) came from some place inland in America and had been visiting Paris and London. But about The Honorable Alan Farrington (she had found him in the passenger list) she knew that he was going to America to visit relations; that he was unmarried and, from certain of his hints, had had a disappointment in love; that he was "in the law" in some way; that he was fond of reading and music and travel, but wished he had a home of his own in the country; that he drank

quite a bit of wine and brandy after his dinner (though he certainly never seemed the worse for it, and the habit might quite well be got from being so much alone and brooding too much, as he was clearly in the habit of doing).

She knew all these things. But when she started thinking about him, as she did the second evening in her cabin (they had been out on deck together in the moonlight, but he never so much as attempted to take her arm!) when she was alone, it wasn't *thoughts* she had about him so much as feelings; or anyway, whatever started off by being a thought ended up by being a sort of queer restless warm feeling. The third night she dreamed that they were up on the deck together talking and that he suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her. And when she woke she thought how queer to dream of being kissed by an Honorable, which was as good as being kissed by an Earl really; because one day Mr. Farrington would be one!

But as she was dressing, putting on the white skirt and the scarlet "halter-top" she remembered her dream again and meeting her own gaze in the glass, colored, and turned away.

He said, "D'you know when I first saw you I thought you looked like Lady Hamilton."

They were lying in their deck chairs after luncheon, on the fourth day.

"I hope it's a compliment, whoever she is."

"It is. She was ravishing."

"Thank you, Mr. Farrington."

"Why not Alan?" This, he thought, is going to be a pleasant flirtation. She was really very pretty!

"Well . . ."

"Unless you call me Alan I can't call you Lily, which is how I think of you."

"And who said you might?"

He didn't answer. Surprised, she followed his look. A steward was walking up the deck, carrying a yellow radiogram. He passed them.

Alan leaned back.

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"Are you expecting a telegram?" she asked.

"N . . . no. Well, as a matter of fact, I hope to hear from . . . my relations if they're expecting me."

"But you said they *were*!"

"Yes. But they don't know exactly by which boat." He kept his brown fine profile turned away. Then suddenly his hand was on her wrist; but his look still averted. Her heart stopped.

"Lil?"

She managed to say, "Yes?"

He swerved round and, keeping his hand over her wrist, said in that crisp quick voice that reminded her so of Mr. Denham, "Lil . . . l!" And then, "D'you feel kind to me?" He smiled, deliberately, looking into her eyes.

She got a sense that in some idiom of his own this phrase had some meaning of its own. But it gave her, in her state of choked emotion, too tempting an occasion to say:

"Can't you see I feel kind . . . and . . . and . . ." she gave in, snatching her hand from under his pressing fingers, "a bit more," she whispered.

The two women the other side of him were exchanging magazines. A steward came and took their coffee cups away.

She was shivering, the yellow sunlight pouring over her. She looked and looked over the rail into the blue air with its bright-falling pattern of gulls, and was aware of his hesitation, his look turning slowly to her, and moving down the length of her body. Then she heard his voice, slow and husky and hesitant:

"You are a sweet!" he said.

He hadn't seen her until this evening in the white dress that had no ornaments or frills or "touches" of scarlet; and was like her conversation when she forgot that she was the "only daughter of a retired business man" who "liked to live out of town at Wimbledon." (He had discovered, on the second day, that she was the "Prize Ticket Girl"; and at first this had been her charm.)

As she came down the stairway onto the

main deck he guessed that, with the usual feminine sense of the connection between dress and drama, she had kept the white dress until last.

(One of Sonya's perverse qualities was her refusal of the romantic or dramatic. Her flying maddening shadow passed between him and Lily—but he knew now how he would face her if she did come—would she come?—to meet him. "*Sonya, this is Miss Lily Bird . . .*")

He said to Lily:

"How lovely you look in white." (And as he spoke he heard a faint far-off uncertain echo of his own voice saying, to a woman stepping into a gondola, a woman whose face was in shadow, "*How lovely you look in white.*")

Lily didn't answer him. (The woman in the gondola hadn't answered him.) But now a comment passed through his mind, which was, that if Lily's dress had simplified, her expression was more complicated. At this moment, when it suited his mood to consider her most banal; when he wanted to find her pretty, slick, coy, and in a state of slightly hysterical emotionalism, easily changed to sensuality—he discovered in her (because her dress was simple and her heart-shaped face pale?) a touching and rather mysterious charm.

They turned to go towards the bar. As they sat down at their usual little table (Lily could not be persuaded to sit up on a stool at a bar) he said, "I suppose nothing will dissuade you from your usual tomato juice?"

She hardly seemed to be listening. Then she said, "You might *dissuade* me," using his word.

He ordered her a White Lady. "Very appropriate," he said.

Her half-troubled, half-smiling look was on his face. He said, wanting to reassure himself:

"You're different this evening."

"Am I?"

"Or am I just imagining it?" He was trying to get one of her automatic pert replies. He didn't want this new grave naturalness.

"I daresay you're imagining it," she said. There were no phrases in her stock of talk, even if she had wanted to use them, to express either to him or for herself her beautifully quickened yet unreal sense of life.

She sipped her cocktail.

"How d'you like it?" he asked.

"It isn't so bad."

"Another?"

"Oh, no, thanks."

He ordered another for himself.

The Maître d'Hôtel had kept their table in the corner of the verandah grill. "What a beautiful sky, Madame, M'sieu," he said, his round alert face and shirt-front glowing pink in its reflected radiance. "M'sieu has already ordered the champagne"—his hand flicked toward the silver pail streaked at its curve with rose and flame.

By the time they finished dinner the little lamps, switched on, made each table into a white island in the darkness. And above the steady masts and funnels the stars were out.

And Lil, her hands on the lighted table, her face, lit upward, showing an intent shadowy brilliance against the dark, was talking:

"My people are nothing much," she said. "And, of course, I ought to have said so right at the start. Father's in Benson's, the draper store in the High Street, and mother was accountant in the butcher's by the Bridge before she married. . . . I work in Denham's," she went on saying. "Marx, Denham & Klein. . . . They seem to think my work's all right there. . . . Even Mr. Denham said to me one day . . . It means more," she said, "from Mr. Denham than from Mr. Klein. . . ."

"My dear child," said Alan's voice. But she didn't hear him. She went on, "But of course it was through Mr. Klein it all came about really . . . the Competition, I mean. . . . Not that I ever dreamed it could come to me getting First Prize. . . ." She told him, in full detail, even about Mum making out Shakespeare. She told it all rapidly, without a

change of tone, and yet visibly on the edge of tears. "And of course I ought to have confessed to you right from the start." She glanced up. Her hands were gripped together on the square brightly lighted tablecloth.

"But I knew," he said.

"You . . . knew?"

"Yes."

He got up. "Come downstairs and let's dance." She stood up, too. He put his arm through hers. "Come, my dear."

"You knew?"

He answered on the lightest possible note, "Yes and liked you for it!"

It was like leading someone asleep. When they began dancing she said, "But then, Alan (it was the first time she had used his name), it doesn't—make any difference to you?"

He met her look, and then brought out his answer as quickly and crisply, "Why should it?"

"Well . . ."

"What an absurd idea."

She lifted her head and would have answered. But he smiled, deliberately, held her closer, and felt her senses give way to the movement, the music, the swirling crowd about them. He saw her for a moment. Shut his eyes. She was sweet and near and desirable.

The music changed.

It was "Time on My Hands" (their "old" tune . . . their first tune . . . that evening, five years ago, when she had said, at that fantastic Hunt Ball at Warwick, "*How I like insidious little upsetting little tunes!*"). To-morrow, to-morrow when they arrived, he would be able to say, at last, in revenge for all the moments that Sonya had so hurt him—he'd say, "*Sonya, I want to introduce you to . . .*"

"Shall we go out on deck," he said, still foreseeing that bitter sweet moment of revenge . . . with Sonya.

The sea was black, and the stars spiky and near. Her hand stayed on his arm. They moved up the deck. He said gently, yet without meaning it; simply be-

cause he was sorry for her, and must put off the moment of explanation:

"To-morrow night, Lil, shall we be dining in New York?"

"We?"

"Aren't you going to dine with me in New York?" (He felt his weakness. Yet could think of no way to say now that the little "flirtation" he'd begun was—over.)

"Well . . ."

"Of course you are!" (How well he knew the cruelty of his own weakness. Hated his own moral cowardice—yet went on!)

She was shivering.

"You aren't cold?"

"Oh, no thanks."

When they stood still by the rail she said, "When are you coming back?"

Now—was the moment to say to her, "Never—for you, my dear. . . ." Yet he heard his own voice say fatuously enough:

"Why not—with you?"

She didn't answer. And when he looked round it was too dark to make out her expression.

Then he said, on an impulse, so touched by her and embittered by himself: "I want to give you something, if you'll accept it."

She made some sort of little exclamation. He said, "My cabin's just here. Come and see if you like it." (Why take her to his cabin? Was it, as he liked to think, to prove to her that his intentions had been "platonic" from the first; which they hadn't? To prove, by treating her honorably now—that he had never meant to be anything else?)

It was one of the deck cabins. When she hesitated he said, "Won't you come, Lil?"

She followed him. The steward had left the light beside the bed. Alan turned to look at her. Her eyes looked black and startled; she was breathing quickly. (A merely physical impulse suggested to him that she was much prettier than Sonya.)

He went to a drawer and took out a small box. He came over to where she

stood still by the door and handed it to her.

"Can't we . . . have the door shut?" he asked. She flushed scarlet, let it bang, grew pale again. She held the box.

"I got it for . . . for a relation whom I don't much care about. It's too pretty for her. If you'd let me give it you . . ." He tried to think of these little clips, that he'd had made specially for Sonya, as a kind of atonement—to Lil!

Her fingers mechanically pulled off the elastic band, paper, a lid.

"But . . . Oh!" she said. "I couldn't take it. It's ever so beautiful but I couldn't."

The pair of little gold clips were shaped like shells.

"And they lock together to make a brooch," he said. "Please, Lil, I should like you to have them."

He put his hands on her shoulders.

"But Alan . . ."

"Why shouldn't you have them when I want you to?" His tone was gentle and sultry and hesitant. After all—where was the harm? He kissed her forehead.

"Because . . . I don't know—" her whisper drifted off her lips.

In spite of himself he kissed her cheek, holding her closer. He smiled, saying (in his voice that dizzied her), "Because you don't know what my . . . intentions are?"

She nodded.

"Do you care? So much?"

She shut her eyes and said with a suddenly profound and extraordinary simplicity, "I love you." The surrender of her sense and heart and judgment were in the words that she pronounced with a strange freshness—a completely untarnished meaning.

He let her go. "Lil," he said. And then, "Lil, my intentions are—" he stumbled at his own stupid phrase now, "unusually honorable. That's why I've dared to hold you in my arms." He stepped back. "And now—I must let you go, Lil."

The box fell out of her hand. The little gold shells spilled on the floor.

He picked them up and then clipped them, in turn, one on each strap of her dress. Then he said, "Now go, my dear," and opened the door and watched her as she hesitated, then turned and went out.

Lil wrote:

"Dearest Mum: I think I may have a great piece of news for you when I get back . . ." and then she remembered! How silly of her! But then she didn't know really, thinking of him all the time as she did, if she was standing on her head or her heels.

She took up the piece of note-paper and tore it across, and dropped it into the waste-paper basket. Better anyway to break it to them herself. Besides, it'd all be fixed up and more definite by then. Because of course he hadn't "spoken" in so many words yet. Only his meaning was clear enough: "My intentions are—unusually honorable," in his voice that hesitated and thrilled her so queerly and terribly.

She touched the little gold shells clipped to her wrapper, and the sweet and disturbing remembrance of last night (of his touch as he let her hand go, of his look, as he opened the door for her) oppressed her senses.

She got up and began to pack. Even if they only docked at three, she decided, she would get her packing done before the heat of the day. And besides, although he hadn't actually said anything last night, he'd be expecting her on deck about twelve.

She didn't see him on deck until nearly one. And when she did and he sat down in the chair beside hers, he was sort of queer and pale and restless and said he'd had a swim, and that he'd looked for her everywhere, and it felt like thunder. But when nearly everyone had gone down to lunch and they got up to go too, and they were practically alone, he paused, and said, "I thought so much about you last night."

And when he said this the frightened feeling left her, and she felt sort of shaky and warm and as if she was going to cry;

but only for happiness. But he went on, "Lil . . . dear . . . we've got to have a talk . . ." But he broke off, saying, "Perhaps—after luncheon."

And they went downstairs, and she took his hand and said, "You mustn't let yourself get worried about things, dear. It's all going to be wonderful! It is really." And there was such a sweet comforting tone in her voice (the tone in her mother's voice that had first comforted Mr. Bird, her father, twenty years before) that Alan turned to look at her. And meeting her look that startled him by a grave and high and beautiful quality of its own, he stopped short, and then broke out, "Lil . . ." And then, "Lil!" again—suddenly so speechlessly sorry for her, and so bitter with himself that he could have burst into tears.

And then he seized her hand and kissed it and, without another look, turned and ran upstairs instead of going into the dining room for lunch. . . . Men did act queer, she thought, puzzled, yet more flattered and touched than anxious.

And it wasn't until they were docking that she saw him across the great piles of luggage on the dock and called out, "See you later," leaving it to him to make their arrangements to meet this evening. (The Welham Hotel she was to go to. But she'd tell him that when she saw him. He looked sort of flustered about his luggage, and it didn't do to interfere with any man when he was bothered.) He called back, "See you on the dock," and turned away to say something to a steward near him. Someone near her said, "Isn't it wonderful?" about the view of New York, and she looked at it again. But its high blocks and towers, steel-colored and misty in the heat of the afternoon, seemed only dimly "wonderful" compared to her sense and view of her own future.

She went down to her cabin and shut the valise that she was taking on shore, and explained to the stewardess that she was making the return trip. And then remembered that she had told her this already.

When she got up on deck again the ship was alongside the quay and a crowd of faces were looking up.

Suddenly Alan was beside her and his arm was in hers. He said:

"Come with me . . . I . . . want to say something to you. I must say something to you. Lil my dear."

She said, "Whatever! Can't it wait?" She was too excited to notice his tone. Funny men were!

When they had pushed through the crowd on deck she followed him down the gangplank. He said three times over that his luggage would be under F, holding her arm tight but not looking at her.

She said, "Then mine'll be under B." And he repeated, "Yes. You'll be under B." He seemed to be looking round in the coming and going of people and stewards and luggage for a porter. She said:

"It seems to me the best is to go and wait for our luggage as everybody else is doing."

"There's no hurry. It won't be off the boat yet!" And then, "Lil dear."

"All the same . . ."

"Very well then." He was still looking round with quick fussy turns of his head. "I'll take you over to B."

When they got there her valise hadn't arrived, and an elderly lady was arguing

with a Customs man about a half-opened crate of wine.

But when he started again, "Lil . . . I must just say something—" she cut him short, almost laughing at him, saying, "Look here, dear—we'll be seeing each other later," and taking on a proprietary tone she sent him (it was the first time she had ever "told" him to do anything) over to F to see how his own baggage was coming along. . . . And her look followed him with affection—and then with a renewed stab of wonder that he should belong to her.

Alan was saying to the Customs officer, "Yes, those three are mine," when he turned round and saw Sonya.

As he saw her he felt that strange sickening sweet shock of the familiar that only she could give him; and saw that she was new again; and felt his heart beat too quickly again . . . and his sense of life, of living, of delight awaken again. . . .

When he spoke it was her name.

"Sonya . . ."

And Lil, making her way toward F ("Pardon me," she said to the Scotch lady's maid), saw him standing still in the middle of all the trunks and turmoil. He was holding hands with a smart-looking woman. And Lil, as she realized this, was near enough too to hear the woman say, "Oh, Alan, I'm *pleased*."



FACING THE FACTS ON HOUSING

A PROBLEM WITH NO EASY ANSWER

ANONYMOUS

TO MENTION housing nowadays is to provoke widely varied and sometimes very strong emotions. Even for the average citizen intent upon finding a place to live with a modicum of comfort and convenience the word conjures up visions of weary trudging from one prospect to another, to look at apartments or houses too expensive for the budget or too dismal and shabby to be calmly considered. But it is the sociologist, the business man, the legislator, the economist who in recent years have tended to get most angry when they begin to think about housing; for to each of these the term has a far wider significance than the mere matter of his own habitation.

In the sociologist especially, alarm, indignation, and even disgust are likely to be aroused; for the sociologist knows that far too many of the American people are obliged to live in dwellings devoid of even the common decencies of life, to say nothing of the comforts and conveniences. He knows too that, merely because of the places in which they live, an appalling proportion of the youth of the nation is foredoomed to lives of degradation and, probably, to careers of viciousness and crime. He knows also that this state of affairs is an affront to the intelligence of a nation with the organizing genius and the wealth in men and materials that are possessed by the United States; and so, unless he is too tired and discouraged to care any more, he is likely to become so angry that he contributes

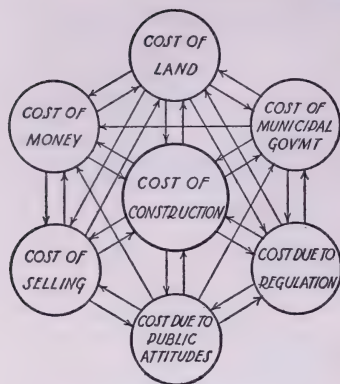
heat rather than light to consideration of the problem.

The business man has come to believe that in all probability housing, in some exasperatingly elusive way, is the watchword to complete recovery from the depression and to greater prosperity. But he has been intoning the word now for years, and nothing much happens. Likewise the legislator: in his political campaigning he has made much capital of both the social and the economic overtones of the word, and he has seen in housing an instrumentality for dealing with some of the new problems forced upon government by the depression; but he too is beginning to suspect that there is something wrong with the shibboleth.

To the economist, if he happens to be also a student of politics, housing is a challenge to his powers of realistic analysis. He, like the sociologist and the business man and the legislator, may feel like scolding; but his job, he knows, is to assemble and examine, not the symptoms, but the underlying causes of the malady.

It is proposed in the present discussion to undertake at least a preliminary examination of these underlying causes. This will be done in the conviction that the great architect Louis Sullivan was right when he said that the solution of any problem is inherent in the statement of it.

First, however, it must be made clear what is meant and what is not meant by



WHY HOUSING COSTS TOO MUCH

the housing problem. As here considered, it is not the problem of increasing the purchasing power of the people to the point where they can afford adequate housing. That, to be sure, is a fundamental problem; but it underlies well nigh every other economic and social problem in the world, quite as certainly as it affects housing. More income for all the people would certainly result in better housing, just as it would make possible the wider enjoyment of better and more abundant food and clothing, of more and stouter automobiles, of finer and more widely distributed symphony orchestras, opera houses, theatrical performances, books of prose and poetry—to say nothing of jazz and movies. But even a substantial increase of income for everybody in the country would not solve the housing problem now under discussion; for such an increase would still leave the majority of our people provided with a quality of housing far below the standards which they could attain in practically all other phases of living.

What is meant by the housing problem in this article, therefore, is the problem of bringing the business of providing shelter for all the people up to a level of efficiency, in quantity and quality, comparable with the level already attained by the

business of providing most of the other necessities and comforts and luxuries.

Adequate housing costs too much. Whether you build or buy, or whether you pay rent, the cost is out of all proportion to what you get for your money in comparison with what you get when you spend it for almost anything else you can think of. This is the central fact of the housing problem.

It is a fact, moreover, which would remain central and insurmountable under any conceivable political or economic system so long as the causes for its existence were not removed; and those causes are such that no change in our political and economic organization could in itself be counted upon to remove them. Whether private enterprise or the government built the houses; whether they were built under unrestrained capitalism or the most extreme form of socialism, or under any imaginable compromise between the two, the causes of the housing problem would remain the same.

There are seven main causes of the high cost of housing. They are not only interrelated; they are inter-dependent and inter-acting one upon another. One might describe them as forming a vicious circle, except that they are in reality more like an agglomeration of circles, each forming within itself and with all the others a situation bad enough to be called vicious. Their complexity will surely be apparent from the accompanying diagram, wherein an attempt has been made to depict them graphically. It will be observed that four of them—the cost of construction, the cost of land, the cost of selling, and the cost of money—are essentially material and technical; while the other three—the cost necessitated by building and zoning regulation, the cost of public administration, and the cost occasioned by public attitudes—are mainly political or social.

II

At the heart of our nightmare diagram is the cost of construction. This is so

because the whole composite of influences involved in housing is determined by the character of our construction methods; and conversely, all the other forces react upon the cost of construction, perpetuating those methods.

The pattern of the construction industry was pretty well set before the industrial revolution. It has not essentially changed. Carpenters and bricklayers and stonemasons to-day go to work to build a house in just about the same way they set about the job two hundred years ago. During a period when every other important manufacturing process was undergoing a thorough adaptation to capitalistic and industrial technics, building remained a localized, handicraft process. Long after the days were past when the neighboring woods could be depended upon for lumber and the native hills for brick-clay and stone—even after the time had come when the house contained almost as much machinery as a ship—the construction industry remained, and still remains, as it was before the first steam engine, an industry turning out a handmade product. It is a product assembled by a group, now an ever-increasing group, of specialists—electricians and plumbers, metal workers and woodworkers, plasterers and paperhangers, all acting with jealous independence of one another. This crew is feebly co-ordinated by one of its number acting in the capacity of "general contractor." And all of them must deal on a retail basis with a horde of material and equipment dealers standing between them and the producers of the material and equipment which they must buy.

The intensely local and retail character of building operations is revealed by the Census of Construction of 1929. This survey indicated that the dominant factor in the industry was a group of over 113,000 small contractors, whose average annual volume of business was a little less than \$9,000. Compared with these multitudinous small enterprisers, the 750 operative builders listed, with their average volume of \$205,000, seem like big

business. But in total volume their output was but little more than one-seventh that of the aggregate of the lesser builders, and their comparatively large-scale operations represented an average of not more than 50 houses a year.

Residential construction is a small-time business, wholly dependent upon the vagaries of a local market. To share the risks and the overhead costs of such a business, an elaborate system of sub-contractors has developed, each assuming a partial share of the responsibility. Labor, to protect itself against such an assemblage of employers and the frequent shifting from one employer to another, feels obliged to organize into trades paralleling the sub-contractor structure.

The complexity of this state of affairs will be suggested by the fact that in the smallest cottage hardly less than eight separate classes of specialists must be employed. The cumbersomeness of such a system (or lack of system) is manifest in the slow succession of trades in the assembling of a house, the mutual interference of different kinds of workers on the job, their jealous efforts to maintain exclusive jurisdiction—efforts which become the more involved as invention multiplies the available materials and confuses the old craft processes. The excessive cost of the procedure is inherent in the waste, the confusion, the loss of time, the opportunities for extortion, and the multiplicity of profits that derive from the setup. Above all, high cost is inherent in the method of distributing materials upon which the whole business depends.

Retail production of houses calls for the services of jobbers and other middlemen in the handling of materials. The small capital of the local contractors, the insignificance of their individual operations, the uncertainties of their markets require that someone shall hold the bag for them while they wait for business. Somebody must keep on hand stocks of materials and equipment upon which from time to time they may draw. Thus every type of contractor or subcontractor

must have its jobbers and wholesalers standing between it and the manufacturer, calculating the market as best they can and carrying the gamble along with their money tied up in bricks, bathtubs, lumber, cement, electrical equipment, and everything else that they can hope to sell some day when somebody decides to build a house. This service makes inevitable a mark-up over the manufacturers' cost of from ten to one hundred per cent, and adds a major item to the total cost of the house.

Compare the automobile manufacturer, going directly to the steel mill for his fenders produced and shaped, with the small builder purchasing from his yard a few thousand feet of lumber of numerous shapes and varieties, at least fifteen per cent of which he will waste in fitting to the job. Compare the same automobile manufacturer buying direct from the glass works his sheets formed to his exact requirements, with the same builder purchasing his glass through the jobber and again by hand operations trimming each piece to the needed size. To make such comparisons is to realize that the dealers' mark-up is not the only cost arising from the distribution system. We see that there is piled on also the cost of repeated handling of material, of the material wasted, of the labor taken to waste this material, and of the transportation of the material which is to be wasted!

No more expensive or extravagant conglomeration of unsystematic procedures could be consciously devised than that which, in the effort to preserve a medieval organization amid modern conditions, results from our present construction methods. The mere weight of it, one might think, would bring it to destruction. Yet in its complexities, vested interests of great collective strength have grown up—the subcontractor interest, the craft-union interest, the jobber interest—interests frequently representing large aggregates of investment in plant structure, or organization, or personnel, or all three, which face the possibility of extinction

if a really systematic procedure were adopted.

So the conglomeration of outmoded methods stands frozen, restricted by its narrow market, bearing its staggering overhead, its enterprisers and workers enduring fluctuations greater and suffering from them far more grievously than those of other industries, but fearing and thwarting technical advance and resisting change of all sorts.

As a result, enjoyment of the bulk of the new housing produced is within the reach of only about ten per cent of the population. It is a luxury article.

Unable to produce anything but a luxury article, the construction industry proceeds to make the article still more luxurious. It does so through its desperate efforts to increase sales, sales which are difficult to obtain because of failure to reach a broader market and to create a replacement demand. In order to keep the ten per cent dissatisfied with what they have and thus receptive to new sales efforts, the industry focuses its attention upon architectural fads, striking materials, elaborate bathrooms, more complicated heating systems, an increase of automatic features, more fascinating gadgets of all kinds. As the house becomes more complex and expensive, the public, through the influence of advertising, becomes so enthralled by these extravagant standards that not only do builders quail at the thought of a product which eliminates any of them, but agencies established to produce dwellings for the underprivileged appear to find it impossible in the interest of economy to revert to a less adorned standard.

Let us pause now to note the first of the series of reactions and counteractions suggested by our diagram—that occurring between construction costs and public attitudes. The frantic industry spends a surplus badly needed for technical research and reorganization in creating an insupportable public demand. The attitudes so engendered, acting reversely, straitjacket the industry in the rigid standard it has set up.

A similar reaction occurs in the development of building codes, which are public attitudes carried into law. For example, it has seemed only natural to the people of New York City that an apartment bathroom by law must have a tile floor, no matter how much more it costs than a floor made of something equally serviceable. The public, in the supposed interest of fireproofing and safety, has permitted powerful sections of the industry to dictate code requirements which perpetuate uneconomic or needlessly expensive practices, give virtual monopolies to certain materials, force the excess use of other materials, and make the introduction of new methods and materials difficult or impossible.

Again, however, the counteraction must be noted. It should be said in defense of the stringency of the building codes that they are made necessary in the first place by the unreliable character of the industry and the persistence of the unaccountable human element in construction. Thus we have the spectacle of codes enacted originally to protect the public from a haphazard and irresponsible business (it may be noted that we have not felt the need for automobile erection codes), seized upon by the industry as instruments for the preservation of its haphazardness.

III

Retail house production inevitably leads to retail land distribution. The relations between the two are so intimate that it is useless to try to credit or blame either for the existence of the other. They are co-existent, and necessarily so.

Our methods of building individual dwellings have required a wide choice of building lots. The supplying of such a choice has meant the subdividing of land both in advance of demand and without knowledge of the precise character of the demand. This has led to monotony and extravagance in land layout and waste in the cost of streets and sewers, water lines, gas pipes, and other utilities. It

has forced subdividers to gamble with the market, and frequently it has meant the carrying of ruinous investments over extended periods of time. It has transformed the improvement of land, the basic essential for home development, into an opportunity for irresponsible speculation. Often it has rendered unusable large areas of favorably located land, through the subdivision and sale of tracts farther out, thus burdening the buyer with transportation costs piled upon land costs. It has, needless to say, made the lot, which is sold and re-sold on a speculative basis and loaded with the cost of thoughtlessly planned improvements and of taxes and interest during the so-called "ripening" period, a far too expensive element in the total of the housing outlay.

Again we have the counteraction. Once such a method of land development is established to serve a retail building process, it makes such a process inevitable. It would not fit any other process. But its influence reaches even farther than this. It not only creates its own high cost and reflects back on the cost of building; it gives rise to a miscellany of little costs such as title search, title insurance, lawyers' fees, and the like.

Above all, haphazard retail land development aggravates high real estate taxes on the one hand and the cost of money on the other. To inveigh against high taxes has become a fashionable pastime. It is useful to remember, though, that if we are to have any government at all we must pay for it, and that if we persist in practices which make government expensive we must pay for that too. Our methods of utilizing land add greatly to the cost of municipal government. We pay for pavements, sewers, and water in areas where they are not needed, and we pay for extending them past vacant land to areas of sporadic development. We pay for fire and police protection and for public lighting in sparsely settled areas where speculation has halted development or where speculative development has destroyed values. We pay for

the measures required for sanitation and health in such areas. And so long as these necessities of urban life exist, our housing must carry the burdens of cost which they create.

We are forced to realize, therefore, that the building of houses on a piecemeal basis produces a series of mounting costs. Similarly, we are confronted with the fact that the development of land on a piecemeal basis is likely both to ruin the developer and to burden the buyer. We should not, then, be surprised to discover that the selling of this compound piecemeal product is not a thing that happens by itself. Of necessity, it requires advertising, solicitation, showing, cleaning, and heating during what may be an extended selling season. On top of these overhead selling costs comes the commission of the man who calls for you in an automobile and shows you all the gadgets in the house, which alone may add substantially to the price you must pay.

IV

But the end is not here. We have still the cost of financing. Houses of course are only rarely bought for cash. Ordinarily, in whatever the price range, they are bought subject to a mortgage; and a mortgage loan is not to be obtained as a matter of philanthropy. You must take your hat in your hand and interview a hard-eyed lender of money.

The waste and the expense attendant on the short-sighted lending policies which have produced combinations of first, second, and even third mortgages in home finance, their frequent renewals (at a cost), their ever-impending total payment, have been roundly and loudly enough condemned since the depression not to require another recital here. The oppressive system (or rather lack of system), while continuing a now almost furtive existence, is fairly well displaced, thanks to public revolt and recent federal policy. Unfortunately this does not mean that the mortgage problem is solved. Commissions are still charged; interest

rates are still higher than for most types of security; and fixed charges as a whole, including amortization, still constitute a threatening element in the total.

It is as easy to cry out against the banker as against the tax collector, and as futile. Assuming an ample supply of funds seeking investment (and probably never has such a supply anywhere existed as in this country to-day), the interest, or cost of money, for any given investment is directly related to the risk involved in that investment as compared with other available investments. Mortgage lending in this country—as witness the three billion dollars of salvage loans by the Home Owners Loan Corporation—has proved to be an extremely risky business. It is useless to inveigh against the banker until he can better avoid this risk.

Risk arises out of the uncertain quality of construction, with its threat of rapid deterioration. Houses too often are worthless before the mortgage is paid off or even materially reduced. Risk arises out of our speculative land-development methods, with the attendant decadence in neighborhoods and the ever-spreading blight. The banker never knows when a promising new suburb may start to become a slum. Risk arises from artificial levels of cost created by building codes, jobber agreements, and union rules; risk arises out of our emphasis on gadgets and style appeal, with their accelerated obsolescence; risk arises out of our high-pressure selling, with the possible subsequent dissatisfaction of the purchasers; and risk arises out of the chaotic tax situation.

Interest rates cannot be arbitrarily forced down while hazards such as these remain to torment the lender.

But here again, as in other relationships noted on the diagram, the forces work in both directions. Mortgage lenders are an active as well as a passive factor in the cost picture. In their devices for avoiding risk in lending on real estate—low percentage mortgages, short-term loans, and so forth—they have augmented cost and increased risk. Competitive mortgage lending in boom periods has

led to speculative appraisal and the confirmation of speculative land values. Most of us remember how eagerly the salesman assured us we could buy the house with practically nothing as a down payment and how ready the bankers were to take our mortgages.

Unwilling to acknowledge losses when the boom is over, lenders strive their bravest to preserve fictitious levels of value. Similarly, with investments based on costs arising out of extravagant construction methods, they become fearful of any technical advance which might adversely affect the cost levels upon which their loans have been made.

There is no particular obloquy attached to this attitude of the bankers. It is inevitable, things being as they are. But it succeeds in adding the last degree of rigidity to a frozen lack of system. Construction costs remain high, high land cost is supported, fictitious assessments for taxation are confirmed, and high-pressure selling is sent recklessly onward—all because of the complex of forces of which the bankers are the more or less innocent victims.

V

Let us consider now at greater length the manner in which public attitudes must be held responsible for the situation outlined in the foregoing paragraph. The realization that something is wrong is not new. It goes back at least to the time when the discovery was made that irresponsible building had a connection with fire hazard and the spread of disease. People finally found out that old rabbit-warren buildings would burn like tinder, and that lack of sanitary precautions would result in epidemics of smallpox and typhoid fever. The result of such a realization was, as might have been expected, a resort to legislation. But, as might also have been expected, the legislation which followed did not in any sense reach the causes of the predicament. It merely attempted to mitigate the effects; and incidentally it served also to perpetuate the causes.

We have already shown how building codes, created for the purpose of protecting the public from an irresponsible industry, have become the means for entrenching powerful interests in their privileges. We have mentioned the compulsory tiled floors in the bathrooms of New York apartments. Another amusing example is to be found in a large city where the revolving-door provisions of its code were so drawn as to permit only the installation of doors manufactured under a tightly held patent. Such instances are not rare. Building codes are generally a bulwark of protection to existing practices and a formidable obstacle to technical advance.

In like manner the estimable principle of zoning—designed originally to prevent one property from shutting off the light and air reasonably due another, and to protect the owner of property from loss of value through adverse development by his neighbors—has been frequently seized upon by land-owning interests as a convenient device for improving the speculative qualities of urban real estate. Areas suitable only for truck farming have been zoned, plotted, and sold as apartment sites—profitable only to the initial developers and to those speculators who were lucky enough to unload quickly. In nearly every city lie hundreds of acres of slum and blighted land kept out of rational low-cost housing use because they are zoned for intensive industrial, commercial, or apartment use, and thus have been vested with fictitious values. We have seen how mortgage lending based upon such values has tended to preserve those values as an obstinate element in the cost of housing.

A peculiarly difficult element is added to the problem by the fact that municipalities share in the creation of speculative values. Assessments for tax purposes follow speculative zoning and selling; and the cities are under an irresistible temptation to hold them tight after the peak is reached.

Considerable discussion might be introduced at this point concerning our funda-

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mental policy of taxing real estate on an advalorem basis—in essence the “capital levy,” which has been so vigorously opposed when the attempt has been made to introduce it into other fields. It is true of course that so long as assessments are well in line with the actual use and earning power of property the system need not work badly. But again and again assessments are based upon the anticipated future use of land, land which is not now earning on such a basis; and in such instances the whole business becomes top-heavy, as speculation, goaded by the specter of taxes, becomes frantic.

When the situation gets critical we are moved to fly again to legislation. But again we seek for alleviations rather than for cures. We do not renovate the tax system as such, nor do we endeavor to remove the causes of the high taxes. We strive rather to place limitations on the advalorem tax, and thus leave the whole problem up in the air; or else we resort to such devices as the sales tax, which tends to place upon the cost of building what it removes from the cost of land. Through indifference or apathy, or through preoccupation with other things which blindly we deem more important, we refuse to face the facts.

Although we realize how many individuals we have to cope with in getting a building upon the market—engineers, architects, contractors, brokers, salesmen, and so forth—we do not question the necessity for such a state of affairs, but seek to protect ourselves from unskillful or unscrupulous practitioners through licensing and registration laws. And again we find these laws rapidly transformed into means for protecting and preserving the interests of special groups.

Awake at last to the hopelessness of the whole situation, so far as the production of dwellings for the majority of the population is concerned, we call upon the government to do the job. The government goes into building, and the costs amaze us. It quickly becomes evident that the government as such is no more

able to challenge effectively the entrenched elements of which the business is composed than is the individual citizen.

In the name of public welfare and common sense we ask why these things should be, and the answer is found in our attitude toward the question. Little or nothing is done about the root causes of the problem, because in our apathy and indifference to public affairs we do not in reality appear to want to do anything. It would almost seem that we permit the existing system to remain in its strength because of our fear that any substantial change would threaten other things which concern us more, more even than the achievement of decent shelter for ourselves. Sentiment is a powerful economic determinant. We have in us the impulse to seek out a place for a home and to fashion it to our needs and desires. Though man is a herding animal, like the wolf he generally prefers to call his hole his own, to find it, prepare it, and maintain it independently of the jurisdiction of the herd.

In a frontier society such an impulse may have full scope without detriment to anyone. In a highly urbanized social organization it becomes fair game for the exploiter, and it plays hob on a grand scale with the objectives from which it is derived. Yet the sentiment remains so strongly a part of us that we prefer to conduct ourselves as if, even in so complex a society, it might still be simply expressed. We prefer the dream of what we want to the reality of what we might have.

This irrational, instinctive approach to the problem of housing is the very root of all the other causes of the costliness of shelter. It has maintained attitudes which have kept the erection of houses on a localized basis and caused home building to lag behind all other enterprise in its resistance to modern industrial methods. It encourages unbridled individualism in the plotting of land; it renders almost inevitable the building of dwellings in piecemeal fashion; and it

promotes the development of standards which pamper the demand for individualistic expression in gadgets rather than in the essentials of healthful living. The result of course is that in the melancholy regularity of speculative subdividing we suffer greater regimentation than any proponent of large-scale planning would dare impose upon us.

VI

Two preliminary conclusions present themselves at once. The first of them confirms a suggestion made at the outset of this article, that we do not have to go outside the limits of the problem itself to seek for its solution; in other words, that we do not have to mount a soapbox and preach revolution. The second is that the existing situation is mostly our own fault; that in our hesitancy to face hard facts we are as a nation peculiarly susceptible to the temptation to resort to external remedies likely to aggravate the malady we wish to cure.

When at last we do come to grips with the facts, however, we may be sorely tempted to throw up our hands in despair. We try to visualize the indicated changes in the organization and operation of the construction industry, and there looms the vicious circle of the high hourly wages of the building-trades workers and their low and uncertain annual earnings; the question of what is to become of the thousands of people engaged as middlemen in the distribution of materials if these people are to be eliminated in the process of reducing cost; the effort required to break down the resistance to technical advance; the interaction of these and other phases of the industry with the related elements of the problem; and finally, the confusion and entanglement of the problem with the problems of municipal government.

The best we can hope for is a rational approach to a solution, an approach which will permit a step-by-step attack on the problem, so that each advance will provide a starting point for the next one.

Manifestly, the attack must begin with a renovation of our own attitudes—toward fads and gadgets, toward our individual responsibility for electing governments competent to deal with matters of land planning, taxation, zoning, building codes, and the like.

Above all, we must avoid resort to measures which will tend to complicate rather than alleviate the conditions underlying the problems. Subsidized housing, for example, involves dangerous pitfalls. Those of us who are moved by the thought of the social consequences of inadequate housing are strongly inclined to demand that the government at once do something about it; and in the crisis to which our long indifference has brought us the government may in fact find itself obliged to take precipitate action. If so, let us at least keep the realities clearly before us.

Governmental subsidies for housing cannot of themselves solve the problem, and they might actually serve to prolong the existence of most of the underlying causes of it. It is not easy for the government to escape the influence of pressure groups; to get rid of the pyramiding of costs involved in wasteful methods of material distribution; to escape the toll of the sub-contracting system; to readjust the basis for workers' wages; to eliminate the risks which necessitate high financing costs; to establish a rational basis for land utilization and valuation; or to resolve the dilemma of our tax-burdened cities. In the event of either subsidies or direct action by the government the tendency to leave the obstacles to lowered housing costs untouched and thus to fortify their position would be well nigh irresistible.

A similar danger lurks in the attempt at universalization of home ownership. Think of the multitudes of well-meaning people who in the past have been persuaded to purchase, on credit, dwellings which their incomes were not sufficient to pay for and to maintain! Home ownership is socially desirable, and where it can be safely undertaken it should receive every proper encouragement; but

in an industrial civilization like ours a large and perhaps an increasing proportion of people must be prepared on short notice to move from one locality to another in response to shifting opportunities for employment, and are, therefore, not well situated for ownership of real property. Whether we like it or not, a substantial percentage of us, perhaps a majority, can be most economically housed if we rent our houses rather than own them. Unwise pressure to force expansion of the production of houses under existing methods—pressure upon government control agencies to lower standards of both property and credit—can only lead to another disastrous situation like that from which we are emerging.

VII

The next thing we must do is to estimate the obstacles to be overcome and recognize the social and economic adjustments which will have to be made. Labor, for instance, cannot be expected to accept any lowering of hourly wage rates except in exchange for greater security and continuity of employment, nor to relax its restrictive rules without some promise of increased annual earnings. Subcontractors too, closely parallel as they are with the organization of labor, may be expected to use all the influence at their command to maintain their position unless opportunities are provided them for a more attractive use of their talents in other phases of the construction industry. The same will be true of the small builders, of the material dealers, of the speculative land developers, of the salesmen of real estate—in short, of all those who have a stake in things as they are. And among these we must by no means overlook the tenuous position of the lenders of money, with large mortgage investments in the substandard housing now existing on so wide a scale in our cities.

And the cities themselves—for the most part they have a substantial interest in the speculative values which have been

built up within their borders. Acre after acre has been assessed, as it has been priced in the market, on the assumption that skyscraper development is imminent, where actually nothing more than two or three-storey structures will ever be needed. Yet the cities must have the tax money required to maintain the extravagant administrative structure built upon an overexpanded area. Any change which rapidly lowers assessments will threaten bankruptcy and serious crippling of public services.

If we failed to recognize the seriousness of the practical adjustments required by a great economic or industrial transition we might unwittingly cause a deal of trouble. We might, for example, bring about such widespread distress as, following the rapid development of the automobile, occurred in agriculture and in the numerous trades built up around the maintenance of the horse and buggy. If we are to avoid the possibility of such drastic reactions, we must move slowly.

VIII

Some progress, however, can surely be made. Here and there the realities are already being tackled. Thus we have the fever over the prefabrication of houses with its certain, if stumbling progress. We see large mail order houses supplying plumbing fixtures set in place—direct from factory to site—cutting across the whole distribution maze, and offering other building elements on the same basis. We see greater attention given to site planning by subdividers, and we see cities occasionally approaching their zoning problems more rationally. We see also the federal government establishing the means whereby more uniform appraisal methods for mortgage lending may be introduced, higher building standards may be maintained, and the individual losses which occur in a widespread industrial change may be absorbed and distributed through mutual insurance. And we may take note of such legislation as was recently passed in New York State

for the better control of land subdivision.

All of this is in the right direction. But it is only a beginning. The clearing of obstacles must continue, first through the establishment of saner and more far-reaching State and local regulation of land utilization. The principle of county zoning, such as is now established in Wisconsin, might be extended to cover the transition between rural and urban use. The creation of effective planning boards, such as exists in Cincinnati, is everywhere necessary; and through such boards courageous rezoning of land in realistic relationship to probable use might be undertaken.

Of course we must also reconsider the bases of our real estate taxes, and the system of taxation which we develop must conform to rational land-planning and housing policies.

Some years ago the National Bureau of Standards began studies looking toward a national model building code. After the activities of the Bureau were restricted by the Economy Act of 1933 this work was assumed by the American Standards Association. Means might be provided, through federal assistance, to expedite this work and to establish machinery through which it could be rapidly introduced throughout the country. The establishment of such a building code, drawn from a national point of view, and based upon performance standards for all materials rather than devised for the exclusive benefit of certain materials, would do much to remove the intensely local character of the building industry.

The construction industry is badly in need of means for thoroughgoing research into materials and methods. It needs facilities for testing in a positive way the numerous novel systems now being prematurely rushed into the market. It would benefit from independent research carried on by such an agency as the federal government might set up, which might be expected to be more interested in the ultimate objective of economic shelter than merely in new markets for certain materials.

Similarly, economic research must be carried forward. The fact that to-day we do not know even how many houses there are in this country, or what is the total amount of mortgage indebtedness on them, indicates the elementary basis upon which this research must begin. Without such comprehensive knowledge we shall ever be at a loss in determining the character of the housing demand, either quantitatively or qualitatively. Research of this character also would appear to be clearly a function of the federal government.

The strengthening of credit facilities, which has been so much a concern of the present Administration, should be continued; and to the end that money costs may be further reduced, the existing policy of the government aimed at the diminution as well as the spread of risk in mortgage lending should be given every possible support.

As this step-by-step approach to a solution is made, one by one the obstacles to the development of large house-building companies might be removed. Such companies might build for sale and for rent, taking full advantage of all that our industrial technics have developed in the way of efficiency through mass production; and they might carry on their operations independently of the vagaries of single local markets. In such an integrated industry, with its possibilities of greatly increased productive capacity, all the enterprisers, all the workers, and all the capital associated in the present chaos, and a great deal more, might be readily absorbed and provided with continuous employment. The potential permanent demand for decent dwellings, both newly constructed and secondhand, would be simply enormous at the sales prices or the rentals which would be possible if the housing industry became as efficient as, let us say, the automobile industry.

Whatever may be the precise steps taken, the solution of the housing problem will depend upon the intelligence, the honesty, and the alert civic-mindedness of public opinion. If we really de-

sire better housing for everybody we can face the facts of the situation and proceed, patiently but never ceasingly, to get it. If we prefer to ignore the facts and their implications, if we find greater sentiment-

tal and social values in maintaining the present complex but traditional lack of system, we can perhaps make such a choice—but we shall not achieve an adequate supply of housing.

IDENTITY

BY RUTH DART

I AM a thought in other minds,
An echo, sounding in the heart
To waken songs or pangs, or find
A conversational counterpart.

*I am a voice to listening ears,
A murmur, shout, or tone of truth,
A ring of jollity, or tears,
A seeming sage, or hasty youth.*

*I am a form before the eyes,
A swinging movement, a surmise
Of grace or shapelessness.
I am a frame for touching hands,
A felt and feeling warmth that stands
Apart, or in closeness.*

*I am a quantity to hold
Reflection of experience,
Impressed by humans manifold
In sweet or hurtful incidents.*

*I am a sum of all I've sensed
Of passionate intelligence,
By tongues of science influenced,
And tracings of art's testaments.*

*I am a page prepared by years
Of forceful primitive careers:
The issue of a race.
I am the memory to be—
The promise of posterity,
A step through changing space.*

*As breathing beating living leaves,
Above the barren body grieves
Each one known and cherished.
I am not dead. They weep to see
The pieces of themselves in me
That have passed and perished.*



TO SPEAK MY MIND ABOUT RUSSIA

THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN ODESSA

BY E. M. DELAFIELD

As my Russian visit draws to an end, I feel that the time has come for me to speak my mind about the Soviet Republic.

But to whom? My fellow-travelers all have opinions of their own which they regard, rightly or wrongly, as being of more value than mine. Most of them are pessimistic and declare that they don't ever want to come back again, and that the Crimea was lovely but the plugs in the hotels wouldn't pull, and Moscow was interesting but very depressing.

Some, on the other hand—like Mrs. Pansy Baker, the American communist—are wholly enthusiastic. (There is no *juste milieu* where the Soviet is concerned.) How splendid it all is, they cry, and how fine to see everybody busy, happy, and cared for. As for the institutions—the crèches, the schools, the public parks, and the prisons—all, without any qualification whatsoever, are perfect. Russia has nothing left to learn.

It would be idle to argue with them. For the matter of that, it is almost always idle to argue with anybody.

In Russia it is not only idle but practically impossible. One had thought of Russia, in one's out-of-date bourgeois way, as a country of tremendous discussions—of long evenings spent in splendid talk round the samovar—of abstract questions thrashed out between earnest thinkers. All that must have gone out with the Grand Dukes, the beautiful women, the borzois, the sables, and the diamonds.

The Comrades do not discuss; they assert. They contradict. They admit of no criticism whatever.

Nothing could be more difficult or, probably, more unprofitable, than to speak one's mind in Russia concerning one's impressions of Russia. But all the same, I shall try. After all, it's my turn. For weeks and weeks I have followed meekly in the wake of pert and rather aggressive young women, who have told me how vastly superior everything in the U.S.S.R. is to everything in my own Capitalistic country (where they have never set foot).

And although several of the guides have been neither pert nor aggressive, but very obliging and friendly, even they have smiled rather pityingly at any comment other than one of unqualified approval.

In fact, the U.S.S.R., like the Pope, is infallible, and whereas the Pope's claim has at least the dignity of some two thousand years of experience behind it, that of the U.S.S.R. has not.

I shall speak my mind before I leave the country. I am resolved upon it. And I shall have to do it fairly soon too. Odessa is my last stopping-place. A Russian boat is to take me to Constantinople in a week's time.

There is a very intelligent Russian in the hotel. He is a doctor and has lived for several years in the United States. I shall speak my mind to the Russian doctor.

We often sit at the same table for breakfast. Surely he would welcome an impartial discussion of the state of his country from an intelligent visitor?

"I shall be leaving next week, I am going to Turkey and then back to England. Everything I have seen in Russia has been most interesting."

This is not perhaps literally true—but then, so very few statements ever are. After the first fifty, for instance, none of the pictures of Lenin and Stalin was in the least interesting. But it will do, I think, to start the impartial discussion.

"You find Soviet Russia interesting? Yes, that is what everybody says."

Well, it wasn't a very original opening. I see that now, and wish that I had thought of something new and brilliant instead.

"But," says the Russian doctor, "it is quite impossible for you to form any correct opinion of the country unless you knew it before the Revolution."

Then I've been wasting the whole of my time?

"No one can judge of the New Russia who did not know intimately, over a period of many years and from the inside, the Old Russia."

The only reply I can think of to this is Good God! and I do not make it aloud. But really, if I left home and children and country and spent months of discomfort in places I haven't liked, only to learn at the end of it all that none of my collected impressions are of any value whatever, it does seem rather discouraging. The Russian doctor is either unaware of or indifferent to the blow that he has dealt.

"Many people make that mistake," he remarks somberly. "They think that because they have visited with an interpreter a few museums, schools, hospitals they know something about this country. They do not. They know *nothing*."

In that case I ought to get a refund from Intourist. They sent me out here on entirely false pretenses.

"Another thing," continues the doctor, evidently warming to his work, "not only

is it impossible to know anything about Soviet Russia without a profound knowledge of Russia under the Tzars; it is also *absolutely* impossible to judge of it in any way correctly at the present date. For that you would have to come again, say in twenty years' time."

How unreasonable he is. If I come to Russia again in twenty years—which God forbid—it will be in a bath-chair.

"So it would really take a whole lifetime," I dejectedly suggest, "to understand exactly what is happening in the Soviet?"

"More than a lifetime. Two or three generations."

I give up, altogether, the idea of speaking my mind about the U.S.S.R. to the Russian doctor.

I must find somebody else.

II

I am inspired to choose one of the Odessa Intourist guides. She has a more pliable outlook than most of them and is married to an Austrian husband. She has been abroad, to France and Austria and America.

"Did you like America?"

"Yeah, America was fine."

"Perhaps some day you will go back there. Would you like to go back?"

"Perhaps. But it is not a free country."

"Not a free country?"

"The workers there are slaves. The women are slaves," says the guide firmly.

"I really don't think they are. American women always seem to me to have a great deal of liberty."

"No. They have no liberty. They cannot do the work that the men do."

"But I don't think they want to."

"In the Socialist state a woman is the equal of a man in every way. She can become a mechanic, an engineer, a bricklayer, a mason. If she is expecting a child she does no work for two months before and one month after it is born, and she gets her money just the same while she is nursing the child—"

I know all this. I have heard it, and more than once, from every guide in every town that I have visited. The treatment of the expectant mother is the *cheval-de-bataille* of the whole Soviet system—and a very respectable *cheval*, too—but it cannot, surely, be the answer to every question, the triumphant last word in every discussion?

"I think the care that the Government takes of mothers and children in Russia is most excellent—but on the other hand, there is not very much individual freedom for women in the upbringing of their children. It is all really in the hands of the State."

"The children are very happy. You have seen the crèches, the little beds for them to sleep on in the daytime, yes? Each child has its own toothbrush."

"I know. But the mothers don't see very much of them, do they, if they only have them home at night?"

"In the daytime they are at work. They have the right to work."

"Supposing they didn't want to work, and would look after their children at home?"

"Some of the women become Stakhanovite workers. Then they have privileges given to them—an extra room or a wireless or perhaps a car. We have many like that."

Yes, I know that too. In every factory there is a board bearing photographs of the Stakhanovite workers—who are usually distinguished for their capability rather than for their looks.

I cannot help feeling that the guide is not keeping to the point of the discussion—or even trying to do so.

"The experiment that is being tried over here is most interesting, but it seems to me to allow very little scope for individuality. Isn't that one of the drawbacks to the Communist system?"

"There are no drawbacks to the Communist system."

One looks at her in mingled admiration and despair. Admiration because she has been drilled into such blind and stubborn loyalty to her employers, and

despair because it is so obviously impossible to conduct any discussion on such a basis.

I make one more effort.

"But surely there must be a few drawbacks to every system, to begin with, until it has been perfected. For instance, the complete lack of privacy must be trying, such a number of people all living in one or two rooms. Even in the hospitals. I suppose there's no such thing as a private ward."

"Here in Odessa, on the way to the sea, the houses that used to belong to rich people have all been converted into sanatoria for the workers. Those who need it are sent out here for a month, two months, as they require, by their trades unions."

"I know. I've seen them."

"There are beautiful gardens to those houses. They can sit there. And they can go and bathe in the sea."

"That's splendid. Do the workers who need a holiday choose where they go or is it settled for them?"

"They are told by the Government where to go for their holidays."

"That's what I meant. There isn't a great deal of freedom. Don't some of them feel they'd rather decide those things for themselves?"

"Sometimes the doctor orders special treatment. We have near here very celebrated mud-baths that cure all kinds of rheumatism."

It is like a conversation from an old-fashioned travel book:

"Where is the band-box containing hats of which I asked you to take care, you good-for-nothing fellow?"

"Sir, if you and your lady will rest awhile at the Inn, there is a fine view of Mont Blanc to be obtained from the parlor window."

Nothing is to be gained by going on talking with the guide. I shall have to speak my mind elsewhere.

But how difficult it is! Russians do not want one to speak one's mind. It is true that they like to talk, but they do not in the least like to listen. Least of

all, do they like to listen to criticism of any kind.

Well, perhaps they have their reasons for that. Only once do I go so far as to ask the lady who shows us round a Palace of the Pioneers in Rostov whether she would not like to visit some similar institutions in England or in America.

"Have you such things in England and America?"

"Yes, certainly. They are not called Palaces of the Pioneers, but we have technical schools and kindergartens and clubs for children and young people."

(The Palace of the Pioneers partakes of the nature of all these institutions, and has a really excellent marionette-show in a special little theater, into the bargain.)

"If you visited some of these places in other countries you could compare them with your own. It would be very interesting."

"No," says the Comrade, employing the simple form of flat contradiction favored by so many of the Comrades. "No, it would not be interesting. We do not wish to see how things are done in capitalist countries. When the foundation is wrong the building cannot be right. We know that our way is better."

I should like to tell her the story of the two Army chaplains, of whom the Church of England padre said to his Roman Catholic colleague:

"After all, you and I are both serving the same God," and met with the reply:

"Yes, indeed. You in your way, and I in His."

But if I did tell her she wouldn't think it funny, nor would she see its application to the official attitude of the U.S.S.R.

One can only congratulate the Government on the thoroughness with which it has seen to it that everyone coming into contact with foreign visitors upholds the theory that Soviet Russia has attained to earthly perfection within the past twenty years and has no longer anything to learn.

I wish one could talk to the old people or the people living in remote villages or the few remaining White Russians

who still stay on and contrive somehow to live.

Stories filter through, from time to time . . . of people who try to get away and can't, of people who live hunted lives, in cellars, of people who are serving long terms of forced labor, as prisoners. . . . Nobody really knows the truth.

It is evident that enormous progress is being made all over the country in civilization, and that the coming generation is to have a fair chance of acquiring health, and education and a limited amount of culture. (Limited, because everything is forbidden that is not directly in sympathy with Communist ideals, and because no society from which individualism is excluded can ever hope to produce creative artists.)

Perhaps it is inevitable that a country which has fought its way from centuries of tyranny and ignorance through bloody civil war, into the throes of a colossal rebirth should meet criticism with this blind, aggressive self-assertion.

All the same, it is very far from prejudicing one in favor of the Soviet system to find so many of its exponents without humor, without manners, and without imagination.

III

I am leaving Russia. I sail from Odessa for Istanbul to-night. I have still not spoken my mind.

In defiance of repeated instructions from Intourist—and also from many of my fellow-travelers—to the effect that "tips are neither expected nor required in the Soviet Union," I have tipped several of the hotel servants, and they have accepted my offerings without the slightest demur.

I have said good-by to Intourist, and they to me, without very much *abandon* on either side.

I have packed. I have spent hours and hours debating within myself the best means of taking out of Russia a thirty-thousand-word manuscript containing my impressions of my travels. Sometimes I think that the general atmosphere

of intrigue and mystery, so characteristic of the country, has quite gone to my head, and that there is in reality no reason at all why I shouldn't pack the manuscript in the ordinary way, among sponge-bags and pajamas. At other times—mostly in the middle of the night, when judgments always tend to become melodramatic—I see the Customs officials seizing the manuscript, and the police seizing me, and each of us being taken away in different directions. And I wonder how I shall be able to explain the position to my publishers.

I have asked advice twice—which is a grave mistake because each adviser says something quite different. Both, however, are agreed that the Customs officials are a great deal more interested in books, papers, manuscripts, and films than in any other form of contraband. This interest is manifested not only when one enters the country but, even more actively, when one leaves it.

Finally, I am decided by the frightful story of an American journalist in the Odessa Hotel who tells me that he once wrote half a novel while he was in Russia and put it in his suitcase to take to America, only to have to part with it at the Customs.

"They said they'd have to look through it," he disconsolately remarks. "That was eighteen months ago, and I guess they're still looking."

"Was it about Russia?"

"No. It was about night life in New York."

"Did you tell them that?"

"Sure I did. But they couldn't any of them read English, so they took it away to find someone who could."

I think of my own manuscript, entirely written in pencil, and feel that it may well take a very long while indeed before any persons are found who can read it. And when they do, they almost certainly won't like it.

"If you've written anything at all that you want to take home with you," says the American journalist significantly, "just carry it under your coat or some-

where. You'll find it saves a *very* great deal of time."

I think he is right.

He is less right when he adds: "It's only for a few minutes after all."

In my experience of Russia nothing is ever done there in the space of a few minutes.

With an agreeable feeling that I am being like someone in a novel all about international gangs, I lock the door of my bedroom and proceed to wedge the manuscript against my spine, under my elastic belt.

It is agony. I shall never endure it for five minutes, let alone five hours. I remove the hard cover of the manuscript, find quite another part of my spine, and try again. Bad, but endurable.

If I put on my loose coat now I shall be much too hot, but I defy anybody to notice anything abnormal in my back view.

Besides, I shall face them all the time, and look them straight in the eyes with that directness of gaze which is well known to be the outward sign of utter rectitude of spirit.

The least agreeable of the guides has been given the task of seeing off the departing tourists. There are only six of us: two Swedish astronomers, who came to see the eclipse of the sun, an elderly English couple, a young American college boy, and myself.

We drive down to the docks. I see the last of the beautiful crescent of houses above the sea-front, the last of the two-hundred steps down to the Black Sea, the last of Karl Marx preening himself on the pedestal originally occupied by the (probably better-looking) statue of the Empress Catherine, the last of the town that I have liked best of all those I have visited in the U.S.S.R.

I have no regrets. If I had any I shouldn't be in a position to indulge in them, partly because I am preoccupied by the displeasing thought that if I get much hotter most of my manuscript will probably become blurred and undecipherable, and partly because I feel ill.

Either the black bread, the salad—grown in a drain?—or the drinking-water has chosen this inconvenient moment for taking its toll of me.

If I faint—and I feel as though, between the heat, my coat, and my indisposition, I certainly shall—someone will have the brilliant idea of loosening my clothes, and the manuscript will fall out, and I shall come to under a strong police guard. . . .

I do not faint. Instead, I get out of the car with everybody else, and we all go into a shed on the docks and the inevitable wait begins, and goes on, and goes on, and goes on.

A great number of rather *dégommés*-looking Comrades are scattered about the long shed, all engaged in their usual occupation of waiting. Their luggage includes bedding, little hand-carts, bundles of wraps (one of which startles me by suddenly turning out to be an old woman), bags, boxes, and the customary mysterious portfolios.

Some of the Comrades eat dried fish. Some of them sleep. Almost all of them cough and spit.

"I wonder what we're waiting for," says the elderly Englishwoman.

She can't have been very long in Russia.

But the guide—as usual—has her answer.

"They are not yet ready," she says.

"The Customs officers?"

"They are busy."

As there are none of them in sight, the guide can't possibly know if they're busy or not. She just says it automatically. I admire the spirit of the elderly Englishwoman who replies at once that they ought to be busy over our luggage, not over anything else.

The guide, for once, has nothing to say, and we all continue to await the pleasure of the Customs officials.

(By this time most of my penciled records *must* have come off on my back.)

A little baby, swaddled to the eyebrows in shawls, screams and howls from behind its mufflings—as well it may. Nobody unwraps it or takes much notice.

Nobody seems to be taking much notice of anything. We are all sunk in fatalistic apathy. It is an atmosphere that seems very characteristic of a Russian gathering. Even when the officials at last crawl in, one at a time, from an inner office, nobody is in the least excited.

One or two of the people nearest the counter heave their luggage on to it and then turn aside in a dejected way, as though knowing that nothing is really going to happen yet, and ashamed of their own misguided impetuosity.

Only the elderly English couple, stalwart and determined, march up with their solid, respectable-looking suitcases and take up their stand in front of the counter. The guards at Waterloo probably looked like that, only with better effect; for the French are more impressionable than the Soviet Comrades, by a very long way.

The college boy is consulting the guide about his films and his photographs. He has been consulting everybody about them throughout the last two days. His predicament is very far from being peculiar to himself.

He has been in Russia four weeks and has taken a great many snapshots. Belatedly, he has discovered that no undeveloped films will be allowed to leave the country. Very well—he will have them developed and printed in Moscow. He does and is asked to pay a sum in roubles that would handsomely buy up films, photographs, camera, and all, twice over. We have all heard of this outrage and we have all assured him, with varying degrees of sympathy, that the same thing has happened to other tourists in the U.S.S.R. before now.

He seems unable to believe it. I watch him walking agitatedly to and fro, until a new wave of nausea comes over me and I clutch the sides of my bench and pass into a brief, unpleasant coma.

When I emerge, wet through and with the manuscript surely in worse case than ever, the college boy and his films are being dealt with by the officials. Strip after strip of negatives is being unrolled, held

up to the light, and scrutinized. The inspection requires the full attention of all the Customs officials—not one is left to attend to anybody else.

The Comrades, seeming neither surprised nor resentful, continue to cough, spit, sleep, or eat fish. The crying baby, still muffled, is being carried up and down by a young man with a beard, who holds a book in one hand and reads as he walks. (Culture)

The tourists mutter a little among themselves at the new delay, but are, I think, supported by the hope of some dramatic discovery, such as that the films include a snapshot of the interior of the Kremlin (where nobody, except officials, is now allowed to set foot) or a complete set of naval and military plans of the utmost importance.

Nothing of the kind happens.

However, the last roll of all, which the American youth has not had the sense to slip into his pocket, has not been developed. It is, says the young man, nothing. Just some pictures of the scenery in the Crimea.

Officials of any other nation might be expected to take one of two courses: either to accept this statement and pass the films or to reject it and confiscate them.

In Russia, the situation apparently calls for the formation of a kind of minor parliament. The original officials send for more and higher officials, who come out of the main office one by one, mostly in shirtsleeves, and gather solemnly round the little red cylinder lying on the counter.

The Intourist guide hovers about, talking a great deal and looking anxious.

"If you like, they will keep and have develop' and send after you."

"That'll be very expensive, won't it?"

The guide shrugs her shoulders. We all know that it will be very expensive—and very uncertain into the bargain.

"Better let them go," advises the Englishwoman.

Her husband supports her, though he

adds sternly that the *principle* of the thing is all wrong from start to finish.

The college boy, muttering that it's disgraceful, decides to let the films go. Twelve views of the Crimea scenery are lost for ever to the United States of America.

Nobody else's luggage yields anything sensational.

IV

Mine is the last to be examined, owing to the qualms of sickness which keep on breaking over me and preventing me from moving.

Perhaps I am, after all, starting one of the illnesses against which I was solemnly inoculated before leaving England. I suppose inoculations wear off after a time?

If it's smallpox they won't let me leave the country.

Say nothing about it.

I would rather die at sea than in Russia.

"What is this?"

"A book."

"It is a book you got in Russia?"

Obviously, it is a book I got in Russia. It is a large album with Russian text, containing some beautiful reproductions of the pictures in the gallery of Western Art at Moscow.

As it is large and heavy I have packed it in the bottom of my suitcase, and from thence it is extracted—with a bad effect on all the layers of things above it.

The conscientious Customs official looks through every single page of it. I do not know what he expects to find hidden between them. Perhaps he just likes pictures.

My other books get off lightly—so do my clothes. My letter-case is turned inside out, my very small diary severely scrutinized, upside down.

I am asked to open my hand-bag.

What shall I do if they suggest searching me?

They do not.

They repack my suitcase, quite obligingly, and shut it up again—the heavy Russian album is now on the top of my

clothes instead of underneath them—and I have passed the Customs.

"Can I go through to the boat now?"

"You must wait a little," says the guide kindly. "You are tired, yes?"

I am, in my own opinion, at the point of death—but I do not say so.

"It's rather hot in here."

"There are many people."

The Comrades certainly do look numerous as they crowd round the long, dirty wooden counter on which their belongings are now being opened and examined.

The guide keeps on looking at me—no doubt I am pale green by now—and I feel I ought to distract her attention.

Would this be a good opportunity for speaking my mind, for the first and last time, in the Soviet Republic? It must be now or never.

Quite suddenly a crisis supervenes between the Customs officials and a middle-aged and rather battered-looking Comrade. He shouts, and they shout, he tries to get out at the far door that leads to where the boat is lying, and is prevented.

"What is the matter?"

"His passport is not in order. He cannot leave."

"Poor man!"

"He is upset because his family, they will have to go."

"Without him?"

"He cannot go. His passport is not in order."

"But they'll stay behind with him, won't they?"

"No, they will have to go. It is all arranged."

How very dreadful this is. . . . The unfortunate Comrade with the defective passport is now in tears on our side of the counter and his family on the other—two women, a little boy, a baby, and the grandmother whom I mistook for a bundle.

They say good-by, in a very spectacular way, across the counter, though I think there is really no reason why they should not all be on the same side.

"When will he be able to join them?"

"I cannot say."

"I think it would be far better if they all waited together till his papers have been put in order."

"No," says the guide. "They cannot. They have given up their room. There is nowhere for them to be now except the ship."

And I realize that what she says is quite true.

The Swedish astronomers look disturbed, and say "Poor things!" and the college boy gives it as his considered opinion that Russia is *not* a free country, no, sir, it is *not*.

The unfortunate family are saying good-by again, and the baby is being handed to and fro across the counter repeatedly. It makes me, if possible, feel dizzier than before and I can watch them no longer.

The far door has been opened. I go out—manuscript and all—along the dock and up the gangway and onto the waiting boat.

I am off the soil of Soviet Russia.

In the very next berth to ours lies the *Jan Rudzutak*, in which I sailed from London Docks to Leningrad months and months ago.

Time and the hour, I think sentimentously, ride through the roughest day. And on the whole, I *have* found it a fairly rough day.

But it ends on a note of unforeseen brightness.

The Comrade whom I left in such trouble among the officials is, at the eleventh hour, after all allowed to sail. He is hustled up the gangway and into the steerage and all his family receive him with cries and screams, and the baby is again bandied about from hand to hand.

"But how did he get through if his passport wasn't in order?"

"Definitely, by bribery," says the English traveler.

He brings forward no particular evidence to support this statement, and I shall never know whether it is really true or not. But I think that most probably it is.

So I go down to my dirty little cabin and retrieve my manuscript and find it less damaged than I expected, and ask a steward if I can have a little brandy to restore me (but none comes), and have every intention of going on deck to see the last of Soviet Russia, but find, after all, that I can't stir and must remain, ignominiously prone, until I feel better.

The ship has begun to move. The journey away from Russia has started.

In a few minutes I think I shall be asleep, although a Russian loud-speaker

is blaring jazz somewhere on deck, and a group of Comrades, apparently exactly outside the porthole, is discussing the Government's new suggestion of making abortion illegal—just as it is in capitalist countries.

I wish I *had* spoken my mind, just once, in the U.S.S.R. Even though I know that nobody would have paid any attention to it, and even though it occurs to me to wonder whether I am absolutely certain of what my mind really is, concerning the new Russia.

THROWBACK

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

M*AN was no subtle blend of air and earth—
No magic texture spun of rain and loam;
No wizard brought this shape to dazzling birth
Quick as a wink, invoked of frost and foam.
Man's was a growth tortuous as Time:
Once he was fanged and taloned like the cat,
Or like the lizard, once he crawled in slime,
Or upside-down he brooded like the bat.
Echoes in him of these old shapes remain:
The hawk's rapacious gaze, the serpent's rattle;
And like the savage beast's, sometimes his brain
Lusts for the kill, and Man sets forth to battle:
Once more his claws uncurl, his eyes grow wary;
Once more he stalks his prey, all horned and hairy.*



The Lion's Mouth



PROGRESS COMES TO BEAR VALLEY

BY E. MURRAY ARENSCHIELD

FOR the past six years my wife, my daughter, and I have left the sunshine of Southern California each summer to spend from one to three months in the back country of Idaho. Nowhere in knocking about these western States have we found a spot comparable to the country about the Middle Fork of the Salmon River.

The first summer our camp was situated on the banks of Bear Creek. For more than twenty miles this stream threads its way through the chain of grassy, flower-dotted meadows that go to form Bear Valley. At the lower end of the valley the stream slips into the narrow confines of a steep-walled canyon, where it begins its mad plunge toward the depths of the Middle Fork.

That year few cars found their way into the sanctity of our retreat. In fact, the hum of a motor was an event which suspended all camp activity. Frequently as many as three days passed without any such interruption. In no instance did anyone who drove in fail to stop for a chat, and sometimes, for a cup of coffee.

Practically all of our visitors were farmers from the lower country, who had come to catch their winter fish supply—salmon. Because of its inaccessibility, Bear Creek had remained a safe spawning ground. Of course, for many years prior to our first visit the salmon hunters had disturbed these waters, but never in large numbers. If the law limited the catch there was no evidence of the fact in the hundreds of pounds of salmon carted away. To visit the deserted camps of these fishermen was like coming upon the filth of a garbage dump. Salmon heads and entrails were

strewn about in a manner that would lead one to believe dynamite had been used to clean the fish. Everywhere there were piles of decaying spawn, broken bottles, old rags, a punctured rubber boot, freshly cut young fir trees (used as beds), and newspapers. Sometimes we came upon a smoldering campfire, even a burning log.

For the most part, however, the trout went unmolested, although a nice mess could be caught within thirty minutes. The farmers considered fly fishing a dudish waste of time.

The dense forests that fringe the meadows were then a game hunter's paradise: there were elk, bear, grouse, fool hens, snowshoe rabbits, squirrels, coyotes, cats; goats and sheep above the timber line; and ducks and geese on the lakes and ponds.

At the upper end of the valley, nestled in the pines, stood the cabin of the "smoke chaser" and the "upper cow camp." At the other end of the valley we found the cabin of the "packer" and the "lower cow camp." Between these two points a thousand cattle grazed on the abundant grass. Along the tree-covered ridges bands of sheep fed on the bunch grass common to the steeper slopes.

Such was Bear Valley of the Middle Fork six years ago.

The following year the improved road crept a few miles nearer, and with it came an increase in travel. Two or three cars passed our camp each day, and we often found groups of salmon hunters working the creek or heard the bark of a rifle or the roar of a shotgun. Camp meat was needed when salmon were not to be found. Those coming late in the "run" were finding it increasingly difficult to fill their larders.

Late that season I made a trip from one end of the valley to the other. Many new camps had been made, and many new scars had been left.

Three more years passed, and meanwhile there were further improvements to the roadway.

The Forestry Service built a new lookout station above the head of the valley. The lumber that went to build the structure was imported from the coast of Washington. Of course this helped the sales record of the lumber company on the Coast, made work for the lumberjacks in their employ, and gave the railroads something to carry. But, according to the packer who did the work, enough trees were cut in clearing a trail for the pack string that transported the lumber to the mountain top to have built several lookout stations. To my knowledge these trees were left to rot where they fell. A small, gas-operated saw could cut all the necessary wood within a hundred yards of the point of intended use.

A new telephone line came to mar the beauty of the valley. I suppose this was a useful project, although last summer the radio supplanted the telephone in many lookout stations. At least the new stations were all equipped with sending and receiving sets.

The salmon hunters came in truck loads, working the stream in skirmish lines from one end of the valley to the other. Late arrivals went home empty-handed unless they resorted to trout fishing. This resulted in a tragic depletion of the trout family. By late summer the cream of the trout crop had been harvested from the main stream.

I came upon two gunny sacks full of fish that had been thrown into the willows near a small lake. These trout ranged in length from six to fifteen inches—I imagine only the larger fish had been carried away. This sort of practice would have worried me were it not for the fact that another lake was always to be found over the next hill.

Yes. There is always another valley, always another hill. There is no bottom

to the well of natural resources—or so we have always believed. But I wonder.

In the year 1902 I spent the summer with an uncle of mine in northwestern Washington. I was a very small boy in those days. One day a neighbor took me for a ride on his saddle horse. After winding in and out between the giant trees for more than an hour, we came out into a clearing that topped a high hill. I remember looking out upon an endless, undulating carpet of black forest, stretching away to the horizon. And as we looked on that vast sea of virgin timber the neighbor uttered words I shall never forget: "Son, they's so much timber out yunder that if they is to cut for a thousand years, you'll never be able to see where they been workin'."

Six years ago I drove to the top of this same hill in an automobile and looked out over the same geographical area. There was not enough timber to keep a two-man sawmill operating thirty days. The river that had once run cool and clear had become a slough.

Returning to the Middle Fork country, we come to the summer of 1936.

The improved roads have come to the doors of Bear Valley. In the valley itself the road has been widened, straightened, and graded. Twenty-five or thirty cars pass a given point almost every day. The smoke of many campfires curls above the pines. It might take one a half day to catch a half dozen six-inch trout from the main stream. Word that someone has caught a salmon is news. I saw five salmon during my two months' stay in the neighborhood. Fishermen shake their heads, at a loss to explain the absence of fish. I believe salmon return to their spawning grounds after four years of travel abroad—spawn and die. No hatch, no fish, no travel abroad, no return to spawning ground.

To see a duck or a goose has become an event. Tree squirrels no longer offer themselves as targets near the more popular camping spots. A road has been built to a new lookout station on Bear Valley Mountain where a modern house has

been constructed that sports a two-car garage. The district ranger is asking for more road work to open farther the wound of nature. He finds it much easier to cover his territory in the comfortable seat of his streamlined car. Mines have been opened here and there—new roads leading to the diggings. Man-made fires are beginning to take their toll. Better roads, more thoughtless campers, more fires, fewer trees, smaller streams, more erosion, less fish and game.

Last summer we spent only ten days in Bear Valley itself; then we asked our good friend the packer to move us down the Middle Fork some twelve or fifteen miles from the road. Here in one of two cabins belonging to a friend of mine we again found peace and solitude.

A few minutes with rod and fly provided a generous meal of trout. Four grouse families shared our table crumbs with tree squirrels, chipmunks, three-stripers, snowshoe rabbits, pack rats, and an army of birds. In the morning and evening deer came to visit our salt log. Now and then we surprised a black bear as he munched on the wild berries that grew in abundance. Once we watched a grizzly as he tried in vain to knock trout from a shady pool.

Sulphur Creek empties into the Middle Fork a quarter of a mile downstream. This body of dancing water has long been a fisherman's dreamland. But this year a heavy rain fell on the "oversheeped" ridges above its headwaters. In consequence, the creek became a torrent of mud. All along its banks dead and half dead fish were to be found. The day following the rain, I fished its pools for more than a mile, but did not get a bite. Fire plus sheep plus cattle equal vanishing top soil, muddy waters, and dead fish.

Cattle men hope for fires in a country such as we find bordering the Middle Fork. They say the timber is too dense and the grass is too thin. There is too much down timber, making it difficult for the cowhands to ride herd. Cattle become lost, and it is an endless task to keep

them bunched. Sheep men express themselves in a similar fashion. I am convinced that many fires are deliberately set by the stockmen or their friends.

Last summer the packer thought we might enjoy a little company, so with this idea in mind, he brought another family down the river to occupy the other cabin for a week. The first afternoon the kind father of the group amused himself by slaughtering two of our four grouse families while sitting on his front porch. Within three days the grouse were gone and the other little forest creatures were being killed on sight. These thoughtless people left more than a hundred and fifty trout to go the way of all flesh. My friend the packer has promised to provide no more company.

The Middle Fork has not yet been ruined by the "improvements" of man. It is still a paradise. But how long man will let it remain so, I cannot say. Steadily he advances upon it.

SET-PIECE FOR A FISHING PARTY

BY M. F. K. FISHER

THE twentieth century may yet be remembered as one of monstrous mass-feeding. Certainly the nineteenth will never be forgotten for its great contribution to gastronomy: the restaurants.

After the Revolution Paris found itself practically kitchenless. Scullions had fled, or fought for their new estate; great chefs had scuttled to safety with their masters; most important, the money that had bought rare wines and strange exotic dishes was gone now from the hands that had known so well how to spend it.

Paris recovered quickly enough. Her citizens, uncomfortably republican and somewhat more affluent than before, cast about restlessly for a new, a significant diversion.

It was not hard to find. Word was noised abroad that in the cellar of Number So-and-So, Rue Such-and-Such, the ex-chef Jean Durand was cooking again.

What! Durand, the inventor of *Petits pois aux noisettes grillées*, the great

Durand who for twenty years had made famous the table of the ex-marquise Sainte-Nitouche, ex-mistress of the even more ex-Duke Volteface? But certainly not that Durand who once corrected citizeness Marie-Antoinette for adding mustard to a salad dressing before she had put in the salt? Impossible!

But—but can anyone go to Number So-and-So, Rue Such-and-Such? Hah! Then I, Jacques Maillot, and I, Pierre Doudet, shall order the ex-chef of the ex-marquise to prepare a good dinner. It is expensive? Pouf! It is certainly worth the pleasure of eating what the damned aristos used to!

Thus Parisian restaurants blossomed from a few dark corners. Their trembling chefs, not long out of hiding, grew confident—and rich. They gathered round them enough of the old guard of pastry-cooks, roasters, and *sommeliers* to keep things moving, and soon had more apprentices than they needed. Their furtive restaurants moved into fine quarters and quickly became those boulevard palaces of fat gourmets, twinkling mirrors, pink plush, and belles that Zola and Maupassant knew so well for us.

Fine food, once the privilege of the moneyed aristocracy, was now at the summons of any man with enough silver and manners to go to a good restaurant.

As the century rolled forward, and Jacques and Pierre flourished, the palaces grew more glittering and their patrons more extravagant and gouty. But new blood, vulgar as it could be at times, brought freshness and vigor to the somewhat depleted art of eating. Vim and zest chased out the satiety which had become almost synonymous with pleasure under the Louis's. People ate enormously, with a lusty bourgeois delight born of strong constitutions and palates untouched by preciosity.

Never have Continental restaurants been so crowded as in the early nineteenth century, unless perhaps it was during the first World War. The atmosphere differed, however, almost as much as the costumes.

In 1914–1918 women wore tight sheaths of glittering cloth over their slender bodies, and helped all the sad young men to be gay and gather rosebuds. A century earlier women were fuller, softer, smoother. They dined opulently at all the best tables of every good restaurant in Paris and knew to perfection the whims and dislikes of their fastidious gentlemen.

Foyot's, the Café de Paris, the Brasserie Universelle—there were a hundred temples of fine food, some chic for a moment, some apparently eternal in their devotion to *la gourmandise*.

Their chefs, seldom as coveted by princes as was the great Carême, rejoiced, nevertheless, in as respectfully adoring a public as any royal offspring.

Their smallest triumphs were town gossip before the last bite was swallowed, and their most insignificant utterances were lapped up by such hungry brains as Dumas's and Maupassant's, to appear later in solemn or witty conversation.

It was toward the end of the First Empire that Brillat-Savarin and Carême, by persuasive argument, substituted the "made dish" for masses of roast meat, piled high on a platter and held clumsily erect by skewers. That modern gourmet, Paul Reboux (whose witty essay on gastronomy in a reputable encyclopedia is, tactlessly enough, flanked by a large and grayly horrible photograph of a gastric ulcer!), remarks that "these enormous, barbaric accumulations of food were yet another Bastille which the French Revolution overthrew." And for a few years at least they gave the Parisians almost as much to think about.

Meats, fruits, vegetables, wines were combined and cooked and served in a thousand new ways. Flavors and aromas never dreamed of ran and rose from the exciting dishes. Gradually their appearance grew more rigidly ornate and their construction more difficult. Finally the most complicated of these "made dishes" were classed by themselves, and *pièces montées* came into being.

Pièces montées were to Frenchmen of

the last century what modern-art exhibits and automobile shows and fan dances are to John Doe to-day. Public contests were held, schools were founded to teach worthy chefs how to construct the sacred tricks, great artists drew designs, and solemn tomes were written on the art.

The Romans had pies which spilled out dancing dwarfs or let fly up a flock of blackbirds and white doves. Later, in England, ponderous subtleties set all the banquetters guessing on full stomachs. It was in France though, the brilliant vital France of the past century, that these inventions reached their peak of artistry and popularity.

Every good restaurant had its special department from which a *pièce montée* could be commanded for any kind of festivity, christening party, or wake. If the prices were too high there was the neighborhood bake-shop, where even the apprentice could turn out a passable sugar dove rising from a nest of mocha and pistachio cream.

Of all the real artists of the set-piece, Carême was certainly the greatest. He had an uncanny ability to use pastry and sugar, and a mighty respect for them both. In one of his books he announces quite seriously: The Fine Arts are five in number: Painting, Music, Sculpture, Poetry, and Architecture—whereof the principal branch is confectionery.

As the vogue for set-pieces increased he combined this reverential talent with all his others to produce amazing structures, dreamlike, fantastic. His disciples exaggerated his strange juxtapositions and his mixtures of irony and beauty.

Finally, as with every school of art headed by one man, cheap imitators crept after him with their coarsening touch, and by the end of the century set-pieces had become almost ridiculous, a synonym for the pretentious vulgarity of new-rich entertainment.

It is in Carême's own book on the subject, *Le Pâtissier Pittoresque*, or in the several other volumes of this period, that we must look to see *pièces montées* at their best. There countless engravings, as well as the restrained rhetoric of the prose, make very clear the incredible delicacy and variety of these strange dishes which cost thousands of francs and were seldom eaten.

One little engraving is very pleasant to remember. It shows a *pièce* which stands, probably, four or five feet high. A froth of green foliage forms its base—leaves of mashed potato as delicate as ever grew from pastry tube. From that a Doric column, garlanded with pale full-blown flowers of lobster-meat, diminishes twice.

At the top, on a pedestal edged with little shells and shrimpy rosebuds, is a pool of the clearest blue-green sugar, crystallized. And from it, with only the ankles of his tail held in the crystal, curves a fresh plump fish, every scale gleaming, his eyes popping with satiric amusement, and a beautiful umbrella of spun sugar held over his head by one sturdy fin!

Above the engraving runs the legend, in that somewhat smudgy printing of the 1830's: "A Culinary Fantasy—the Cautious Carp."



DISTEMPERS OF THE PRESS

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

TOWARD the end of 1936 American journalism offered the bystander several instructive exercises. Two were especially edifying, and of these the more woeful was the ordeal by dilemma forced on the liberal press by an unpleasantness at the University of Wisconsin. A low-comedy mind bent on pinching idealism in sensitive places could hardly have invented a more painful situation than the one which the regents of that University provided. It was the mirror image of a situation that has caused much fever in the past, and one knew from the beginning that, no matter how it ended, idealism must come out with a tail-feather or two missing.

Like the sanguine editors, the Easy Chair does not know whether or not Mr. Frank is incompetent at his job, as the regents assert. When a similar assertion has been made about the victims of other college tyrannies, idealism has always answered that professional competence is irrelevant to the issue of academic freedom. But this was a mirror image and the accusation came from the children of light, from the side of progressive thought, and what the *Nation* calls "a truly liberal and democratic party." It was accompanied by the usual secrecy, with the usual explanation that those who moved in secret were benevolently protecting the accused from publicity. The other side retorted, as usual, that the regents' charges against Mr. Frank were a mere smoke-screen, that the real reason for his dismissal was the fact

that he held political and economic ideas offensive to those in power. Sticking closely to type, the victim's oppressors then alleged that the political issue had been raised to divert attention from his incompetence and to bring to his support the powerful sentiment that demands freedom of thought for educators, a principle which, we would please understand, was not involved in any way. And so on. The bystander was privileged to observe the familiar routine of charges and countercharges, of red herrings and white (or black) banners, of student demonstrations and polls by inquiring reporters, of attacks on the probity and disinterestedness of everyone involved, and especially the newspapers, of the propagation of rumor as fact and the repudiation of alleged fact as rumor. Only this time the victim smelled of reaction (although, alas, some years back our editors certified him as a progressive) and the putative villain had always up to now been cast in the hero's role.

It was all most uncomfortable—and most salutary. Whether or not the LaFollette machine has tried to influence the conduct of a great university, our editors have been forced to face the possibility that such pressure might be applied by "a truly liberal and democratic party." That is an instructive and even hygienic experience, and an even healthier realization has been forced on them. The *New Republic* has been driven to a disquieting admission "that absolutely clear cases [of the violation of academic freedom] al-

most never arise, that universities have duties to their students and the public other than maintaining freedom of expression, and that decisions must rest on the careful weighing of a number of factors." It would be ungenerous to inquire whether Yale, for instance, has other duties to its students and the public, and whether other factors should be weighed in, say, the case of Jerome Davis. But let us remember the *New Republic's* decree, for with it the mother-of-pearl simplicity of idealistic journalism has been grievously tarnished with contingency and relativity. It is now established that a number of forces and a number of issues may conceivably be present in the kind of case that has hitherto been treated as single, simple, and crying unto God. The sky grows dark and strange, and liberalism gets thrown for a ten-yard loss; but a very welcome realism has entered the discussion.

But that is only a ten-yard loss and in midfield at that, whereas in the *Nation* reaction intercepts a pass and scores a touchdown. Mr. Villard does indeed stand by his belief, declaring that if political pressure has been brought to bear on the university by the forces of enlightenment, then the forces of enlightenment must be denounced, trampled down, and plowed under. His editors, however, will stand for no such frivolity in time of crisis and militantly set Mr. Villard right. Mr. Ward refutes the charges of political pressure by bending them to the service of the other side (in the Martyr's Gambit this pawn is refused), and both Mr. Ward and the unsigned editorial end with the staggering conclusion that the only issue of any consequence is whether Mr. Frank is competent for his job. Please observe, it is not an organ of social fascism that decides, "If the regents wish at this date to correct an original error, that is their privilege."

The distant tinkling that you hear is the collapse of the platform on which idealism has been accustomed to take its heroic stand. Original errors in the employment of educators may now be cor-

rected without reference to the political ideas of those educators, and the governing bodies of universities are privileged to govern in accordance with their own best judgment. Even a political radical may be discharged because he is a poor scholar or an ineffective teacher. A professor who would have been fired for incompetence long ago if his employers had not been reluctant to provoke the publicity which sentimental journalism has been happy to provide may now be fired for incompetence even if he is a Marxian—and the *Nation* will abide by the judgment of the regents.

Or rather, it won't. This curtailment of the intuition of journalism will last no longer than the present embarrassment at Wisconsin. Six months from now some dreadful bore who voted for Landon and never had an unorthodox economic idea till his job was imperilled will finally use up the margin of tolerance and forbearance that has kept him on the faculty of Princeton or Iowa. He will then discover overnight that he dislikes Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and our organs of pure thought will go crusading once more for single, simple, unalloyed justice. But meanwhile the Wisconsin case has been valuable for the colleges. It has dramatized the possibility that outside pressure may come from other directions than the right and on behalf of other interests than financial ones—and that may help in the unending defense of the charter. And it has illuminated the important fact that, in these cases, the issue is never single and simple and the administration seldom so subversive as the pleadings on behalf of the victim make out. Illumination should now move on to facts much more cynical. There are ways of bringing pressure to bear on the colleges and there are forces which sometimes try to influence opinion in them. But these forces are seldom so crude as to discharge a man, and in fact work so suavely that the best tentative assumption is that a man who has actually been discharged either is incompetent or else has made himself personally intolerable to his colleagues.

The occasional person whose economic or political notions offend the administration is handled in ways that avoid discharge. But it cannot be too emphatically asserted that interference with economic opinion is far less common than cases in which it is alleged. Many college professors hold and freely teach heterodox opinions about economics, finance, and politics, though of course it is a conservative profession as a whole. More common and more powerful than political dictation is religious and moral dictation, and while we are naming the forces of unrighteousness, let us remember that professional jealousy is the commonest of all. But you do not hear about these in the believing press.

The other object lesson in journalism has a greater social importance. It is hard to be solemn about a superb joke, but someone must point out that the most distinguished public service of American journalism in 1936 was performed by Mr. Wolcott Gibbs and the editors of the *New Yorker* with their burlesque of *Time*. One read it with tears of ecstasy rolling down one's cheeks; but underneath that mirth was a realization that a classic tradition of American literature was being invoked on behalf of the decencies of democracy.

On its merits, *Time* has made itself indispensable. Everyone reads it, everyone relies on it for part of his information about the modern scene, everyone derives instruction and amusement from it. Its coverage is amazing, its accuracy good, its editorializing stimulating and frequently fair. Its weekly reviews have valuably served science, the arts, and the learned professions. If its flip style soon grew banal, at least it has shown that freshness in the writing of news is possible, a lesson which journalism needed. If it has frequently been brash, it has also frequently been courageous, treating subjects tabooed by many newspapers and sometimes risking offense to its public in the interest of truth. All of these elements have been present in the formula of its startling success. But also present in that

formula have been less lovely elements. No one may say how great a part they played in that success, but anyone can see that they are dangerous.

A necessary implication of democracy is that it must permit the utilization of its own mechanisms for attacks on itself. Thus the United States must permit the organization and propaganda of Nazi, Communist, and Fascist groups, and must allow them, under the protection it guarantees thought and expression, to agitate for forms of government which repudiate freedom of thought and expression. Similarly freedom of the press, the public service performed by newspapers, and the necessity for complete objectivity in getting and presenting news serve to protect the sensational press in abusing the sanctions these principles imply. And part of *Time's* successful formula has been a willingness to abuse those sanctions in ways against which no defense can be made. We should all be humble about this, for we have all enjoyed the appeal to our own particular pleasures and prejudices, and such methods could not prosper unless we responded to them. But we should realize that such methods are a corruption of democracy and a debauch of public decency.

Objectivity? *Time* has shown that it is possible to be objective by presenting all the facts while coloring them on behalf of any emotion whatever with the droll epithets you apply to the participants in them. It is a suave and bomb-proof objectivity, for there can be no appeal, by protest or rebuttal, to an adjective. But the apparent jocosity of the presentation has done the work, pointing the story in the direction of any prejudice or any whim of its writer, or in the direction of the greatest box office appeal. Objectivity can thus become a function of circulation, and public service may be performed on behalf of the most ambiguous caprice.

But more important, as well as more subtle and indefensible, is the power *Time* shares with any yellow newspaper, to violate the privacy of individuals.

This power springs from the interest of the public in getting all the news there is and having it written as it is. The yellow press invariably defends its corruption of democracy by appealing to that principle, by alleging that it is serving the public interest when it is really pandering to public curiosity and public cruelty. In fact, the yellow press frequently serves the public by publishing mere rumor only distantly related to the news, irresponsible allegation and gossip, innocent-appearing juxtapositions that say nothing but imply much, and even maliciously generated but profitable inventions. Against this protected activity the individual is absolutely defenseless. His helplessness in the hands of powerful news organizations is one of the greatest indecencies of modern life, and one of the greatest perils. Any newspaper may, inadvertently or deliberately, ruin the life of any individual who happens to have the remotest connection with any news story, or who may, even, merely happen to have some eccentricity, deformity, or momentarily interesting attribute that can be given box-office value.

And he has no redress. A paper may damage him irreparably without even misrepresenting him—for no reason except that it makes circulation by holding him up to public view. If it does misrepresent him it is quite willing to run his letter of protest—after the damage has been done beyond recall and has gone out over the wire services. Or he may sue. Even if he can afford the long appeal to the courts he will probably lose in the end, for in America libel is almost impossible to prove—and he is certain to bring down on himself more publicity of the same kind, this time with no holds barred and the rest of the guild chiming in, once more motivated by an affecting tenderness for the public good. It is even rumored that the most public-spirited yellow sheets have slush funds with which to compromise the suits they may invite through too great earnestness in the service of their readers. And in the end, writing to the paper, being paid

out of a slush fund, or even winning damages, the individual will have an enduring public notoriety and a permanently blasted reputation.

Time has not hesitated to condemn these practices of its competitors, reviling the familiar formula, "Mr. Smith denies that he spent last night in a downtown hotel with a chorus girl," Mr. Smith having issued the denial from a hospital bed where he has spent the last month with a broken leg. Yet a part of *Time's* success has come from the skill with which it pursues personalities into the area where news and curiosity meet, and over the line into the domain of sheer curiosity. It has developed great power and prestige, and part of them has come from its ability to protect with the sanctions of the free press the tangential ridicule and even contempt it can direct on individuals who are absolutely without defense or appeal. Something of the arrogance that this power has produced may be seen from *Time's* covert intimations that it drove Edward VIII from the throne. Well, the press always has great power, and the only security the public has is a sense of responsibility in those who own and operate the press.

That sense of responsibility was recommended to the owners and editors of *Time* in the only effective way when the *New Yorker* used *Time's* own methods to direct an uproarious and highly unscrupulous burlesque at them. The *New Yorker* has shown them that they too may come within the scope of those methods. The lesson will probably not go deep nor last long after the first shock of lese majesty has passed. But the nation-wide yell of delight that greeted the burlesque may point a more durable lesson. The virtue of a successful parody is that the thing parodied is never again, in the mind of the reading public, quite the same. Everyone who read this parody will have echoes of it ringing in his mind when hereafter he sees *Time* doing one of its jobs. The sheet has been magnificently laughed at, and in a democracy ridicule is more effective than censorship.



Harpers *Magazine*

EXIT THE MONROE DOCTRINE

BY HUBERT HERRING

THE American Ark of the Covenant, the Monroe Doctrine, went a-trekking in December. What Franklin Roosevelt and Cordell Hull did with it, whether it was lost between Washington and Buenos Aires, whether it was desecrated, splintered, or freshly adorned, are questions whose answers must be sought between the lines of the official record of the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace celebrated in the Argentine capital in December, 1936.

This is solemn business. For one hundred and thirteen years the United States has followed after that holy Ark. Our statesmen have used it to justify every thought considered and every act committed in relation to the other Americans. James Monroe in promulgating the Doctrine had been content to warn off all alien disturbers from the Americas; but later his followers, invoking his name, assumed the place of arbiters and dividers of the Western Hemisphere. In the name of Monroe's Doctrine, Richard Olney in 1895 boasted that we are "practically sovereign on this continent";

Theodore Roosevelt in 1905, with characteristic moral exuberance, announced our intention to look to the manners of neighbors guilty of "chronic wrong doing," and Woodrow Wilson, the Calvinist, set himself to the salvation of divers alien souls. Under the aegis of the Doctrine we repeatedly dispatched marines to cleanse the hearts of Dominicans who failed to pay their debts, of Nicaraguans who held disorderly elections, of Haitians who trifled with the affections of New York banks, and of Cubans who proved forgetful of the blessings of American chaperonage.

But these things belong to history. Our marines are now on board their own ships, scrubbing and scouring and singing hymns. Never again will they be sent to civilize our neighbors in the name of the Monroe Doctrine, not at least if the commitments of Buenos Aires are faithfully honored. Nor can Washington longer appeal to that symbol of ancient faith when seeking authority over its quondam wards in the Caribbean, for Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull have pledged us.

The Latin Americans are content with the pledge. They never liked our sacred Doctrine or our conviction of its power. They denied our claim that it protected America from European attacks and pronounced the Doctrine a token of presumption. But now, in the new role assumed at Buenos Aires, they hail us an equal among equals, a participant in a community whose members have forsworn all special rights and responsibilities. Some ascribe our changed attitude to maturity with which has come wisdom. Others explain our redemption by our satiety, and aver that we have decided to be a good neighbor because we can afford that virtue.

However, no matter how the argument may run on our sin and our change of heart, there are marked similarities between the things done in Buenos Aires in December, 1936, and other things done in Washington in 1823. The first date marks the birth, the second marks the death—or perhaps the transmigration—of the Monroe Doctrine. The two men who presided over the two events—James Monroe and Franklin D. Roosevelt—moved in the atmosphere of “alien broils,” to use Jefferson’s phrase. Both feared that these broils might spill over upon American soil. Monroe, in 1823, had word from the Council of Verona, where the humorless lords of the Holy Alliance plotted the return of Ferdinand VII to his Madrid throne and toyed with schemes for recapturing the vagrant American colonies. Roosevelt, a hundred and thirteen years later, watched the doings of the new holy alliance, its dictators intent upon restoring Spanish feudalism, and seemingly content to provoke war if thereby empire might be added unto them. The personnel had shifted, but the imperial eagerness persisted. Monroe, in 1823, served notice that Europe was to keep her hands off the Americas. He did this on the sole responsibility of the United States. Franklin Roosevelt went to Buenos Aires to persuade all Americans to say in concert what Monroe had said in solo.

But more than European threats fixed the pattern of Buenos Aires. The Americas faced also the menace of domestic wars. There were hot hates in the head waters of the Amazon, and the fight for the Chaco was unresolved. Bolivian and Paraguayan arms were grounded, but it was a truce of exhaustion, not of persuasion. The conference was called at Buenos Aires not only to announce America’s attitude toward Europe but also to contrive new peace machinery which might bring quiet to the Western Hemisphere.

II

Never did international conference meet under the floodlights of higher hopes than those which played upon the deliberations in Buenos Aires. All twenty-one American republics were represented. The press in its several languages was filled with praise and expectation. The Latin Americans sent their most distinguished statesmen, the United States its President and Secretary of State. The conference suffered perhaps the handicap of overcapitalization. The Buenos Aires conference, bravely dedicated to brotherly love, quickly turned into a race between peace-makers. Washington crashed head-on into the League of Nations, and the fine hopes of a triumphant peace journey were dimmed. It was not Washington’s fault, this crash. Cordell Hull’s proposals were contrived with patience and with punctilious regard for the prior obligations of American members of the League. Nor was it Geneva’s fault. It was a crash between navigators holding antagonistic sailing orders. Washington wished an American concord. The League members in the Americas, with Argentina as chief spokesman, relied upon world co-operation through the League. This was the issue which determined the contest and brought the crash. And behind it was the story of the four-year effort of Cordell Hull to win Argentina’s foreign minister, Saavedra Lamas, to the Washington position. Indeed, the Buenos Aires conference may be

put down as the latest chapter of a sad, gay tale titled *The Wooing of Carlos Saavedra Lamas*.

The tale begins with the sage decision of Cordell Hull to win Argentina. Argentina had for years played the prima donna. She dominated South American councils and refused any position which did not assure her predominance. Furthermore, Argentina had long been the chief spokesman of anti-United States dislike. Her pamphleteers busied themselves with exposing our iniquity. And, most serious of all, Argentina was bound to England by the strongest ties of faithful affection—buying and selling. Certainly Cordell Hull picked the coyest and most reluctant for his attentions. He stuck to his suit without wavering. But Argentina, for purposes of persuasion, was personified by Carlos Saavedra Lamas. The point was not lost upon Cordell Hull. He pressed his suit with directness.

The first step in a successful wooing is what the great ones of the movies call the "build-up." The statesmen of Washington proceeded to build up Saavedra Lamas to the end that his name would appear in the big lights topping all other stars. They were successful. Hollywood never did a better job with Jean Harlow than Cordell Hull did with Saavedra Lamas.

It was Cordell Hull who established the Argentinean as the major American statesman. It came to pass after this wise. Saavedra Lamas went to the Seventh Pan-American conference in Montevideo in December 1933 with a peace pact—the Anti-War Treaty of Non-Aggression and Conciliation. This pact was dear to the heart of Saavedra Lamas. It was the talisman of his ambition. He had studied history and had discovered that all great world statesmen, such as Frank B. Kellogg, have their names affixed to pacts. In fact, he had discovered that without a pact there is no statesman. He was avid for Montevideo's seal of approval, but approval was not easily won. Argentina is no hero among her neigh-

bors, and Saavedra Lamas is no oracle. Furthermore, the delegation of the United States was not minded to endorse the Argentinean's proposal. Some of Mr. Hull's associates at Montevideo pointed out that this new pact said nothing which had not been as nobly and as ineffectually said in other pacts. They wearily described it as unimportant, contributing nothing novel, and quite unworkable. But not Cordell Hull. He had handled congressmen, and he could handle the Argentinean. He pronounced the pact a document of genius and its author a creative statesman. Hull stuck to his story until the pact was applauded and accepted, and the Montevideo conference had become an ovation for Carlos Saavedra Lamas.

But fate furnished Saavedra Lamas other tools with which to contrive his greatness. Chief among them was the Chaco war with its lengthening toll of lives. The successive steps by which he used that war to fashion his own career belong to the grimmer and the funnier annals. He had first turned to the wrecking of the commission of Neutrals, at work since 1928. He wrecked it because he could not control it. He next built Argentina into the League of Nations in 1933, refused overtures from Washington for an emergency council, and demanded that all conciliation be committed to the League of Nations. His third step, in early 1934, was to block effectually the honest labors of the League's Chaco commission and to send its resentful members back to Europe. His fourth step, in which he was abetted by Washington, was to turn the peace between Bolivia and Paraguay over to a commission of "Neighbors," a commission in which he could hold the whip hand. By these steps Saavedra Lamas delayed settlement of the war for many months and lifted himself to the position of chief arbitrator. When at last, in June 1934, a truce of exhaustion was signed—a truce which has as yet yielded no promise of peace—it was Saavedra Lamas who stepped into the spotlight and took the bow as the



peace-builder of the Western Hemisphere.

But the wooing continued. The Swedes and Norwegians were petitioned to grant Saavedra Lamas the Nobel prize. The Scandinavians looked upon him and saw that he was good. Saavedra Lamas was invested with thirty-nine thousand dollars and immortality, and took his place in that sparkling galaxy with Charles G. Dawes, Frank B. Kellogg, and Nicholas Murray Butler.

But wooing invites competition. There are many kinds of flowers. Across the water the League of Nations elected Saavedra Lamas president of its assembly. Edward VIII gave a state dinner in his honor. It is suspected that the Argentinean was reminded that his honors at Geneva had come at the behest of the British foreign office. In fact, it is gloomily hinted that Saavedra Lamas credits the Nobel prize idea to Downing Street. For, after all, it was a Britisher who said, "You may get Canada from us, but you'll never get Argentina."

The upshot of all this wooing was that the Saavedra Lamas who presided over the conference in Buenos Aires was cast for two title roles. He was the great American statesman, the creation of his gracious friends in Washington. He was also presiding officer of the parliament of the world, the creation of his equally gracious friends in London. What wonder that there was tumult within his heart? America is great, but the world is greater. Saavedra Lamas now knew himself as belonging to the world—if not indeed to the ages. This explains some things which happened at Buenos Aires.

But the wooing was not done.

President Franklin Roosevelt, triumphantly vindicated in the November election, suggested that he might go to Buenos Aires if asked. President Justo's invitation was immediate and hearty. Mr. Roosevelt accepted.

The sea road to Buenos Aires passes Rio de Janeiro, that loveliest of cities. The Brazilians, long and trusted friends of the United States (they have a Monroe

Palace in their capital) invited Mr. Roosevelt to stop. President Vargas's invitation was also immediate and hearty. Mr. Roosevelt accepted. This did not warm the hearts of the Argentineans. Argentineans do not like Brazilians. But Mr. Roosevelt stopped in Rio de Janeiro. The visit was a great success. Franklin Roosevelt and Getulio Vargas locked in a fervent *abrazo*. The atmosphere was so warming and the day so beautiful that Mr. Roosevelt enthusiastically announced that he and Mr. Vargas had invented the New Deal together—a slight indiscretion in view of the high-handed ways of the Brazilian president. Mr. Roosevelt spoke to the Brazilian Congress and Supreme Court, spoke clean clear words on democracy, peace, justice, and the interdependence of peoples. The Brazilians, always disposed to like us, liked us better because of Franklin Roosevelt. The President had strengthened our happy relations with Brazil, but this did not make for the happiness of Argentina.

Wooing is subject to strange hazards. For four years we had been promising to love, honor, and cherish one lady, but on our way to the altar we let our eye wander. It was all dreadfully mixed.

III

On December first, the delegates of the twenty-one sovereign nations of the Americas took their seats in the Legislative Palace of Argentina. The Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace was opened with the pomp which Latin Americans understand so thoroughly and manage so gracefully. The President of Argentina and the President of the United States delivered the opening addresses. The presiding officer was Carlos Saavedra Lamas. The foreign ministers were in front of the rostrum. The delegates included many of the most distinguished political spokesmen of the Western Hemisphere.

Franklin Roosevelt traveled twelve thousand miles to make that speech. It was a moving plea for the maintenance

and defense of "the democratic form of constitutional representative government." It was an argument for democracy as the one path to security of life, to enduring prosperity, to social justice, and to peace.

This was Franklin Roosevelt's appeal. But what of the audience? What manner of men listened, and what kind of people did they represent? The speech of the President must be understood in its setting. There are four items to be noted.

First, Franklin Roosevelt preached democracy to the representatives of nations which have forsaken democratic institutions. The Latin American republics, with two or three conspicuous exceptions, are in the hold of dictators. There are, to be explicit, two or three Latin American republics in which honest elections are the rule, in which there is genuine freedom of expression, in which constitutionally elected congresses exercise their lawful check upon the executive, and in which substantially incorruptible courts play the role contemplated by their respective constitutions. But there are seventeen or eighteen republics in which constitutional representative government is honored habitually in the breach, in which executives override the legislative and the judicial arms of the government, and electoral machinery is rendered more or less meaningless by coercion and fraud. The degrees of dictatorship vary. In Cuba an army head bullies a Congress and dismisses a President. In the Dominican Republic President Trujillo kills and imprisons political dissenters. In Brazil President Vargas keeps his critics in jail. In Uruguay President Terra permits no debate. In Peru President Benavides, when he saw that an unapproved candidate for the presidency was leading in the elections, cancelled the election, summoned his Congress and had himself reinstated. In Bolivia and Paraguay war heroes rule through tight military dictatorships. In Argentina, in whose capital city Franklin Roosevelt praised democracy, President

Justo rules by grace of a compact feudal land-holding aristocracy, manipulates elections, and effectually discourages freedom of speech and freedom of the press, especially in the outlying provinces.

This was the strange setting in which Mr. Roosevelt preached the potency of justice and democracy. It would have been only slightly more incongruous if he had delivered that same speech under the shadow of the *Brandenburgertor*. His English was an alien tongue, the truths he argued were of another world.

Second, the delegates whom he addressed represented nations which, with notable exceptions, profoundly distrust the United States. The marked increase of cordiality and the high hopes entertained for the Buenos Aires conference made many forget the volume and the virulence of the Latin-American suspicion of the United States. This dislike has tough roots. Their hold has loosened during recent years. The withdrawal of our marines from Haiti and Nicaragua, the abrogation of the Platt Amendment, the negotiation of reciprocal trade treaties helped. But the distrust engendered during a hundred years, a distrust rooted sometimes in envy, sometimes in fear, and sometimes in rival imperialistic ambition, is not easily loosened. *El Imperialismo Yanqui* still furnishes the text for much Latin-American oratory.

Third, the delegates whom Franklin Roosevelt addressed represented nations which, with few exceptions, distrust one another. There is no Latin-American solidarity. It may be set down in substantial accuracy that no two Latin-American countries are bound together in warm friendliness. Their boundaries are underscored with enmity. Unsatisfied territorial ambitions threaten peace. The sickness of Latin America is of mutually suspicious military autocracies. Mr. Roosevelt's diagnosis of Europe's ailments, his references to the stubborn absolutisms of other lands, apply with scarcely less force to the nations whose delegates he addressed on December first. Latin-America's sickness is disloyalty to

democratic faith and practice. It was to the spokesmen of the unfaithful that Mr. Roosevelt prescribed faith.

Fourth, there is no Pan-Americanism worthy of the name. There is no conviction of a dynamic continental unity among Americans. There never has been such conviction. There is none today. The people of Kansas and Connecticut have none of it, nor do the people of Argentina and Chile. Pan-Americanism, a romantic and unreal dream, was the child of Simon Bolivar's high-minded but somewhat light-headed imagination. Pan-Americanism, as a trade thrust, was the child of New England thrift. The romanticists forget that the lines of commerce, whether in goods or in ideas, usually run East and West, not North and South. The cultural ties of Latin America are with Paris and Madrid. They may buy from us, they may sell to us, but they do not think and feel with us. Perhaps things should be differently ordered. Perhaps indeed, the Americas should draw together in fraternity and mutual appreciation. Perhaps, in short, there should be a large measure of Pan-Americanism. But the fact remains that Franklin Roosevelt was speaking to nations which do not take Pan-Americanism seriously. And, with all candor, we might add that he was speaking for a nation which does not take its Pan-Americanism very seriously either.

IV

This, then, was Buenos Aires, December, 1936. Here the delegates of twenty-one American republics, assembled on the initiative of President Roosevelt, thought to contrive new and more effective machinery for the assurance of peace within the western hemisphere. It was here that Cordell Hull must propose Washington's plan for a concord and a covenant.

The Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace had plenty of material with which to work. It had ready at hand five treaties of American origin. There was the Gondra Pact of 1923; the general treaty of inter-American arbitra-

tion of 1929; the general convention of Inter-American conciliation of 1929; the Anti-War Treaty of Non-Aggression and Conciliation (the Saavedra Lamas pact) of 1933, and the Kellogg-Briand Pact. These treaties were replete with pious hope and noble resolve. They had been ratified with varying enthusiasm and unanimity. Not one of them had been ratified by all the republics. No one of them provided any effective and continuing instruments for giving effect to the arbitration and conciliation promised by their articles. The Americans had pledged themselves to peace, but they had no executive committee to remind them of their pledges.

Cordell Hull brought the chart for American peace. This plan skilfully and honestly took account of the several prides and loyalties of the American republics, and especially those of the sixteen nations which were members of the League of Nations. The Hull proposal resisted the plea for the creation of an American League of Nations, while at the same time it sought to create instruments which would keep clear of the Geneva League. Cordell Hull and his associates sought to pick a course between the rival ambitions and convictions of the Latin-American nations and the complications of their European alliances.

Hull's proposal was simple. Let us, he said, start out from where we are. We have five treaties. Let us ratify them. Let us then organize an executive committee among ourselves—a permanent Inter-American consultative committee, composed of the foreign ministers of all the signatory powers. Let us charge this consultative committee with the task of integrating and articulating the existing treaties and of breathing life into them.

Hull proposed no frightening powers for this consultative committee. It should "assist solely through the tender of friendly good offices and of mediation, in the fulfilment by the American republics of existing obligations of pacific settlement." It would "provide a means whereby the American republics, with full

recognition of their juridical equality as sovereign and independent states and of their general right to individual liberty of action, may nevertheless in every way consistent therewith take counsel together whenever emergencies arise which affect their common interests."

Nor was the course of the consultative committee to be high-handed. Cordell Hull proposed the ways in which the consultative committee should tender its friendly offices. It was to be charged with the duty of taking cognizance of incipient controversy from the earliest diplomatic stages. It was not to wait until armies were on the march. It should without delay, when danger threatened, proceed to call for the appointment of such commissions of conciliation and arbitration as were already promised in the existing treaties. Furthermore, the consultative committee was to be charged with responsibility for deciding when a state of war exists, even though no formal declaration of war had been made.

These proposals of Cordell Hull were made in the clear light of the Chaco experience. The war between Bolivia and Paraguay had been begun and continued without declaration. Furthermore, there had been no serious effort to bring the conciliatory offices of the other nations into play until the battle lines were firmly drawn and men were dying in the swamps. We must, said Mr. Hull, build against such contingencies. The consultative committee will deal with wars still in the making. It will serve to prevent war, not only to settle wars already raging. It will call war by its right name, whether that war is declared or undeclared. It will, if all its best efforts to prevent war prove fruitless, represent the united voices of friendly Americans in bringing conciliation.

The Washington proposals made a place for neutrality. The declaration, or the recognition, of a state of war between any two American nations would bring the neutrality provisions into effect. These proposed neutrality provisions

were of the broadest possible character. They simply stated that when a state of war was determined to exist the neutrals will impose an embargo upon shipments of "arms, ammunition, or implements of war" to any belligerent, or to any neutral for transshipment to any belligerent; that, furthermore, these neutrals will forbid the floating of any loans, or the creation of any credits for the account of any warring state. This provision collided, head-on, with the workings of the League of Nations. Hull proposed an embargo upon all belligerents. The League imposes an embargo upon the nation adjudged the aggressor. But Cordell Hull's proposal at Buenos Aires met that argument before it was made, and expressly exempted from the working of the agreement any signatory which had previous commitments elsewhere—that is, the American members of the League of Nations.

This was the Washington proposal. It seems harmless enough, in good faith. It simply said: We will have a committee. This committee will watch for trouble. When trouble appears, any member of it will cable or telephone all the other members of the committee. If the trouble is serious, there may be a meeting of the committee. After consultation, this committee can remind the erring nations of their vows and can offer those nations the friendly offices of all the American States. If, in spite of all good efforts, war breaks, the committee will proceed to further conciliation; but in the meantime it will call for an embargo upon the shipment of arms to both belligerents—unless of course any neutral belongs to the League, in which case he is free to do whatever Geneva decrees.

Hull asked little, but that little was too much for Saavedra Lamas. Perhaps he saw the consultative committee enlarged by pride, intent upon bigger things, ambitious of becoming an American League of Nations or a high court of justice. Perhaps he feared the ascendancy of the United States in any such consultative procedure. Or perhaps he foresaw a

possible rift between Geneva and the American members of the League. Or it is possible that he found no chance for Argentina (and of Argentina's foreign minister) to play first violin in such arrangement. But whatever may have been the grounds for Mr. Saavedra Lamas's chill fears, it was he who blocked the way to the adoption of the proposal of the United States. There followed many hours during which Mr. Saavedra Lamas and Mr. Cordell Hull and their advisers were closeted together. The Argentinean played the diva. Cordell Hull kept his temper and fought for agreement. Sumner Welles skilfully and brilliantly reinforced his chief.

The result was a compromise convention, from which all the little milk-white teeth originally inserted by Washington had been neatly, but not painlessly, pulled. Gone was the one baby molar—the Inter-American Consultative Committee. In its place was a pleasant promise to consult, but with no provision for any implement of consultation. Furthermore, the occasions for consultation were carefully limited. In place of the Hull insistence that the consulting begin when the slightest disagreement appears, far in advance of any threat of war, Saavedra Lamas had substituted the phrase "in case of war or threat of war."

There was another change, more fatal than the others, which appeared in the first compromise draft, but which was finally defeated at the insistence of the United States, with the unanimous support of all States except Argentina. This change was buried in a little clause, dictated by Saavedra Lamas, which provided that while the initiative for consultation might be taken by any State, nevertheless all States should strictly respect the prior rights of "bordering or neighboring States." This was of course Argentina's challenge to the United States. It said, in effect, you have no business in the Chaco. It invoked the old argument of "zones of influence," often cited by the United States on Caribbean issues, and now used by Argentina. This served to

remind Argentina's fearful neighbors of that country's imperial zest in the valley of the Paraguay River. If this clause of Saavedra Lamas's had prevailed it would have effectually negated the gains of the new convention. Assistant Secretary Sumner Welles deserves chief credit for rallying the forces which prevented its inclusion. The convention finally adopted meant several victories for Saavedra Lamas, and one signal defeat.

A like fate met the Washington proposals on neutrality. Hull had asked little, but the compromise convention omitted even that little. The wording of this compromise convention is an excellent instance of the wantonness of words. Here it is:

They (the neutrals) will forthwith seek by consultation to adopt a common and solidary attitude of neutrality with the object of discouraging or preventing the spread or promulgation of the hostilities. . . . To that end, and having in mind all the circumstances, they may take into consideration the imposition of prohibitions or restrictions upon the sale or shipment of arms, munitions, implements of war, loans or other financial assistance to the states in conflict, but only through the operation of the domestic legislation of the High Contracting Parties, and without prejudice to their obligations under other treaties to which they may be or may become members.

Put into plain English print, this reads: "When war breaks we will try to think of a good plan for neutrality. After thinking, and rethinking, we may decide upon some kind of embargo upon somebody. But whatever we do, we shall do as individual nations, and we certainly will not permit any committee to tell us what to do." The reader may check upon this translation, and discover more substance if he can. This was the neutrality agreement at Buenos Aires.

This, then, was the peace machinery contrived by the much advertised Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace. The trumpets had been placed at the lips of the most distinguished trumpeters of the Western Hemisphere. They had puffed out their cheeks. Twenty-one American republics

waited in breathless anticipation. Tokyo and London inclined eager ears. But the trumpets were only tin whistles, and they squeaked.

But even the squeak had overtones which might be easily underestimated.

Specifically, it is important to note that the Buenos Aires conference gave a species of juridical standing to the doctrine of neutrality. The convention adopted, vague as it is, nevertheless recognized the right of nations to be neutral, and relieves them from the burden of international scorn if they insist upon such neutrality. This was a victory for the United States. Neutrality, as an international article of faith, passed with the Great War and the creation of the League of Nations.

There is no neutrality—juridically speaking—under the formulæ of the League. There are no neutral members of the League. A League member must always choose between Jehovah and Baal. The United States proposes to embargo both. And if Jehovah or Baal debate our decision we can always quote from the official record of the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace.

Other things happened at Buenos Aires. Economic questions were discussed, but with neither fresh enthusiasm nor enlivened hope. The reciprocal trade agreements, launched at Montevideo, were given fresh encouragement. Argentina's formula "Buy from those who buy from us" is stubborn and widely followed. Mr. Hull and his associates are hard put to it to make a list of things which we can buy from Argentina. The one brighter note was sounded by Mr. Roosevelt in his promise to work for the lifting of the embargo on Argentine mutton.

The limitation of armaments was briefly discussed and promptly dismissed. Chile wanted a convention on the subject, as a check upon Argentina. The United States did not want any discussion, viewing the question as a world question rather than an American one. It was interesting to have the weak Central Americans argue against any limitation which

would affect the United States. They evidently like our guns.

The warring camps of spokesmen for the rights of women were in fine form. The redoubtable Woman's Party group, headed by Miss Doris Stevens, stormed the conference halls with their demands for the peculiar sort of rights which that group so highly cherishes. They were routed by the determined conference officials who did not wish to hear about it and by other ladies who held other hopes. The argument, which occupied a good deal of time at Montevideo three years before, continued to puzzle the Latin Americans who are not puzzled by the place of women. Indeed, they know the place of women.

V

The Buenos Aires conference was mislabeled. It was advertised as the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace. If it was that, then it must be put down as a failure. But if it can be re-labeled the Inter-American Conference for the Rewriting of the Monroe Doctrine, then it can be put down as a clear success.

Mr. Saavedra Lamas, in a choleric statement widely published at the close of the conference, took pains to correct the impression that the conference did or said anything about the Monroe Doctrine. He boasted that every word and phrase hinting at such reference had been removed from the conventions adopted. But we shall have to take issue with that statesman.

The restatement of the Monroe Doctrine was implicit in the stand of the United States on consultation. Our acceptance of the principle of Inter-American consultation was a tacit repudiation of the solitary stand implicit in the Monroe Doctrine. This restatement was given definite and striking form in two conventions adopted by the conference.

The first of these was the convention on non-intervention. For a hundred years our course in Mexico, Central America, and the Caribbean has stuck like a burr in the side of Inter-American

understanding. We have taken territory, we have intervened, occupied, policed, and directed the internal affairs of our next neighbors. This intervention in the domestic affairs of our neighbors has been the source of most of the virulent scorn of the Latin Americans. For years, the Caribbean and Central-American countries have sought to secure our adherence to a convention against intervention. The Haitians petitioned the Sixth Pan-American Conference in Havana in 1928, but they were silenced by Charles Evans Hughes, with the help of that loyal friend, Gerardo Machado. The Cubans, this time representing the slightly irregular and entirely unrecognized government of Grau San Martin, took the lead at the Seventh Pan-American Conference in Montevideo in 1933. The agreement then presented was accepted by the United States, with reservations. Cordell Hull hoped that it would not be necessary to be more explicit at Buenos Aires, but he counted without the Central Americans and the Mexicans. These asked that the promises be written down, explicitly, clearly, and in binding form. It was done, and we bound ourselves together with the other nations—subject of course to final ratification by the several congresses—to an agreement against “the intervention of any one of them, directly or indirectly, and for whatever reason, in the internal affairs of any other of the parties.”

When Cordell Hull signed that convention he stripped the Monroe Doctrine clean of all the accouterments and the trimmings with which Richard Olney and Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson had decked it.

And then Buenos Aires, with the blessing of Washington, laid aside the Doctrine altogether. It did this with a few words buried in the “Convention for the Maintenance, Preservation, and Re-establishment of Peace.” These words were explicit—“in the event of an international war outside America which might menace the peace of the American

republics, such consultations shall also take place to determine the proper time and manner in which the signatory States, if they so desire, may eventually co-operate in some action tending to preserve the peace of the American continent.” When Cordell Hull signed that convention the United States was by his action agreeing that from now on the American nations speak together to the world. The ratification of that convention by the Congress of the United States will mean the abandonment of the traditional solitary stand of the United States which is implicit in the Monroe Doctrine.

VI

The conference closed. Its spokesmen pronounced themselves satisfied. The delegates returned to their respective capitals to recount their strategy. Such is the pattern of international conferences. The world has learned to discount them.

But the Buenos Aires conference cannot be thus lightly dismissed. If the performance did not match the advertisement, the explanation is simple. The promised land of American amity is not to be reached by fiat or treaty. Americans, in common with other peoples, are still ruled by their hungers, thirsts, hates, jealousies, passions, loyalties, prides, ambitions. Nevertheless, these Americans of twenty-one disparate and divided nations solemnly vowed to consult for the maintenance of peace. That was a revolutionary commitment.

We laid aside the predilections and prides of a century. We agreed to merge our national voice in the voice of the continent. We pledged ourselves to forego national privileges exempt from international check. No matter what Buenos Aires may have meant to others, to the United States it marked a new age in our continental relations. We may have mislaid the Ark of the Covenant, but we have also refused, half in fear, half in courage, to abandon our hope of the promised land.



A WOMAN LIKE DILSIE

A STORY

BY DAVID THIBAUT

ON a Saturday in June, Easter, George, and John were walking home from the commissary, each with his rations slung in a gunny sack upon his back. Now and then a wagon passed them, going toward town. In one of these sat Aunt Minnie Graves, with her husband and the girl whom Easter had seen at the revival the August before.

George pleasantly called the old man by name.

"So dat's Peter Graves," commented Easter. "I know Mis' Minnie since I wuz 'bout seventeen."

"Don't you know 'im?" George asked.

"I seed 'im at chu'ch wid Mis' Minnie. I figgered who 'twas. But I ain't to say *known* 'im."

John laughed his slow, provoking laugh. "Now you done ax 'bout all of 'em but de onliest one you thinkin' 'bout."

"Who dat?" demanded George smiling. "Dilsie?"

"Who you think East been stud'in'? Not de team of mules."

"Shucks!" said Easter. "I ain't even knowed her name till now."

"She a fine gal, East." For once George was not ribald. "Her ol' folks is fine too. You heahed of de Peter Graves lake? A big cyp'us brake ovah across de bot-toms?"

"Co'se I is."

"Hit named fo' him. He homesteaded fawty acres ovah dare. Good lan' as a crow ever flew ocross. He got nigh twenty acres cleared."

"Dat's all he *kin* clear," said John, "lessen he hires catfishes an' mud-turkles to roll de logs. De rest of it runs out in de lake."

But George pointed out that this was no tragedy because the pond acres bore a good stand of big cypresses. These Peter Graves felled and rived into boards and pickets. Everyone knew that Peter Graves kept a stock of clear, air-dried boards on hand, and that his count and his price were fair.

"He done well 'fore he got agable," George concluded. "Now he got to hire de timberin' done."

Easter said no more. Here, after nearly a year, he was tapping information he had longed for since his first sight of Dilsie. It was a part of her peculiar effect on Easter that he had asked no one about her, not even her name or where she lived. He had been afraid of this girl, and then there was Annie C., the kind of woman to occupy any hard-working man's spare time completely. Annie had comfortable ways, she was cheerful and not at all terrifying. Once or twice a year she might fly off the handle and mark you with a bed slat or a poker, but she never hit as hard as she could, and ten minutes afterward she would be laughing and joking and comfortable. Easter could take a rest from her, and she could take a rest from him, and when they came back together it was as though all were new.

Easter left George and John at his own

turn-row and tramped on alone to his cabin. He unlocked the door, stored his rations, and brought out a chair, which he tilted back against the walnut tree. Then he thought about marriage. It must be a good thing, after a man has run round over the bottoms like a stray boar-shoot, to marry a woman like Dilsie Graves. A man should do this in time to have his children coming up ready to lend a hand in the field when he began to fail and lose his teeth and get old. He wondered if Annie C. could have children even if she wanted to; and he wondered why he thought of Dilsie, whom he had seen twice, in connection with marriage, and not of the comfortable Annie. "Annie she jest ain't de marryin' kind," Easter muttered half aloud.

To-day's encounter with the Graveses had focused the dream of Dilsie which Easter had entertained since the revival. While he kept this dream vague, and played it against the immediate and usable flesh of Annie C., his emotional set-up was ideal. He could not have explained it, but that was why he had not sought to know more of Dilsie. Knowing her better he might have needed her, and the things she meant to him, intolerably. As it was he had of her all that he needed. Dilsie was merely a tenuous memory made into a beautiful dream which Easter delighted to evoke when, as now, he sat with his eyes half shut, his thoughts turned to pasture. This dream could not displace the grappling realities of Annie's breasts and thighs. But neither could poor, everyday flesh, frankly real, obviously limited, destroy the dream.

That afternoon Easter took his gun and struck out through the bottoms toward the Peter Graves lake. "I needs to kill me a squirrel fo' some freshenin'," he told himself. "H'm," said Double-Actin'. "De squirrel you is atter wears a blue calico dress." Easter resentfully denied it, a course always dangerous, because his conscience was irascible in argument, personal, and sometimes vile. "I is gwinna hunt me some squirrels!" he insisted, and put a cap on each nipple of

his gun. "Sho'!" jeered Double-Actin'. "Sho'. But dis squirrel ain't got no bush tail." Stung and disgusted, Easter crossed half a dozen narrow straits between cypress ponds, skirted two fair-sized lakes, and came to the Graves' clearing. The double loghouse was locked and still.

Knowing the family was in town, Easter boldly approached the house. There was a front gallery and a water-shelf loaded with cans and buckets and broken crocks full of moss roses. The unfenced yard was clean-swept, the sizable woodpile was neat, and a sound wooden tub stood under the spout of the pitcher-pump. Between woodpile and pump, handy to chips and to water, two big washpots stood each with its three legs resting upon half-bricks. Look at the crops and you know the man. The front gallery, the yard, and the wash-place tell you about his womenfolks. True as a mirror everything here reflected Aunt Minnie Graves—brisk, clean, kindly. Easter turned back to the house. Against the house, under the gallery roof, hung festoons of red peppers, bunches of herbs, and loops of well-roped onions. On a tiny three-legged stand stood a handleless earthenware pitcher filled with old-fashioned "cabbage" roses. At this Easter looked long. He was sure Dilsie had placed those flowers there.

He crossed the lead between the lake and a smaller pond adjoining it and plunged into the thick woods beyond. For two hours he hunted squirrels as he never hunted them before. By late afternoon he had killed eight. He tied their necks together with a strip of elm bark and returned to the Graves' clearing. The place was still deserted. Easter ambushed himself near the footlog across the lead and waited. It was nearing sunset, and the mosquitoes were about him in booming clouds when he heard the wagon approaching. When Peter Graves stopped his team in front of the house, Easter crossed the footlog and walked briskly forward, perfect picture of a belated hunter, hurrying homeward.

Peter had helped his womenfolks out

of the wagon and they were all three busy with their packages when Easter came up to them.

"Well Lawd bless my heart!" cried Minnie Graves. "It's Easter, dat Malissa Thomas raised. How is you, honey?"

"I's all right, Mis' Minnie." Then to Peter. "Kin I he'p you wid de team, Mistuh Graves?"

"Glad to see you," said the old man. "Dems some fine squirrels you got. I kin unhitch. You go in an' take a cheer."

Easter insisted on helping with the team. It staved off by so long the beatific terror of looking at Dilsie. But for all that, the corners of his eyes saw her demurely attending to her own business, helping her ma the way a gal does who is used to it. Easter was miserably afraid. He presented Peter Graves with all the squirrels and prepared to bolt. The old man herded him with difficulty to the front gallery, calling cheerily to the women, "Dis boy done gimme *all* his squirrels. I's gwinna make 'im stay an' he'p eat 'em."

"Sho'!—course he is!" Minnie followed her voice through the door. "Come in an' have a cheer, Easter."

But the stiffening had gone from Easter's bones. He reeled off lie after lie to get out of doing what he had schemed and worked half a day to do, rejecting the fruits of the victory he had not even dared to hope for.

"Den effen you *got* to go," said Minnie disappearing inside, "wait jes' a minute." She returned with a pie tin piled full of something over which a clean white cloth was tied. "Heah you some beef we bought in town. You kin bring back de pan sometime."

"Sho'," said Peter Graves. "Now you know de way, come an' visit. Don't many come across dese bottoms—'cepen a lot of boys dats a-settin' up to Dilsie."

What barbed information for Easter to pack home across the swamps!

Easter cooked his supper and ate it, washed the skillet, pans, and cups, and then sat down on his door-block under

June stars to think of Dilsie; and he came to the image of her in his mind as a famished man faces manna. Not even old Peter's mention of many rivals hurt him now. When at last he went to bed he was convinced that just thinking about a woman like Dilsie was more exciting than possessing any other woman he had ever known, except Annie C. Here he was thinking of those two at the same time again. He wished to goodness he could keep his thoughts about them separated. But it wasn't his fault, he maintained to his vision of Dilsie. Thoughts of those two girls ought to be more alike than they were different, or more different than they were alike.

Sunday Easter attended meeting at Zion Wheel, hoping and fearing the Graveses would be there. They were not. He saw Loda Green, Annie, and Elsie in the congregation. How had he ever come to marry Loda? Elsie's remembered fascination was nearly as incredible. He studied her face as the sermon thundered on: a tired, leanish woman of forty, with one eye. . . . When his meditative glance fell on Annie C. she flashed her wide smile, and his lips flashed an answer; but he was thinking of that broken pitcher full of pink cabbage roses on Peter Graves' gallery.

Monday morning Easter hoed in his own crop. Between quartering-time and noon it showered; so little that he had trouble convincing himself that it would be too wet to work in the afternoon. However he managed it, and was just ready to set out across the swamps to return Aunt Minnie's pan and cloth when Mr. Henry rode up.

"Easter," said Mr. Henry, "I want you to help us out this afternoon. We're chopping the upper eighty." It had not occurred to Mr. Henry that it was too wet to work, and Easter didn't argue the point this time.

That was the heartbreaking pattern of events for three weeks of grinding work. On the first Saturday following his visit to Graves' clearing he had to drive the wagon to town for rations, substituting for Pink

Dawson, who was down with chills and fever. Sunday, dressed in his best, he crossed the bottoms to find the Graves' house locked and silent. He learned later that they had attended meeting. The following week his own crop needed him. A blessed thunderstorm halted field work Friday, but Mr. Henry sent Easter to town again, and on Saturday had him help issue rations in the commissary. Sunday Easter was at meeting again—and the Graveses were not. But Annie C. was there.

"How come you ain't been down to see me?" she asked.

"Gal," said Easter, "dey is tryin' to work me down. W'en nighttime come, I jes' falls on de bed."

"I b'lieves you, East. Whut I wants to know is *who wid?*"

Easter had been thinking so often of Dilsie and so seldom of Annie that he looked half guilty, but Annie's laugh made him comfortable again. "East," she was solicitous now; "you is lookin' kinda ganted, sho' nuff. Whatever you is doin', you better not do much of it as you is."

Wednesday of the next week he met Aunt Minnie Graves herself in the big road. "Easter, boy, why ain't you been to see us?"

"I's been layin' off to come, Mis' Minnie. I sho' is. I ain't forgot yo' pan, an' de cloth. I washed 'em good."

"I done forgot 'em myself! I don't need 'em, honey. When you gwinna come see us?"

"Youall be dare Sadday?"

"We'll be dare all day Sadday."

"Den effen I lives an' nothin' happens, I's sho' gwinna come."

Seedy though he had felt for days past, Easter did strike out for the Graves' clearing Saturday morning. Every step he took increased his lassitude. He began to feel a shiveriness despite the June sunshine, and every fifty yards he yawned. With about half his journey done, Easter was seized with nausea. Afterward he lay on the ground on the sunny side of a

log and shivered. He and malaria were old acquaintances. He lay in the sun until the dumb ague passed; afterward, when his fever mounted, he crawled into the shade and slept. It was noon when he awoke. No visiting that day. He knew he would feel comparatively well until next "chill-time": the same hour to-morrow or the next day. But right now it would be well to get on up to the big house and ask Mr. Henry for quinine.

For a week Easter wrestled with malaria. Mr. Henry knew the malady thoroughly, and fought it with broken doses of calomel and six ten-grain doses of quinine daily.

By the middle of the following week Easter reported for work. He was still a bit "ganted," but the hoe gang was busy again, and hoeing was child's play to him. Easter finished next the leader, Flint, and resting on his hoe turned toward the gang which was strung out for a hundred and fifty yards back along the rows. When you finish your own row it is your privilege to rest until the others "cut out"; but seemingly conduct requires that you rest only a moment and then turn back and "he'p out" some slower hand. You pick a friend's row or that of some woman whose favor you seek. It is an orthodox means of sparking as well as a gesture of friendliness. Also it is a point of honor for the leader not to start ahead of the gang, but give everyone an even chance to displace him each round.

Easter turned to the row next his own, without noting who carried it. As he began chopping, three other men chopped out and hastened to that same row. But Easter was ahead of them, already several yards along the row. Astonished that so many should rush to a row far from the stragglers where most of the women worked, he looked for the first time at the hand he was helping out. It was a girl . . . Dilsie Graves. For the moment Easter lost his awe of her in amazement and admiration. A gal carrying third from lead in a gang of fifty hoes!

When he and Dilsie met, the girl gave him a tiny scared smile. "Thank you," she

said, and they walked back to the end together.

"How you been?" Easter ventured.

"T's been well. Dey says you been sick. I hopes you is better."

"I is," Easter mumbled.

It was well that he was better, for that was the fastest day's hoeing Easter ever put in. There were three or four of the best hands who raced him for the privilege of helping out Dilsie. He held his own and thanked his stars that the lead row was carried by Flint Winfrey, the best hoe-hand in the bottoms.

"Don't let 'em git de in-turn on you, East!" Flint would chuckle. "I sho' never saw so many lazy niggers hoein' dis fast befo' in my bawn days. Jes' look at 'em! Dey's kicking up dust like a cow a-runnin' in de road." Flint weighed close to three hundred. He moved his body as clumsily as an erect bear, but in his thick hands an eight-inch hoe became a rapierlike thing.

Easter had time for no more than a quick grin acknowledging Flint's banter. Nathan Grant, Dick Mickings, and others pushed him hard. Once or twice Nathan finished a stroke or two before Easter, and the latter was saved only because his place in the gang was next Dilsie's. By quartering time that afternoon Easter knew he was slipping, though his performance gave no sign of it.

"You is sweatin' too free, East," said Flint. "Hit ain't *dat* hot, boy."

"I kin hol' it."

Easter was in the grip of one of his fits of bull-headed stubbornness, and he would have hoed until he dropped. Dilsie saved him, on the very next round. When they met in finishing her row she said to Easter in a rush, frightened: "You mind he'pin' out my mommer 'stead of me? It shames her so to be behin' all de time."

Thereafter Easter helped out Aunt Minnie Graves, and Nathan Grant, swift-est of the remaining rivals, got Dilsie's shy, stimulating thanks.

However much this stung Easter, there was balm in Aunt Minnie's good nature,

her appreciation of his help, and her evident liking for him. He refused to consider another palliating circumstance: he would surely have "fallen out" had he kept to the racing clip.

That same afternoon he learned of another of Dilsie's accomplishments. The squad of women had begun to hum. Often an hour of this precedes actual articulate song. Finally, when even the men were leavened with harmony, one of the elder women called across to Dilsie, "Pitch it, gall!" Clear and true Dilsie's voice rose across the perfect accompaniment of their humming:

"Oh, Cav-a-ree! Hit's a mighty high mountain!"

They all swung in with the mellow antiphony:

"Look how He died! Look how He died!"

Then Dilsie's voice, alone as one star at nightfall:

"Oh, Cav-a-ree! Hit's a mighty high mountain!"

And their response, deep from the men, wailing as Rachael's own from the women:

"Oh, don't you hate dem cruel, cruel Jews!"

That carried them half down the field.

That night Easter, loose-limbed with fatigue and the weakness of his convalescence, sat on his chair under the walnut tree and thought of Dilsie. The day's scenes flickered through his head: Dilsie's hand on her hoe-handle; Dilsie's figure with the wind molding her skirts about her. He thought too of the girl's popularity with all manner of folks. He had seen men race to "he'p out" gals before . . . but these wenches were of a pattern flamingly different from Dilsie's. For the first time Easter stood Dilsie and Annie C. side by side in his mind and examined them without flinching; he realized with joyous amazement that, after just one day's association with Dilsie, it was Annie C. who was now the tenuous dream. "An' Dilsie she got good hips an' breastes her own self," said

Double-Actin'. "I wasn't studin' 'bout dat!" cried Easter, perhaps aloud. "H'm," grunted Double-Actin'. "Dat how come you sees 'em in yo' haid so strong now?"

There was another glorious day with the hoe gang; then a thunderstorm split open the skies to soaking rain, and work ceased. That was on Thursday. Friday morning Easter shouldered his ax and tramped across the bottoms to the Graves' clearing. Long before he reached it the sound of three busy axes rang in his ears. Aunt Minnie had told him that Peter would be at work in the timber and that he had no one hired to help him. Easter was puzzled, chagrined, at the sound of the axes. His own purposed offer of help would depreciate if two hirelings were already employed, and the hirelings would not be pleased by it.

But he found Peter Graves' helpers were two young men with motives as high perhaps as his own: Nathan Grant and Dick Mickings. Easter had liked these boys before they had raced him in the hoe-gang for Dilsie's favor. Since then he had marvelled at the faults with which they suddenly bristled. Nathan was plump and aggressive, and biggity. Dick smiled to himself all the time, like a 'possum, making everybody round him uncomfortable.

Easter saw the three men at work in the timber before he himself was seen and he came within an ace of turning back. His feet, more than his volition, carried him toward them.

"Hello, East," called Dick Mickings.

"Good mawnin', Easter," said Peter Graves.

"What you doin' ovah dis way?" Nathan Grant asked, pleasantly enough, but with point that stung Easter to the quick.

"I come ovah to he'p Mistuh Peter—same as you."

"He got he'p enough," said Nathan eyeing the slight-built Easter less pleasantly.

"Dat fo' him to say," Easter knew Nathan could lick him, but he would hold his ground.

"We all done done 'nuff to earn a cold drink ob water," said Peter Graves. "Youall come up to de house."

The three young men shouldered their axes and followed their host to the pump.

"Dilsie!" called Peter. "Bring us out de drinkin' gourd, gall Dis rain," he continued conversationally, "done made my turnip groun' just right to turn, but heah I is: Mistuh Keatts a-callin' fo' boards. Mistuh Mitchell a-callin' fo' two hundred posties, an'—"

Here Aunt Minnie came out with the dipper. "Mawnin', Easter. Boy, you got no business ovah heah wid no ax. You been sick."

"I's well now, Mis' Minnie."

"Dat's zackly whut I tole 'im," said Nathan Grant. "A man whut is too light fo' timber work when he is well ain't got to be tryin' it when he under de weather."

"You is been sick," Peter Graves turned his kind old eyes on Easter. "I ain't gwinna have you swingin' no ax." Easter protested, begged, became nearly eloquent. Peter and Minnie were too much for him. Finally Peter said, "Effen you is *bleedged* to he'p, you kin ketch up de team an' turn ovah my turnip lan'."

Easter preferred any field work to timbering, but under the circumstances this was defeat; bitterly he hitched Peter's team to the twelve-inch turnplow. Peter and his volunteer woodsmen prepared to return to their work. Minnie Graves stood on the gallery, the gourd dipper in her hand. "Easter, boy," she called. "I'll send Dilsie down wid some fresh water fo' noon."

The turnip patch was stumpy, half subdued new ground, but Easter never knew the day when plowing was not fun to him. Now, besides this work-day satisfaction in it, he could hope for Dilsie's coming. But hours went by and she didn't come. Finally he was sure she wouldn't, and he spoke sharply to the astonished mules.

Easter stopped his team, swung them left in a right-angle turn, and started the new furrow. This brought him facing toward the house, which was invisible behind an angle of a dense thicket of second-

growth ash. The mules set their ears forward and slowed up; Easter followed their gaze, knowing a mule is harder to surprise than a watch dog. "Whoa!" said he, and he stopped without knowing why. A moment later Dilsie came into view round the thicket. She wore a sun-bonnet and dress of crisp blue, and she had a tin bucket in her hand.

"Don't you walk 'cross de plowed groun'," Easter called to her. "I'll come git it." He tied the lines to the plow handle, and stalked across his furrows toward Dilsie. "I ain't scairt of her no mo'," he thought. "Didn't I call out loud, and tell her not to walk in de plow dirt?" "H'm," said Double-Actin'. "Dat wuz jes' part of yo' plowin' sense. Effen you ain't scairt, how come yo' heart patin' juber?"

Easter took the tin bucket from Dilsie, and their eyes met in quick, frightened acknowledgment.

"You jes' keep de bucket," said Dilsie, beginning to go away. "Effen you don't mind you kin bring it up at noon."

"Dis groun' turns *good*—after de rain," muttered Easter.

"It sho' do." Dilsie neither stopped nor continued her flight. She merely half turned, pausing like a swamp black-bird alighting on a swaying willow, wings still a-flutter. Easter's craven tongue found no further words. He watched the blue figure recede across the clearing. When it vanished behind the thicket Easter uttered an impatient oath and dashed the untasted water to the ground.

Through that summer and fall Peter Graves had no labor problem. Five or six stalwart young men placed their spare time at his command. Of these Nathan Grant, Dick Mickings, and Easter were most constant. And with the tactlessness of their kind, the old couple showed their strong partiality for Easter. The rivals must have felt it, since it was meant to be felt; Dilsie undoubtedly knew of it for the same reason. Easter sensed it, even through the wistful panics and jealousies of his condition. He could turn the ad-

vantage to no use. He worked the harder with plow, hoe, and cottonsack, winning golden opinions from the old folks, while bolder blades found the opportunities for laughing words with Dilsie which he was too fearful to engineer. And along another march circumstances built a wall against him: none of his serious rivals lived on Mr. Henry's plantation. If he had been thrown with them anywhere but at the Graves' clearing, Nathan's biggitness, Dick's 'possum grin would have bred trouble, from which, since he had the lasting rage of a man of slow anger, Easter would have emerged perhaps badly beaten, but with his emotions unshackled. Not even this doubtful solution was possible. The boys, for all they thought of one another, were average good field boys. They were not bloodthirsty enough to seek out one another for a quarrel, and they met only at Peter Graves'.

Through that winter Easter kept up his own work, and managed to help Peter Graves lay in wood, pick cotton, and pull corn. There were beautiful days when no other suitor was there—when Dilsie, her parents, and Easter were snug round the table at noontime. Peter Graves even let Easter build up the fire; and any man who relinquishes that function in his own home expresses complete confidence in the one to whom he grants the privilege. Easter couldn't think of any person in the whole world whom he would want tampering with his own fire; not even Dilsie. God made men to build fires, and He made women to put them out. Those winter days were good days, and the clearing became home to Easter; but he got no mastery over the panic that sparkled through his soul when he and Dilsie were alone together; and in so far as he knew, he drew no step nearer to her.

April came, and there was no change, and Easter was gaunt and lean-faced with protracted anxiety and ecstasy. May boomed in, with trees full-leaved, the bottoms full of water and roaring with life. It seemed to Easter that folks meeting him on the road grinned a Dick Mickings

grin at him. But he couldn't help it; he had lived so long with his cowardice now that he knew which was master. If Dilsie had once made him angry, slighted him, or showed marked favor for a rival, the proper mechanism within Easter might have clicked; but the girl minded her own business and dealt with her suitors with appalling equity.

One day in mid-May he met Annie C. in the big road. Neither of them smiled. Annie spoke first. "East, you gwinnawanna take me to de dance week atter next?"

"Whut dance?"

"You knows. Dey is givin' a frolic at de Tom Brown schoolhouse Thursday atter dis nex' one comin'."

"Gal, I's workin' so hard—"

"I knows whut you workin' at. Dat ain't none of my business. But I's been axed plenty fo' dis frolic—"

"Den go ahaid on! Who's a-stoppin' you?"

"Ain't nobody," said Annie musingly. "East, you ain't got much sense, but I sho' is liked you, boy, you long, rusty, no 'count blacksnake!"

"Who is no 'count, gal?"

"I's done said." Annie had to smile. She could go just so long without it. "Now git on. You'll see me at de Tom Brown schoolhouse wid some lowdown mink whut ain't no better dan you is. An' me, I'll see you a-buggin' yo' eyes at Nathan Grant a-dancin' wid Dilsie Graves."

"Dilsie don't dance! She in de chu'ch."

"Well, git on down de road." Annie smiled mysteriously and walked away. "You know how long it's been gone since you been to see me, East?"

"Two-three weeks. I's been—"

"Six months, East. Effen you wuz a ol' sow, you could a-done drapped two litters ob pigs in dat time!" Screaming with laughter, Annie C. swung away. Easter felt down in himself the full galantry of her; but there was nothing he could do about it. In five minutes he was absorbed in her news of the party,

and had forgotten Annie. Would Dilsie go? Would her ma and pa let her go? Could he find courage to ask her to go with him? He sidestepped that last by a craven inspiration: he would not ask Dilsie to go with him; he would ask her parents, of whom he had no fear at all.

Whether he could have carried through even that anæmic campaign was in doubt until he met Elsie Lewis in the big road. He would have grumbled a greeting and trudged on, but Elsie stopped him peremptorily.

"Whar you gwine—shovin' along de road wid yo' head down, like a sow in heat? Answer me, boy!"

"Nowhar. Jes' down to George's."

"Nowhar. You is right! East, I couldn't believe it till I seed you. Now I knows you is even a bigger fool dan dey says." Elsie's lean face was kind. She tilted back her head and looked steadily at Easter with her one eye.

"East," she said briskly, "I ain't whut I wuz onct, but I knows wimmins. Now listen at me: you standin' off, an' you standin' on. But a woman want to be stood on all de time. You is he'pin' her paw, an you's he'pin' her maw. But whut you doin' 'bout Dilsie *her own self*? Git busy, boy! Work like a red sow rustlin' overcup acorns in deep leaves! . . . How is crops up dis way?"

They exchanged the universal shop-talk of earth. When they parted Elsie called, "Don't forgit whut I done tole you!"

Easter found George Mack sitting on his door-block. The two men walked to the rear to look at the frame of seed sweet potatoes George had bedded.

"I ain't bedded me out none," said Easter. "I'll have to buy me some slips, 'gin time to set 'em out."

"You knows you can git all de slips you needs heah. You been busy crossin' de bottoms," laughed George.

"Ev'ybody I sees dey got to talk 'bout dat same ol' subject."

"Well, don't git mad at me, East. Git mad at yo' self. East, is dese damn blacks like Nathan an' Dick makin' you stan'

back? You scairt—or is dat gal done tamed you?"

It takes a man to lay a man's wound wide to the beginnings of healing.

"She done tamed me, George. I can't lay a finger on her. I done lost my rabbit-foot on Dilsie. All I kin do is jes' want her like you needs vittles at noon when you ain't et since sunup. My belly's weak right across de middle—jes' de same way."

"East," said George, "you is ridin' fo' yourself a fall effen you don't make 'ase. Too many good mens is around atter dat gal. She sho' a fine 'un too. But East, 'tain't but one way to git any of 'em. You got to go atter 'em like guttin' a dawg."

That night Easter recalled Elsie's and George's words with the wholesome resentment recipients of good advice should feel.

"One thing," he was near bitterness as he crawled into bed, "dey is sho' plenty folks to tell you whut to do in dis yearth. An' plenty misery." He believed that summed up and dismissed these two encounters. But back in his rational years he had regarded Elsie and George as experts. Doubtless what they had said worked deep down in him, unknown to himself.

It didn't work hard enough to pump his courage up to the point of asking Dilsie to go to the frolic with him. He put that request to Minnie and Peter. Peter promptly sidestepped, leaving the decision with Minnie.

"Dilsie *wants* to go," said Minnie; "an' two-three done axed her. I didn't want any gal of mine traipsin' round wid jes' anybody. But I do want her to have her pleasure. You won't make her dance, will you, East?"

"No ma'm! I sho' won't." He meant it.

"Den you kin take her."

The horrible swiftness, the dazzling sweet torture of the days and nights which followed! Finally the revolving earth turned up that particular Thursday

morning, dealt out a day of May with soft clouds and slow wind, folded the clouds and put them away at sunset, and then—night.

When they set out together through the young night and entered the path which tunnelled the purple tree-shadows, Easter turned and saw Minnie Graves silhouetted against the gleam from the open cabin door, and it turned him weak; he longed to run back there, to seek the peace of which that light and Minnie's blurred figure were symbols. But life had him by the hind leg. He walked silently beside the silent girl, too afraid of the inexorable events which lay coiled in the hours ahead. Then, in crossing a footlog, he took her by the hand—for the first time; and the stark business that had laid so heavy upon Easter broke up, leavened with light. But his warmed and glowing panic was still panic, and when he spoke to Dilsie his voice was oppressed.

"Dem stars is a-winkin' like mo' rain."

"Sho' is. An' we don't need none, does we?"

"Sho' don't. We needs choppin' weather."

"Mr. Henry hirin' any choppin'?"

"He ain't dis last past week." Easter was nearly at ease; agriculture was always his tutelary deity.

They came to the next footlog, and the recurrent thrill of touching Dilsie's hand swept Easter to new boldness.

"We been choppin' de lower field. It's so fur a man can't go home at noon to cook himse'f suthin' t'eat."

"Does you fix up a bucket at breakfus time?" Dilsie's own voice was stronger; here was her province.

"Naw. When my belly's full of breakfus seem like I can't bother my haid 'bout lunch—wid it so fur off."

"Umph. Dat jes' like a man!" murmured Dilsie, and then her lips seemed to freeze at her own boldness, her panic swept through herself to Easter, and they walked on in silence. Without words and with no contact Easter knew, with swelling heart, that Dilsie loved him; it

made a white light of the gloom under the trees to know it; but the surging lift of this realization brought with it new fears. If he could take Dilsie in his arms he was sure the thin, strong barrier that held them apart would dissolve. But he could no more raise his two arms and put them about this girl than he could have plucked up one of the trees that made a leaky roof against the sprinkle of May stars. Each time their hands touched, whenever they were close together in the narrow path, Easter felt a warm, triumphant flood rise up inside him. And when it rose, and receded and came again, it came stronger and higher. When its heartening current flooded over, beyond his control, he could take this girl—this woman Dilsie—in his arms; but not before then. Shakily his mind compounded his vigorous strength, her slenderness, and the lonely dark into a compelling reason, a divine compulsion; but reason and experience were no helps for him with a woman like Dilsie. The rising of the tide inside him was his only hope, and it receded after each intoxicating surge.

They had traversed the woods; an open plantation road lay before them with the feel of wide fields about. Easter knew every step of the way as well as he knew the gear for his own mule, but to-night it was like walking out into a world remembered from a dream. He lifted his face to the night sky and got strength. Now he knew that the next wave of courage would sweep him out of his shackles. He wanted to sing his triumph as he walked, and he drew close to Dilsie in the path; and she seemed to shrink away, without actually moving off—while leaning closer.

They turned the angle of a dense thicket. Laughter floated through the warm air. A dim light glowed ahead. They had come to the Tom Brown school-house.

It stood at the edge of the fields. It had only one room, with windows three to a side. There were two kerosene ceiling lamps, but only the one farthest from

the door was lighted. The rough school benches were lined up along the walls; the tiny rostrum had been converted into a refreshment stand. From Zick Bell the revellers could buy hard candies at ten cents a pound, a plate or sandwich of barbecued pork, coffee hot but tenuous, and lemonade mixed in a wooden tub.

Easter and Dilsie were early, and with others they sat uneasily on the benches, waiting until numbers gave them courage to be gay. In the field, at work, that faculty never failed them. Stalking fun purposefully, focusing gayety in time and space, and going at it like laying rails require more practice than they could ever acquire. For that reason parties were oftener matters of excitement, hilarity, and brawl, than events of carefree pleasure. But sitting here in the dim school-house, Easter could not imagine any event more exhilarating. His eyes shone; he felt his lips stiff with involuntary smiling. He felt as though he had taken three fingers of whiskey.

Later, when others had arrived and noise had warmed them, when they had begun to stamp and clap rhythmically, and the more sinful felt their feet tingling, Easter saw Dick Mickings come in with Annie C. Behind them, towering above the crowd, was Nathan Grant.

The clapping and stamping settled into an even, compelling roar. Now and then a woman's voice keened an excited "E-e-e-e Yah! E-e-e-e Yah!" in time to the jungle beat of it. It was not gay—it was as deadly solemn as lust itself.

"Lemme at dat flo'l" yelled Hezekiah.

They pressed back, walling an oval opening with their heated bodies, and in this space Hezekiah capered. John Mack followed, then George, Nathan, and half a dozen others. Only sinners will dance, and this being a respectable party no women joined in; but the boldest of them clapped and stamped, and when the rhythm drummed irresistible compulsion, they shouted an excited accompaniment to the clapping.

The first mechanical austerities of the dance flowed off and into the grace of

primitive abandon. They leaped and whirled, they shuffled and swayed, they wiggled out the full repertory of sound, earthy obscenities, interpreting that universal essence of rhythm as it has shaken the cypresses of Mylitta's groves and the spotted canvas of revival tents. Easter did not dance; he was too clumsy, and to-night he would have been too self-conscious. He clapped and stamped with glowing eyes. Sweat stood on his forehead. The women shrieked their high-pitched triple "E-e-e Yahl!" and the schoolhouse quivered. Ziek Bell suddenly struck the bottom of a dishpan with his huge iron spoon.

"Time t'eat! Time t'eat!" he bawled.

The dancers stood, the clapping died a fluttering death like the stopping of a furious machine, the crowd broke, and the first gay shouts and genuine laughter of the evening swept through it.

Ziek Bell's hospitality was mercenary but hearty. Opulent couples crowded up to his table. Thoughtful men fingered through their jumper pockets under the intent, encouraging smiles of their women-folk.

Easter led Dilsie to Ziek Bell's table as soon as he had located the errant six bits among his pockets. Dilsie would have taken only coffee, but Easter pressed a sandwich and lemonade upon her; he also bought a bag of hard candy for them to eat on the way home. The other women greeted Dilsie pleasantly—until their men began offering to buy things for her.

"It's buyin' fo' Dilsie," Easter stated boldly, and they desisted. The code was simple and plain. But this was a challenge Easter's rivals could not ignore completely.

"I b'lieves I'll take Dilsie home my ownself," said Nathan Grant genially. "I kin jes' tuck her under one arm an' East under de yuther."

"You can't make no crop wid one arm," retorted John Mack loyally; "an' you'd be sho' to git *one* of 'em gnawed off."

When the laughter eased up, Dick Mickings said, smiling his dead 'possum smile, "Whut effen Brother Nathan an'

me double-teams, an' *bofe* takes her home? Would he gnaw us bofe, Brother Johnnie?"

"Naw! East is got good toofs, but dey couldn't stan' up to dat."

The crowd howled, Nathan and Dick with the rest. They were fairly routed; they knew, besides, that Easter was fully backed by his friends and by the approval of Dilsie's parents.

"Tell you whut us *kin* dol!" cried George Mack. "All de mens heah kin make a congregation an' walk home wid Dilsie an' East—t'keep de snakes off."

"Sho!" they shouted, and John added good naturedly, "East he kinda timid anyhow."

"It ain't only snakes he's scairt of—round wimmins," laughed Hezekiah Jones.

Easter's lips rolled out and his eyes blazed. The jest had been harmless in the hands of his two rivals. It was rapidly becoming fatal now that his friends had taken it up: there were so many of them.

•"Hot dawg! Dats de thing!" said Hezekiah. "East can't do nuthin' wid *all* of us!" As the effects registered on Easter the others increased their efforts. George Mack silenced them to explain more fully the perfections of the scheme. "Effen jes *some* of us tries it, East mout kill us dead. But effen *all* of us—"

They cut him short with shouts of acquiescence. The party had focus now, and a butt whom everyone liked and nobody feared. The ring formed again, the dance thundered into full fury. But now it was lightsome. The dancers would shout, "Who gwinna take her home, Lawd, who gwinna take her home?" And the triple response came spontaneously, shouted to the accompaniment of redoubled clapping and stamping: "*I is! I is! I is!*"

Easter looked at Dilsie. She was frightened and she tried to smile back at him. Suddenly a red wave inside Easter rose up behind his eyeballs, and he turned and plowed his way to the door.

The old Tom Brown house, which had

stood a hundred yards from the school, had been destroyed by fire years before. Easter knew he could find brickbats on the house site and he steered for the weedy ruins like a serpent for its hole. Where the old blacksmith had stood he saw the spread fingers of a ruined wagon wheel. The tire and felloe were gone. He laid hold of one of the spokes and wrenched it from its mortise in the hub. The spoke was sound oak, twenty inches long, tapered, and had the perfect balance of a war mace. It could crack a man's skull like a walnut, but it was as handy as a rapier.

Without haste, because the full flavor of his dish of martyrdom lay before him with no check and hindrance of sanity, Easter turned and stalked back toward the lighted door.

"Whut you up to, East?" demanded a voice at his shoulder.

"Watch an' see."

"Wait, East!" Easter had not even recognized George Mack.

"I ain't waitin'!"

"Stop, you dam' fool,—listen! I wants t'help you."

"Don't need none."

"You'll git kilt fo' nuthin! Some of dem boys is got guns on 'em."

"I'll gun 'em!"

George sprang from behind and pinned Easter's arms to his sides. "I wants to *he'p* you, you mule-headed fool! Listen—"

They wrestled, and despite George's advantage of hold and greater strength, Easter's madness would have prevailed if George had not pleaded and cursed.

"I wants to *he'p*! Listen, East: I knows how we kin do it!"

"Talk in a hurry den."

Easter rested panting. George did not relax his grip. "East, effen you starts a rookus dey'll lay you out—"

"I don't care!"

"—an' effen dey don't, somebody'll pull a knife or a gun—"

"I don't care!"

"You *will* care—wid a bullet in yo' guts! Lemme tell you whut us kin do—"

"I ain't gwinna leave. I's gwinna—"

"All right! All right, boy! But listen at me *fast*."

"Talk fast, George."

"I's got my gun on me. You stan' by de do'. I'll shoot out de light through one of dem back windows. Dese damn blacks'll run. I knows 'em! Dey'll run. You stan' at de do'. 'Tain't but one do', an' de windows is nailed shut. When dey comes out—"

"Come on!"

"Wait!" George released Easter now, sure of him. "Be sho' you lays yo' mark on all de men—not 'scusin' Nathan an' Dick."

"Come on!"

"Wait, fool! Now listen at me, *good*: Effen you jes' scares a nigger or jes' lashes him, he mout bust you from behin' a bush some day. But effen you makes yo' mark on him wid suthin' like a wagon-spoke, he know who de boss is. Now git to de do'. Don't show yourself till dey starts out. Dey'll run! I knows dese damn blacks."

George vanished and Easter moved to the door. He spat generously into his palm and sunk his fingers into the wagon-spoke.

Almost at once George fired through the rear window nearest the lamp, and the party exploded with the noise and velocity of shrapnel. It took the third shot to fetch the lamp, and bring it crashing down. By that time the door was vomiting a screaming tangle of bodies, and Easter's right arm rose and fell with mechanical regularity.

Now and again he recognized a friend or a woman in the struggling mass, and tried to hold his hand with an effort that nearly stood him on his head. Mercy was impossible; too many got by unmarked. He abandoned discrimination and went to work with grim thoroughness. Even when the frame of the glutted door fell down among them he missed no lick, and the clear crack of oak on skull beat on. Five or six lay on the ground, heaped up. Those inside dived over the rampart of bodies. While fresh

victims still fell, some of the first revived enough to stagger up, and these followed the impulse to run which had been interrupted by Easter's wagon spoke. When the supply slackened, George's pistol roared again, and stragglers who had huddled inside plunged out, often cheating Easter by tripping on the wrecked door-frame and stunning themselves on the ground.

Finally after a quick eternity of bliss Easter found no fugitives under his club. The last of the fallen had made off. George's pistol shots could evict no more. Only the shrieks of the women responded. They had not run with the men. Easter could see them in his mind's eye: a pile of them, hugging one another, burrowing under one another's bodies, kicking and scratching to crawl under, to put bodies between their own bodies and the terror—like a clot of lively fishing worms in a tin can.

George came to the door. "Heah—dese is matches. Go in an' git her."

Easter snatched the matches. He was already going in.

He dropped the wagon-spoke and cupped his hands round a lighted match. The women had crammed themselves under benches and in corners. A dozen were stuffed like tattered, shameless rag-dolls under the teacher's table on the little rostrum. Their struggles had spilled Ziek Bell's edibles over the floor. Wild eyes caught the gleam of Easter's match.

"I wants Dilsie!" Easter called. His match flared and died, and while he lighted another he wondered how he could ever have been afraid of that girl. "Dilsie!" he called, and the next match blazed up.

"I's comin'," she quavered.

Easter blew out his match. He did not wish to see her untangle herself from the mass of frightened flesh. He walked to the door and stood just outside in the starlight. When the girl came out to him he curved his right arm round her shoulders and led her through the fields toward the level shadow that marked the edge of the woods.

"My first wife," said Easter, "lemme go hongry in de field. Whut you think of a woman like dat?"

"She ain't hardly no woman—she jes' a mess!"

"Effen a man make de money an' bring home de rations of a Sadday, he got a right to find cooked grub in de house, come time t'eat."

"He sho' is."

"An'—Dilsie," Easter made the name precious in the saying, "I wants me some chullens."

"Don't—don't *evybody* want 'em, Easter?"

It was enough now to walk under the trees side by side. When they came to the edge of the Graves' clearing, Easter drew Dilsie off the path toward a new, clean log. "Not *on* it!" he breathed when, half hesitating, she sat down upon it. "We kin sit on de groun' an' lean our backs again' de log." He drew her down beside him on the short grass, which was cool with dew.

The stars had steadied to the unshaken stair of deep night, and quiet lay on the wide bottom-lands. A cock crowed, and the sound came to them as strained silver through the miles of sweet air.

"Don't!—not t'night, Easter!" Dilsie murmured, but she clung the closer as his arms, suddenly harsh and hurried with his long hunger for her, bent her down.



THE IDEA OF A WORLD ENCYCLOPEDIA

BY H. G. WELLS

MY PARTICULAR line of country has always been generalization and synthesis. I dislike isolated events and disconnected details. I really hate statements, views, prejudices, and beliefs that jump at you suddenly out of mid-air. I like my world as coherent and consistent as possible. That is why I have spent a few score thousand hours of my particular allotment of vitality in making outlines of history, short histories of the world, general accounts of the science of life, attempts to bring economic, financial, and social life into one conspectus and even, still more desperate, struggles to estimate the possible consequences of this or that set of operating causes upon the future of mankind.

All these attempts had profound and conspicuous faults and weaknesses; even my friends are apt to mention them with an apologetic smile. Presumptuous and preposterous they were, I admit, but I look back upon them completely unabashed. My reply to the superior critic has always been—forgive me—"Damn you, do it better." They were necessary preliminary experiments and someone had to make them and try them out upon the public mind.

The least satisfactory thing about them to me is that they did not at once provoke the learned and competent to produce superior substitutes. But in view of the number of able and distinguished people we have in the world professing and teaching economic, sociological, financial science and the admittedly unsatisfactory nature of the world's finan-

cial, economic, and political affairs, it is to me an immensely disconcerting fact that the *Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*, which was first published in 1932, remains—practically uncriticized, unstudied, and largely unread—the only attempt to bring human ecology into one correlated survey.

I mention this experimental work in order to show that I am not just throwing out casually formed ideas. The thoughts I am setting out here have troubled my mind for years and my ideas have been slowly gathering definition throughout these experiments and experiences.

A certain amount of anxious thought has been given to the conspicuous ineffectiveness of modern knowledge and—how shall I call it?—trained and studied thought in contemporary affairs. And I think that it is mainly in the troubled years since 1914 that the world of cultivated, learned, and scientific people has become conscious of this ineffectiveness. Before that time, or to be more precise, before 1909 or '10, the world, our world as we older ones recall it, was living in a state of confidence, of established values, of assured security which is already becoming now almost incredible. We had no suspicion then how much that apparent security had been undermined by science, invention, and skeptical inquiry. Most of us carried on into the War and even right through the War under the inertia of the accepted beliefs to which we had been born. We felt that the sort of history we were used to was still going

on and we hardly realized at all that the War was a new sort of thing, not like the old wars, that the old traditions of strategy were disastrously out of date, and that the old pattern of settling-up after a war could lead only to such a thickening tangle of evil consequences as we contemplate to-day. We know better now. Wiser after the events as we all are, few of us now fail to appreciate the stupendous ignorance, the almost total lack of grasp of social and economic realities, the short views, the shallowness of mind that characterized the treaty-making of 1919 and 1920.

I suppose Mr. Maynard Keynes was one of the first to open our eyes to this worldwide intellectual insufficiency. What his book *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* practically said to the world was this: *These people don't know anything about the business they have in hand. Nobody knows very much, but the important thing to realize is that they do not even know what is to be known. They arrange so and so, and so and so must ensue, and they cannot or will not see that so and so must ensue. They are so unaccustomed to competent thought, so ignorant that there is knowledge and of what knowledge is, that they do not understand that it matters.*

The same terrifying sense of insufficient mental equipment was dawning upon some of us who watched the birth of the League of Nations. Reluctantly and with something like horror, we realized that these people who were, they imagined, turning over a new page and beginning a fresh chapter in human history, knew collectively hardly anything about the formative forces in history. Collectively I say. Altogether they had a very considerable amount of knowledge, unco-ordinated bits of quite good knowledge, some about this period and some about that, but they had no common understanding whatever of the processes in which they were obliged to mingle and interfere. Possibly all the knowledge and all the directive ideas needed to establish a wise and stable settlement of

the world's affairs in 1919 existed in bits and fragments here and there; but practically nothing had been assembled, practically nothing had been thought out, nothing practically had been done to draw that knowledge and these ideas together into a comprehensive conception of the world.

The Peace Conference at Versailles did not use anything but a very small fraction of the political and economic wisdom that already existed in human brains at that time. And if usage had not dulled our apprehension to this state of affairs, we should regard this as fantastically absurd.

If I might attempt a sweeping generalization about the general course of human history in the eighteen years that have followed the War, I would describe it as a series of flounderings, violent ill-directed mass movements, slack drifting here and convulsive action there. We talk about the dignity of history. It is a bookish phrase for which I have the extremest disrespect. There is no dignity yet in human history. It would be pure comedy if it were not so often tragic, so frequently dismal, generally dishonorable, and occasionally quite horrible. And it is so largely tragic because the creature really is intelligent, can feel finely and acutely, expresses itself poignantly in art, music, and literature, and—this is what I am driving at—impotently knows better.

Consider only the case of America during this recent period. America when all is said and done, is one of the most intelligently *aware* communities in the world. Quite a number of people over there seem almost to know what is happening to them. Remember first the phase of fatuous self-sufficiency, the period of unprecedented prosperity, the boom, the crisis, the slump, and the dismay. And then appeared the new President, Franklin Roosevelt, and from the point of view of the present discussion he is one of the most interesting figures in all history. Because he really did make an appeal for such knowledge and un-

derstanding as existed to come to his aid, America, in an astounding state of meekness, was ready to be told and shown.

There were the universities, great schools, galaxies of authorities, learned men, experts, teachers gowned, adorned, and splendid. Out of this knowledge mass there have since come many very trenchant criticisms of the President's mistakes. But at the time this—what shall I call it?—this higher brain, this cerebrum, this gray matter of America was so entirely unco-ordinated that it had nothing really comprehensive, searching, thought-out, and trustworthy for him to go upon. The President had to experiment and attempt this and that; he turned from one promising adviser to another because there was nothing ready for him. He did not pretend to be a divinity. He was a politician—of exceptional good-will. He was none of your dictator gods. He showed himself extremely open and receptive for the organized information and guidance . . . *that wasn't there.*

And it isn't there now.

Some years ago there was a considerable fuss in the world about preparedness and unpreparedness. Most of that clamor concerned the possibility of war. But this was a case of a most fantastic unpreparedness on the part of hundreds of eminent men, who were supposed to have studied them, for the normal development of a community in times of peace. There had been no attempt to assemble that mechanism of knowledge of which America stood in need.

I repeat that if usage had not dulled us into a sort of acquiescence with this sort of thing we should think our species collectively insane to go about its business in this haphazard, planless, negligent fashion.

I think I have said enough to recall to anyone who may have lapsed from the keen apprehension of his first realization of this wide gap between what I may call the at present unassembled and unexploited best thought and knowledge in the world and the ideas and acts not sim-

ply of the masses of common people but of those who direct public affairs, the dictators, the leaders, the politicians, the newspaper directors, and our spiritual guides and teachers. We live in a world of unused and misapplied knowledge and skill. That is my case. Knowledge and thought are ineffective. The human species regarded as a whole is extraordinarily like a man of the highest order of brain who, through some lesions or defects or insufficiencies of his lower centers, suffers from the wildest incoordinations: St. Vitus dance, agraphia, aphonia, and suffers dreadfully (knowing better all the time) from the silly and disastrous gestures he makes and the foolish things he says and does.

I don't think this has ever been so evident as it is now. I doubt if in the past the gap was so wide as it is now between the occasions that confront us and the knowledge we have assembled to meet them. But because of a certain run of luck in the late nineteenth century the existence of that widening gap and the menace of that widening gap were not thrust upon our attention as they have been since the War.

At first that realization of the ineffectiveness of our best thought and knowledge struck only a few people, like Mr. Maynard Keynes, for example, who were in what I may call salient positions; but gradually I have noted the realization spreading and growing. It takes various forms. Prominent men of science speak more and more frequently of the responsibility of science for the disorder of the world. And if you are familiar with that most admirable of all newspapers, *Nature*, and if you care to turn over the files of that very representative weekly for the past quarter of a century or so, and sample the articles, you will observe a very remarkable change of note and scope in what it has to say to its readers. Time was when *Nature* was almost pedantically special and scientific. Its detachment from politics and general affairs was complete. But latterly the concussions of the social earthquake and the vi-

bration of the guns have become increasingly perceptible in the laboratories. *Nature*, from being specialist, has become world-conscious, so that now it is almost haunted week by week by the question: "What are we to do, before it is too late, to make what we know and our way of thinking effective in world affairs?"

And consider again the topics that were dealt with at the latest gathering of the British Association. The very title of the Presidential Address was: "The Impact of Science upon Society." The need of extending endowment and multiplying workers in the social sciences was stressed. Professor Philip dealt with "The Training of the Chemist for the Service of the Community." Professor Cramp talked of "The Engineer and the Nation," and there was an important discussion of "The Cultural and Social Values of Science" in which Sir Richard Gregory, Professor Hogben, and Sir Daniel Hall said some memorable things. There can be no doubt of the reality of this awakening of the scientific worker to the necessity of his becoming a definitely *organized* factor in the social scheme of the years before us.

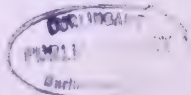
II

So far I have been merely opening up my subject and stating the problem for consideration. And now I want to go on to the question whether this great and growing gap, of which we are becoming so acutely aware, between special knowledge and thought and the common ideas and motives of mankind can be bridged, and if so how it can be bridged. *Can* scientific knowledge and specialized thought be brought into more effective relation to general affairs?

I find among my uneasy scientific and specialist friends a certain disposition—and I think it is a mistaken disposition—for direct political action and special political representation. When I was a young man the scientific and literary workers I knew were either indifferent or conservative in politics, while nowadays quite a large proportion of them are in-

clined to active participation in extremist movements; many are leftish and revolutionary; some accept the strange pseudo-scientific dogmas of the communist party, though that does no credit to their critical training, and even those who are not out on the left are restless for some way of intervening, definitely as a class, in the general happenings of the community. Their ideas of possible action vary from important-looking signed pronouncements and protests to the withholding of services and the refusal to assist in technical developments that may be misapplied. Some favor the idea of a gradual supersession of the political forms and methods of mass democracy by government by some sort of *élite* in which the man of science and the technician will play a dominating part. There are very large vague patches upon this idea but the general projection is the form of a sort of modern priesthood, an oligarchy of professors and exceptionally competent people. Like Plato, they would make the philosopher king. This project involves certain assumptions about the general quality and superiority of the intellectual worker that I am afraid will not stand scrutiny.

I submit that sort of thing—political activities, party intervention, and dreams of an authoritative *élite*—is not the way in which specialists, artists, and specialized thinkers and workers who constitute the vital feeling and understanding of the body politic can be brought into a conscious, effective, guiding, and directive relationship to the control of human affairs. Because—I hope I shall be acquitted of any disrespect for science and philosophy when I say this—we have to face the fact that, from the point of view of general living, men of science, artists, philosophers, specialized intelligences of any sort do not constitute an *élite* that can be mobilized for collective action. They are an extraordinarily miscellaneous assembly and their most remarkable common quality is the quality of concentration in comparative retirement—each along his own line. They have none of



the solidarity, the customary *savoir faire*, the habits arising out of practices, activities, and interests in common that lawyers, doctors, or any of the really socially organized professions for instance display. A professor-ridden world might be as unsatisfactory under the stress of modern life as a theologian-ridden world.

A distinguished specialist is precious because of his cultivated gift. It does not follow at all that by the standards of all-round necessity he is a superior person. Indeed, by the very fact of his specialization he may be less practiced and competent than the average man. He probably does not read his newspaper so earnestly; he finds much of the common round a bother and a distraction and he puts it out of his mind. I think we should get the very gist of this problem if we could compare twelve miscellaneous men of science and special skill with twelve unspecialized men taken—let us say—from the head clerk's morning train to the city. We should probably find that for commonplace teamwork and the ordinary demands and sudden urgencies of life the second dozen was individually quite as good as the first dozen if not better. In a burning hotel or cast away on a desert island they would probably do quite as well. And yet collectively they would be ill-informed and limited men, the whole dozen of them would have nothing much more to tell you than any one of them. On the other hand, our dozen specialists would each have something distinctive to tell you. The former group would be almost as uniform in their knowledge and ability as tiles on a roof; the latter would be like pieces from a complicated jigsaw puzzle. The more you got them together the more they would signify. Twelve clerks or a hundred clerks, it wouldn't matter; you would get nothing but dull repetitions and a flat acquiescent suggestible outlook upon life. But every specialized man added would be adding something to the directive pattern of life. I think that consideration leads a step farther in defining the problem.

It is *science* and not *men of science* that we want to enlighten and animate our politics and rule the world.

III

And now I will introduce a phrase, New Encyclopedism. I want to suggest that something which for a time I shall call *World Encyclopedia* is the means whereby we can solve the problem of that jigsaw puzzle and bring all the scattered and ineffective mental wealth of our world into something like a common understanding and into effective reaction upon our political, social, and economic life. I am flinging modesty to the winds in the suggestions I am about to make. They are immense suggestions. This is really a scheme I am sketching for the reorganization and reorientation of education and information throughout the world. We are so accustomed to the existing schools, colleges, universities, research organizations of the world; they have so molded and made us and trained us from our earliest years to respect and believe in them, that it is with a real feeling of temerity, of "alma-matricidal impiety," so to speak, that I have allowed my mind to explore their merits and question whether they were not now altogether an extraordinarily loose, weak and out-of-date miscellany. Yet I do not see how we can admit the existence of this terrifying gap between available knowledge and current social and political events and not go on to something like an indictment of the whole great world of academic erudition, training, and instruction from China to Peru—an indictment for, at least, inadequacy and inco-ordination, if not for actual negligence. It may be only a temporary inadequacy, a pause in development before renaissance; but inadequate altogether they are. Universities have multiplied greatly, yes, but they have failed to participate in the general advance in power, scope, and efficiency that has occurred in the past century.

Let me now try to picture this missing

element in a modern human social mechanism, this needed connection between the percipient and informative parts and the power organization for which I am using this phrase, *World Encyclopedia*. Take it first from the point of view of the ordinary educated citizen—and I suppose in a really modernized state the ordinary citizen will be an educated citizen. From his point of view the *World Encyclopedia* would be a row of volumes in his own home or in some neighboring house or in a convenient public library or in any school or college, and in this row of volumes he would without any great toil or difficulty find in clear understandable language, and kept up to date, the ruling concepts of our social order, the outlines and main particulars in all fields of knowledge, an exact and reasonably detailed picture of our universe, a general history of the world, and if, by any chance he wanted to pursue a question into its ultimate detail, a trustworthy and complete system of reference to primary sources of knowledge.

In fields where wide varieties of method and opinion existed he would find, not casual summaries of opinions, but very carefully chosen and correlated statements and arguments. I do not image the major subjects as being dealt with in special articles rather hastily written, such as has been the tradition of encyclopedias since the days of Diderot's heroic effort. Our present circumstances are altogether different from his. Nowadays there is an immense literature of statement and explanation scattered through tens of thousands of books, pamphlets, and papers, and it is not necessary—it is undesirable—to trust to such hurried summaries as the old tradition was obliged to make for its use. The day when an energetic journalist could gather together a few star contributors and a miscellany of compilers of very uneven quality to scribble him special articles, often tainted with propaganda and advertisement, and call it an Encyclopedia is past. The modern *World Encyclopedia* should consist of selections, ex-

tracts, quotations very carefully assembled with the approval of outstanding authorities in each subject, carefully collated and edited, and critically presented. It would be not a miscellany but a concentration, a clarification and a synthesis.

This *World Encyclopedia* would be the mental background of every intelligent man in the world. It would be alive and growing and changing continually, under revision, extension, and replacement from the original thinkers in the world everywhere. Every university and research institution should be feeding it. Every fresh mind should be brought into contact with its standing editorial organization. And on the other hand, its contents would be the standard source of material for the instructional side of school and college work, for the verification of facts and the testing of statements—everywhere in the world. Even journalists would deign to use it; even newspaper proprietors might be made to respect it.

Such an Encyclopedia would play the role of an undogmatic Bible to a world culture. It would do just what our scattered and dis-oriented intellectual organizations of to-day fall short of doing. It would hold the world together mentally.

It may be objected that this is a utopian dream. This is something too great to achieve, too good to be true. Flying was a utopian dream a third of a century ago. What I am proposing is perfectly sane, sound, and practicable.

But I will notice very briefly two objections—obstructions rather than objections—that one will certainly encounter at this point.

We have all heard and probably been irritated or bored by the assertion that no two people think alike "*quot homines, tot sententiæ*," that science is always contradicting itself, that theologians and economists can never agree. It is largely mental laziness on the defensive that makes people say this kind of thing. They don't want their intimate convictions turned over and examined, and it is unfortunate that the emphasis put

upon minor differences by men of science and belief in their strenuous search for the completest truth and the exactest expression sometimes gives color to this sort of misunderstanding. But I am inclined to think that most people overrate the apparent differences in the world of opinion to-day. Even in theology a psychological analysis reduces many flat contradictions to differences in terminology. My impression is that human brains are very much of a pattern, that under the same conditions they react in the same way, and that were it not for tradition, upbringing, accidents of circumstance, and particularly of accidental individual obsessions, we should find ourselves—since we all face the same universe—much more in agreement than is superficially apparent. We speak different languages and dialects of thought and can even at times catch ourselves flatly contradicting one another in words while we are doing our utmost to express the same idea. How often do we see men misrepresenting one another in order to exaggerate a difference and secure the gratification of an argumentative victory! A *World Encyclopedia* as I conceive it would bring together into close juxtaposition and under critical scrutiny many apparently conflicting systems of statement. It might act not merely as an assembly of fact and statement but as an organ of adjustment and adjudication, a clearing house of misunderstanding; it would be deliberately a synthesis, and so act as a flux and a filter for a very great quantity of human misapprehension. I think it would relegate "*quot homines, tot sententia*" back to the Latin comedy from which it emerged.

To the second type of obstacle that this idea of a *World Encyclopedia* will encounter I shall give only the briefest of attention. We all know that kind of neuralgic expression, the high protesting voice, the fluttering gesture of the hands. "What a dreadful dreadful world it will be when everybody thinks alike"—and so they go on. Most of these elegant people who want the world

picturesquely at sixes and sevens are hopeless cases; but for the milder instances it may be worth while remarking that it really does not enhance the natural variety and beauty of life to have all the clocks in a town keeping individual times of their own, no charts of the sea, no time-tables but trains starting secretly to unspecified destinations, infectious diseases without notification, and postmen calling occasionally when they can get by the picturesque footpads at the corner. I like order in the place of vermin, I prefer a garden to a swamp and the whole world to a hole-and-corner life in some obscure community.

Next let us take this *World Encyclopedia* from the point of view of the specialists and the super-intellectual. To him even more than to the common intelligent man *World Encyclopedia* is going to be of value because it is going to afford him an intelligible statement of what is being done by workers parallel with himself. And further, it will be giving him the general statement of his own subject that is being made to the world at large. He can watch that closely. On the assumption that the *World Encyclopedia* is based on a world-wide organization, he will be—if he is a worker of any standing—a corresponding associate of the Encyclopedia organization. He will be able to criticize the presentation of his subject, to suggest amendments and restatements. For a *World Encyclopedia* that was kept alive and up to date by the frequent reissue of its volumes could be made the basis of much fundamental discussion and controversy. It might breed swarms of pamphlets, and very wholesome swarms. It would give the specialist just that contact with the world at large which at present is merely caricatured by more or less elementary class-teaching, amateurish examination work, and college administration. In my dream of a *World Encyclopedia* I have a feeling that part of the scheme would be the replacement of the latter, the college business, tutoring, normal lecturing work, and so on, by the

new set of activities, the encyclopedic work, the watching brief to prevent the corruption of the popular mind.

Well, we begin to see the shape of this project. And we shall realize that it is far away from anything like the valiant enterprise of Denis Diderot and his associates a century and a half ago, except in so far as the nature of its reaction upon the world's affairs is concerned. That extraordinary adventure in intellectual synthesis makes this dream credible. That is our chief connection with it.

I regret to say that here I have to make an incidental disavowal. In order to get some talk going upon this idea of an Encyclopedia, I have been circulating a short memorandum upon the subject among a number of friends. I did not think to mark it "Private," and unhappily one copy seems to have fallen into the hands of one of those minor pests of our time, a personal journalist, who at once rushed into print with the announcement that I was proposing to write a brand new Encyclopedia all with my own little hand out of my own little head. At the age of seventy! Once a thing of this sort is started there is no stopping it—and I admit it was a funny idea. What a lark such an Encyclopedia would be! Something of the sort was attempted years ago with the utmost seriousness by a Mr. Quilter of Florence, Whistler's "Harry Quilter"; if I remember rightly it was called *All About Everything*, and some of it was quite unintentionally very amusing reading.

This Encyclopedia I am thinking of is something in which I have neither the equipment nor the quality to play any but an infinitesimal part. I am asking for it in the role of a common intelligent man who wants it. It is just because in the past I have had some experience in the assembling of outlines of knowledge for popular use that I realize perhaps better than most people the ineffectiveness of this sort of effort on the part of individuals or small groups. It is something that must be taken up—and taken

up very seriously—by the universities, the learned societies, the great educational organizations that now exist if it is to be brought into effective being.

IV

And that brings me to the last part of this speculation. Can such an Encyclopedia as I have been suggesting be a possible thing? How can it be set going? How can it be organized and paid for?

I agree I have to show it is a possible thing. For I am going to make the large assumption that you who read this think that *if it is a possible thing* it is a desirable thing. How are we to set about it?

I think something in this way: To begin with we want a promotion organization. We want, shall I call it, an Encyclopedia Society to ask for an Encyclopedia and get as many people as possible asking for an Encyclopedia. Directly that society asks for an Encyclopedia it will probably have to resort to precautionary measures against any enterprising publisher who may see in that demand a chance for selling some sort of vamped-up miscellany as the thing required and who may even trust to the unworldliness of learned men for some sort of countenance for his raid.

And next, this society of promoters will have to survey the available material. For most of the material for a modern Encyclopedia exists already—though in a state of impotent diffusion. In all the various departments with which an Encyclopedia should deal, groups of authoritative men might be induced to prepare a comprehensive list of primary and leading books, articles, statements which, taken together, would give the best, clearest, and most quintessential renderings of what is known and thought within their departments. This would make a sort of key bibliography to the thought and knowledge of the world. My friend Sir Richard Gregory has suggested that such a key bibliography for a *World Encyclopedia* would in itself be a very worthwhile thing to evoke. I agree with

him. I haven't an idea what we should get. I imagine something on the scale of ten or twenty thousand items. I don't know.

Possibly our Encyclopedia Society would find that such a key bibliography was in itself a not unprofitable publication, but that is a comment by the way.

The next step on from this key bibliography would be the organization of a general editorial board and of departmental boards. These would be permanent bodies because our idea is that this Encyclopedia should have a perennial life. We should have to secure premises, engage a literary staff and, with the constant co-operation of the departmental groups, set about the task of making our great synthesis and abstract. I must repeat that for the purposes of a *World Encyclopedia* probably we should not want much original writing. If a thing has been stated clearly and compactly once for all, why paraphrase it or ask some inferior hand to restate it? Our job may be rather to secure the use of copyrights and induce leading exponents of this or that field of science or criticism to co-operate in the selection, condensation, expansion, or simplification of what they have already said so well.

And now our *World Encyclopedia* goes to press. So far we shall have been spending money upon this great enterprise and receiving nothing; we shall have been spending capital, for which I have at present not accounted. I will merely say that I see no reason why the capital needed for these promotion activities should not be forthcoming. This is no gainful enterprise, but you have to remember that the values we should create would be far more stable than the ephemeral encyclopedias representing sums round about a million pounds or so which have hitherto been the high-water of encyclopedic enterprise. These were essentially book-selling enterprises made to exploit a demand. But this *World Encyclopedia*, as I conceive it, if only because it will have roped in the larger part of the original

sources of exposition, discussion, and information, will be in effect a world monopoly, and it will be able to levy and distribute direct and indirect revenue on a scale quite beyond the resources of any private publishing enterprise. I do not see that the financial aspects of this huge enterprise, big though the sums involved may be, present any insurmountable difficulties in the way of its realization. The major difficulty will be to persuade the extremely various, preoccupied, impatient, and individualistic scholars, thinkers, and scientific workers on whose participation its success depends, of its practicability, convenience, and desirability.

And so far as the promotion of it goes I am reasonably hopeful. Quite a few convinced, energetic, and resourceful people could set this ball rolling toward realization. To begin with, it is not necessary to convert the whole world of learning, research, and teaching. It will encounter little positive opposition. Negative opposition—the refusal to have anything to do with it and so forth—can be worn down by persistence and the gathering promise of success. It has not to fight adversaries or win majorities before it gets going. And once this ball is fairly set rolling it will be very hard to stop. A greater danger, as I have already suggested, will come from attempts at the private mercenary exploitation of this worldwide need—the raids of popular publishers and heavily financed salesmen, and in particular attempts to create copyright difficulties and so to corner the services and prestige of this or that unwary eminent person by anticipatory agreements. *Vis-à-vis* with salesmanship, the man of science, the man of the intellectual *élite*, is apt to show himself a very Simple Simon. And of course from the very start, various opinionated cults and propagandas will be doing their best to capture us or buy us. Well, we mustn't be captured or bought, and in particular our silence must not be bought or captured. That danger may in the end prove to be a stimulus. Spe-

cial cults can sometimes be digested and assimilated to their own and the general advantage.

And there will be a constant danger that some of the early promoters may feel and attempt to realize a sort of proprietorship in the organization, to make a group or a gang of it. But to recognize that danger is halfway to averting it.

V

I have said nothing so far about the language in which the Encyclopedia should appear. It is a question I have not worked out. But I think that the main text should be in one single language, from which translations in whole or part could be made. Catholic Christianity during the years of its greatest influence was held together by Latin, and I do not think that I am giving way to any patriotic bias when I suggest that unless we contemplate a polyglot publication—and never yet have I heard of a successful polyglot publication—English, because it has a wider range than German, a greater abundance and greater subtlety of expression than French, and more precision than Russian, is the language in which the original text of a *World Encyclopedia* ought to stand. And moreover, it is in the English-speaking communities that such an enterprise as this is likely to find the broadest basis for operations, the frankest criticism, and the greatest freedom from official interference and government propaganda. But that must not hinder us from drawing help and contributions from and contemplating a use in every community in the world.

And so far I have laid no stress upon the immense advantage this enterprise would have in its detachment from immediate politics. Ultimately, if our dream is realized, it must exert a very great influence upon everyone who controls administrations, makes wars, directs mass behavior, feeds, moves, starves, and kills populations. But it does not immediately challenge these active peo-

ple. It is not the sort of thing to which they would be directly antagonistic. It is not ostensibly anti-*them*. It would have a terrible and ultimately destructive aloofness. They would not easily realize its significance for all that they do and are. The prowling beast will fight savagely if it is pursued and challenged upon the jungle path in the darkness, but it goes home automatically as the day breaks.

Such an encyclopedic organization could spread like a nervous network, a system of mental control about the globe, knitting all the intellectual workers of the world through a common interest and a common medium of expression into a more and more conscious co-operating unity and a growing sense of their own dignity, informing without pressure or propaganda, directing without tyranny. It could be developed wherever conditions were favorable; it could make inessential concessions and bide its time in regions of exceptional violence, grow vigorously again with every return to liberalism and reason.

So I sketch my suggestion for a rehabilitation of thought and learning that ultimately may release a new form of power in the world, recalling indeed the power and influence of the churches and religions of the past but with a progressive, adaptable, and recuperative quality that none of these possessed. I believe that in some such way as I have sketched, the mental forces now largely and regrettably scattered and immobilized in the universities, the learned societies, research institutions, and technical workers of the world could be drawn together into a real directive world intelligence, and by that mere linking and implementing of what is known, human life as a whole could be made much surer, stronger, bolder, and happier than it has ever been up to the present time. And until something of this sort is done I do not see how the common life can ever be raised except occasionally, locally, and by a conspiracy of happy chances, above its present level of impulsiveness, insincerity, in-

security, general undervitality, undernourishment, and aimlessness. For that reason I think the promotion of an organization for a *World Encyclopedia* may prove in the long run to be a better investment for the time and energy of intelligent men and women than any definite revolutionary movement, Socialism, Communism, Fascism, Imperialism, Pacifism, or any other of the current isms into which we pour ourselves and our resources so freely. None of these movements has anything like the intellectual comprehensiveness needed to construct the world anew.

Let me be *very* clear upon one point.

I am not saying that a *World Encyclopedia* will in itself solve any single one of the vast problems that must be solved if man is to escape from his present dangers and distresses and enter upon a more hopeful phase of history; what I am say-

ing—and saying with the utmost conviction—is this: that without a *World Encyclopedia* to hold men's minds together in something like a common interpretation of reality there is no hope whatever of anything but an accidental and transitory alleviation to any of our world troubles. As mankind is so it will remain until it pulls its mind together. And if it does not pull its mind together then I do not see how it can help but decline. Never was a living species more perilously poised than ours at the present time. If it does not take thought to end its present mental indecisiveness catastrophe lies ahead. Our species may yet end its strange eventful history as just the last, the cleverest, of the great apes. The great ape that was clever—but not clever enough. It could escape from most things but not from its own mental confusion.





BETTER DAYS FOR MUSIC

BY JOHN TASKER HOWARD

IF you have traveled through the United States during the past season you may have noticed that concerts are advertised in hotel lobbies, in shop windows, and on bill posters far more extensively than in past years. In Springfield, Ohio, for example, a city of seventy thousand inhabitants, you may have seen announcements of concerts by Fritz Kreisler, Mischa Levitzki, the Vienna Choir Boys, Dusolina Giannini, and the Monte Carlo Ballet; if you had inquired you would have learned that as many as thirteen hundred season tickets were sold in advance for this course, which is now in its third year. In Milwaukee a local music dealer has issued a folder showing that one hundred and twenty-four musical events have been scheduled for the present season; three years ago there were only half that number. Newark, New Jersey, which for the past ten years has supported concerts in haphazard fashion, is now having four concerts by the Philadelphia Orchestra, two performances by the Monte Carlo Ballet, a visit from the Metropolitan Opera Company, a summer series of symphony concerts, and three distinct "artist courses" by distinguished soloists.

These are not isolated cases. Everywhere you go you will find signs of the same revival. Is it simply a result of economic recovery or is there some other less obvious cause?

Before we try to answer this question we must remind ourselves how gloomy the prospect for concert music looked even before the depression began. In the prosperous days of 1929 we were con-

stantly hearing about the terrible things that radio was doing to us and to the artists who make their living by playing and singing for our entertainment. We were told that we were becoming culturally "frozen"; content to sit in our easy chairs by the fireside and passively expose ourselves to whatever the commercial broadcasters cared to give us. Our future musical taste, it seemed, was entirely in the hands of toothpaste and automobile manufacturers who catered to our average age-mentality (was it thirteen years or only ten?), and the time was soon at hand when only the Kate Smiths and the Bing Crosbys would have any appeal to the public.

The concert artist, the man or woman who depended on box-office receipts for his living, was definitely a relic of the past. Most of his clan would soon be running tearooms or night clubs. Who would ever spend money or venture out on stormy nights to attend concerts if he could stay at home and hear something he liked better? When Walter Damrosch began to conduct concerts for the radio, a little less than ten years ago, a number of his friends expostulated with him. Among them were Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, and Kreisler, who told him that the rise of radio would surely mean the end of concerts in the flesh. They begged him to lend neither aid nor encouragement to such a deadly foe.

In the January, 1930, issue of *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*, in an article entitled "The Twilight of the Concert Gods," Jeanette Eaton prophesied that the concert artist

might soon be "as extinct as the cavalryman." To support her thesis she cited no less an authority than George Engles, manager of Schumann-Heink and Paderevski, and at that time newly appointed director of the National Broadcasting Company's Artists' Service. Mr. Engles was quoted as saying: "The glorious concert-field of the past is no more. Only the high lights remain. The public will still pay for the greatest names and the most attractive novelties. But so far as the lesser artists are concerned, the outlook in the concert field is profoundly discouraging. I know of several managers who have given up the struggle and closed their offices."

Bear in mind that all of these prophecies were made before the depression. Dr. Damrosch began his radio career about 1928, and when Miss Eaton wrote her article (presumably in the fall of 1929) she could hardly have been aware of anything more than the first decline in stock-market prices. Nor was she forecasting general economic collapse. She and the other prophets of hard times for musicians were talking about a cultural, not an economic, predicament.

When the depression deepened, it rendered the prophecies so tragically accurate that any further analysis of the condition of the concert business seemed futile. But now that the curve of business statistics and the curve of concert statistics have both turned upward, it is time to look into the whole question again. Now perhaps we can discover whether Miss Eaton and Dr. Damrosch's friends were justified in their pessimism.

Such figures as are available show that people do not patronize concerts any less than they did in 1929-30; they are actually demanding more. The following statistics represent an estimate of the total number of commercial concerts, by traveling soloists and organizations, which were booked in the United States during the past eight seasons. The totals are based on figures supplied by the leading concert bureaus, allowing for the independents as well as the concert managements

controlled by the two major broadcasting systems:

1929-30.....	3,750
1930-31.....	3,200
1931-32.....	3,050
1932-33.....	2,600
1933-34.....	2,650
1934-35.....	3,150
1935-36.....	3,500
1936-37.....	3,900

These figures do not include the regular concert series by resident symphony orchestras, performances by opera companies in their home cities, recitals and concerts by local musicians, numerous smaller affairs of music clubs and women's clubs, nor any of the WPA concerts of the Federal Music Project. They represent only concerts given by artists of national reputation, booked by the leading commercial bureaus.

A glance at the figures shows that in 1932 the number of concerts had dropped to 2,600—to 69 per cent of the 1929-30 total. This was the low year of the depression, when according to Federal Reserve figures the production of manufactures and minerals had fallen to 50 per cent of the 1929 level. During the present season (1936-37), concert bookings have risen to a total of 3,900—exactly 104 per cent of the 1929-30 figures. As this article is being written, the production of manufactures and minerals has reached only 91.6 per cent of its 1929 level.

Statistics can sometimes be misleading; yet it would seem reasonable to argue from these figures that music (as represented by concerts for which people pay money) suffered less than industry from the depression, and has recovered more vigorously. And certainly the story which the figures tell is not at all what one would have expected to hear after listening to the doleful prophets of 1929.

How can we account for this change?

II

It is possible that radio has had something to do with it; that instead of being

the deadly foe of living music, it may have been its friend and press-agent. Certainly millions of people have heard music during the past ten years who rarely heard it before; and millions whose idea of "classical" music used to be Elgar's *Salut d'Amour* or Chopin's E flat *Nocturne* have at least made the acquaintance of Bach and Beethoven. Dr. Damrosch's school-hour program is heard in the classrooms of sixty-thousand schools, and he is probably not over-optimistic in estimating his total audience at from six to seven millions.

It was when radio first ceased to be a novelty that musicians began to fear that the new medium would so completely satisfy the public desire for music that few people would make the effort to go to concert halls or opera houses. For a time—especially in the years round 1925—these fears seemed to be well-founded. Yet from 1925 until the beginning of the depression the concert business steadily improved, until in 1929 it surpassed any previous record since the pre-war years of 1910 and 1912, when foreign competition had not yet become a serious factor in the field.

Perhaps the pessimists who during those very years expressed such deep discouragement were overlooking an important possibility: that while radio may have encouraged many veteran concert-goers to stay at home, it was also slowly producing thousands of new listeners who would sooner or later want to meet an orchestra or soloist in person. For it is obvious that, with all the improvement in radio transmission and reception, it is not and never can be as satisfying as the actual performance of music by living artists in the flesh. As a novelty it may gratify a man's desire for music for a time, and continue to supplement his attendance at concerts or opera; but if he comes to like music he will inevitably seek fuller satisfaction in the actual presence of musicians.

Such a statement might sound like an academic theory if numerous incidents did not exist to support it. Everywhere

to-day there is evidence of new faces in the audiences. In one city the resident symphony orchestra was compelled two years ago to move from a hall seating 1,800 to one that holds 3,000. The new hall is sold out this year. In another city an orchestra has moved its concerts from a hall seating 2,000 to one accommodating 3,500, and this season it has sold 3,000 subscriptions. Veterans at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York report that in recent years the applause has not been as unanimous as it used to be. In the past the audiences would clap at precisely the same moment at the end of familiar arias. To-day they are beginning to distribute their plaudits more as the spirit moves them. It is undoubtedly the presence of newcomers that is playing hob with tradition.

Perhaps radio is providing at least one new concert-goer for every one that it is keeping at home; maybe several. Since 1929 the number of major symphony orchestras in our principal cities has jumped from ten to seventeen—not only despite the fact that concerts may be heard at home over the radio, but also despite the competition offered during the past two years by the free, or at least low-priced, concerts of the WPA's Music Project.

The magnitude of this latter undertaking has been colossal. On December 1, 1936, 15,382 musicians were on the Federal payroll, their services extending into forty-two States and the District of Columbia. Of these musicians, 2,428 have been engaged in teaching, arranging, copying, and in administrative work, while the rest have been employed for public performances, as follows: 6,059 in 168 symphony and concert orchestras; 2,684 in 85 bands; 2,085 in 133 dance, theater and novelty orchestras; 265 in 30 chamber-music ensembles; 1,204 in 35 choral groups; 440 in several opera projects, and 217 soloists giving recitals.

Between October, 1935, and December, 1936, these performing musicians gave 57,000 concerts—a staggering number. Nicolai Sokoloff, director of the project,

estimates that the audiences have totaled more than fifty millions. He also claims that the WPA programs have brought about "a freedom from the need of appeal to over-sophisticated, jaded tastes." "The whole base of the American audience structure has been almost illimitably expanded," he says. "The new musical public is neither biased nor doctrinaire; it is naïve perhaps, but eager and hungry for music."

What the radio has done and will do to our musical taste will always be a matter for lively debate. Certainly one may well wonder what effect the incessant torch-songs and inconsequential trivia of the average advertising program will have on his children. Specific indications exist, however, to show that concert audiences are expecting better fare of the artists who visit them. Mischa Levitzki says that his audiences, even in small, out-of-the-way cities, express disapproval if he fails to play one or several Bach works in their original, untranscribed form. Where ten years ago he would have ventured only one of three Beethoven sonatas (either the "Moonlight," the "Pathétique," or the "Appassionata") to-day he is asked to play the less hackneyed, more unfamiliar sonatas.

When the Philadelphia Orchestra undertook a transcontinental tour last season the audiences in every city demanded Bach or Wagner for encores. When the orchestra played in Los Angeles one member of the audience was a musical director for Paramount who was so impressed by the fact that the audience clamored for Bach, that he brought about the engagement of Stokowski and the entire orchestra to appear in "The Big Broadcast of 1937," a film starring Jack Benny, Gracie Allen, and George Burns. The Philadelphians were very theatrically presented, but at least it was remarkable to find the G minor Fugue being used in a spectacular movie designed solely for mass entertainment.

It is easy to criticize radio broadcasters for filling (or allowing their advertisers

to fill) their schedules largely with trash. Yet radio cannot cater to music-lovers alone, particularly to the relatively small portion of the musical public that wants only Bach, Brahms, and Stravinsky. In a recent public address, Frank Black, musical director of the National Broadcasting Company, remarked that radio is proceeding musically on the assumption that the general public has good taste. "We know," he said, "that there is a vast portion of people, constantly growing, in the United States, who are listeners to purely symphonic programs. . . . We also know that there is a great audience for popular music. . . . We perhaps do not broadcast as many modern works as the musical snob or sophisticate would like [but] I do not agree with the group of musicians who claim that radio should be like a doctor who feeds his patients only what he thinks is good for them."

Probably Dr. Black is correct, though some may retort that neither should advertisers think that all of us like crooners and swing. At any rate the National Broadcasting Company's tabulation of the types of music it broadcast last season is indicative of what the listener may hear. That which the broadcasters rate as "classical" occupied a fifth of the total; opera, three per cent; dance, or popular music, a quarter. The balance, or about fifty-two per cent, was devoted to the so-called semi-classic type—salon music, comic-opera selections, ballads, and lighter music that does not fall in the current "popular" class.

Broadcasters have a hard time learning what the public actually wants. The letters they receive are a fair indication of the public taste; but while thousands of listeners write notes of commendation or criticism, millions are never heard from. Several agencies make surveys by telephone and house-to-house canvassing, hoping in this way to gain a representative cross-section of opinion.

While such surveys show that the lighter programs are highest in favor—particularly those of popular comedians—it is also true that the radio audiences

of the Sunday night symphonic broadcasts, of the Metropolitan opera, and of the Sunday afternoon concerts of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony have been steadily increasing in the past two or three years. Especially significant is a survey of the Philharmonic radio audience, made a few months ago by Dr. Daniel Starch and his staff. These broadcasts, incidentally, are of concert programs not designed for a radio audience and containing no concessions to what any radio program-maker may consider to be the general public taste.

The Starch survey was accomplished by personal interviews in representative cities and towns throughout the country. Of the radio homes consulted, 59.4 per cent reported that they had heard one or more of the Philharmonic programs. Of these, 11 per cent said that they "always listened"; another 11 per cent that they "quite often listened"; and 63 per cent that they "sometimes listened." The remainder "seldom listened."

The distribution of this audience by income levels contradicts the belief that more music lovers are to be found among the middle and lower income strata than among the rich:

\$10,000 and over . . .	85.1 per cent
5,000—10,000	75.5 per cent
3,000— 5,000	74.1 per cent
2,000— 3,000	61.0 per cent
1,000— 2,000	54.1 per cent
Under 1,000	44.7 per cent

—
Average 59.4 per cent

Remembering that once a person owns a radio set the concerts are free, one is puzzled to know what implications to draw from these findings. Do the prosperous have better musical taste than their less fortunate neighbors? Or shall we conclude that the acquisition of culture costs money, and that fondness for good music is based on the previous acquisition of a cultural background? Perhaps we had better leave that question to the sociologists.

III

Another possible reason for the increased interest in concerts is the increasing number of people who now make music for themselves and for music's own sake. In some ways the depression may have been a good thing for our musical life; towns which could not afford concerts by visiting artists were forced to provide them for themselves. In Milwaukee the increase in musical events represents a doubling of concerts by local performers as well as of those by outside artists and organizations. Of the sixty-three events in 1933-34, thirty-four were given by Milwaukee musicians, amateur as well as professional. Of the one hundred and twenty-four concerts and opera performances scheduled for this season, sixty-nine are offered by local talent.

The man or woman who has a sporting interest in music, alone or in company with his friends, will always prove a more active and vital listener at a professional concert than the person who merely exposes himself passively to what the artist plays or sings to him. The man who has struggled with a Chopin Etude will appreciate far more keenly than the non-performer the skill with which Paderewski tosses its difficulties aside. As Gerald Johnson said not long ago in *HARPER'S*, in an essay about playing in an amateur orchestra, "I know what it means to hear played superbly something that you have been playing badly; I know that it means, among other things, getting five times as much fun for the price of your concert ticket as you used to get."

The number of school orchestras in the United States has become enormous: present estimates place the total somewhere between thirty and thirty-five thousand. Since 1923 the number of school bands has about doubled, reaching an estimated total of from twenty to twenty-five thousand. These figures might be less impressive if there were not indications that the number of adult amateur orchestras has also been increasing; thus showing that when the school

players graduate, a good many of them now have opportunities to continue their music-making. *Pierre Key's Music Year Book* for 1925-26 lists 23 semi-professional and amateur orchestras. In the same volume for 1929-30, 64 are mentioned; and in the 1935 edition, 163. Of the latter, 62 are noted as having been formed since 1925; 40 as organized since 1930. Allowing for the fact that the earliest edition may have been less thorough in collecting data than later volumes, the percentage of increase may still be fairly accurate, particularly as we know that the latest edition contains many important omissions.

Obviously thousands of Americans are making their own music, and in vastly increasing numbers. It stands to reason that these form a large body of discriminating, active listeners at concerts; hearers who know that a performance is good or bad because they have tried their own hands at it.

Radio itself is making attempts to encourage amateur music-making, not only through actual music lessons broadcast by teachers, but also by urging participation on the part of listeners at home. How many people have joined the "community sings" I do not know, but I am familiar with the preliminary results of the NBC Home Symphony, a program devised by Ernest La Prade for amateurs who may enjoy playing their own instruments at home with the radio orchestra.

The method is extremely simple. The programs are announced in advance so that each listener may buy the music for the instrument he wants to play. At the beginning of each program "A" is sounded, to allow ample opportunity for tuning string and wind instruments. For a few seconds before each piece the player at home hears a metronome beat indicating the tempo, and after that it's every man for himself. Certainly this is an example of music (or discord) for its own sake, without any motive of exhibitionism.

The publishers of the music report that for the first series of programs they have

received dealers' orders for 6,230 copies of the various instrumental parts. Of these the largest number is for first-violin parts—1,036. The piano comes next, with 600. Do not think, however, that everyone wants to play first fiddle. The second violin parts total 345; the viola, 235. The rugged bass (not too much of an individualist, we hope) comes in for 249, and the bassoon, 181. It seems a pity that all this talent cannot be brought together in a large field or mammoth auditorium.

Almost all of the letters Mr. La Prade has received refer to the broadcast as "our" program. A couple of them deserve quotation. One man writes: "My bass blends in beautifully with the radio music, and the pleasure of playing with a fine orchestra again is mine after many years of holiday from the bass. I treasure the hour and was exceedingly disappointed when because of the holding over of the time of the opera broadcast, our program had to be shortened, and the more particularly when 'Ase's Tod,' with such a splendid bass part, had to be omitted. I love opera, but the privilege of participating in the orchestra for only twenty-five minutes a week means much more to all of us participants, I'm sure."

Another letter is from a flute player: "I could easily dispense with ——'s organ playing to make the concerts a little longer. . . . Twenty minutes of playing is really very short; I hardly have my flute warmed up and my lips broken in when it is time to stop. Furthermore, I think it would be a great improvement if we could have time enough to play each selection through as written, with all repeats. . . . When we did the 4th movement of the Haydn Military Symphony I lost my place and got balled up by apparently misunderstanding your instruction as to which repeat we should take and which we should omit. Subject to the foregoing comments, I think that the NBC Home Symphony is a perfectly swell idea; it's the one program of the week that I insist on being home for, rain or

shine, in spite of hell, high-water, and other people's cocktail parties."

Here are at least two men who can check up accurately on the flute and bass players the next time they go to a symphony concert.

IV

Perhaps we can determine the sincerity of concert-goers more fairly if we can learn whether they are attracted chiefly by big names or whether they are actually more interested in music itself than in the fame of the performer.

It is interesting to learn what George Engles has to say about this, particularly since he was quoted in 1930 as saying that only the high-lights remained and that the outlook for lesser artists was profoundly discouraging. "Seven years ago," he writes, "I made a statement that only the greatest names drew any longer at the box-offices of the country's concert halls. I am happy to say that this condition does not exist at present. Of course the greatest personalities are still most in demand. But good artists who do not necessarily qualify as major box-office attractions are also enjoying a period of well-being. It is significant that in the majority of concert courses, music seems to be the important factor rather than the name of the artist."

Mr. Engles is no doubt justified in his optimism, even though actual figures do not paint quite so rosy a picture. The two major concert bureaus control between them 192 individual artists and ensembles. Of these, 101 (a little more than one-half of the total list) will have ten or more engagements this season. Sixty-three (a little less than one-third) will have twenty or more dates. Figuring that the remaining, or independent, bureaus handle some sixty artists, bringing the total number of musicians handled by commercial bureaus to about 250, and assuming that the figures which apply to the two major bureaus apply also to this total, we arrive at the conclusion that between 80 and 100 artists will have twenty or more engagements this season. The

net income of an artist with twenty or more dates should range from \$5,000 upward, after paying manager's commissions, traveling expenses, accompanist's fees, and advertising costs. It appears, then, that less than a hundred people will earn from concerts a living that is adequate to the needs of a man or woman who is constantly in the public eye. (The reader will of course understand that we are discussing income *from concerts alone*. Some artists have a season at the opera in addition to their concert appearances, others appear in the movies, and some are engaged in teaching.)

Frederick C. Schang, Jr., vice-president and sales-manager of the Columbia Concerts Corporation, divides concert artists into three groups. In the first he puts the principal drawing cards, for whom the problem is one of deciding whether they will play on a percentage basis or be sold outright at a fixed fee for each concert. Next come the artists who do not possess sufficient drawing power to justify the manager's offering them on a percentage basis, but who, nevertheless, have an established value because of their recognized ability. These musicians will generally command a fee of anywhere from \$800 to \$1,500 a concert. The third group includes all other artists of sufficient merit or standing to justify their being handled by a major bureau: beginners, and older artists who have already seen their best days.

Some of these old-timers have become such beloved personalities that they have enjoyed their greatest prosperity after they have passed their artistic prime. Schumann-Heink's highest earning power came when her voice was only an echo of what it had been in her younger days. Paderewski is still the greatest drawing-card in the world, even though his playing merely suggests its former grandeur.

Mr. Schang points to several changes in the concert business, one of them caused by the depression. More people are undoubtedly going to concerts, but they are paying smaller admission prices. The \$3.00 scale is virtually a thing of the past

and the \$2.50 top is rare nowadays. The most successful concerts to-day are those which charge a maximum of \$1.00, or at the most \$1.50. As a result, the leading artists are playing in larger auditoriums, and the lesser lights are accepting smaller fees, hoping to make up the difference through more engagements.

Evidence of a widening market for concert artists is found in the experience of two organizations controlled by the major concert bureaus—the Community Concerts Service of the Columbia Concerts Corporation and the Civic Concerts Association of the NBC. These groups were organized for the purpose of bringing concerts to towns and cities where local managers were not already promoting musical events at their own risk. Memberships are sold in advance in each city during a week's campaign in the spring. At the end of the week the money is counted and the local board confers with the national organization to decide what artists it can afford.

Single tickets for individual concerts cannot be bought—only memberships for the entire season, which will include from three to five concerts. In some cities the memberships cost three dollars and in others five. A five-dollar subscription entitles the member to attend any concert given anywhere in the country under the auspices of the national organization, and now that roads are smooth and automobiles fast, music lovers are attending concerts in neighboring and often distant cities as well as in their home towns. Sometimes an artist on a closely booked tour will recognize a number of the same faces in several different cities.

Here is a distinct case of the public's buying music sight unseen, or sound unheard, without advance knowledge of performing artists' names or reputations. The plan has been most successful, and its growth has come largely during the depression. Between four and five hundred cities have been organized, representing a total membership of nearly half a million people.

Ward French, general manager of the

Community Concerts Service, claims that fifty per cent of the cities his company has organized are towns which had not had concert courses in past years. Thirty-five per cent are cities in which concerts had been given spasmodically, and generally with dire results for the guarantors or local managers. In the remaining fifteen per cent, concerts had succeeded moderately, but through the Community plan have been stimulated and their number doubled, in some cases tripled.

Is this not proof that the music-loving public in hundreds of cities can be persuaded to support a steady diet of music not based entirely on theatrical appeal and great names? Americans will always worship dramatic personalities, for that trait is inherent in human nature; but thousands of them have shown that rather than wait until they have saved enough money to engage Flagstad or Kreisler, they would like to hear a little music now. Jennie Jones will be altogether satisfactory if she plays or sings well enough.

V

Yes, the concert business is assuredly enjoying better times; and while less than a hundred artists will make real money from concerts this year, it seems as though there will soon be considerably more room, not only at the top of the ladder, but on the less conspicuous levels as well.

Emphatically, this does not mean that any teacher or any conservatory of music is justified in holding out hope of success in the concert field to any but the most talented. The competition is still bitter, and the increased activity in music education will render it more so in the coming years. Radio has raised the public's standards of performance, and audiences expect far more of virtuosi than they ever demanded before. Young artists still need the help of such non-profit organizations as the National Music League, which has done so much toward finding them engagements in schools and before clubs. Such groups must continue to ex-

pand their activities if the WPA is to be relieved of the necessity of providing work for musicians. Those who urge the budding virtuoso to become a professional, telling him that he will surely become a second Menuhin, may be putting him on the road to tragedy.

But for those who are able to make the constantly steeper grade, the outlook seems brighter than in many years. Conditions are not only improved financially;

they are healthier culturally. Partly because of the radio and partly because of the increased number of amateur musicians, the concert artist may hope to face a wholly new type of audience: one that not only has come to hear him instead of to see him, but will demand more of him and will itself be an integral part of his performance. If he is a true artist he will rejoice in the change, and his performance will be worth hearing.

ONCE HEAVEN WAS MUSIC

BY MARION LEMOYNE LEEPER

ONCE heaven was music
And earth was flame
Springing to beauty
At your name.

But that was April
When every youth
Knows more of magic
And less of truth.



ENGLAND TURNS A CORNER

BY ELMER DAVIS

WHEN the crisis that ended with the abdication of Edward VIII had been quickly and smoothly settled the English indulged in a good deal of excusable self-congratulation. Not only had they disposed of a troublesome situation with less fuss than almost any other nation would have made over it—certainly any other nation so centered in one city as Britain is in London, but the reaction abroad, they told one another, had demonstrated that all men of good will realized that the stability of England was vitally essential to the stability of a somewhat unsteady world.

That is true; and it is only natural that the supporters of the present government, the classes which traditionally have been English, should tend to identify the stability of the nation with the stability of the Conservative ministry and the ideas (if one may so term them) which it represents. England has taken Labor governments in its stride in times past, but the next Labor government is not likely to be so tractable as the one which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, like a Chinese general, led over into the enemy's camp. Yet it does not take a foreign visitor long to perceive that that stability is precarious enough. England is prosperous, yes—in spots, of which London, the largest and most prosperous, is naturally the most conspicuous; but that prosperity is in part dependent on the rearmament program, which cannot go on forever, and its obverse side is blacker than anything America has seen for several years.

Some millions of people are living on

the dole, at a poor dying rate; large industrial and mining areas are as thoroughly exhausted, perhaps as finally wrecked, as our Dust Bowl or erosion-gully deserts. American conservatives have told us that England recovered its prosperity without much action by the government; but great numbers of Englishmen—and not merely radicals—are just waking up to the fact that their government has not done half enough, and had better do more while there is yet time. It is almost a century since Disraeli told his fellow-countrymen that there were two nations in England (the haves and the have-nots) and in the interval a good deal has been done to weld them together. Yet for a day or two in the Simpson crisis you could almost see those two nations lining up on opposite sides. At that time the issue that might have definitely divided them was not there, nor was the man who might have taken advantage of it. But the possibility was there and is there still.

And abroad—? Nobody expects British Foreign Ministers to-day to behave like Palmerston, who could say what he liked because there was no way of getting at England except across a sea that was ruled by the British Navy; the airplane has changed all that. But of late years British foreign policy seems to have lost the instinctive skill it retained even after the War; imprudent advances are followed by precipitate retreats, and those by other retreats which no advance preceded. Which makes the foreigner wonder if England is any longer the stable

pivot of world affairs which she has been for two centuries past.

Well, maybe not; but it looks at this writing as if she is beginning to come back. Unless the rehearsal of the next war, now going on in Spain, should turn into a regular performance on a larger stage (something which England is desperately trying to prevent) the come-back seems likely to be successful. An American in England sees some queer things, but presently realizes that he is only the citizen of a pot visiting a kettle; British problems and British reactions are more like ours than we are apt to think, and the differences are mostly due to the simple fact that we are three thousand miles away from trouble and England is only three hundred. Only two hours, by air.

II

The Simpson case is ancient history by now, but its consequences are permanently built into British life and polity. It has been established that the King (like the police in ancient Athens) is the slave of the State, and no one who really believes in democracy can be sorry. In that extremely tangled situation there was much to rouse sympathy with the King, if only by default. Mr. Baldwin, too much harassed to give attention to the finer details of his performance, rather overdid the plain-blunt-Englishman part which he usually plays so well; and the attitude of the government and its supporters was tinged with that irritating lofty smugness which is something of a habit with a good many of the English. But however irritating, they were right; which is also something of a habit with the English.

King Edward had many good qualities, among them an appreciation keener than his Ministers' that widespread misery in a prosperous country is a national danger as well as a national disgrace. Some people said that the government had resolved to get rid of him because he had said not merely that something must be done but that "something will be done" for the inhabitants of the derelict areas; which

of course the government press denounced as a wicked and abominable falsehood. I believe it was untrue; there was a feeling, growing as the crisis went on, that he had better go, but not for that reason. He had to go because if he had got his way on the marriage he might have got it later, or tried to get it, on some issue of vastly greater importance—perhaps foreign policy, in which his feelings on the German question for instance were by no means those of a majority of his subjects. On some issues his way might have been better than the government's, or at least swifter; but that raises the old question whether despotism is worth tolerating on the chance of getting a benevolent despot. The English, who had given their opinion in 1688, had no desire to reopen that subject. His abdication was indirectly a victory for democracy at a time when it needed all the victories it could get; the fact that democracy happened to be represented, as it so often is, by stuffy and not very competent politicians enhanced the victory.

All this was plain to the leaders of the Labor party, who stood behind Baldwin not only when they may still have believed that there actually was a constitutional issue, King *vs.* Ministry, but even after they knew that it was only potential. Better deal with a Conservative party, however tricky, which the people can turn out if and when they get tired of it, than to hazard the incalculable perils of a Crown back in politics. For a day or two some of those perils were plain enough. It is probable that in the beginning of the crisis the majority in London was on the side of the King, and the division was chiefly on class lines. Against the ruling classes, led by a group of office-holders who looked at first as if they were chiefly concerned for the maintenance of their own power, the have-nots whom the King understood and had tried to help were lining up on his side. And, deprived of its natural leadership by the Labor party's passive support of the government, this immense mass of popular opinion seemed to have been left at the disposal of irre-

sponsibles—Beaverbrook, Rothermere, the Fascists; and, curiously out of place in that gallery, Mr. Winston Churchill.

But the class conflict which, as the newspapers say, loomed for a day or two, never came off; which is partly to the credit and partly to the discredit of the King. He was loyal to the Constitution and also to the lady, whom he wanted more than he wanted his throne, if indeed he really wanted the throne at all. Even in London sentiment changed perceptibly day by day, always to his disadvantage; people high and low felt that he was letting them down. The publicity build-up with which the British habitually increase the stature of their sovereigns (as we do with Presidential candidates) had represented him as a figure both greater and less than he really was; "the hero and the victim of the press" was the summary phrase of one who knew him. He had charm, quick insight, imagination; but he also had a curious blend of lassitude and obstinacy. The great felt that some of his best qualities were of a dangerous type, the humble felt that he in whom they had placed their hopes ought to have stood by them in the pinch. And in the end the tone of his broadcast made it clear that he was not the sort of man who intentionally deflects the course of history.

Also, London—where, it has been remarked, the movies are the church of the masses—is not England. In that week when many very English things were being said, perhaps the most English was offered by Lord Galway, the Governor-General of New Zealand, who cabled to Edward after the abdication, "My wife joins me in regrets." But plenty of men that week, even in London, had regrets in which their wives did not join them, regrets that they might express at the office but dared not mention at home, where sentiment was inflexible and bitter against That Woman as the delegate of All Those Women. In the provinces, husbands seemed generally to agree with their wives. King against Church might have been a close contest; but on the

point at issue the Church was supported not only by the Catholics but by the Non-Conformists who dominate the derelict areas in which the King had been most popular. English devotion to the sanctity of marriage, however theoretical, saved the country from the class struggle that might easily have broken out if a popular King had disagreed with his Ministers about something else. As a human drama it confounds the imagination of the poet and the prose writer (though no doubt the movies will soon take a shot at it); but it escaped being a national tragedy partly through the King's good judgment and patriotism, partly through his levity, and partly by plain cock-eyed luck.

Now the English have a King who will stand without hitching (if that metaphor be still intelligible in a motorized age); the familiar build-up started immediately, but this time it was carefully designed to make him a plaster cast of his father, and to all appearance it will succeed. One hears in circles not given to adulation of royalty that the ten-year-old Princess Elizabeth shows signs of having not only a mind of her own, but a mind; but sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Meanwhile the government has won a notable victory for democracy, by tactics which are not going to do democracy much good. The issue was at first represented as a constitutional crisis; then, after the danger was past, it appeared that it never had been a constitutional crisis. Through the critical days not only the public but even Parliament was unable to get any detailed and trustworthy information; so the next time the government cries "Wolf!" the public may not believe it even if there really is a wolf. As for the more solid and respectable press, it mobilized as instantly in support of the government, and functioned as efficiently, as the British Navy in 1914. The newspapers were doing their duty to their country as they saw it, and it is perhaps old-fashioned to feel that they had a duty to their readers too. (But how about—

said the kettle to the pot—the Republican papers that assured their readers up to the very last moment that Landon was going to be elected? How about the reticence of the American press, so long as possible, about the various banking crises of 1932 and 1933? How about the long delay in getting at the news of the Harding oil scandals? It would be a bold Newspaper Publishers' Association in any country that would cast the first stone at the British press.)

III

As for British foreign policy, its wiggles and wobbles are susceptible of a fairly simple explanation. If England were as far from the Continent of Europe as we are, "Get out of Europe and stay out" would be as popular a slogan there as it is here. But England is only twenty miles from Europe; it is not yet ready to fight and does not want to fight at all; consequently the Foreign Office, for the moment, has to stall along as well as it can. The Abyssinian episode showed what comes of trying to imitate Palmerston when the conditions that made Palmerston are gone. (Again, the British can hardly be reproached by the fellow-countrymen of Mr. Stimson, who in the Manchurian affair went out on a limb that might have borne his weight in the days of Commodore Perry.)

Plenty of criticism can be offered of this attitude (and is, by Englishmen who take their foreign politics seriously, whether of the Right or of the Left); but it seems to make sense. The new era of religious wars on which we appear to be entering differs from the former one in this: between Catholics and Protestants there were no neutrals; but between Communism and Fascism there are, despite Hitler's insistence to the contrary. A small but not unimportant group in England feels that Germany is the strongest and most energetic nation in Europe and that the only sensible thing is to come to terms with her; but it is a little hard to discover any terms that might suit the incal-

culable Hitler, and even Englishmen who talk about the cession of colonies are likely to dilate on the advantages to Germany of getting Portuguese colonies, Belgian colonies, even French colonies, rather than the former German colonies now held under mandate by England and the Dominions. This faction amounts to much more than the British Fascists, who as yet are only a trivial annoyance; but the Simpson episode has probably weakened it and there is no prospect of its getting anywhere just now — especially as the colonies Hitler wants to recover are precisely those that the English do not want to let go.

More numerous are the admirers or sympathizers with Communism, or rather with Russia as a factor in European (but not British) politics; but far outnumbering both are the people who do not want to get into the religious war on either side. The famous Peace Ballot of 1935 showed that at that time many of them thought that you could make righteousness prevail simply by taking a high moral attitude; but Abyssinia must have taught most of those people something, as Manchuria taught the same sort of people in America. Just at the moment righteousness seems less passionately desired than safety, and why not? More than any other great power in Europe, England is exposed to devastation from the air; nobody wants to take that risk without some powerful reason.

Unfortunately these are times when it is harder to stay out of trouble than to get into it, especially when a good many of your fellow-citizens are actively taking sides in the religious war. The devotees, on both sides, are contemptuous of the government's non-intervention policy in Spain; the Labor *Daily Herald*, for instance, called it "the diplomacy of a rabbit, obsessed by the one idea of getting into its burrow as fast as its legs will take it," overlooking the fact that this is a highly intelligent foreign policy for a rabbit. The Non-Intervention Committee, including representatives of governments which actually are intervening, is

a false front, ludicrous or disgusting according to your taste; but so long as that committee sits—I hope it will still be sitting when you read this—German or Italian or Russian intervention in Spain remains clandestine, not open and official. Once formally admit your intervention, and the war would no longer stay shut up in Spain. This technic of disposing of a problem by ignoring its existence may be English, but it has been useful.

How soon England will be adequately armed (if any nation ever regards its armament as adequate) is naturally a guarded secret; but even now England is very far from being the rabbit of the *Daily Herald*. A public which had gradually become unused to spending money on armaments might not have tolerated the added expenditure unless the danger had been exaggerated. The difficulty of army recruiting is giving a good deal of worry; the first inspiration, that military service would be more attractive if blue uniforms were substituted for khaki, was not a very happy one; and even when the army announced its willingness to take "reduced standard" recruits, men with some slight physical defect who were still fit for non-combatant service, it got very few. Gradually people began to realize that the bare uncomfortable barracks and onerous conditions of service that were endured by Tommy Atkins fifty years ago are less attractive to his grandson, and something is likely to be done before long to make not only the uniform but the job more attractive. The Air Service has little trouble getting recruits, but it takes time to train competent pilots, and the casualty rate in training is high (ninety-seven killed in the nine months up to Christmas).

But one hears that in Germany, where they do not talk about their accidents in air training, the casualty rate is much higher. Certain neutral observers tell you that no government on the Continent, except perhaps France, is as well prepared as it pretends to be: planes are manufactured at a great rate, but arming them is a slower process, to say nothing

of training the men to fly them. So it looks as if the British will be ready enough before the Germans are really ready; though of course nobody was really ready, or would admit he was, in 1914. In a year or so England will probably be ready to back up a more vigorous foreign policy; but its objectives will be more modest than in the old days before the efficacy of League sanctions had been put to the test.

To a large part of British opinion, both official and unofficial, that objective is a sort of Monroe Doctrine for Western Europe, which at first sight seems not only attractive but feasible. Hitler has so far been cold to British endeavors to replace the Locarno Treaty; but he offers to guarantee the territorial integrity of the Low Countries, he insists that there are "no humanly conceivable points of dispute" between Germany and France; and whatever he thinks about those lost colonies, he would hardly touch off a general war to get them back. With England and France guaranteeing each other and Belgium against aggression, and England by logic of circumstances tacitly guaranteeing Holland too, it might seem as if Western Europe could sit down safely behind its fences and peacefully cultivate its own garden.

But Western Europe is not all the world. Not to mention the British and Dutch colonies, there are also Russia and Czechoslovakia, both allied to France by defensive treaties, both in the way of Germany's expansion eastward if she chooses to be peaceable in the west. British conservatives would not like to defend Stalinist Russia; but would they be comfortable within two hours' flight of a Germany that had swallowed the resources of the Ukraine and extended her frontier to the Don? Czechoslovakia is far away, an inland state which could get no help from the British navy; British reluctance to undertake its defense is intelligible. But would the British like to see German influence dominant in the Balkans and on the Bosphorus, as it very soon would be if Czechoslovakia were conquered?

More dangerous yet is the different reaction of British opinion to Germany, a foreign power whose unprovoked aggressions might be resisted, and to Fascism, a missionary religion whose spread in other countries a peaceful Britain might choose to regard as spontaneous till it was too late to stop it. Against an overt German war of conquest in Spain any British government must impose resistance; but Germany allies herself with Fascist insurgents, and if Fascism is stopped in Spain it will not be Britain that will deserve the credit. If those tactics—borrowed from the Communists, who tried them unsuccessfully in Central Europe and China—succeed in Spain, they may presently be tried elsewhere. It is easy to say that a world of Fascist nations could not long endure; like the dogs of Constantinople after they were marooned on Prinkipo Island, they could only eat up one another. But a Fascist Continent would not be reduced to such a diet till it had tried to make a dinner out of the British Empire; and if it managed to digest that meal, South America might come next. . . .

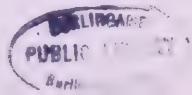
These are long-range speculations, but range shortens rapidly in these days. The English would certainly behave as we do if they enjoyed our geographical luck; but if we lived where they live we should almost as certainly behave just as they are doing. Pious Americans who are concerned for the welfare of their country, not merely next year or in the post-Roosevelt Administration, but in the not very remote future when airplanes can cross the Atlantic as easily as they now cross the Channel, had better offer up a few prayers for the early completion and prosperous functioning of the British Air Force. Possibly it will never have to be used; when England is rearmed any nation in Europe will be able to commit murder, but only at the price of suicide. But there are one or two men in Europe to-day who, if they ever count the cost of what they want to do, seem willing to gamble on getting their way at a bargain price. . . . There were such men in 1914.

IV

British rearmament entails a corollary problem: what will become of British prosperity when the munitions factories have oversold their market? German industry faces the same prospect, and what the Germans will do about it remains the gravest anxiety of an anxious continent. The British would never start a war to keep their munitions factories going; but when their armament is complete they will have to do something about their domestic economic situation, something they might better have done earlier.

The disadvantages of made work as an anodyne for unemployment are familiar to Americans; but with all its faults it seems better than the British dole, which virtually condemns its recipients to gradual descent to the status of vegetables in an ill-kept garden. Rearmament has caused some decrease in unemployment, but not very much; and English economic distress is far more concentrated than ours. Roughly speaking, in the nineteenth century the north of England (and Wales) made the money, and the south of England was the place where it was spent. Now the south is prosperous—too prosperous, in the view of a good many people whose patterns of thinking were formed in the good old days. The Council for the Preservation of Rural England complains to the government that munitions factories are being planted in "pastoral areas," instead of in "other sites already disfigured by industrial development"; and indignant letter-writers to the country-life and sporting magazines seem to see in the southward drift of industry only something that threatens to pollute fishing streams. (But give the English credit once more; this agitation seems likely to bring before long some effective legislation to prevent industrial pollution of streams, in which case England will be farther along than we are.)

But while the south of England prospers at whatever peril to the landscape, in the regions which built nineteenth-century English prosperity landscapes,



resources and people are sinking into decay. Lancashire and Yorkshire textile plants have lost their markets in the Orient; Welsh coal mines have been worked out to depths below which they can no longer be worked profitably; Clydeside and Tyneside were stagnant till the new naval program pumped oxygen into the shipbuilding business. Heavy industry had concentrated close to the coal and iron; now that mines are depleted and markets lost, regions that once were fabulously prosperous have become what are called distressed, or depressed, or more pointedly derelict areas. In the Rockies there are "ghost towns"—mining communities, once prosperous, that were abandoned by all their inhabitants after the mines were worked out. About all that keeps some famous British industrial cities from being ghost towns is that there is nowhere for the inhabitants to go.

A couple of years ago, the growing demand that some attempt be made to rehabilitate these devastated districts led Parliament to pass a law designating the worst of them—parts of Yorkshire, of Cumberland, and of south Wales, with a total population of about three million—as "special areas"; a euphemism that ought to appeal to us who called our worst economic collapse a depression. A Commissioner for the Special Areas was created under the Minister of Labor; a big business man, Mr. Malcolm Stewart, (since made a baronet for his services) took on the job; and his reports make interesting reading for Americans. On a tiny scale, with very limited resources, he has been a PWA, a WPA, a Resettlement Administration—trying to bring new industries to regions whose old industries are gone beyond recall; moving unemployed workmen and their families from dead cities to subsistence homesteads; building bridges, roads, swimming pools that bankrupt municipalities could not build for themselves; trying to turn seaports that have lost their trade, and even factory towns where industry has not too thoroughly wrecked the landscape, into

tourist resorts. A New Deal in miniature.

But perhaps because it is in miniature the results have been disappointing. Public health and sanitation have been improved by government money, a little new business has been brought in; but the Special Areas remain about as special as ever. Particularly, unemployment has not been appreciably reduced; the men employed in new industries are offset by those thrown out of work by the progressive mechanization of old industries. Naturally nobody stays in a Special Area who can get out and find a job somewhere else; but it is only the young who can do that. In the north of England and the south of Wales are many thousands of middle-aged men who have not worked for years and may never work again—but only middle-aged, so that the government may have to support them for thirty years in an idleness that will soon have become incurable. It has been suggested that in south Wales, for instance, where the mines no longer support more than a fraction of the miners, some of the middle-aged miners should be retrained to take the places of skilled men in the building and service trades who have drifted off to London. But that has hardly been begun; and it will have to be begun soon, or those men will be psychically incapable of working at all.

Commissioner Stewart spent or made commitments for only nine million pounds in his demitasse New Deal, a sum whose triviality he realizes, it would seem, better than anybody else in England (except of course the inhabitants of the derelict areas). To get money he had to go to the Minister of Labor; who, if he liked the idea, would go to the Treasury, and would get the money only if the Treasury felt like letting him have it; and even then the law had tied a lot of strings on the expenditure. Patriotically, Mr. Stewart writes that in view of recent events in "certain foreign countries" no British subject can regret that Parliament keeps control of expenditures; but it seems that when the Special Areas need money

in a hurry "the procedure which generally has to be followed can hardly be described as rapid or direct." Stewart resigned last fall, ostensibly to give his attention to his private business; he refuses to talk about his late public business, but it is the general belief round London that he resigned because he was sick and tired of vainly trying to get some action. At any rate it was he who, after he had resigned, accompanied King Edward on that famous visit to south Wales which resulted in the royal promise that "something will be done." King Edward is gone now, but his going brought such pointed allusions to his Ministers' indifference to the Special Areas that it seems likely that something really may be done before long.

The Special Areas Act was an emergency measure which was to have expired this winter; but the emergency has not expired, and a debate in Parliament last December expressed the increasing dissatisfaction in the country. Labor members denounced the government's policy as a farce and a sham, and blamed the Ministry for letting Stewart down. Mr. Bevan, member from Ebbw Vale in Wales, a very special area, remarked that "we now send expeditions into the distressed areas as we used to send them into the Arctic; it has become an adventure to go to south Wales or Durham, and people seem to get the same thrill out of it as out of big-game hunting in Africa." Apparently down in Ebbw Vale they are getting tired of being stared at by slummers. The Liberals joined in the Laborites' criticism, but more disturbing was the evident restiveness of many Conservatives; the government had to promise to extend the Special Areas Act to May, and meanwhile to draw up a bigger and better one to take its place. It will have to be bigger; any number of other regions are clamoring that they are as hard up as the Special Areas, and that if relief is going to be handed out they want to get some of it.

So if Mr. Stewart's reports interest an American because they sound like home,

they ought to interest Englishmen as adumbrations of the shape of things to come. The increasing concentration of industry in London, says Stewart, is a national danger (but London is a story by itself). As for the Special Areas, endeavors had been made to persuade new industries to locate there, but with little success; "sympathy," writes Stewart with Scottish dryness, "is not in itself sufficient justification" for locating your factory anywhere but in the place where you can make most money. Sound economics; so (short of letting the inhabitants of the Special Areas starve) a solution must be found that transcends economics and the theoretically automatic functioning of the capitalist system. We have found that only the government can provide such a solution, and the English are on the way to finding it too.

Lord Wolmer (a Conservative at that) talked in the debate on the Special Areas Act of the need of "planning on a national scale," and so in effect does Stewart. Compulsory relocation of factories he regards as "unnecessary and dangerous"; but you might coax people back to the Special Areas by various inducements. Income-tax exemption on undistributed profits applied to plant expansion—a curious reversal of our system, but of course in wholly different circumstances. Long-term government loans to industries which are willing to try out new technical processes. Exemption from local taxes which harassed municipal governments have increased as local income went down, thus starting the vicious circle that so many American cities know all about. And since those city governments need the money they would thus give up, their deficits must be met by the national Treasury.

Various useful projects which the Commissioner wanted to undertake in the public interest were negated by the opposition of private interests which were afraid they would lose money. A bridge that might have encouraged motor traffic was vetoed by the influence of railroads serving the territory; a new and

efficient steel mill which the Commissioner might have assisted to locate in a Special Area was somehow headed off by the well-organized iron and steel industry, which did not want to expose its old-style plants, now prospering on armament orders, to really serious competition. This annoyed the efficient Stewart, who comments acidly on the shortsightedness of directors who pass out all their profits in dividends instead of bringing their plants up to date. But if stockholders have been starved for dividends for years, what can a management do? All this opens vistas undreamed of in official British philosophy. The Commissioner had been forbidden to undertake "except within certain narrow limits" any enterprise for profit; after his experiences, no wonder he observes that "this restriction needs reconsideration."

He sounds like a good man, this Stewart; we could use him in Washington, but his own country is likely to need him even more when rearmament no longer keeps the factories going. As things point now, it would not be surprising if in a few years England had a fairly complete New Deal—even under a Conservative government. No administration in any country hesitates to steal the opposition's good ideas, still less its popular ideas.

V

British praisers of the past were concerned a few years ago over the Americanization of England—the invasion of jazz music, the substitution of cocktails for sherry, the increasing defilement of the English language by Americanisms (or more exactly Hollywoodisms). What is happening now looks like the beginning of another sort of Americanization, but in each case of course the term is badly chosen; these are symptoms of changes in world culture that happened to affect America earlier than England. I remember that twenty-five years ago Lord Rosebery wrote to the *Times* complaining that the vitality of England was

being drained away by that pernicious American invention, the hot bath; yet England survives, and no doubt will go on surviving.

My knowledge of England, except for one or two hasty transits, is entirely pre-war; this time I found it far less changed superficially than might have been expected. The profound changes below the surface were not dramatized till I went to the Liberal Ball. I had lived in England in the last great age of Liberalism, when the Asquith government was laying the foundations without which England could hardly have survived the strains of these late hard times—an exciting age, still brilliant in retrospect. That Liberalism had since degenerated into a little group of tiny factions, ground between the upper and nether millstones of Conservatism and Socialism, was known to anybody who reads the papers; but this never really made an impression on me till I found the Liberal Ball so extraordinarily reminiscent of the annual ball of the Pioneer Society in some of our western States that are still young enough to have surviving pioneers. There were present a few veterans of the Heroic Age; but most of the crowd was young—grandsons and granddaughters of the pioneers, to whom Liberalism is a good excuse for putting on their best clothes and going to a dance, but hardly more of a political actuality than the doctrines of Jacobites or Fifth-Monarchy Men.

But as phosphorus turned into phosphate no longer glows, but still works (in some ways), so with Liberalism. A descendant of a pioneer remarked with melancholy pride that most of the Conservatives are Liberals now; and not only the Conservatives. Left-Wing Labor may be republican and in varying degrees revolutionary, but Right-Wing Labor, which still includes most of the bulk if not of the voltage of the party, differs from late nineteenth-century Liberalism more in dress and accent than in doctrine and practice. The English are great people for never throwing anything away; they store it in the attic, trusting that

some day it may be useful. Thirty years ago Shaw wrote in the preface to "John Bull's Other Island" that "every English statesman has to maintain his popularity by pretending to be ruder, more ignorant, more sentimental, more superstitious, more stupid than any man who has lived behind the scenes of public for ten minutes can possibly be." Late events have shown that that is still true; and it still works. English governments muddle their way through practically any crisis by the same technic. First it is insisted that nothing is wrong; then, that even if anything were wrong nothing could be done about it; then, that the government is doing everything possible, and that to answer questions about just what is being done would serve no useful purpose; and at last, when the crisis has somehow evaporated, to make it plain that the government foresaw everything long before it happened, and was always on hand with the proper measures at the right time. A nation used to this technic, in discounting it, is apt to lean over to the other side. It is an old story that the English are seldom as badly off as you would think from listening to their private conversation. Before the War a good many of them went round muttering that the glory was departed, that the future belonged to Germany; yet when the War was over it was Germany, not England, that was down. The economic recovery of the early thirties lulled the English into an overconfidence that Americans ought to be able to understand; when after long years of deficit we begin to make money again who wants to think about anything else? The Abyssinian affair was an uncomfortable awakening, and gloom was as exaggerated thereafter as optimism had been before. But now the English seem to be looking reality in the eye; they realize how spotty their recovery has been, how imperative it is to spread it out more evenly; they perceive, however reluctantly, that what a nation is worth in international politics to-day is precisely what it would be worth in a fight. Once their air fleet is built

they will be worth more and will act accordingly; both at home and abroad they are likely to do a better job hereafter than they did in 1936.

And some of the engaging traits of the English character seem to have survived all the wear and tear of modern times. Last fall *Country Life* seriously questioned the behavior of a woman in whose home a fox, apparently once tame, had taken refuge from the hounds. It scratched at the door and when admitted it lay down quietly by the fire; but when the hunt came up she surrendered the fox to the M.F.H., who turned it loose to be run again and eventually killed. *Country Life* seemed to feel that this violation of the laws of hospitality was not quite cricket and not quite fox-hunting either. At about the same time *The Field* editorially discussed the ethics of another hunt which had killed a white fox (apparently a biological freak); granted, it was remarked, that a fox is a fox and smells the same no matter what his color, still "a white fox gives character to the district in which he chooses to take up his residence," and might well be left to adorn the local countryside.

Another example, on a somewhat different topic, but equally characteristic. Wales is not England, as any Welshman will furiously insist; but long association has given them some points of resemblance. When a letter to the *Daily Herald* begins: "The Pontypridd All-In Council of Action Against the U.A.B. Regulations, Fascism, and War emphatically protests against the non-intervention policy in the Spanish rebellion," the reflective reader feels somewhat as Wordsworth felt when he saw the daffodils. So long as Pontypridd feels that the opinion of Pontypridd on world affairs is something that must be brought to the attention of the nation, so long as a white fox gives character to the district in which he chooses to take up his residence, nobody need worry about the Americanization of England. Or Russianization or Fascization. In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations . . .



YOUR CIVIL—AND UNCIVIL—SERVANTS

BY ONE OF THEM

SOME months ago there appeared in a syndicated column the suggestion that government employees are chosen for their ability to be unpleasant and inconsiderate of the public. In a recent issue of HARPER's Mr. Morris Markey expressed somewhat similar views. I am one of those "nasty men" who comprise what the syndicate writer might have called the un-Civil Service. I am forced to admit that his suggestion is not illogical. Not that applicants are selected for their irritability; but appointees do seem to develop the quality, as many a citizen will testify.

As a Customs Inspector I am willing to concede that discourtesy is prevalent, not only in our own department, but in nearly every branch of the Civil Service. I think there are certain fundamental reasons for this fact which are true in all departments of the government. Of course there are minor reasons, most of which are based on the vagaries of human nature. An employee's lack of courtesy may depend on nothing more than the state of his stomach. The night before he may have eaten and drunk not wisely but too well. Or the citizen who confronts him may himself be afflicted by the after-effects of over-indulgence. In either case it takes only one to start an argument.

To some citizens the actions of the Customs officers may appear tyrannical and unreasonable. I should like to show if possible that the fault is not entirely on the officer's side, and that the difficulties are more deeply rooted than casual thought might indicate. The public is

not wholly blameless. The doctrine "Every Man a King" can be carried too far, and when your cocksure citizen meets an omnipotent official the sparks are sure to fly.

I am stationed on the Canadian border and, though my work may be different from that of the seaports, human nature is the same at every port of entry. Some time ago when I was on duty a District of Columbia car rolled up to report. Now no inspector likes to see a D. C. car coming. You never know who may be in it. There may be an official who looks unfavorably on any questioning or inspection of his effects, or it may be some friend of an official whose complaint would receive instant attention. On the other hand he may be a big shot in the Customs Bureau, and then you'll be sorry afterward if you don't look him over carefully. It's a case of being damned if you do and damned if you don't.

When this particular car arrived I inquired first if its occupants were all American citizens—for I am an ex-officio Immigrant Inspector too. The head of the family replied with some heat, "I am sorry to say I am. I hate to think I am an American when I come back to the border and have to answer the damn fool questions you fellows ask." Now I submit that this gentleman was not making the tactful approach he would be likely to use in almost any other situation in his daily life. However there were no casualties, for I was determined not to get into difficulties with some stranger from Washington. And it is a strange commentary on

America that I could be sure he *was* a citizen simply because of the unpleasant attitude he took.

Generally we can't tell at a glance if a man is an American citizen nor, despite popular belief, can we distinguish petty smugglers by their nervousness. It is surprising to learn with what coolness and aplomb many of our upright citizens can lie to a Customs officer. Probably prohibition had a great deal to do with discrediting the Customs Service; but from our earliest colonial days Americans have had little scruple against smuggling. Many New England fortunes were founded on the proceeds of evading the Customs, and the attitude hasn't changed a great deal yet. Here on the border people aren't ashamed of smuggling; they're ashamed of getting caught.

I am willing to grant that ordinary people are generally honest—with reservations. If they were honest during the prohibition era it was only in their open disregard of that law. The average citizen seems to favor the tariff law in theory, as it applies to the mass of people, but—and this is true of several laws—when it hits him he seems to think he is an exception. And he doesn't hesitate to attempt a circumvention of the law if he thinks he can get away with it.

It is human nature for a person to resent the examination of his effects with its implication that the officer doubts his word. But your average inspector doesn't necessarily assume that everyone is a smuggler and a liar. On the contrary, the number of dishonest people, so far as the Customs is concerned, seems but a small percentage of the traveling public. However, the officer must protect his own job. I get no particular thrill in pawing over somebody's dirty clothes, and usually I do it not with the idea of finding anything illegal, but simply as a perfunctory sort of insurance. I know of an inspector who passed a respectable-looking family without examination—and when these tourists returned home the man sat down and wrote a letter to the department complaining that the Customs Service was in-

efficient because of the lax examination he received. The Bureau easily found out who was on duty at that particular port at the time and the poor inspector was jumped on for his negligence.

Many people compare unfavorably their treatment on returning to the United States with the treatment they receive at the hands of foreign officials in their travels. That comparison seems to me unfair. I am unfamiliar with foreign conditions and must draw from my own experiences on this border; but I contend that an American returning home should compare his experiences with those of a foreigner returning to his own country. I can speed a Canadian tourist on his way to the States with a minimum of bother and a pleasant wish for a happy trip, secure in the belief that he is probably not smuggling anything away from home. But when he comes back to Canada—and I can see the Canadian office a few yards from our own—you should see what happens. Believe me, he isn't just passed along with a friendly pat on the back. I should like to see the treatment accorded a returning Frenchman or Italian before I believe that foreign systems are based on brotherly love and childlike faith. Suffice it to say, I have read several articles lately by Americans who are domiciled in foreign countries, not merely touring, and their complaints of European red tape and bureaucracy are loud and raucous.

There are occasional bureau rulings which every Customs officer will admit are unfair to the public. A case in point is one last summer which forced returning tourists to pay duty on liquor they had been assured could be imported free. That ruling naturally raised a lot of resentment. But who was it suffered? Not the Bureau heads! The unlucky inspectors who had to enforce it heard most of the arguments. How many people do you suppose wrote a letter of complaint to the department? I won't guess, but I'll venture that for every letter the Bureau received, at least a hundred inspectors got a personal bawling-out from some irate citizen. And we had absolutely no

discretion in easing such an unfair regulation. After all, we don't write the laws and rules; we only enforce them.

Something similar occurred a few years ago when the AAA came into being and compensating taxes were assessed on certain imports. Naturally the department was not sure of all the ramifications of that law. Local importers asked the department whether compensating taxes would be collected on certain goods imported in my vicinity. After heavy correspondence between Washington and all way stations, the importers were informed that no tax would be collected. A month or two later someone in authority changed his mind and the taxes were collected on shipments which had been entered and long since disposed of. The importers—mostly small farmers—weren't exactly pleased over that. In as much as there's little satisfaction in writing letters to an impersonal Bureau, we inspectors took the licking again.

These incidents in themselves are not important. They could be avoided by a little tact at headquarters and a little co-operation on the part of the public. What is important is the fact that these incidents are the surface indications of unhealthy conditions in the service. If our employees are ill-mannered and only too ready for an argument, it is primarily, I believe, because the morale of the outfit is well nigh non-existent.

Many articles have been written on "what is wrong with the Civil Service," but those I have read have been composed either by writers outside the government service or by high government officials; never by one of the rank and file. So if no one better qualified will try it, I propose to show what seems to me to be the trouble.

II

I have been employed for nearly ten years, and during that time only a moron could fail to formulate some opinions regarding the Civil Service. I realize the dangers of arguing from a specific case to a general conclusion, but I believe that the

ills of the Civil Service are basically the same in all departments. Only the details are different.

The trouble, according to Lawrence Sullivan, is "patronage." In an article referring to the New Deal's activities he said, "These patronage raids on the Civil Service have broken the morale of the whole Federal personnel." I have the temerity to differ with Mr. Sullivan—but only to the extent of asserting that "these patronage raids" were merely one more blow at the Federal employees on top of many previous ones.

Both candidates in last year's campaign promised to extend what is laughingly called the merit system. Democrats pointed with pride to the fact that President Roosevelt had placed postmasters under Civil Service. But merely draping the protective cloak of civil-service rights over some political appointees is hardly my idea of extending the merit system. To extend it in this manner or, as Governor Landon advocated, by putting all Federal appointments under the Civil Service Commission, is not enough. Granting that this is much better than the spoils racket, the fact remains that our present system is woefully weak.

We have always had patronage in the Civil Service. Not the open patronage of presidential appointments, but political influence or "pull." In my own case, after taking an examination, I heard nothing of an appointment for several months. Following the advice of friends, I got in touch with a local politician and soon afterward I had my job. While he claims the credit, it is not necessarily his, since the average politician will take credit for an act of God if he can get away with it. At any rate there are better examples.

Take Mr. X, for instance. He was a veteran who took the examination and became, let us say, No. 10 on the list of eligibles. For months he waited while several positions were filled. Then he inquired where he now stood on the list. To his surprise he had moved down the line instead of up, and now was No. 25.

The explanation was that those who had been behind him had qualified as disabled veterans, thereby gaining five points' preference and mounting the ladder ahead of him. Advised by his Representative in Congress, he went to a doctor and secured a certificate that he too was partially disabled from some ache or pain which might have arisen from his war service. Armed with this certificate, the Congressman was able to have Mr. X moved up to No. 3, and his appointment came through quickly.

Naturally after similar introductions to the service many men seek—and secure—promotions through political pressure. I don't know how many advancements are gained by this means, but just one promotion due to "pull" will produce a host of dissatisfied men. Unlike many of the State and municipal systems our Federal system has no examinations for promotions. Most officers cynically believe that it "isn't what you know, but whom you know that counts." I have seen men suspended from duty and haled before the Commission on charges get off scot free because they knew a Senator or a Representative. I know one man who tried for years through the regular channels to secure a transfer, but in vain. The proper politician, however, easily discovered an opening that just hadn't existed before. I do not wish wholly to discredit the merit system as it is practiced in this country, but I do wish to point out that it was far from ideal long before Jim Farley came along.

Another weakness is the lack of training. A few years ago I went to work for a large corporation in a minor clerical position. My first two weeks were spent in their school of instruction. Practically all large cities to-day spend time and money to train their police and firemen, and the same is true of the State police. But the Federal government does things differently. A Customs officer, like Topsy, just grows. When I was appointed I received a badge, I signed the oath of office and presto! I became a Customs Inspector. In lieu of training I was

advised to study the Tariff Law and the Customs Regulations, both of which are couched in those charmingly simple phrases common to all government publications.

After the first glow of satisfaction in my new job had passed I resented the fact that I did not know what I was supposed to do. Experience has had to be, not merely the best, but the only teacher. To-day, after several years' service, I am still woefully ignorant and still resentful of that fact; and most of the officers of my acquaintance feel as I do. No wonder some of the new appointees adopt a hard-boiled attitude as a sort of coloring to hide their ignorance. Bawling out some luckless citizen will sometimes fool a man into thinking he is efficient. It will also generate, as a by-product, a healthy dislike for government officers.

The success of the government in training its G-men and the career men in the Department of State only accentuates what the rest of us lack. They are the exceptions that prove the rule. Perhaps in fairness to the Customs Bureau I should state that a correspondence school of instruction was established in July, 1935. Unfortunately it seems to be functioning with the traditional speed of all Federal activities. In the nineteen months since its establishment we have had only three written lessons, covering only one of forty-one subjects. At the present rate of speed, the question is whether an officer will get his diploma or his pension first. Probably it will be news to many citizens that a group of government employees are really anxious to study and improve themselves, but it is certainly true.

III

Closely allied with the lack of training is the lack of capable executives. I am in no position to judge the officials in Washington. Below them are the Collectors of Customs, each in charge of a district. They are presidential appointees for the same reason that postmasters are—patronage. Usually they have had no experi-

ence in this particular type of work and they follow the line of least resistance without exerting much influence on the established system. The minor executives who are responsible for the actual collection of the revenues and the general efficiency of the men are the ones I'm aiming at. They generally have received their positions through seniority, political pull, or the process of elimination. Most of them try hard, but they just haven't the necessary ability; only a few of them would qualify as office managers for a small business concern.

Of course the government hasn't a wealth of material to choose from in making these appointments. It's an old saying that the good die young, but in the Civil Service they don't die, they resign. As Dorothy Thompson wrote, "Our Civil Servants themselves take it for granted that if offered a better job they should quit. In England that is almost regarded as disgraceful. But here if a man shows special ability he is almost immediately withdrawn by private enterprise. The result is that the incompetent ones stay and business gets the good ones."

Absurd departmental rulings weaken the morale of the service. For example, the department decided to build houses to rent to officers in border locations where living quarters were not available. But whoever planned these houses must have been a believer in the Malthusian theory, for the size of the homes varies with the size of the ports where they are located. In the larger ports comfortable five-room houses are provided. The next smaller stations rate four-room bungalows. The one-man ports have three-room cottages. The theory that a man's family would shrink along with the Customs business has never worked satisfactorily, however, and many of these three-room houses have to be stretched to accommodate six or seven or more persons. After a few months in such cramped quarters both husband and wife want to be alone.

Though all these houses are self-liquidating and their rental is assured,

for the past few years the department has been unable to build any more of them. In some one-man stations, miles from a village, inspectors and their families are living in one-room shacks built by themselves and waiting for the transfer that never comes. Meanwhile they may read with envy of 'Quoddy village in Maine which bids fair to become a deserted village. Why the government has plenty of money for State and municipal projects of dubious worth, and no money for its own actual needs, will remain one of the mysteries of boondoggling.

Somewhere in Washington there is a bureau which will gladly teach any citizen how to budget his income. Unfortunately they don't send these instructions round to any other departments. As regularly as June arrives every department is insolvent or nearly so. Activities must be curtailed until after July first, when the new appropriations will be available. I know of one occasion when the border patrolmen were instructed to lay up their cars and patrol on foot because there wasn't any money to buy gas. Needless to say, the patrol didn't make a big record of seizures during that period.

Overtime is another annoyance. Nobody minds working a few extra hours without pay when "the needs of the service demand," as they say in headquarters; but when it happens week after week throughout the year it seems like a complete nullification of the forty-four-hour-a-week law under which we are supposed to be working. Much of the overtime is due to poor management on the part of supervisory officers, and most of it would be quickly eliminated if the government had to pay for it. As it is now, nobody worries over it except the poor devil who is working.

The next major complaint is with the salaries. This article isn't propaganda for a pay bill, and I am not going to say what the salaries should be. But either they're too big when we start or too small now. My salary is just the same to-day as when I started work. I was appointed at a salary of \$2100 a year. Barring in-

flation and an increased cost of living, I shall be able to outmaneuver the wolf satisfactorily. But the burden of my complaint is that if I was worth \$2100 when I began work, I'm either worth more now or I should be fired. As a matter of fact I wasn't worth as much as that several years ago. I believe that the men would be better off if they began at a lower salary (now you see why I'm writing anonymously—some of my brother officers might want to commit mayhem). But they ought to receive an increase each year. I'll let someone else figure out what the rates should be; but until some means of rewarding efficient service is put into effect the morale will continue at a low ebb.

Here again some other departments are leading the way, instead of all the bureaus being co-ordinated in their systems. The Immigration service, starting its men at \$2100, has a promotion plan whereby the men may be earning as high as \$3000 within a few years, and practically no one of them after two years' work is under \$2500. I won't attempt to argue whether this is too much or not. I merely want to show the difference between two similar branches of the Civil Service. It is only natural to feel abused when someone else gets the cream and you get the skimmed milk. Many people may say, "You should be satisfied with what you have when so many people are on relief." But the average human being won't comfort himself in this manner.

Just to rub it in a little worse, most of the Customs Inspectors on the border are also designated as Immigrant Inspectors "without additional compensation," while the regular Immigration officers in turn are qualified as Customs men. When I come to work it is quite possible that I may relieve an Immigrant Inspector and may do his work as he has done mine during his shift. This arrangement is generally satisfactory and saves both in personnel and in expense. The fly in my ointment is that this other officer will be drawing from \$2500 to \$3000 for doing exactly the same work as I do for

\$2100. Along about the first of the month, when my budget is out of balance, this little discrepancy in salaries gives me something to brood over, as it does every other Customs officer. Again the morale of the service suffers.

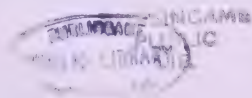
IV

All of these complaints are part and parcel of the final one—the lack of opportunity for future betterment. Truly might there be graven over the doors of our Federal buildings, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." No one can look forward with any degree of certainty to improvement in either his salary or position. The lack of training means that we have no opportunity to prepare for a higher, more responsible position. The inequality of our salary arrangements makes us feel that there is little use learning anything anyway. An increase in salary depends on an act of God or an act of Congress, either of which happens but seldom. Throughout the force there is a cynical feeling that the man who does the least gets along the best. In other words, he who does nothing makes no mistake.

The United States has always offered to its citizens, to a greater degree than any other country in the world, the opportunity to climb the ladder of success. Paradoxically enough, to its own employees it offers less of this golden opportunity than almost any other great nation. I am not referring particularly to the financial returns. Schopenhauer said, "The State cannot pay men with money, but with honor." But the honor of holding a government position here is just about nil.

This article may sound like the sad lament of a misanthrope. If so, I'm sorry, for that's not what I am. I love my country. I like to work for it and want to continue working for it. But I should like to see the Civil Service improved. I should like a position which would inspire enthusiasm instead of lethargy.

I believe that the changes I have indi-



cated could be made without any great expense to the government and would be in the nature of a paying investment. A better Civil Service would attract a better personnel which would mean wiser and more efficient law enforcement. During the past few years the government has been able to attract a higher type of employee. If we would continue to attract such men the present system must be altered. If we wish to keep the best of those now in the service, the changes must come soon. Already the more ambitious are looking for a chance to get out.

It is my hope that some day this country may have a Civil Service on a par with that of England, attracting men of capabilities instead of men who have failed in other lines of work; a service respected by the average citizen instead of one cordially detested. I am idealist enough to dream that some day a man will be able to say with pride that he is a Government employee, and that he will feel the satisfaction of contributing to his country's welfare something not bought with dollars and cents. Perhaps I dream too much.

FOR A YOUNG MAN

BY MARJORIE MARKS

LIKE proud and headlong Icarus, into the path
Of the rising sun he is gone without good-byes.
For him, the eager, lurks no aftermath
Behind the hope in his far-fixed eyes.
For him, steel-sinewed, puny are the ties
Binding future to past. For him, wing-fleet,
The earth's an odious blur and paradise
So near, so unimaginably sweet.
This then is growing old—to stand and gaze
Forgotten at youth's gallant eagle-flight,
Knowing it earthward doomed, even as his day's
Brief sun must fade away to endless night.
Wistfully gaze, and feel our thin blood stir,
And the scars ache where long ago wings were.



CHEMICAL FOUNDATIONS OF MIND

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

A PERSON lying in bed in the early morning before breakfast, having taken no food since the previous night's dinner, awake and yet in a state of repose, his muscles lax, his mind at ease, is a thermodynamic machine at or near its lowest ebb of activity. Just to keep the heart beating, the lungs pulsing, the other organs in tone and functioning requires a certain minimum of energy. This energy is continuously supplied by a chemical reaction or series of reactions in which some of the fuel taken in as food is combined with the oxygen breathed in as air. By this process, literally a burning, heat is generated and energy is made available. Individuals differ in their needs, but on the average the requirement for an adult is about one calorie a minute, sixty calories an hour, an energy rate equivalent to that represented by the combustion of two lumps of sugar in an hour.

This energy level is basic. It measures the cost of merely keeping alive. Any increase in bodily activity calls instantly for an increased burning of fuel. Merely sitting up raises the energy requirement by about five per cent; standing, by about ten per cent; and walking briskly may at once treble the need and speed the calorie output by two hundred per cent.

The energy requirements of the body in repose and in action have been the subject of prolonged study at the Nutrition Laboratory in Boston, one of the research centers of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Here Francis G. Benedict and his colleagues have measured the metabolism of man and other animals un-

der a variety of conditions, seeking always to find a correlation between such measurables as oxygen consumption, carbon dioxide output, heat production, and the activity of the organism. An air-tight heat-tight room was constructed at the laboratory, so arranged that several persons may live in it for days without discomfort and carry on all the ordinary activities of eating, sleeping, working, and playing, while sensitive apparatus measures their intake of air, their output of waste, the heat generated by their living processes. Dr. Benedict found that the intake of oxygen is a precise index to all the other factors, so his later studies have centered on this single indicator. He has devised an air-tight helmet and other portable apparatus for measuring oxygen consumption, and with this has been able to measure the metabolism of elderly persons in their homes, of workmen at the bench, of women at the ironing board, and by such means has accumulated a wide range of data on the energy requirements of the human machine at work and at play.

He finds that a person engaged in a sedentary occupation, a desk worker, for example, requires about 2500 calories daily to supply basal needs and provide the energy necessary to sustain his work. For manual workers the needs are greater. A farmer requires on the average about 3500 calories daily, while a lumberman, engaged in the more laborious tasks of sawing, chopping, and lifting logs, uses about 7000 calories. A professional bicycle racer, who obligingly submitted to

the scientists' measuring device, developed the enormous energy requirement of 10,000 calories—approximately four times the rate of the desk worker.

I cite these representative cases out of thousands of measurements that have been made. The evidence is completely consistent in showing that the more active a person is physically, the higher is his rate of oxygen intake, the greater is the combustion of fuel in his cells, the larger is his output of energy. Every lifting of an arm, every quiver of an eyelid costs energy which must be supplied by the burning of an additional portion of fuel.

If physical activity demands its toll and shows its costs so unmistakably in the increased chemisms of the body, what of mental activity? Who that ever solved a tough problem in mathematics, or worked through a three-hour examination at school, or participated in an extended conference calling for close attention to many details and the decision to act in a critical situation, can forget the feeling of fatigue which follows these mental exercises? Surely the labor of the brain is no less exhausting than the labor of the muscles.

Since this is abundantly affirmed by experience, we may ask what are the energy requirements of mental effort? If a sedentary desk worker who is engaged in routine duties requires 2500 calories daily, how many additional calories are needed when that same desk worker has to apply his brain to a knotty problem?

Such questions led Dr. Benedict to a searching experiment.

II

The physiologist was aided in this study by his wife, Cornelia Golay Benedict, his collaborator in many previous studies. They selected as subjects one woman and six men. The woman had been a professional accountant, five of the men were university trained and two were of professorial rank. Presumably, each was capable of sustained intellectual effort. All were in good health.

The research was carried forward during a series of forenoons, the subjects arriving at the laboratory at about 8:30 without breakfast. The instant food is taken into the body the rate of chemical activity rises automatically, since energy is required for digestion; therefore, to avoid this complication, the seven willingly fasted each day until about noon. During the three or four hours each wore the helmet continuously, though the actual testings of the effect of mental effort were limited to periods of fifteen minutes and were relieved by periods of rest.

For each day the program was about as follows: The subject was seated comfortably, in a position involving the minimum of muscular tension or strain, a posture that was maintained so far as possible throughout the series of measurements. The idea was to obviate extra energy demands due to physical requirements. In this early stage of relaxation and mental repose the metabolism was measured. That gave a sort of base level or benchmark with which to compare changes. Then the subject was called to a state of mental attention, and again the metabolism was measured. Finally the person was told to solve a mathematical problem, and during this intellectual activity the metabolism was measured. Usually the problem was to multiply a two-digit number by another two-digit number: for example, what is the product of thirty-seven multiplied by twenty-nine?

No paper and pencil were provided, for the use of writing materials would call finger muscles into use, and physical effort would be added to mental effort, thus confounding the result. No, the whole computation must be carried on in the head. And when the problem was solved, the answer must not be announced orally. Speaking would bring into action the muscles of the vocal organs and add their toll on energy. So the subject was asked merely to touch a sensitive electric switch which lay at hand and thus signal the conclusion of the problem, whereupon the experimenter would take

the signaller's word for it that the problem was solved and propound another.

After a morning of these mental gymnastics there was not one of the seven victims who did not feel fagged. Each was glad of the opportunity for a change, oppressed by a sense of exhaustion, and inclined to believe that sawing wood or sweeping floors might be preferable to three hours of mental labor.

And yet, in spite of this oppressive fatigue, the measurements showed scarcely any difference between the energy requirements of the body in mental repose and those of the body in mental activity. The rise in oxygen consumption was only a trifling three or four per cent.

There were also slight increases in the rates of heart beat and respiration and in the ventilation of the lungs, changes which require a corresponding acceleration in muscular activity; and, according to the Benedicts' interpretation, these increases in the activity of heart and lung muscles might well account for the increased use of oxygen. Even if the entire four per cent increase be attributed to the extra demands of the thinking brain, the toll is slight—approximately four calories an hour, an energy equivalent to that supplied by eating half a peanut!

But the energy released by the combustion of half a peanut may be relatively enormous if we consider the small proportion of body material involved in the thinking process. This was emphasized by the Viennese physiologist Arnold Durig in a letter to Dr. Benedict. Professor Durig estimates that the number of brain cells which function in an act of mental effort can hardly weigh more than seven grams, a quarter of an ounce, proportionately about one hundredth part of one per cent of the average body's weight. For this small mass of cells to be responsible for the four per cent increase in body metabolism which the Benedicts detected it would be necessary for the brain cells to have a metabolic activity four hundred times greater than that of the average body cell, says Durig. Metabolism for

mental effort is one thing; metabolism *due to* mental effort is quite another.

We may say with confidence that there is a metabolism necessary for mental effort—because any interference with the stream of blood which continually pulses to the brain, any tampering with its cargoes of oxygen, sugar, and other essentials, is quickly reflected in mental infirmities. Last October, in his Terry lectures at Yale, Sir Joseph Barcroft told of some rather drastic experiments that he performed upon himself in pursuit of this problem. In one test he spent twenty minutes in a sealed room whose air was diluted with more than seven per cent carbon dioxide gas. This meant that he was breathing and putting into his blood more carbon dioxide than is normal. The effects showed in symptoms of mental fatigue: "An inability to concentrate on or even listen to conversation without effort; the tendency to take up a newspaper, read a few lines of one paragraph, preferably something quite unimportant, then a few lines of another, without finishing anything." This inability to concentrate—and Sir Joseph points out that it was an impairment of the higher qualities of the brain—lasted about two days. In another experiment he spent only five minutes in air containing the higher mixture of ten per cent carbon dioxide, and "when I came out I was retaining my grip on things only with an effort."

From many experiences and observations, Barcroft concludes: "The thoughts of the human mind, its power to solve differential equations, or to appreciate exquisite music, involve some physical or chemical pattern which would be blurred in a milieu itself undergoing violent disturbances."

III

This physical or chemical pattern displays also electrical properties. Certain areas of the brain are undergoing continual changes in electrical potential, and the resulting differences in potential between different areas give rise to minute

electrical currents. Recently it has been found possible to cause these micro-currents to write their records of pulsations. The result is the attainment of a new index to the ceaseless energy flux of the organ of mind, the so-called "brain waves."

The existence of electrical activity in the brains of animals has been known since 1875, but systematic study of the phenomenon in man dates only from 1929. In that year the neurologist Hans Berger at the University of Jena, borrowing a device from the radio engineer, attached wires from opposite sides of a man's skull to a powerful vacuum tube amplifier. The delicate currents from the brain were thereby stepped up, magnified by a factor of millions, and when led off into an oscillograph they showed a wavelike pattern. In this pattern Berger discovered a certain predominant rhythm of a frequency about ten a second, and these pulsations he called "alpha waves." Of shorter wavelength and higher frequency was another and less pronounced rhythm which he named "beta waves." Later investigators have identified other pulsations of irregular wavelength and uncertain rhythm.

The pattern of waves, if pattern there be, is complex and of a language which needs to be decoded. But the fact that at last man has an instrument which can pick up and respond to activities of the thinking mechanism, is of the greatest encouragement; and to-day brain waves are the subject of study in a dozen leading laboratories of Europe and America. Important advances in this new field have been made by E. D. Adrian at Cambridge University, and by M. H. Fischer and A. E. Kornmueller at Berlin; in the United States, Brown University, Harvard, and the Loomis Laboratory have contributed valuable studies.

The waves which are recorded from outside the skull seem to originate in the cerebral cortex, that ensheathing bark of gray matter where reason and creative thinking have their home.

"It has required upward of twenty mil-

lion years of evolutionary history to fabricate the architecture of this cortex out of the simpler nervous structure of the brain stem," says C. Judson Herrick, of the University of Chicago. "The larger outlines of this history can be read, yet we are still profoundly ignorant of how it performs miracles of production that we know it does produce. But these mysteries are not insoluble, and the last quarter century has contributed more toward the solution of the problem—how the brain thinks—than all the preceding centuries of scientific research yielded. We have new instruments—oscillographs with radio-tube amplifiers—and new points of view that promise as great a revolution in the physiology of the nervous system as the invention of the microscope effected in the field of anatomy."

The microscope can work best with restricted things, small colonies of tissue or individual cells, and often the material has to be stained, that is to say, injured and even killed, for its details to become visible through the lens. But the electroencephalograph (as the technicians call the brain-wave detecting and recording apparatus) has no such limitations. It works with the whole organ, the living brain in place, and without interfering with its normal functioning. It is not even necessary to puncture the skin. Present-day instruments are so sensitive that two metal electrodes in contact with two different areas of the scalp will pick up the flow of electricity passing from a brain area of high potential to one of lower, and this can be done without discomfort or annoyance to the person submitting himself to the experiment. Indeed, any discomfort or annoyance will be reflected in the pattern of waves, therefore it is important that the subject be at ease and without apprehension. At the Harvard Medical School a small cubicle has been paneled off at one side of the laboratory; it has been fitted up with a couch on which the subject lies during the experiment; and frequently one or two preliminary periods are run in advance of the actual test as a means of

making the apparatus and procedure familiar, thereby relieving anxiety. Once confidence is established, the comfort of the couch and the warmth and peace and twilight of the closed room have a soporific effect, and in many experiments it has been a problem to keep the person awake. This is necessary, for the wave patterns during sleep are different from those during wakefulness, while those of the awake but passive brain with eyes closed are different from those of the seeing brain or the thinking brain.

These effects were easily demonstrated. The subject reclined at ease in the closed cubicle, the two electrodes adjusted to his head and connected with wires. The wires led outside through a series of amplifiers to a tiny electromagnet which actuated a pen on a moving strip of paper, a tape not unlike the ticker tape of Wall Street. The man on the couch inside had been instructed to "keep your eyes closed unless we tell you to open them, and just take it easy." As soon as the switch was closed, the pen began to write a wavy line. The waves were fairly regular, and came about ten a second—a record of alpha waves.

"Keep your eyes closed and multiply eighteen by eleven."

Immediately the pen changed its antics. The bold leisurely strokes ceased, and in their place came a series of smaller waves, some barely perceptible. Apparently the mobilizing of mental faculties from idleness to work had affected the currents which our apparatus was able to pick up, and now the pulsations were feebler. This period of smaller waves lasted several seconds, but after a while the waves began to lengthen and the pen grew bold again, writing out the oscillations of the alpha rhythm. The experimenter knew then that the brain had solved the problem and was relaxed once more. But the relaxation was temporary, for in another instant the pen resumed the narrower less-defined strokes, as though the brain were returning to its task. And so it was; for, as the subject later explained, after multiplying the

numbers and getting an answer he was disquieted by the thought that it was a wrong answer. Accordingly he repeated the multiplication to a satisfying conclusion. After that, more alpha waves.

There are other means than mental arithmetic for smoothing or suppressing this ground swell of alpha waves, as our experimenter now demonstrated.

"Don't open your eyes," he warned.

The alpha rhythm ceased. The effect of this call to attention was very transitory, however, for presently the alpha waves resumed.

"Now, open your eyes," and at the command the experimenter turned an electric switch which lighted a lamp on the wall inside.

Quickly the alpha pattern changed, reversing again to the weaker pattern, and the new pulsations persisted for some time, demonstrating that the act of seeing has a profound effect on the electrical output of the brain.

The experiments just cited are typical and their results correspond to those obtained in many other laboratories, though it must be said that there are wide variations in the responses of different individuals. A few persons among those tested show no alpha rhythm. Some show irregular patterns, large waves interspersed with small. But many give a fairly recognizable rhythm, though the wavelength varies slightly from individual to individual.

In general we may say that those persons whose brain potentials characteristically reveal an alpha rhythm cease to show it (1) when the brain is employed in conscious mental effort, or (2) when the brain is called to attention, or (3) when the eyes are opened in a lighted room. By other experiments it has been proved that alpha waves are more pronounced when one of the electrodes is placed at the back of the skull over the visual area of the cerebral cortex, the brain region which is receptive to messages from the optic nerve. In some way, we don't know how, alpha waves are related to the sense of sight.

IV

Results thus far described refer to experiments with the subject awake. Interesting variations show when the machine is set to record the currents given off by a sleeping brain. This is a project that has engaged the attention of Alfred L. Loomis, E. Newton Harvey, and Garret Hobart at the Loomis Laboratory in Tuxedo Park, New York. Here a bedroom has been fitted with special apparatus to insure controllable conditions. The room is electrically screened to guard against stray currents from the outside, it is equipped with a sensitive microphone to record all noises heard within the room, and with a photo-electric device to record the movements of the bed in response to the sleeper's restlessness. Sleep records from many different persons, ranging in age from eleven days to seventy-five years, have been taken while a device ceaselessly recorded the brain's electrical rhythms. Finding that in a night the customary apparatus would turn out half a mile of paper tape, the Tuxedo Park investigators constructed a revolving drum eight feet long on whose paper surface the pen may write an entire night's waves in an advancing spiral. Moreover, they devised an arrangement by which three circuits of electrodes are used at the same time, and three pens simultaneously record the waves from three pairs of opposing areas on the same head.

These experiments show three types of waves to be characteristic of sleep. First are the "trains" of alpha waves which appear in the first stage of falling asleep and reappear during light sleep. Second are the "spindles," short bursts of waves of rapidly increasing and then rapidly decreasing amplitude. Finally, there are irregular waves which Loomis, Harvey, and Hobart call "random."

In general, spindles and random waves are associated with deep sleep, and the trains are found with interrupted or light sleep. Often a sudden change from the random type to regular trains resulted

from merely speaking to the sleeper. Interestingly too, noises of an accustomed nature, such as the honking of an automobile horn, will have no effect, while anything that indicates the presence of another person may cause spindles and random waves to give place abruptly to trains. A cough, a whisper, a faint footfall, the rustling of paper—these slight noises have in many cases produced sudden trains of alpha waves when loud noises and bright lights brought no response from a sleeper. "We are inclined to believe that the starting of trains by sound is not a direct result of the sound stimulus, but is connected with a change in the normal level of brain activity," report Loomis and his associates.

When brain waves are being received from two different areas of the head, from a back area and a front area, for example, each may send pulsations of quite a different order. There may be spindles coming from the back brain and none from the front, or there may be spindles from both but with no correlation in time or wavelength, or the patterns from each may be entirely random in an individual way. But if a sudden noise disturbs the sleeper, the sound of a voice or of the closing of a door, instantly the pattern from *both* areas changes to trains. Tests show that these noises which initiate trains in a sleeper have no effect on his wave pattern when he is awake.

Insomnia victims, who find that when they try to make their surroundings very quiet their difficulties increase, may perhaps derive a helpful clue from these experiments. The more quiet a bedroom is the greater is the likelihood for a sleeping person to hear slight noises, footfalls, whispered conversation. But if the bedroom is subject to a constant loud noise of a soothing nature, such as the throb of an ocean liner, the sleeper cannot hear the faint human sounds, and so rests undisturbed. Experiments indicate that the electrical wave patterns are much less disturbed under the latter condition.

Suppose you hypnotize a person. Will his brain waves be those of sleep or of

wakefulness? Dr. David Slight, of McGill University, brought a man to the Loomis Laboratory for this purpose. The gentleman's electrograms were recorded awake and during normal sleep, and showed characteristic and different patterns for each condition. Then Dr. Slight hypnotized him. A sustained condition of cataleptic rigidity ensued. He appeared to be sleeping. And yet the trains of alpha waves characteristic of the man awake remained throughout the hypnosis. At no time did any spindles or random waves appear. It would seem that the hypnotic state is not sleep, if brain waves may be taken as a criterion.

Present discussion of brain waves can be little more than an enumeration of interesting phenomena, for the results are so many-sided—one might almost say, so heterogeneous—that as yet the laws of mental activity which these changing electrical potentials obey are unknown. The thing that impresses all investigators is the ceaseless continuity of the activity. This was not expected. "Many of us," as Hallowell Davis recently expressed it, "have thought of the nervous system as a great silent network of neurons activated only in response to sensory stimulation. We must now enlarge our thinking by assuming a constant background of pre-existing, and probably self-creating, activity."

What is caught by the electrodes and transmitted through the wires is apparently an overflow from a ceaseless interchange of electrical energy generated in the brain cells. The main activity is within. The delicate apparatus picks up only the fragments that spill over from this vast hook-up of millions of living chemical batteries. It seems likely that coincidences occur in the electrical discharge of these cells. Perhaps thousands or even millions discharge simultaneously many times each second, and their coincidence appears to us as a pattern of waves. The increase or decrease in the number of cells thus coinciding in their electrical activity may be the factor that determines the changes in frequency and

wavelength, the disappearance and the recurrence, of the waves.

Whatever their origin, it can hardly be doubted that waves may reveal changes in the mental state of the individual. F. A. Gibbs and his associates at the Harvard Medical School have studied many cases of victims of epilepsy, and they find that certain types of brain waves are associated with seizures, and that in many cases preliminary waves signal the onset of a seizure in advance of any other outward sign. Moreover, somewhat similar changes of wave pattern can be artificially stimulated. Dr. Gibbs had twelve men breathe pure nitrogen to the point of unconsciousness, and the brain waves which they gave off during this ordeal were in general of a type similar to those characteristic of certain epileptics. Four other subjects agreed to a treatment which lowers the blood pressure to the extent that blood is unable to reach the brain in normal volume; and again, their changes in wave pattern roughly suggested those of an epileptic. A final test, in which ten subjects over-ventilated their lungs with air, a procedure which depletes the blood of carbon-dioxide, gave similar results. And the interesting sequel is that when epileptic patients volunteered for these tests and were subjected to a nitrogen atmosphere, to a condition of lowered blood pressure, and of over-ventilation of the lungs, usually the artificially induced condition brought on an epileptic seizure with its typical waves.

Is the wave pattern something individual, characteristic of each person like his face or his voice? Dr. Hallowell Davis thinks it may be, and is now in the thick of an exciting exploration of this question. He has found it possible to classify the alpha waves into four general types, and he observes that while the pattern varies from individual to individual, it is fairly constant for each. That is to say, John Brown's rhythm is different from Jack Robinson's, but under the same standard conditions Brown's alpha waves always show the same distinguishing features, and similarly Robinson's are stand-

ard for Robinson. Dr. Davis, in collaboration with his wife Pauline Davis, has repeatedly recorded the electrical patterns of thirty-five persons and thus far they have found no exception to this suspected rule.

Moreover, they have recorded the electrical patterns of eight pairs of identical twins, ranging in age from eighteen to fifty-eight. One pair had a very strongly dominant alpha rhythm, another pair showed no rhythm, and between these extremes the other six pairs of twins showed many variations of wave form which Davis was able to classify under his four general types. *But in every one of these cases both members of the pair showed the same rhythm.* The fastest alpha rhythm that these investigators have ever recorded—thirteen vibrations a second—was found in one of these pairs of identical twins, and both members of the pair had it. On the other hand, brothers and sisters who are not identical twins do not always show the same pattern. The evidence suggests that the alpha rhythm reveals inborn characteristics of brain organization—qualities which may be hereditary.

It is all very exciting, very fascinating, and as yet very tantalizing. "Here is a key fashioned by physiology out of radio," said the Davises in a report at the Harvard Tercentenary Conference. "Has neurology a lock which the key can open?"

V

There is another key, an older one, which physiology stumbled upon in chemistry: a marvelously sensitive control centered in the endocrine glands. Not only are the popeyed comedian, the bearded woman, the dwarf, the giant, and the fat lady of the circus victims of defective endocrines; but also many mental cases, the feeble-minded, the idiot, the pervert, and, some may wish to add, the crank and the genius, appear to be among the casualties of abnormal flows of hormones. The human body has seven ductless glands, or seven sets of them:

(1) the pineal, hidden in the brain; (2) the two-lobed pituitary, also in the head at the base of the brain; (3) the thyroid, in the throat, touched on either side by (4) the parathyroids, four in number; (5) the pancreas, adjoining the stomach; (6) the two adrenals, also near the stomach; and (7) the two gonads. Of these seven, all but the first and the fifth have given evidence of being connected with mental states.

I am using the term "mental states" to cover a wide range of behavior. It would be simpler if we could restrict discussion to the consciously directed efforts of the brain, and consider only such intellectual operations as were tested by the Benedicts in their metabolism experiments. But the mind not only thinks; it also feels. It is rational, but also emotional. And at every turn, not only in the mobster who shouted for Mr. Landon or whooped for Mr. Roosevelt, but also in the scholar in the quiet of his study and in the research scientist accustomed to the objective method of the laboratory, there are unbidden gusts and currents of sentiment which wildly tug and push at the ship of thought and tend to divert it from a straight course. Was it not said by Plotinus that sensations are ill-defined thoughts, and that intelligible thoughts are clear sensations? Somehow there are generated or received in the brain the feelings of rage, fear, hate, love, and the rest. Each of these emotions may be curbed by thoughts which also are formed or received in the brain, or, contrarily, each may veto reason and take the helm. It is a matter of common observation that the second alternative is the more frequent occurrence.

Michael I. Pupin once asked Foster Kennedy if the doctors had yet found the part of the brain which governs emotion. Dr. Kennedy, as he told the story in a recent lecture at the New York Academy of Medicine, surprised the physicist by answering, "Yes, in the hypothalamus."

"Ah, but can you pull the switch?" inquired Pupin.

"No," replied the Cornell neurologist,

"but another hundred years of peace, and we shall be able to! And then the governments of the Earth will establish switching posts throughout all countries, and there will be a great Day, when mankind will come to be switched into happiness. But," continued Dr. Kennedy, "there will be one man in perhaps every two hundred million who will hang back—in uncertainty and discontent. Six months after the switching, these doubting Thomases will together be lords of the Earth; but six months later still they will have found there is no Earth worth being lords of—for their subjects will not work, they will be merely shepherds of sheep. And to make man once more discontented and human, the lords of the Earth will take all the doctors and load them into scows and tow them into the middle of the Atlantic—and sink 'em!"

Walter B. Cannon and his collaborators first showed the importance of the hypothalamus for emotional reactions. Dr. Cannon further showed that this ancient part of the brain—it can be traced through fossil fish for a thousand million years—operates in close association with the adrenal glands. Suppose an animal sees or hears something that angers him or frightens him—it makes no difference which, for in either event the thalamus responds the same. It sends an impulse or a series of impulses through the nervous system. When this nervous excitation reaches the adrenals, the medulla of these glands discharges a hormone into the blood stream, and when the particles of adrenalin thus carried through arteries and veins reach the liver they cause it to release into the blood some of its stored-up sugar. Thus the animal, man or fish, is swiftly provided with the extra fuel needed for fighting or fleeing. Whether he stays and faces the foe or runs to fight another day he will need energy—and by such means the body has keyed its chemical mechanism to supply the fuel for energy at an instant's notice. But the effect may be attained artificially. The injection of adrenalin into a placid animal or man will induce these same bodily

changes, including an ill-defined emotional state. As before, the liver will release extra sugar, the blood will be partly withdrawn from the skin and digestive organs, and sent in greater volume to muscles and brain.

A dramatic example of this chemico-mental sequence in action was related recently by James Bertram Collip, the Canadian biochemist and former co-worker with Banting in insulin research. It seems that a diabetic patient took an overdose of insulin, and did not discover his condition until he was walking on the street. Too much insulin depletes the blood of its normal sugar content, and the brain, which must have its fuel, cannot long endure the short rations. The consequences are faintness, incoherence of speech, a convulsive seizure, and eventually unconsciousness. Most diabetics carry a bit of sweet in their pockets, and a nibble will soon restore the blood equilibrium. When this person of Dr. Collip's story felt himself getting dizzy he hurried to a nearby drugstore to buy a bar of sweet chocolate, but arrived in such a wobbly state that he was unable to make his wants known. The clerk supposed the fellow was drunk, and threw him out of the store. This act enraged the chocolate seeker. His rage got in its work: his adrenals poured adrenalin into the blood stream, the adrenalin activated his liver to release sugar, and thus re-sugared, the gentleman regained his control sufficiently to proceed to another drugstore and make his purchase.

As the adrenals serve the emotions through their control of sugar, so in their ways the parathyroids seem to serve by their control of the calcium content of the blood. Too much calcium results in a hyperexcitable state of the nervous system, together with the muscular rigidity associated with tetany; too little, brings on languor and mental torpidity. Dr. Collip told of a patient in a stupor who could be roused only with difficulty and whose speech was incoherent. A test showed that his blood calcium was only half the normal amount. Appro-

prate hormonal treatment was given, and "his rapid return to normal both mentally and physically was truly remarkable."

The gonads, or sex glands, are the manufacturing of hormones which exercise profound controls over mental states. "The contrast between a *virile* dominating personality and that of a weak whining *emasculate* is all-illuminating," as R. G. Hoskins points out in his *The Tides of Life*. The late Sir Frederick Mott and others traced an apparent parallelism between dementia praecox and deficiency of this hormone. Indeed there are cases on record in which patients suffering from this mental disease showed marked improvement following medication with the missing hormone, but it is also true that many improved without the treatment. "Altogether," concludes Hoskins, "the relation of the male sex glands to insanity still remains one of the thousands of unsolved problems in endocrinology."

Perhaps the most clearly defined and broadly inclusive control of mental states by endocrine secretion is that identified with the thyroid gland. Children born with defective thyroid equipment show defective intelligence; the extreme consequence is the form of idiocy known as cretinism. When the thyroid output becomes impaired in adult life, the victim's mental activity slows down, initiative wanes, concentration and consecutive thought become impossible. Excessive functioning of the thyroid also is a disease: here the patient is irritable, restless, sometimes obsessed by pathological fears, sometimes swept by hysteria.

One of the master achievements of biochemistry was the isolation of the thyroid hormone, first accomplished by E. C. Kendall in a brilliant research at the Mayo Clinic. To-day thyroxin is made synthetically like any other chemical compound, and to thousands this stuff of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and iodine has been a true elixir of life and, what is more important, of sane balanced life. "Not the magic wand of

Prospero or the brave kiss of the daughter of Hippocrates ever effected such a change as that which we are now enabled to make in these unfortunate victims," said Sir William Osler, referring to the baby victims of thyroid deficiency, "doomed heretofore to live in hopeless imbecility."

But supreme among the hormone producers is the pituitary gland. Indeed, the pituitary appears to be a master organ which calls the dance of life for other glands. Thus it is known that the front lobe of the pituitary secretes hormones which serve as messengers to the thyroid, the gonads, and the adrenals, and thereby control their growth and direct their functioning. It is difficult to separate the direct physiological consequences of pituitary defects from those resulting from the failure of the other glands which in turn are dependent on pituitary control, but there are diseases which appear to be in the former category. Thus the form of giantism known as agromalgy has been traced to an over-activity of the pituitary gland. Its victims show marked mental disturbances and personality changes, ranging from melancholia to manic depressive insanity and that curious disease of split-personality known as schizophrenia. Collip deprived a wolfhound puppy of its pituitary gland. At once it became extremely stupid and timid and continued so for months. Then the experimenter began to treat the animal daily with a pituitary extract, and within a few days it had become bold, aggressive, inquisitive, quite like a normal dog of its breed.

Nor is courage the only moral quality that seems to get its stamp from this distinctive lobe of tissue. Perhaps mother love, the solicitous care of the parent for its child, the home-making and nest-building instinct, also derive from a minute chemical activator which is fashioned here. Oscar Riddle has discovered that a remarkable influence does issue from the front lobe of the pituitary gland, a hormone which he named prolactin.

Recently, in his laboratory at the Car-

negie Institution's Station for Experimental Evolution, I watched Dr. Riddle perform an experiment. He reached into a cage in which a mother rat was nursing her seven youngsters, and took out three of the baby rats. There were rows of many other cages, each containing a rat and labeled with a card which noted essential data of its occupant. Some of the rats were lacking in thyroid glands, some in pituitary, some in other organs; some were males, some females. Dr. Riddle selected three cages at random and placed one infant in each. Then we stood back in the shadow and watched.

In one cage the rat gave no attention, hardly a glance, to the helpless babe. In another the occupant immediately approached the little fellow, smelled it, and passed on, not interested. In the third the rat showed immediate interest, nosed the baby for several seconds, then picked it up hurriedly, carried it to the nest, and cuddled it solicitously.

Now the extraordinary fact is that this third rat was a male, and the other two were females. Ordinarily males show no solicitude for the young, not even for those of their own household. But this male had been injected with prolactin, and the hormone so dominated him that characteristic maleness was overruled to conform to the maternal behavior decreed by prolactin. Half a dozen other rats were tried in the same way and the results were similar. The rats being treated with prolactin were interested and solicitous; those in which the hormone had not been injected were indifferent.

Dr. Riddle and Robert W. Bates prepared this hormone from the pituitary glands of cattle and found that it excites mammary glands to produce milk. Hence the name. Later it was demonstrated that the hormone affected nerve tissue as well, inducing a brooding instinct in fowls and parental solicitude in rats. After treatment with prolactin virgin rats build nests over young and care for the little ones. If there are no baby rats available they will take baby mice or even newly hatched pigeon

squabs, as wards. A curious interrelation which Riddle observed is that the full effects of prolactin depend upon a previous action of the two gonadal hormones acting in a fixed sequence. "Thus we here find—I believe for the first time in the psychic sphere—a normal development or response which rests upon a succession or chain of hormonal actions."

VI

Assuredly, much more than sugar and oxygen are required to sustain the competent brain. Possibly there are sequences of control yet to be uncovered, versatilities in hormone activation which we do not suspect. The fact that the injection of minute quantities of thyroxin, a chemical compounded in the laboratory, can transform a child from a gaping idiot into a rational human being is powerful evidence for the chemical foundation of mind. We may paraphrase: without that sugar and oxygen—and thyroxin and other essential hormones—there could be no thought, no sweet sonnets of Shakespeare, no joy, and no sorrow.

The smallness of the quantities of endocrine substances that serve the body emphasizes the potency of the chemical control. The electrical potentials of the brain, as they are detected by the electroencephalograph, are tiny millionths of a volt. Half a peanut supplies the extra energy for an hour of mental effort—but relatively that is colossal. The hormones that ride the blood stream are vanishingly small portions of matter. One-fourth of a grain of thyroxin suffices for the entire human body.

To have detected that dilution, to have isolated its molecule, weighed it, broken it down into its atoms, and then built the thing anew in a test-tube, is a demonstration of the adeptness and sureness of modern technics. Similar feats are occurring all along the biochemical front to-day. They strengthen our faith that the chemist of the future will be one of the chief allies of the neurologist, and, perhaps, of the psychiatrist.



THIS IS MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND

A STORY

BY BENEDICT THIELEN

SLEEPING, she still heard in her mind the music at the dance to which she had been with Nat the night before. The music and the rhythm of the dancing feet sounded in her sleep above the regular unnoticed rhythm of the nearby sea. But gradually something else crept in that was music too, but different from the music of the night before. This was a thin high music, softly played but, at the same time, shrill, liquid, and piping, like a rising and falling, unhurried bird-note.

She woke up. The thin high piping came from downstairs, from the kitchen. She opened her eyes, staring up at the ceiling. The clear notes came up from the floor, steady, rippling, rising and falling, softly played in the kitchen.

She turned and glanced over at the watch which Nat had given her. It was not yet six o'clock, and already Uncle Manuel was up and practicing his flute in the kitchen, softly, thinking he would wake no one, waking everyone. Looking up at the ceiling, she knew how he looked sitting by the stove, his head bent a little backward, his eyes looking out the window at the gray early mist of the New England Sunday morning, his pursed lips which gave him that smiling-serious expression that was so silly blowing into the little flute.

She tried to bury her head deeper in the pillow, but it was no use. The liquid flute-notes burrowed through the pillow and into her ear, reminding her that

this was the day of the Feast of the Holy Ghost.

They had this feast because long ago, back there in the Azores, there was a famine and the princess who ruled said she would sell her silver crown to buy food for the people who were starving. But it wasn't necessary for her to sell her crown because two ships loaded with grain were wrecked on the shore and there was food for everybody. It was a miracle, and so now here, in America, they still had a feast to celebrate it, and that was why Uncle Manuel had to wake her up so early on this Sunday morning, practicing his flute which he would play later on in the day, along with men beating drums, at the head of the procession.

And long ago, leaving the church, the organ music still ringing in your ears, the light on the raised Host still bright in your eyes, feeling good, although you didn't know why, you stood by the litter beside the beautiful silver crown, just like the one the princess had worn. Dressed in white, with the seven other little girls (you, Rose Oliver—proud now because your name sounded more American than it used to when it was Olivera—with Marguerite Sylvia, Helen Sanchos, and the others), you held on tightly to the litter on which rested the shining crown. Ahead of you the musicians, Uncle Manuel among them, played runs of impatient notes on their flutes or gave short muffled rolls on the drums, waiting for the procession to form. Then, when every-

thing was ready, there was a brief silence, someone dropped his raised hand, and the shrill flutes squealed in the hot summer air, the drums beat, and the procession moved slowly down the street to Azores Hall. You, dressed in white, carefully holding the silver crown, while behind you were Charlie, Antone, Frank, and the other boys, carrying the huge cake with the icing that glittered in the sun and the decorations of red and green and blue frosting and the pink roses made of sugar, and the enormous loaf of bread and the high-piled fruits and flowers, winding slowly through the quiet Sunday street among the elm trees and the neat white New England houses, seeing the other people standing by the curbs staring at you, under the hot summer sky, behind the trailing ribbons of clear thin sound from the flutes and the rhythmic beat of the drums.

But that was all long ago, and now it seemed different, somehow, and, when you thought of it, kind of silly. You felt a little foolish as you passed the other people, standing there by the curbs and staring at you as though you were crazy, carrying a silver crown through the streets, as though you were back in Europe somewhere where they did things like that and not here, in America, as though you yourself weren't really just as much an American as they were but some kind of outlandish foreigner.

As they passed the Methodist church the service had just ended and the people were coming out. Groups were gathered on the sidewalk. They turned their heads as the procession passed, watching it, their faces looking either cold or else faintly amused.

She saw Nat and his father and mother standing together and she smiled at them as she went past. Nat didn't smile back but that was probably because there were so many people in the crowd that he didn't see her. In a large crowd like that it was often hard to make out separate faces. The whole thing just looked like a big blur.

Her father, walking by her side, said something, and she turned toward him.

"What did you say?"

He motioned with his head toward a group of men leaning back against the front of the drugstore. One of the men was looking at the procession and laughing.

"That Roy Norris," her father said.

"Oh, him," she said.

There probably was nothing in that story about Roy Norris, even though her father and Uncle Manuel always insisted it was true and would scowl and get red in the face whenever they saw him. They said that when they first came to this town and started their fishing Roy Norris had tried to drive them out of business by cutting their lobster pots adrift and that he had been the one who had smashed a hole in the side of the tank where they kept the eels that were to go to New York for the Italian Christmas trade and that over a thousand of them were killed. But that was all long ago and it probably wasn't true, in the first place. Besides, Roy was a cousin or something of Nat's, and they weren't the sort of people who did things like that.

When they got to the hall the crown was put in a shrine at the far end and everybody dropped a coin into the box that stood next to it. After that the auction began. They sold all sorts of things, and often people paid as much as a dollar for a loaf of bread, because all the money that they collected went to charity. It was funny seeing people try to outbid one another on something like a loaf of bread or an old pair of shoes, and then often giving it back to be bid for again. Now too in the hall there was a warm smell of food coming from the kitchen at the other end, and the sound of plates and knives and forks being set on the bare wooden tables and the occasional pop of a bottle of red wine being opened and, closer at hand, a smell of wine from the men round you who got up every once in a while and went out and then came back, looking innocent,

while their friends tried to catch their eyes and wink at them, and as the time went by there was louder talk and more laughter.

From across the room Helen Sanchos waved at her and then came over to where she was sitting.

"Well, so you made it after all," she said. "I didn't think you would after last night."

"How about yourself?" Rose said laughing. "You were still there when we left."

Helen shook her head.

"I'm still only half awake."

"Me too. And Uncle Manuel started practicing his flute right under my room before it was even daylight."

"My God, Rose, no!" She looked around the room. "It all seems sort of crazy, doesn't it, when you stop to think of it?"

"Yes. Still, they get a kick out of it, so . . . Gee, remember the kick we used to get out of carting that old crown around?"

They both laughed, then Helen said, "Where's Nat?"

"Nat? I don't know. Why?"

"Oh, I just thought he might come around for dinner. Remember, you told him he could come around, last night?"

"Oh . . . oh, yes. Well, he might be around. I don't know. We didn't say anything definite."

Helen looked toward the door, frowning, then her face lighted up and she waved her hand. The man smiled and came toward them, making his way slowly through the crowd. He had a dark sunburned face and good teeth.

"I didn't know Frank was the . . . the latest," said Rose.

"Latest! Why, we're engaged, didn't you know?"

"Goodness, engaged! Why, I had no idea, Helen." She leaned forward and embraced her. "Why, congratulations!"

"Frank," Helen called out, "Rose here didn't even know we were engaged. Can you beat it?"

"What's the matter with you, Rose,

don't you ever read the papers?" said Frank.

Helen sniffed the air and looked at Frank.

Frank grinned and said, "Say, Nat was feeling pretty high last night, wasn't he?"

"Oh, I don't know," Rose said. "I guess we all felt pretty good."

"A little too good as far as I'm concerned," Frank said. "That's why I thought a little of this dago red would kind of hit the spot."

"Say," Helen said, "we'd better find a place if we're going to get something to eat. How about sitting with us, Rose?"

Rose glanced toward the door.

"Do you think Nat'll be here?" Helen asked. "Because if you'd rather wait, why . . ."

Rose shook her head.

"No, I don't imagine he will. He said he'd probably have to have dinner home with his family. Anyway, I've got a date with him to-night."

They found places together at the long table and sat down. Frank uncorked the bottle of red wine standing in front of them and poured them each a glass. He took a long drink of his, then said, "Boy, that's not bad, is it now?"

"I like wine," Helen said as she put down her glass. "It makes you feel good but you still know what you're doing."

"Have some rye," Frank said, and they all laughed.

"That's true though," Rose said. "I like it much better too."

They were silent for a few moments, then Frank said, "How's the job, Rose? You still like it?"

"Oh, yes, it's all right."

"I suppose you'll be marrying the son of the boss next, like they do in the movies," he said with a laugh.

"Don't be silly," Rose said.

Helen glanced at him sharply.

He cleared his throat, then said, "Well, I see where you've started handling a line of oil burners and that new gas in tanks, besides the coal and ice, I mean."

"Oh, yes, that was Nat's idea."

Frank shook his head and said, "Nat's a smart guy all right."

"Remember the fights you used to have with him?" Helen said.

"Boy, do I! We get along all right now though. But it used to get me so damn sore when he'd call me a Portugee I was just about ready to kill him."

"Did Nat use to do that?" Rose asked.

"Sure, but then all the kids did. You remember how it was. Why, whenever we . . ."

"Sure, but they get over that after a while," Helen said.

"Yes, sure of course," Frank said.

They were all silent for a second or two, looking straight ahead of them. Then Helen said, "But I think it's a shame they won't allow us to have dancing here just because it's Sunday."

"Yes," Rose said, "you'd think when it's for charity like this that . . ."

"Oh, well, that's the way they are," Frank said.

"Who do you mean, 'they'?" Helen said.

Frank hesitated, looking confused, then he said, "Why . . . why I mean the people. You know, people in the town."

"Pop said back home . . . you know, back there where they came from, they always had dancing on Sundays," Rose said. "Uncle Manuel used to play the flute even when he was a kid, he said."

"And he's still at it." Frank turned partly round and looked toward the other end of the room where the musicians were sitting at a table by themselves. "He's a great old guy, isn't he?"

"Yes," Rose said, "but when he starts practicing just about at dawn and right under where I'm sleeping, why . . ."

They all laughed. Frank took another drink of wine and said, "I don't know. It must be funny, over there. Different, sort of. . . ."

Long ago, on this day, when they gave you the wine they filled the glass up with water and then added just a little wine

to color it. Now the wine was pure in your glass. But the taste was the same, and when the wine went down your throat and then after you had swallowed it and opened your mouth and breathed, there was the same sensation of taste, the same red musty grape taste on your tongue. And the hot food and the way it was seasoned, the garlic and the fennel and the sweet basil, was also the same, and the smell of the muslin of the white dresses of the girls that carried the silver crown in the procession, and the thin squeal of the flutes, and the way the sun came in the window on the other side of the hall as the afternoon wore on, dusty, slanting yellow, and the hot midsummer sky outside, and the feeling that the whole town was silent, in a cold Sunday silence, while here there was noise and gayety and animation. Here you were in a vivid core of noise and music and warm wine-smell, shut off from the cold disapproving silence of the surrounding Sunday town. The thick-crustured Portuguese bread was good and the spilled red spots of wine shone like rubies smeared over the wooden table tops. This was still the same, and the sound of loud laughter was the same, and the sun shining on the silver crown was the same, and although you felt differently about the whole thing now, not taking it so seriously, even feeling that there was something a little silly and foreign and old-fashioned about it, still there was something pleasant about the sensation which all this gave you that there were things in life that didn't change, that were certain and positive, and that made you feel that you knew just where you stood, with warm wine reassuring you, and the thin clear music of flutes.

They drove slowly along in the warm darkness, going toward the open country.

"I certainly would've come if I could, Rose," Nat said. "But they always want me to stay there and have Sunday dinner with them. You know how the old man is."



"Oh, that's all right," she said. "I just mean it was really quite a lot of fun."

He said nothing for a few seconds, then he suddenly laughed.

"What's the joke?" she said, glancing at him.

"Nothing . . . I mean I always get a kick out of seeing that gang walking along toting that tin crown along with them and . . ."

"It's not tin," she said.

"Not tin?" He raised his voice. "You don't mean to tell me you really think it's silver, do you?"

She nodded her head without answering.

"Not tin?" he repeated, and laughed again. "Say, Rosie, you must be sort of simple, you know it?"

"I know it's silver though," she said.

"How do you know?"

"Because I know it, that's all. We all . . . I mean everybody knows it."

He let out a long whistle.

"You're not kidding me? Honest? But good-night! It's worth something then."

"Of course it's worth something," she said, and saying that gave her a sudden surprising feeling of pride. "What do you think?"

"Gee . . . But imagine tying up all that money in a thing like that. Why . . . why, it's dumb."

"Oh, I don't know."

"You don't? Well, I do. . . . Anyway, what's the point of the whole thing? Huh?"

"Well, this princess said she'd sell her crown to buy food for . . ."

He gave a click of impatience with his tongue.

"Yes, yes, I heard all that. So what? What of it?"

"Well," she said slowly, not quite sure herself what she was going to say or why, in the first place, she was saying anything, why she wasn't simply agreeing with him, "well, it's the . . . the idea of the thing. It's . . ."

"What idea? What do you mean?"

"Well it's sort of a pretty idea. If . . ."

He raised one hand from the wheel and brought it down hard, giving a loud laugh at the same time.

"A pretty idea, no less! That's a good one. Why, if the money that's tied up in that thing could . . ."

"All right, Nat," she said. "Let's drop it, shall we?"

He looked at her curiously.

"Well, there's nothing to get sore about, for Heaven's sake."

She did not answer, and for a time they were both silent, driving along, going faster now.

Presently he said, "Well, what else did you do all day besides parade around and eat? Did you dance, or what?"

"No," she said, "we didn't dance. We had music but we couldn't dance."

"No? Why not?"

"You know perfectly well they won't let us dance on Sunday."

"Who do you mean, 'they'?"

"Why, you . . ." She stopped for a moment, confused. "I mean they . . . you know, the people in the town. I mean it's not allowed."

"Oh, yes. That's true. Of course."

Presently he said, "Who was there? Did you see anybody you knew?"

"Oh, yes, I knew lots of people there. I had dinner with Helen Sanchos and Frank, Frank Nunes. They're engaged."

"Oh, that so?" He gave a short laugh.

"Boy, the scraps Frank and I used to have!"

"Yes. He said you used to . . ."

She stopped, looking straight ahead of her at the road.

"What?"

"I mean he said you used to fight a lot," she said.

"Yes. Gee, I'll never forget once he came round, he had a whole bucketful of fish and just as he was coming into the kitchen he slipped and all the fish went all over the kitchen. I almost died laughing, and he was so sore the next time he saw me in the street he tried to beat me up. He didn't though."

"No?"

"No. Anyway it was nothing to get

so sore about. Lots of people slip on those steps the first time. You know how it sort of goes down a step into the kitchen?"

She shook her head.

"I've never been in your house."

"Oh." He cleared his throat. "Well, it sort of goes down. You know the way it is in those old houses."

For some time they didn't say anything, driving rapidly along in the darkness. Then he said:

"Still I should think Helen could have found something . . . I mean somebody better than Frank to marry. She's a real pretty girl."

"Why, don't you think Frank's nice?"

"Nice? Oh, sure, Frank's all right. I've got nothing against Frank. Only he doesn't amount to much, that's all."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, good-night! What is he, when you come down to it? He's still just a . . . I mean, there isn't much money in fishing after all, is there? Now if she . . ."

"No," she said, "I guess there isn't."

"Not that I mind him being a fisherman," he said quickly. "That's not it at all. Why, I've got some relatives round here myself that are just fishermen only . . ."

"You mean like Roy Norris?"

"Yes, Roy Norris. He's sort of a cousin of mine, or something." He laughed. "Roy's quite a character."

"Yes? How?"

"Well, I mean he's a great joker. You know, practical jokes—always up to something. But if he doesn't like somebody Roy can be pretty mean too. If he gets a grudge on somebody it's just too bad. But we always got along all right though."

They turned off the main road and a few hundred yards farther on he stopped the car and turned out the lights. He took a flask out of the pocket in the door, uncorked it, and handed it to her. She shook her head.

"I don't think I want any, Nat, thanks."

He leaned a little forward, looking at her, his eyebrows raised.

"No? What's the idea? This is the same we had last night."

"I don't know. I just don't feel like any, I guess."

"Temperamental, eh?" He took a drink from the flask. "Sure you won't change your mind?"

"No, thanks." She leaned forward to look at her watch. "Anyway, it's getting late, Nat. We'd better be getting back."

He turned his head quickly toward her.

"Back? What the hell?" He laughed and put his arm round her shoulder. "Come on, Rose, let's not fight. Life is too short."

She drew away from him, half smiling.

"I'm not fighting, Nat. Only I really think I'd better be getting back. Anyway, I . . . I don't feel so good. I've got sort of a headache."

"Well, that's certainly too bad!"

He uncorked the bottle with a jerk and took another drink.

She said nothing, looking straight ahead of her at the darkness.

"I suppose now you're sore at something," he said. "I suppose I said something. What did I say, for Heaven's sake?"

"Nothing," she said. "You didn't say anything, Nat."

He looked at her a few seconds longer, then started the engine and jammed his foot down hard on the accelerator, starting with a jerk. They drove home in silence, going fast.

When she got home her father and Uncle Manuel were sitting by the table in the kitchen with a bottle of wine between them. They were talking Portuguese together but when she came in they stopped and spoke to her in English. She stood there for a short while, leaning against the door between the kitchen and the living room, then went over and turned on the radio.

She took off her hat and coat and threw them on a chair and stood in front of the radio, listening to the jazz that came out of it. Several of the pieces were things that they had played last night at the

dance. With a radio you could be sure of always hearing the latest music.

From the kitchen, above the radio, she could hear her father and Uncle Manuel talking Portuguese, and from time to time there was the sound of their laughter. She found herself listening more to them than to the music that came out of the radio, hearing the half-familiar sounds of the Portuguese, understanding parts of it, but missing others here and there. Once she had known Portuguese as well as she did English, but it was rusty now. Still as she listened the words gradually began to sound more familiar and she found that she was understanding practically everything, almost as though the words were English and not those of a foreign tongue.

She turned off the radio and went out again to the kitchen.

"Well, what's new, Rosie?" said Uncle Manuel, as she came in.

She smiled and shook her head.

"Nothing much . . . Go on and talk like you were. You don't have to talk English just because I'm here."

Uncle Manuel laughed and said, "O.K."

She sat down in a chair by the side of the stove and watched the two men sitting there, drinking their red wine, talking about places where she had never been and things that she had never seen.

There were the green hills rolling down to the windy sea on the islands, far out in the Atlantic. (Here, too, at night, you can hear the sound of the sea.) Vineyards sloped down to the sea, and when the wine was made there was music and dancing. (Our grapes here are wild and no wine is made from them. There is

no dancing on Sunday.) The grain is ground with windmills and all over the islands the great wings of the windmills are beaten by the sea wind. (There is still a windmill near here. It is kept up by the Historical Society.) The houses in Horta, Ponta Delgada, Flores are covered with colored plaster, red, green, yellow, pink, and blue. (The houses here, in Yarmouth, Chatham, Dennis, are made of weathered gray shingles with neatly painted white trim, like Nat's father's house.) In Ponta Delgada the sidewalks are made of black and white stones, laid in mosaic designs. (We have concrete sidewalks and the best roads in the world.) The fishermen put out to sea from the islands and their wives wait at home for them, sitting by the fireside. (Helen Sanchos will wait at home for Frank by the fireside. Frank is a fisherman who doesn't make much of a living from the sea. There is more money in coal and ice and it is wise to add a line of oil burners and the new kind of gas that comes in tanks.) Long ago the princess was going to sell her silver crown, and we carried the crown in a procession through the streets while the people stared at us, and later we were a core of noise and laughter in the cold quiet of the Sunday town. We were strangers, laughing, in the silence of the Sunday town.

After a time Uncle Manuel took up his flute and began to play. She went upstairs to her room. In the darkness after she had gone to bed she could still hear the thin clear music coming up through the floor, keeping her awake. The sea too sounded louder than usual.



RITUAL FOR MYSELF

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

E*TERNITY is made of common things:
Of birds that sing at dawn, of noons that press
Their weight on summer flowers, of dusk that brings
The marsh frogs droning in their drowsiness,
Of flesh of women, holding deep within,
The source and sum of all, of mirth, of pain,
Of happiness and sorrow's discipline,
Of long, anonymous hours of sun and rain.
Eternity is here—not far away
In some dim region none has ever known;
It is this hour, this minute, and this day,
This breath of night wind that is damply blown
Over the sun-spent earth. No matter how
The heart may yearn, eternity is now.*

*Day after day shall come in endless turn,
Bringing the dawn, the noon, the casual close,
And men who have less faith than these shall yearn
For far, strange worlds. This thing my instinct knows,
This fact I feel with breath and bone and tissue,
Beyond the reach of any will or reason:
There is no time beyond to-day, no issue,
No metamorphosis of flesh or season.
Perhaps through long rebirths the soul shall find
Its goal less high, its dream more tangible,
But none shall ever know. I am resigned
To this as truth: forever the mind shall dwell
On life and death and dusk and stars and thunder—
Forever die to learn, and wake to wonder.*



CAN THE SCHOOLS SAVE DEMOCRACY?

BY AVIS D. CARLSON

IN THESE days when something grievous seems to be the matter with everything it is not surprising that the public school should be much criticized and investigated. What is surprising, and heartening, is the unanimity with which school people themselves are bemoaning the failure of the schools to do what they should be doing at this stage in American civilization.

Typical of this new attitude in the profession is a project recently completed by Julia Emery. Like every other American teacher, she had been brought up on the doctrine that one of the chief functions of the public schools is to produce the high grade of citizenship upon which a democracy is peculiarly dependent. In the fall of 1935 she was suddenly fired with a desire to find out something about the actual performance of the schools in this respect. Accordingly, she worked up a series of questions designed to test the information possessed by young Americans about the political world they live in. The test was given to twelve thousand high school students in communities varying in size from a Kansas village to Chicago. Apparently the carefully tabulated answers may be accepted as an accurate picture of what Americans aged fourteen to eighteen know about their world.

After three years when Franklin Roosevelt had been the most discussed personage in the Western hemisphere and perhaps in the world, 1 per cent of those high school students could not name the President. Only 22 per cent of them knew

that Stalin is a dictator. When asked the official position of Cordell Hull, less than a third of them could produce the right answer. Only 20 per cent could identify Pierre Laval, 9 per cent Stanley Baldwin, and 3 per cent Maxim Litvinoff. Twenty per cent did not know that Russia is Communist, and 40 per cent did not know that Germany is Fascist. The percentage was somewhat higher for Italy, but still scandalously low in view of the fact that the Ethiopian adventure was in full swing at the moment. When they were asked to select from a list of political characteristics those applicable to Communism, Fascism, and Democracy, their answers were little short of disgraceful. Their ignorance of geography was the same. One per cent could locate Mukden, and 10 per cent Prague. More than a third of them did not know where Geneva is.

In the world of to-day such a state of knowledge among individuals nearing the end of their school life is shocking enough; but when the totals were broken down to compare the answers of the year levels, the result was a matter of public concern. For the seniors did only a little better than the sophomores. Even in a large high school which had rather prided itself on its work in current history and international relations, the median for right answers among the sophomores was 25 and for the seniors only 37. That is fairly conclusive proof that the American high school is failing to train for an important phase of modern citizenship. Once upon a time perhaps Ameri-

cans could vote intelligently without this sort of information; but that day belongs to a past which may be dear but is certainly dead.

Although the results of this test have not been widely publicized, they have been staggering to educators who have seen them and pondered their significance. For they pose again the old question: "What are public schools for?" with such sharpness as to make the usual answer sound a shade too glib. If the function of the public schools is to produce the intelligent citizenry which a Democracy must have, what do they mean by turning out high school seniors who know next to nothing about the political and economic patterns of the modern world?

This whole question of citizenship and Democracy is an old one. From the Founding Fathers, with their keen disagreement over the capacities of the common man, straight down to George Counts and Charles Beard, the more thoughtful Americans have always perceived that the quality of citizenship must be vastly higher in a Democracy than in other forms of government, that if the common man is to have power he must be taught to live up to his obligations instead of letting himself become one of a rabble. In all that long discussion the voice of the schoolmaster has been prominent.

In the first half of the nineteenth century, when the idea of free schools was struggling into the concrete expression of red brick and recitation bench, the schoolmaster argued that the electorate must be able to read and write. After the Civil War, when the usual post-war demand for more instruction in patriotism made itself felt and when the full effects of the prolonged immigration were beginning to appear, he caught up the theme of citizenship in earnest and made of it an apologia for public education, a good and sufficient reason for every increase in taxes. It was the teachers who hammered most faithfully at the proposition that the public school is the best instrument for training citizens. As it was

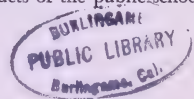
by then abundantly clear that mere literacy only made the common man the slave of a sensational press, the educators shifted to the ground that the schools must teach American history and the mechanics of government. The required course of "civics," taught mostly by memory drills on the Declaration and Preamble and by prodding pupils through badly written textbooks, became the bane of early adolescence. For most youngsters it was the hardest and dullest course in the curriculum. And history was one long procession of dates and generals. Naturally the quality of actual citizenship was not much affected.

Immediately after the World War a new thesis was developed: in addition to teaching "constitution" and American history, the school must become a little world in which children should learn to act like citizens. Proctor buttons, student councils, home-room organizations, and required reading on the making of Americans broke out like the measles in the school world.

Thus the talk went on in teachers' meetings and education journals. It was all very pious, very respectable. The public listened indulgently. Only a few teachers realized that they were creating for themselves a vested interest in citizenship somewhat akin to the vested interest of the medical profession in health. None of them had any foreboding of how uncomfortable it would presently make them.

II

The years since 1929 have shaken all of us in our habits of thinking, but no occupational group more profoundly than teachers. It is not an exaggeration to say that the mood of the leaders has changed from complacency to one suggestive of sackcloth and ashes. Even the rank and file has begun to admit that, in spite of all the fine talk about training citizens and all the teacher energy which has been poured into the task itself, the results are considerably less than happy when the products of the public schools



sit placidly under any sort of boss rule and flock by the millions to the support of any first-class rabble-rouser who appears on the horizon, and when the average American, who has come up through an average series of schoolrooms, thinks he has done his civic duty if he votes once in two years. In some respects even more sobering has been the grim realization, forced often enough by attacks on fellow-teachers, that people who had supposedly been trained to live in a Democracy would leap wholeheartedly to throttle the expression of new or different points of view. Every "red" hunt has left an emotional scar upon the better sort of teachers, for it proves their failure to inculcate tolerance, one of the first principles of democratic citizenship.

What makes both the Emery project and the general perception of failure particularly upsetting is that they come at a moment when teachers, like the rest of us, see that the need for creating an intelligent, responsible citizenry is crucial, because great social changes are upon us and our chance to meet them decently is dependent upon the caliber of our citizens. As one high school principal said somberly, "After all our years of prating about training citizens, we've got to begin doing it—and in a hurry too."

Naturally then, a new tack is being taken. The profession has begun to swing to the leadership of those who have been preaching the gospel of the Social Studies. And now every teachers' meeting and every teachers' journal cries the need for adding more of the social studies to the curriculum as a way of building up in youngsters an understanding of the society in which they live and a desire to improve it.

Already the movement has gone far enough to make a speaker at an American Legion State convention deplore it as a menace to "Americanism"—whatever he thought that to be. The thirteen-volume report of the Social Science Commission, appointed in 1929 by the American Historical Association, is now in print and being studied by teachers, or

at least by their leaders. It covers many different aspects of the problem and concludes by recommending as "imperative" a program of social studies running from the kindergarten through the junior college, and so closely integrated with the whole school program "that the entire curriculum may constitute a unified attack upon the complicated problem of life in contemporary society." Some large school systems are already experimenting with curriculum changes based upon a literal acceptance of this educational philosophy. At Cleveland, for instance, little six-year-olds who can barely manage to put on their own galoshes are introduced to the stories of our national holidays, to some of the local governmental services, and to the life of children in other lands. Twelve grades up, the seniors in high school are studying modern history and socio-economic problems, and presumably imbibing enough geography to know where Mukden is and why Germany wants back her lost colonies. Other towns all over the country are falling into line. Even a Kansas wheat village, which three years ago was cutting salaries and denouncing "fads and frills in education," this year put on its first full-time history teacher.

Every profession has its swelling and waning enthusiasms. At one swing of the medical pendulum any pain in the middle was apt to be pronounced a case of appendicitis; at another the gall bladder was practically certain to be involved. Even the staid and not easily perturbed legal profession grows excited when talking about the one thing necessary to cut down crime. Ordinarily the public can afford to wait while its professional groups blow warm and cool; for in the full cycle there lies a long-time advantage of truth gaining. But this question of bringing up citizens who will understand their world and be able to improve it is so vital just now that we dare not take chances.

And so before we embark on a wholesale revamping of the curriculum, a few cautions are in order for both public

and teachers. Otherwise we may make the sad discovery that an indefinite amount of history, geography, and economics can be added to the course of study without materially affecting the quality of American citizenship. The danger is that in our new enthusiasm for the neglected social studies we shall assume that all we need to do is to add a batch of new courses and the desired result will automatically follow. It will of course do no such thing. Nothing except a new crop of textbooks ever automatically results from a change in the curriculum.

III

In the first place we shall need to approach the problem far more seriously than we have been doing. We have never really thought it important. If we had we should long ago have found a way to solve it, just as we have found ways to shorten the distance from New York to Los Angeles. Until very recently who besides teachers talked about the necessity of training citizens? Editors in their more solemn moods, speakers at celebrations of national holidays and before patriotic societies, a handful of professional patriots who placed great confidence in flag etiquette and familiarity with the national documents. The rest of us were not much bothered. If Johnny became a proctor we were pleased, though we didn't like the idea of his tattling on other children. If Mary became class president, fine! It reflected credit on the parents who produced her. It was childish stuff of course, but harmless and capable of working off a lot of energy that might find channels we shouldn't approve. It gave good training in leadership too. God bless the children and the public schools anyway.

No society with that sort of an attitude toward its youth will ever make first-rate citizens of them. Primitive peoples are not so stupid. They do not neglect both informal and ceremonial training designed to fit the oncoming generation into its tribal functions. Consequently

the youngster comes into maturity with an understanding of tribal necessities and a sense of tribal obligations which he never questions. American society finds it curiously hard to take its younger members seriously. We tend either to berate them fretfully or to gush over them absurdly. We either wash our hands of them as a crude, self-centered lot of brats or we want to keep them young and innocent as long as we can. When someone points to them as a national resource more important than all the ore deposits and waterfalls, we agree politely; but we don't really believe it. If we did we should expect adolescents to be interested in something besides sex and athletics. And they would be.

The school is only one of the institutions which shape children for their place in the world. Unless some concern about the whole problem can be developed in society at large we should not expect too much from the addition of social studies to the curriculum.

In the second place we must at least begin to make up our minds as to what we most want from the public school. We say that we want the school to train citizens. But actually we build our curricula on several objectives. Once upon a time certain subjects were taught on the ground that they disciplined the mind, made it supple and fit for attacking the problems of life. The public school has now totally rejected this theory. But most of the subjects which were originally included because of it are still in the course of study. More adolescents are studying algebra, Latin, and formal grammar this winter than in the good old days of disciplining the mind when secondary education was for the privileged classes going into the aristocratic professions instead of the masses going to assembly lines and office machines. Worse still, the subjects are being taught by much the same methods as when they were supposed to discipline the mind. Indeed, the best recipe I know for recapturing the flavor of adolescence is to drop in on a high school Latin class.

We also desire that the public schools shall build character and develop the æsthetic sense. The courses supposed to accomplish those ends are carefully included. And being a very practical people, we insist that the schools shall train individuals to earn their living—enter vocational guidance, domestic science, and shop-work. We have lately become excited about our new-found leisure and are demanding that the schools shall train for it. Finally and more or less incidentally, we have desired to train citizens—add the proctor buttons, flag drills, and extra-curricular activities.

It is nonsense to suppose that an institution with so many objectives will move satisfactorily toward any of them. The result of such a blurring of aims is that the finished product of the public school knows a little of this and that, but is trained for neither thinking, leisure, livelihood, nor citizenship. If the schools really want to affect the quality of American citizenship they must get down to business about it. It must become their primary objective.

Logically it *should* be the first aim in tax-supported schools. Why otherwise should the State go to all the trouble and expense of maintaining them? The common man has a notion that the public school is a benevolence intended to give his children "a better chance in life" than he had. The privileged are sometimes inclined to think it a piece of democratic extravagance, its only real social good being to keep children off the street and the labor market for a number of years. Mothers occasionally think of it as a colossal nursemaid. None of them are right. The immense amount of money and human energy which go into the public school can be justified only as a State investment. Henry Adams understood that when he wrote, "All State education is a sort of dynamo machine for polarizing the popular mind; for turning and holding its lines of force in the direction supposed to be most effective for State purposes." Professor Thomas H. Briggs of Columbia has said the same

thing more directly: "The State maintains free public education to perpetuate itself and to promote its own interests. Free public education is a long-term investment that the State may be a better place in which to live and in which to make a living." According to this theory, if the State does not make its public schools assure its perpetuation and improvement it has squandered its money.

If this has an alarmingly Fascist ring, recall the difference in the theories of the totalitarian and democratic States. One is an organism, an end in itself, a supreme value for which the individual exists and to which he owes implicit obedience. The blinder and more unquestioning the obedience the better the citizens. The other is conceived as the instrument whereby a large group of individuals organize their common life "to promote the general welfare." The more social intelligence and critical understanding in the electorate the better the State. So long as the State remains a Democracy, even the fiercest individualist cannot quarrel with its use of the schools to perpetuate itself—that is, to preserve freedom and the common interest.

Here then is a democratic State pouring some two billion dollars a year into a sort of insurance policy at a crucial moment when the whole theory of democracy is definitely on the defensive. To make the investment still more urgent, the moment is also one when apparently the world has entered one of the breathless eras in which changes come faster than usual, bursting through the traditional dams out into every phase of life instead of trickling through as in quieter times. At all such periods in the past the people had much less power than they now have in America. The common man did mostly what individuals or classes used to governing told him to do. Even so the mortality rate of governments has always been high during these periods. In one of them Americans themselves ran through two governments within twenty years. And when they came to

set up the third, their fear of the people dictated an elaborate system of checks and balances. History has not yet demonstrated that a Democracy can survive the stresses of a major revolutionary period.

IV

In spite of all these special hazards faced by a democratic government just now, we approach the function of public education much more timidly and carelessly than do States with other philosophies of government. They do not hesitate to use their schools to build into the nervous systems of children the views and attitudes the State believes desirable. Communist schools are frankly making communists, Fascist schools diligently making fascists. The popular mind is being "polarized" by every psychological device which can be brought to bear upon it. By analogy and by common sense, it would seem that a Democracy which aims to perpetuate itself through a period of swift change should just as frankly use its schools to make "democrats."

We have used the schools for teaching the structure of the government and something of the national history, but we have taught so little about Democracy that twenty-seven per cent of our high school seniors do not even associate it with the rule of the majority. Their ignorance is shocking of course, but it is not wholly or even mostly the fault of the schools. Americans in general are very vague about Democracy. When we think of it at all we appear to think that it is only the right to vote and to criticize the government. We wave the flag and shout ourselves hoarse about "Americanism," but when we go to define it we sound like kindergartners. The Communist State knows exactly what principles it must inculcate in its children to make good communists; the Fascist States are perfectly clear on the subject. But we have nowhere any agreement as to what constitute our national ideals. We cannot very well make democrats when

as a people we do not know what we are trying to make.

Probably there are no other words in the language over which we grow so emotional as "religion," "love," and "Democracy." Yet it would be hard to select three realms of experience from which we shy away so self-consciously when it comes to instructing our children. "When he grows up he'll make up his own mind about it" or "Give them the facts and let them make their own inferences" we decree sanctimoniously. And when some educator remarks that we should teach the implications of Democracy for contemporary life, we wither him with the cry "indoctrination."

But we shall never train up a responsible citizenry without some indoctrination. Surely the generation which has now come up without definite religious training is proof of that. In the course of a lifetime they may pick up a wide assortment of facts about Christianity, but religion rarely becomes a vital force for them. Children can be crammed with statistics about production and consumption; but unless their elders point out the inferences and economic philosophies which have been and are being built round those statistics the youngsters will never understand them. They can be taught the facts of history; but unless they are grounded in a definite political philosophy they are not apt to grow up with one, still less to give it the kind of loyalty that Democracy is going to need in the next thirty years.

All this is sobering enough to keep us from too easy an assumption that adding some social studies to the school program will give us a better brand of citizenship. But there is a still higher hurdle. To mean anything, the social studies must be taught realistically. If we are to produce democrats who understand their own problems we must allow teachers to approach those problems without too many gloves. No one thinks that small children should be introduced to the graft and political roguery and industrial warfare which characterize certain areas of

our group life. But between that and the classroom approach which allows students to graduate from high school with the idea that they live in a sinless city in the best of all possible worlds there is surely some happy middle ground.

Any worthwhile teaching of Democracy must present it not as an accomplished fact, but as an ideal toward which we have been slowly and unevenly moving, as a way of life which we are still far from having mastered. This sounds easier than it is. Our prejudices go deep. And our precious private interests make us timorous. Not so long ago a history teacher in the Illinois mining district was reprimanded by her principal for teaching her seniors that the Civil War was an economic struggle as well as a political and moral one. He had not been brought up on that view of the Civil War, and besides the business men on his Board of Education might not think it wholesome for the sons of union miners to be hearing about economic conflict.

Realistic teaching means showing young people both the failures and the achievements of Democracy. It means giving them an honest insight into the realities of politics and business, instead of leaving them open to disillusionment and cynicism, as we have done by the namby-pamby, milk-for-babies teaching of the past. Can this be done in a classroom? A few superior teachers have always known how. Good teachers everywhere will welcome the freedom to try, for youngsters always respond to it. I once watched a class half-asleep over the events leading up to the French Revolution suddenly wake up as if electrified when the teacher pointed to Necker's struggle with the tax problem and asked if any other country ever had a spell of worrying over taxes. Similarly, the lean hard years following the panic of 1837 come alive for even a rather ordinary class if they are taught it in connection with the years since 1929.

Here are a few flashes of classroom experience to show how some of the problems they are soon to face can be brought

home to adolescents. A certain teacher of "social problems" occasionally lets her students read different news-stories about some event of public importance. For instance, after the German occupation of the Rhineland she had them read the text of Secretary Hull's bulletin, then the stories given it by Hearst and Scripps-Howard newspapers, the *New York Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*. After about two such experiences the class is shaken forever from its childlike confidence in what "I see in the papers." The coloring given the supposedly uncolored news-stories is too obvious. . . . A history teacher made use of the Windsor-Simpson story to teach the English political system. In four days' time an average high school class lapped up an understanding of the present English political picture and of English ways of acting and thinking which would have ordinarily been beyond the interest of collegians. . . . A teacher of "business principles" suggested that several members of the class take their cars down to loan companies and find out about short-term loans. They did, and came back to figure the rate of interest they would have to pay on this common type of chattel mortgages—two hundred per cent! Eyes opened wide as the implications began to dawn. . . . Someone mentioned the pending Food and Drug Legislation. The teacher assigned him to bring in the original text of the Copeland Bill. When it had been read the fun began. What conditions had called forth the bill? A sheaf of magazine assignments to get the information. What groups would oppose the bill? The class began to analyze the special interests involved. Who would back the bill? Here the class was not so sure, but with help they built the line-up. "Boy, this is going to be a good old fight," grinned a junior in the back row. "I'm going to write and find out where our Congressman stands. He'll be against it though, for he had a wholesale druggist on his campaign committee."

Any decent training of individuals

whose citizenship is to extend through most of the twentieth century should include an introduction to the problems of an industrial, rapidly changing civilization; some notion of the complexity of our machine civilization and the interdependence it enforces upon us; a first glimpse of the strides technology has made in man's long fight against nature. This too can be done by technics already worked out. No bus load of youngsters ever came in from a "field trip" which included, say, the local shantytown, Gold Coast, and industrial district without some of the children asking questions which get at the heart of our social distress. The stage is set for teaching, for honest help in finding the answers. To be sure that means imposing a great responsibility upon teachers and assuming that they are worthy of it. But it seems to be the lesser risk, because as the children grow up they are perfectly certain to ask why people must live in shanties in a land with an industrial plant like ours. Those who are on the wrong end of the social scale will later find the question so imperative as to make them the inevitable prey of all sorts of quacks with fantastic answers to it unless they have earlier been given a few standards for intelligent thinking.

A future citizen has a right, and a democratic State which wishes to perpetuate itself dares not deny it to him, to know about the tensions and conflicts and indecisions racking modern society. And he has a right to be introduced to the political and economic philosophies which various countries and individuals are advocating as ways of reducing those tensions and conflicts: yes, to the bogey "isms" which frighten some of his elders half out of their senses. How can we really teach Democracy without explaining its points of difference from Communism and Fascism? It is outrageous when we create for the future voter a situation wherein if he—as a member of the sixth-grade class in geography—suddenly wants to know "how they do things in Russia," the teacher feels it advisable

to hush him up and then run to the principal agitated at the dreadful crisis which has arisen. But that is the situation we do create when we plaster the statute books with teachers' oath legislation. It happened in my town even without the statute.

V

This is the barest sketch, but it may serve to indicate some of the obstacles in the way of a really worthwhile training in citizenship. Looking at the array, one almost feels them insuperable. Yet as an ex-teacher, a present patron, and a fraction of the American public, I still have the temerity to think the schools can do something, perhaps much, through the proposed liberal use of the social studies. But we need not fool ourselves that it will be easily or cheaply done. Teachers must be willing to pay for the privilege of doing it, and the rest of us must get it into our heads that it is our problem too.

Three groups of the public may be counted on to oppose such training: the timid, because it is new and they are afraid of newness; the ultra-patriotic, because they have a superficial and narrow understanding of American democracy; and the specially interested, because they have a heavy stake in the *status quo*. At least the first two of these groups can be won over, for they are only fearful and ill-informed. But to persuade them, teachers must be willing to expend a terrific amount of patience and tact both in building up public opinion and in classroom performance.

If they are to be successful, teachers must cultivate a feeling of their own importance. In the years past when theirs was looked upon as an inferior occupation, fit only for women until they could get married and for men too weak and gentle for business, teachers naturally tended to think poorly of themselves. That day is practically over. Teachers have begun to cultivate a psychology in tune with the importance of the social function which can be theirs if they have the wisdom and the fortitude to take it.

They need also to cultivate an actual position of importance. Whenever a teacher forges up to a chairmanship of a civic enterprise or takes a prominent part in any community effort he has done something for his profession. The average teacher has hitherto been too remote from the community, too sheltered from its stresses. He had a nice, safe job, one at which he could conscientiously spend all his waking hours. Also he had a boss, the community itself, which would fire him promptly if he got out of his place. So teachers stepped softly and lived remotely. If they now want to bring up citizens fit for facing the problems of the day they will have to forswear some of this remoteness and shelter.

At the same time, because to bring about their aims requires cutting to some extent across popular prejudices and timidities, they must move more rapidly toward making their professional associations protect their freedom to teach. The American Association of University Professors is pointing the way. Already it has made life uncomfortable for several boards of regents and communities which interfered with the democratic right to bring the findings of scholarship into the classroom for free discussion. There is no reason why the National and State associations of elementary and secondary teachers should not follow suit. Various technics are already being devised. In one large system, for instance, there is a ruling that any individual or group objecting to material being presented in a

classroom must file the objection in writing (and signed) with the Board of Education. This is a protection more real than it sounds in the telling, for the people most given to complaint hate to do it formally.

Teachers need also to learn to size up shrewdly and without awe the organized groups which will fight them as they try to teach and those which will back them. In the years just ahead the public school seems destined to feel an ever-increasing pressure from all sorts of organized interests. Teachers must learn to understand these pressures and to work with them and in spite of them. Here too a start has been made. A book or two is out and a sprinkling of articles and speeches beginning to appear in the attempt to analyze these interests and suggest methods of dealing with them.

In short, no matter what subjects are taught, teachers must, if their talk about training citizens is to be anything but tax-justifying platitudes, become what their name implies, people who know enough and are skilful enough to lead. To do that they must have or acquire the fortitude and the sense for strategy which leadership always entails. Seven years ago one would have dismissed this as an impossibility for the American teacher. Now one cannot be so sure. The depression has laid hands on them. And the rest of us are beginning to realize that of all the problems looming before us none is more important than the quality of tomorrow's citizenship.



OFFICE MORALE AND CHINESE DEVILS

BY CARL CROW

As I write this, our house coolie is polishing the windows. There are a number of windows he might work on, but he has chosen one in the corner of the long verandah, where I shall be sure to see him every time I look up. If I should go out for a walk he will leave his windows, but not to loaf; for he is cursed by some devil of energy which keeps him busy from the time he gets up at daybreak until he goes to bed, sometimes very late at night. In my absence he will do some other work—follow some necessarily clandestine employment—such as scrubbing the kitchen floor. That is one thing he cannot do publicly. When I return he will go to polishing windows again or dusting off the verandah furniture which was thoroughly dusted this morning. If it is impossible for him to find anything to do which I can see him doing he starts to work chopping kindling wood. That operation is performed in the privacy of the kitchen yard, but he always makes so much noise about it that I can't help hearing him. In fact, that the whole neighborhood hears him and knows that the Crows have kindling wood and that it is being chopped.

When I leave the house to go to the office in the morning he will be at the front gate polishing the brass door knob. In a competition for well-polished door knobs, I would back this one against all comers. There are several other brass door knobs round the place, but they receive attention only on the regular brass-polishing day which, I believe, is Thursday. He is busily happy during

the winter months, for there are two fireplaces in the living room, and that gives him an opportunity to bustle in every quarter of an hour or so to put some fresh coal on the fire. My ash tray used to give him some well-publicized employment; for every time so much as a burnt match end appeared his hawk's eye would see it, and the ash tray would be cleaned and polished. It was the constant emptying of ash trays that finally led to his banishment from the room when I am writing and reduced him to the necessity of polishing windows, dusting furniture, and splitting kindling wood.

He is not a new coolie who is on trial and attempting to make an impression so that he will get a permanent job. His job is about as permanent as any employment can be. He has been with us so long that we couldn't get along without him, and he couldn't get along without us, and he knows it as well as we do. His ancestors held the universal belief that the laborer is worthy of his hire; but they learned that he would have much less difficulty about getting it, and would be paid much more cheerfully if the labor was performed out in the open where it could be observed. So long as work has to be done, why not do it in the full blaze of publicity and get all the credit possible for it?

Any time a visitor drops into my office he can, as soon as he enters the door, tell whether or not we are shipping any advertising material; for the parcels, ready for mailing, will be piled up in the reception hall. He can also tell whether or

not we are doing any direct mail advertising, for the circulars or booklets will be stacked up on the counter. If we have recently received a case of electrotypes or matrices from London or New York he will see that also, for the case will be half opened and some of the contents, with careless care, displayed on the top, so that any visitor may see the identity and be impressed by the importance of the clients we serve. A part of this evidence of activity is intended for my benefit, but most for the benefit of visitors—to show that we are on the job. We do not conceal our activities except through urgent necessity.

When we are mailing a quantity of circulars we usually post them ten thousand at a time, dividing them into two batches and posting half in the morning and half in the afternoon. What we should prefer to do would be to mail the whole lot at one time—a whole truck load. We used to do this until the postal clerks complained at piling so much work on them. When we started mailing in lots of ten thousand daily, thereby making the biggest showing possible, we got another complaint. Why should we load so much work on one shift of sorting clerks and give the other shift nothing to do? That reduced us to mailings of five thousand, which was a great disappointment, because the quantity is not at all impressive to anyone and would indicate that we are doing a very small business. However, we make the best of it. We do not mail one lot until a second is ready, so that the reception hall is always piled high. It would be more convenient to send the mail to the post office before office hours in the morning or late in the afternoon. The streets are less crowded then, but we like to do the work in crowded streets. If some important client is coming to see me it almost invariably happens that the coolies are, with a great noise and bustle going out the doorway, staggering under loads of outgoing mail just as the visitor arrives. When they get to the ground floor the big entranceway leading to the street door

gives them a convenient place to rest. It also affords to all who may pass by an opportunity to observe that, while business in other lines may be slowing up a bit, the advertising business, as represented by our concern, is showing some very healthy activity.

The circulars are usually piled into rickshas for transportation to the post office, and this is an event comparable only to the loading of an ocean liner. Everyone in the immediate neighborhood takes a hand in it, either by actively helping or giving advice. They all like to appear to be associated with obvious prosperity. The ricksha coolie does not complain how high the parcels are piled and the higher they are the louder he yells as he threads his way through other rickshas. From his tone and manner one might think that he was shouting:

"Gangway! Valuable cargo here!

"Gangway! Gangway for big business!"

II

When we moved into new office quarters a few years ago I thought the change gave me an opportunity to put into effect some much needed reforms in office procedure. It was the first office we had ever occupied which was equipped with a freight elevator, and that equipment provided the text for my business sermon. We were now going into new quarters with this modern improvement and so we should keep in step with the times. We should give up the good old-fashioned Chinese custom of hauling parcels up and down the stairway and use the elevator which was provided for us and could be used without one cent of additional cost. I also told the office staff that on my recent visit to advertising agencies in New York, London, Paris, and Berlin I had not found a single place where the reception room was being used for the storage of advertising material. There the reception rooms were fitted up with handsome furniture, rugs on the floor and pictures on the walls. I didn't see any electros or outgoing mail piled up in any of them.

We were now going to follow their example. Everyone thought it was a good idea. Then I bought for the reception hall some blackwood furniture which any New York agency might envy me, put linoleum on the floor and some Hogarth prints on the wall. We also fixed up a storeroom and mailing room so secluded that a visitor would never suspect that we had one.

That is as far as our great reform movement ever went. When the blackwood furniture was delivered it was not brought up the freight elevator, but through the main entrance of the building and up four flights of stairs with leisurely but noisy halts at each of the landings. The only thing that could have made the arrival of the furniture any more public would have been a fife and drum corps. Tenants on each of the four floors had plenty of opportunity to admire the tables and chairs and speculate on their cost. The new reception room, in all of its glory, had not been completed a week before I came in one afternoon and found a half dozen clerks addressing envelopes or wrapping up parcels of advertising stereos. I finally gave up, and our reception room to-day is just like all the others in China. In it the visitor will find visual evidence of all of our current activities. The only way I could ever hope to make it otherwise would be to build a reception room so small that no one could get into it. We do draw the line at putting teapots on the table or storing electros in the chairs.

The first time the typewriter service men came into our new office to perform their monthly duties, they chose the blackwood table in the reception room as the logical and proper place to do their work. Everyone round the place apparently agreed with them because they kept on working there merrily and noisily until I caught them at it. Now they oil and repair the typewriters in the middle of the large office which houses all of the clerks and coolies. Through my idiosyncrasies they are denied the more select audiences provided by the reception room,

but they have the satisfaction of working in full view and hearing of most of the staff. So far as I know, these service men do their work very well and the typewriters are kept in good condition, and of one other thing I am certain. Many obscure advertising agencies in other cities have more typewriters than we have but none can make more noise with them than we can when we are going full blast.

Chinese love noise and bustle and a display of activity and usually see to it that there is just as much display as there is activity. They also hold in high regard the credit which is reflected on all concerned when an office is obviously busy. If it is not busy they will do their best to make it appear so and even do a lot of unnecessary work in order to accomplish this purpose. They do not in the least mind working overtime, especially if employees of less prosperous offices, who go home at five o'clock, can see that they are still hard at it. In fact they appear to enjoy occasional overtime work. During the first few days of every month there is in our office the usual extra labor of getting out the statements and invoices. Now we have in Shanghai a two-hour luncheon interval, a survival of the leisurely old sailing-ship days when there wasn't very much to do except when a ship was in port. As most of the staff have their mid-day meal brought into the office from a restaurant, it would be a very easy matter for them to take care of the extra work by digging into it as soon as they are through eating. But they never do it. Until "Big Ching" the customs clock strikes the hour of two, when work is supposed to be resumed by all hands, they read the newspapers, gossip with friends in other offices, play checkers, or look out of the window. When five o'clock comes they stay on a few hours longer. They boast to their friends:

"Pretty busy in our place just now. We didn't get away until almost eight o'clock last night."

We once started a chain-letter scheme for the distribution of samples which was very successful and grew to such propor-

tions that for a month or more after we began trying to kill it the clerks had to work until very late opening the letters and addressing the packages of samples. No one complained about the late hours and extra work, but soon I heard from outside sources a peculiar story to the effect that the landlord was going to raise our rent because we were using too much electricity, keeping the lights going unreasonably late at night. When the story was traced to its source it developed that some of my employees had been boasting to the employees of a competitor.

III

This hustle and bustle and pleasant pretensions of activity give the Chinese employees confidence in themselves and in the firm they are working for. They create this atmosphere for themselves, but if they are to have complete confidence in the office they need to be assured that the influences surrounding it are not malignant. They know, as their ancestors have known for forty centuries, that one course of action sometimes results in success, that at other times exactly the same course of action, under what appears to be the same or similar circumstances, leads to failure. There can be but one reason for this and that is the presence of malignant or benevolent spirits. Thousands of years ago this gave the philosophers of the day a great deal of anxious thought, and they came to the conclusion that while it was perhaps impossible and certainly difficult to change the fates, their influences could be measured and foretold and one's actions governed thereby. So they set up an elaborate system by which those who master its secrets can calculate to a nicety the element of luck which may aid you or thwart you. The element of good or evil chance enters into every human activity. There are lucky and unlucky offices, houses and days—even auspicious days for burial.

Everyone in my office thinks that our organization is a very lucky one because it has not only never been touched by

death but no one has suffered a serious illness. We were very much saddened a few years ago by the sudden death of a Russian artist who, in spite of the fact that Chinese as a rule do not like Russians, was a general favorite with the Chinese staff. After the sadness over his death had been somewhat softened the matter was discussed at length, and it was finally decided that as he had been with us only a few years his death had not been the result of any evil influence emanating from our organization and that our charmed circle remained unbroken. We get a good deal of satisfaction out of this though we do not tempt fate by talking about it to outsiders. In fact, I am a little apprehensive that I may be committing a grave indiscretion by mentioning it here.

Not only is our organization lucky but our office quarters are also lucky. This is not boasting or guesswork but a plain statement of fact; for the good influences were surveyed, determined, and appraised by the best talent the Chinese staff could obtain. This was done by a *geomancer*, who, I suppose, would be called in America an "engineer of psychic influences." I met him quite by accident because he was supposed to get his work done during my absence, and as his profession was such a peculiar one, I did my best to get acquainted with him and learn as much as possible about him. Though engaged in a very strange occupation, there was nothing unusual about him. He was middle-aged, soberly dressed, and looked and talked like a high school teacher. It took him several hours to go over our new office with his compass and footrule, but when he got through his verdict was favorable. You probably think this is a lot of nonsense anyhow, so I will not bore you with the details but mention only the most essential features. Directly down the hallway from the front door was the biggest bank in China. On the south was an American bank which was presumed to be very prosperous and in the opposite direction was the office of a British land company of great wealth. There were

a lot of other good influences, such as the Dollar Company boats on the Whangpoo River and the British Consulate in the neighborhood; but the two banks and the land company, with their substantial assets, provided enough prosperous influences to satisfy anyone. He changed the location of a few desks and paid a good deal of attention to mine, for it presented some extraordinary difficulties. The correct orthodox location of my desk would have left me facing a window which was obviously impractical for one with weak eyes, and so a compromise was worked out so that the lines of the desk run due East and West. This places it at an awkward angle to the wall, but that is a matter of small importance considering the fact that the *geomantic* influences are correct.

Not very many months had passed before we began to feel that we would need all the beneficent influences we could get, for hard times surrounded us with the relentlessness of a cholera epidemic. Shanghai's artificial real estate boom collapsed, local stocks dropped to a fraction of their former value, the banks demanded the payment of old loans and refused to make new ones, and for the first time in my experience there were vacant shops on our principal business street, Nanking Road. It was a fine time for everyone to get panicky and a great many people availed themselves of the opportunity. Every club in town lost a lot of members because they couldn't pay their bills, and the bar receipts of the Shanghai Club declined, providing the most conclusive indication that the British and American communities were feeling the pinch of hard times. It often seemed to me that my office was the only cheerful spot in town. Nothing could daunt the confidence of my Chinese staff that, while less favored concerns might go to the wall, we were surrounded by such an aura of good fortune that nothing could seriously affect us. And strangely enough, they proved to be correct. Very few have prospered in Shanghai for the past few years, and we are not numbered among

them; but we have nothing to complain about. We have collected accounts we thought we should have to write off, all our clients have continued to advertise, and a few new accounts which we never solicited have walked into the office and made themselves at home.

On the rare occasions that I do more than look at the profit and/or loss items on our balance sheet, I note that among our assets is an imponderable known as "good will." As I understand it, this represents an attempt to appraise in terms of Chinese dollars the value of the reputation we may have acquired for honesty and efficiency and the resulting confidence reposed in us by our clients. It is a very flattering item, but if the auditors would let me do it, I should replace it with another item which would be identified by the Chinese pidgin English word "joss." This would represent the confidence of my Chinese staff that, come what may, ill luck cannot harm us, that there is no occasion to worry, that we shall be able to pay the rent and meet the payroll.

A few months after our local depression started I had, or thought I had, some reason to be disturbed regarding these very fine geomantic influences which were supposed to surround us. The big Chinese bank on the east moved into temporary quarters several blocks away and their old building was torn down. The big British land company on the north fell on evil days and was not able to pay its debenture interest. The American bank on the south failed under most dishonorable conditions and its president and manager were sent to the McNeil's Island penitentiary near Seattle. The British Consulate continued to function and the Dollar boats made their regular scheduled appearances on the river, but these, the geomancer had told me, provided influences of secondary importance. It appeared to me that so far as our "joss" was concerned, we might as well write it off as a total loss. I expected the Chinese to begin looking down in the mouth, but they were as cheerful as ever. Geomancy is a subtle and complicated science, and I

have not followed it very far and am familiar with but few of its mysteries. It appears that the removal of the good influences which had formerly surrounded us did not in any way affect us. Why this should be true I do not understand, but it is very reassuring.

Mine is not the only office which is controlled by geomantic influences, though I am one of the very few who admit it. Most foreigners laugh at this sort of thing, and since derision is something no Chinese can stomach, his Chinese assistants and colleagues tell him nothing about it; but in the arrangement of their desks and in the arrangement of his they see that the evil influences are guarded against and the good influences given every possible opportunity to show what they can do. An old English neighbor told me recently that for fifteen years he had occupied a poorly lighted and poorly ventilated office because his Chinese staff thought it was "good joss." His continued prosperity seemed to confirm this and so he had quit fussing about it and come to a kind of a half-way belief in it himself. Until the real estate boom resulted in the razing of a lot of obsolete buildings, and so compelled them to move, some prosperous old concerns had been for years occupying cramped and uncomfortable quarters. Every time anyone suggested moving, the Chinese staff put up such determined opposition that the project was dropped.

IV

One day we were visited by the headman of a village, ten or twelve miles from Shanghai. He was quite apologetic about his mission, which turned out to be of rather serious import. A year before this we had erected a large cigarette sign near the village, and it appeared that soon after ill luck descended on the vicinity. Crops had been bad, there had been an unusual amount of sickness and a few deaths. The elders of the village had consumed innumerable pots of tea discussing the matter and had finally

called in an efficient geomancer to give them expert advice. He made a thorough survey of the situation and came to the conclusion that our cigarette sign was the trysting place for evil spirits who gathered there and then swooped down on the village. The elders had no desire to "break my rice bowl" [injure my business] and the object of the headman's visit was to inquire what we would consider a reasonable compensation for removing this evil influence.

A great many diplomatic matters of this sort come up in my office and the problems are solved without my knowing anything about it. The Chinese say that they don't want to bother me with such trivial matters; but the truth of the matter is that they think that I, being a foreigner, must lack the finesse necessary to handle affairs of this sort and would make a mess of things. Purely by accident, I learned about the visit of the headman, and introduced myself into the negotiations. The situation was very complicated. All agreed that the village had a just cause for complaint and we were quite willing to take the offending sign down without any payment by them, but the sign was maintained for one of our golf-playing clients and he saw it every time he drove out to the golf course. He had, in fact, selected the location himself and for that reason thought it was a good deal more valuable and important than it really was. If we took the sign down we should have a lot of trouble explaining the matter to him. He hadn't been in China long and didn't know about the dangers of evil spirits. Furthermore, he would probably get some other concern to put up another sign in the same place so we should lose business and the village be just as badly off as before.

Then I made a suggestion that met with general approval. Since that was the lurking place of devils, why not shoot off a lot of firecrackers round the place and frighten the evil spirits away? The headman thought this was a fine idea but, like a sensible man, insisted on getting the opinion of his professional adviser,

the geomancer. The latter agreed that this would solve the problem, though he was cautious enough to advise us that we might have to repeat the performance every year or so. The devils might muster up courage and come back again. At the same time he picked out a lucky day for setting off the firecrackers, which everyone hoped would be an unlucky day for the devils. It was thought that ten dollars' worth of firecrackers would do the work; but as it was my first experience in exorcising devils I was determined to do a thorough job of it and doubled that amount. You can buy an amazing amount of firecrackers for twenty dollars.

Some members of my staff went out to see that the job was done properly, but I couldn't get away, and so had to miss a wonderful show. All the villagers were out, with a few from neighboring villages. None of them had ever before seen such a wonderful display of firecrackers and they marveled at my lavish expenditure. The noise was terrific and must have frightened all the devils so thoroughly that they fled to another county. At any rate, they never came back, for the village prospered and we had no more complaints. The headman sent me annual presents of tea until the sign was torn down. Our golf-playing client gave up golf for yachting and so lost interest in this location and did not renew his contract. I have often thought

what a pity it was that my New England forefathers did not know the use of firecrackers. A few dollars' worth of them would have driven all the devils out of Salem.

When I was home a few years ago I could not help noticing that there are very few houses in America, from the White House down, that are built so as to ward off evil spirits and receive the benefit of the best geomantic influences. Nothing short of a pagoda could correct the evil influences around the White House lawn and the location of the President's office desk is nothing more than an invitation to evil spirits to come in and do their worst. Some of my Chinese friends would be horrified if they knew the way my sisters in Pittsburgh and St. Louis leave my charming young nephews and nieces exposed to any evil spirit that may be loitering about the neighborhood. As a matter of fact, from a Chinese point of view the unrestrained devils who can pop into almost any home in America constitute a worse menace than the gangsters and would quite logically account for the depression. Among the new buildings the New Yorker Hotel was, from a geomantic point of view, designed along correct lines, but the architecture of the Empire State Building was perfectly harrowing. No Chinese in his right senses would ever occupy an office in any of the upper floors.





WHO ARE THE AMERICAN IMMORTALS?

BY DUMAS MALONE

FOR the diversion of her guests after dinner, when conversation lags and the radio program is unpromising, a perplexed hostess might have recourse to the following game. After proper explanations have been made and necessary materials have been distributed, let each member of the party write on a slip of paper the names of the five greatest Americans in history. It will be well to vote only for persons who are safely dead, though enlivening jokes about contemporaries need not be discouraged.

On the list of almost every guest two names will probably appear, for the history books have firmly fixed them in the canon. There might even be agreement about a third; but unanimity in regard to five is too much to expect. Furthermore, and here is the hitch, the hostess will have difficulty in producing the correct answers. I don't know just where she can find them. Who the greatest Americans are, no one is authorized to say.

If the game were enlarged and the names increased from five to forty, the unhappy guests would hardly agree at all, even if they could remember so many celebrities. Probably they would protest against the exercise as more befitting a seminar in American history than a dinner party.

The figure forty is big enough to cause anybody trouble but I have been confronted with one far larger. The organization with which I was long associated wrestled with a problem too gigantic for the drawing-room. We had to select more than thirteen thousand, five hun-

dred names to be included in the *Dictionary of American Biography*, and we considered several times that number. However, I don't mean to speak of thousands. Who are the *forty* greatest Americans in history?

The fundamental difficulty is of course that there is no acceptable criterion of greatness. Should one give most weight to tangible achievement and historical importance without regard to moral character, intellectual stature, and what is loosely termed personality? Yes, generally one has to. How can achievements in politics and war be compared with those in poetry and religion? The answer is, they can't be. Nevertheless, in my editorial capacity, after taking advantage of all the expert counsel I could command, I have had to decide how much space to assign to poets and presidents, soldiers and sculptors, novelists and naval officers, and in that sense to weigh their relative importance.

In the effort to answer my own question about the forty American immortals, I started with a much longer list of major biographies in the *D.A.B.* Fallible though the editorial judgment about these may have been, it was an honest judgment, based on relatively exhaustive investigation. After the work was all done I arranged some seventy-five names in the exact order of the length of the articles on them. Then, making allowance for fortuitous circumstances, I did some rearranging. Finally I made some shifts in accordance with my personal opinions and prejudices and drew up a

list of the first forty names. I present it herewith, for the guests at the imaginary dinner party to assail.

First I will give the five names that seem to me most important:

1. George Washington
2. Abraham Lincoln
3. Thomas Jefferson
4. Benjamin Franklin
5. Woodrow Wilson

On Washington and Lincoln there will, I suppose, be general agreement. Perhaps it is equally safe to nominate Jefferson, for the continuing magic of his name is attested by the eagerness of rival parties to identify him with their programs. His fame is associated primarily with no single crisis, as are those of Washington and Lincoln; he is notable rather for the length of his public career, for his connection with many important events, for the unsurpassed versatility of his genius, for the persistence of his influence. He offers to the biographer greater embarrassment of riches than any other American of the first rank and, except as an administrator, seems to me to outshine all his fellows.

His immediate predecessor at the Court of Versailles, however, is almost as interesting. Among our public men only Franklin can be compared with Jefferson in versatility. In science, literature, and contemporary reputation among the savants he surpassed even the author of the Declaration of Independence. The most truly international figure in our annals until the World War, he was one of the famous men of his century, in Europe as in America, perhaps the most successful of all our diplomats, and the fount of homely wisdom that has delighted all subsequent generations.

The right of Woodrow Wilson to a place among immortal Americans would unquestionably have been challenged by many people in his lifetime, on partisan grounds, and during the years that have passed since his death the mists of political and economic controversy have not entirely cleared. To the man on the

street and the schoolboy he does not yet seem a classic figure. But to most students of history I think he does. Like Washington and Lincoln, he is identified with a momentous historical crisis, and while great events may not make great men they do reveal them. Like Franklin, and to a lesser extent Jefferson, he was a world figure. He had already attained eminence as a scholar and an educational statesman before he entered politics. With the possible exception of Theodore Roosevelt, none of his predecessors in the White House since James Madison and John Quincy Adams was of comparable intellectual distinction. As President his domestic achievements were notable, for, more than any statesman after Hamilton, he could bring things to pass.

His more memorable role, however, was played on the world stage. No other American had ever played a major part before so vast an audience. As a war President he was more effective than Lincoln, and for a considerable period during and after the stupendous conflict he was the first citizen of the world. His final standing in world history will be largely dependent on the subsequent course of human events, but his rank among the first of his compatriots seems unquestionable.

II

No man of letters appears in this first group and, with due allowance for the artificial prominence that accompanies political activity, I can think of no American literary man who belongs there. Such is not the case among our British cousins. In the *Dictionary of National Biography* the longest article is devoted to William Shakespeare. Of the sixteen longest articles in the *D.N.B.* nearly half deal with men of letters. No such proportion obtains in the major sketches in the *D.A.B.* or in the list that is presented here. I do not believe that this relatively poor showing can justly be attributed to prejudice on the part of the editors of the American work. The fact is

that American history has been more glorious than American literature and, in the past at least, greatest eminence in the United States has been achieved in public life.

This conclusion is borne out by the distribution of the other thirty-five names that are listed below in various categories.

The additional statesmen, with whom soldiers and judges are included, number eighteen altogether, as follows:

1. James Madison
2. John Marshall
3. Alexander Hamilton
4. Ulysses S. Grant
5. Robert E. Lee
6. Andrew Jackson
7. John C. Calhoun
8. John Adams
9. John Quincy Adams
10. Jefferson Davis
11. Theodore Roosevelt
12. Stephen A. Douglas
13. Daniel Webster
14. Henry Clay
15. Grover Cleveland
16. William Jennings Bryan
17. Winfield Scott
18. Joseph Story

The order of the names cannot be defended in detail. Whether we give priority to Madison, the chief framer of the Constitution, to Marshall, its chief interpreter, or to Hamilton, who did most to make the new government effective, is unimportant; but undoubtedly, I think, they belong near the top. My personal preference for Madison may be disregarded. Biographically, he is the least attractive subject of the three because the earlier portions of his career were far more brilliant than the later; his presidency represented an anticlimax.

Of the two famous military antagonists in the Civil War, the vanquished was, in my opinion, the abler general and the greater personality; but Grant was also President, though indubitably a poor one. The praises of Lee no one now need sing. Except for his final failure in

a cause which died with his surrender, he meets almost any test of greatness. He was long ago canonized as a Southern saint and adopted as a national hero. The younger generation may find his piety suffocating, but I think no one will deny him a place among the first Americans.

Of the order from this point I feel even less confident. Competent historians have shown that the real and the symbolic Andrew Jackson were by no means identical; but whether or not Old Hickory embodied frontier democracy, as his supporters claimed, he became the symbol of it, and as such has great historical importance. Theodore Roosevelt would undoubtedly resent being placed below Calhoun and Jefferson Davis, but historically they seem more significant than he, especially Calhoun. I shouldn't mind if the President of the Confederacy were rated a little lower. The Adamses must appear somewhere and they might as well stand here—in the order of seniority. To return to Theodore Roosevelt, who is placed below them, I am not at all sure that he will be ranked even this high by future generations. The man himself is more impressive than his record. But at present it is generally held that he inaugurated an epoch.

It is a pleasure to give belated recognition to Lincoln's famous rival, Stephen A. Douglas, whose desire to compromise the fierce sectional conflict now seems far from ignoble and whose standing at the bar of history has so greatly improved in recent years. The fame of the godlike Webster has dimmed somewhat, as has that of his contemporary Clay. Both of them now seem to stand well below Calhoun. The reputation of Grover Cleveland is now at its highest point and may decline; but unquestionably he was the outstanding President between Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt and he deserves credit for making the Democratic party moderately respectable in select Northern circles. This work was largely undone by Bryan, who is still denounced as

a financial heretic, however conservative he may have been in theology. He will probably go down in history as the most effective of American orators until that time, and as the greatest of recent political evangelists. The man who voiced the aspirations of the agricultural masses as no one had done before him cannot be ignored by historians. Winfield Scott appears here, not as an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency, but as the embodiment of the history of the United States Army for half a century and as our ranking soldier after Lee and Grant. Anyone who wishes to do so may substitute for his name that of David G. Farragut, the greatest American naval hero. Joseph Story is listed, as second to John Marshall among our jurists. (Living judges have not been considered, nor has the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, who lived long enough to escape the *D.A.B.*.)

The public men constitute a majority on this roll of honor, twenty-three of them altogether. Space is left for seventeen others. Of the men of letters I speak with diffidence and with no pretense of finality. Fashions change more rapidly in literature than in politics. It has been incumbent upon me to consider the historical importance rather than the present-day popularity of authors; but, like everybody else, I am affected by contemporary taste, which militates against the claims of old favorites like Longfellow and Whittier. Before writing this article I again consulted some of the literary historians and I have deferred largely to their judgment. However, they did not entirely agree with one another and no one of them will agree fully with me. The following list of literary immortals includes a journalist, who is placed here because there is nowhere else for him to go.

1. Ralph Waldo Emerson
2. Nathaniel Hawthorne
3. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain)
4. Walt Whitman
5. Edgar Allan Poe

6. Henry David Thoreau
7. Henry James
8. James Fenimore Cooper
9. Horace Greeley

About the continuing importance of Emerson my advisers pretty generally agreed, but they differed widely about Thoreau. Hawthorne seems to be holding his ground rather well, Mark Twain and Whitman to be gaining, and Poe to be slipping somewhat. Henry James and Cooper are preferred to Washington Irving and James Russell Lowell. Horace Greeley seems to me the most important of our editors, despite his foibles and eccentricities.

The eight remaining names fall into almost as many groups. In the fine arts we have:

1. James Abbott McNeill Whistler
2. Augustus Saint-Gaudens
3. John La Farge

The two first are already classic names and the third may become one.

Edward MacDowell is the ranking American composer, but he does not qualify for this select list. In music, far more than in painting and sculpture, has our culture been weak.

From the annals of the clergy we draw one name:

Jonathan Edwards

His austere theology does not please us now, but in his century he towered. An even more influential man may have been George Whitefield, the evangelist, who bewitched Benjamin Franklin into emptying his pocket; but he has been excluded from this list because he was more English than American. If there had been room for another I should have added Phillips Brooks, preferring him to Henry Ward Beecher.

There is one philosopher:

William James

He was a good many other things besides, as Ralph Barton Perry has recently shown in his notable biography, and the fact

that he is mentioned toward the end of this article doesn't signify that he belongs anywhere near the bottom of the list.

We add one educational statesman:

Charles W. Eliot

University presidents have bulked large in American life in the last two generations and have had no counterpart in other countries. A number of them, such as William Rainey Harper of the University of Chicago, Daniel Coit Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University, and Andrew D. White of Cornell, have been conspicuous; but President Eliot of Harvard appears to have been the most influential of them all.

To my surprise, I can find only one name in the field of science that meets the test I have applied:

Louis Agassiz

In the technical sense, others, such as Joseph Henry, the physicist and first director of the Smithsonian Institution, or Josiah Willard Gibbs, whom mathematicians and physicists so delight to honor, or some recent winners of the Nobel Prize may have been his equals or superiors; but in popular leadership he surpassed them. Here I must speak as a biographer, not as a scientist. Little can be written about the lives of most scientists because there is nothing much to say. On quantitative grounds, therefore, they were eliminated from this list at the outset, as were the better-known inventors, Robert Fulton, Samuel F. B. Morse, Eli Whitney, and John Ericsson. Thomas A. Edison didn't die soon enough to be considered for this particular picture gallery.

Finally, there is one representative of business and philanthropy:

Andrew Carnegie

The generation after the Civil War produced a host of powerful industrialists and financiers who overshadowed the political leaders of the day, including many

of the Presidents. Apart from the elder Rockefeller, who was not eligible, Carnegie appears as the most important of these. J. Pierpont Morgan and James J. Hill were the runners-up. The first generation of the twentieth century has known no comparable figure unless it be Henry Ford, who naturally is not considered here.

III

The forty immortals, then, fall into groups as follows: public men, including judges and soldiers, 23; literary men, including editors, 9; representatives of the fine arts, 3; clergymen, 1; philosophers, 1; educators, 1; scientists, 1; business men, 1. Unhappily there are no women. There are a number of them in the Hall of Fame of New York University, but it is no reflection on the sex to say that the large feminine representation there is chiefly owing to the fact that for a time women were considered as a distinct group and voted for separately. In comparison with men, throughout American history, their showing is less impressive. Harriet Beecher Stowe is probably the best-known of the literary figures, but she falls far short of the nine who have been listed here. Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy is most conspicuous among the religious leaders. Until our own day most of the other prominent women have served chiefly in education, where moderate distinction is often gained and the highest distinction very rarely.

It is interesting to speculate about an additional list of immortals which might be drawn up by the editor of the current supplement of the *Dictionary of American Biography* a generation hence. But I do not propose any such speculation to hostesses and their dinner guests. In fact, I do not even propose to them the making of lists of forty names. Five, or perhaps ten, will be enough to provoke lively disagreement—as lively, almost, as will be stirred up by my tentative and highly unofficial roster.

The Lion's Mouth

WHY NOT INSURE THE DRIVER?

BY J. A. KOUWENHOVEN AND L. M. PATTEN

AUTOMOBILES themselves are not criminally minded, yet our present insurance system tends to endow them with a diabolic intelligence. It regards them as malevolent forces which are straining to side-swipe one another, mow down pedestrians, and destroy property. But as a matter of cold fact there is no *deus in machina* which we may justly blame for the accidents which occur. Obviously enough, it is the driver of the machine who is responsible, and it is upon this obvious principle that the liability and property-damage insurance system might be advantageously based.

Proofs of our present system's inadequacy are plentiful and have recently found frequent expression in print. There is no need to rehearse them now. Surely we may assume that the appalling total of 882,000 accidents in 1934, with more than 36,000 killed, is sufficient ground for wondering if a more effectively preventive system cannot be devised. And we may question whether it is reasonable to require equal premiums from a driver who has had many accidents and from a driver who has had none, as the present system does.

An alternative plan, whose mere outlines are suggested here, is founded upon only two principles. First, it is desirable that liability and property-damage insurance be applied to drivers rather than to cars, and that such insurance be a requisite for a driver's license. Second, it is desirable that the premiums for such insurance be established on a sliding scale *according to the risk which an individual driver makes of himself to the insurance company and to the State.* The idea of

reducing the premiums for those who have proved themselves good drivers has been advanced elsewhere, and it would certainly tend to encourage safe driving by offering what would amount to a cash prize. However, by also increasing the premium of a driver each time he is convicted of traffic offenses or of responsibility for an accident a strong additional stimulus would be given to careful driving. At present, with our fixed premiums, we who are insured feel that an occasional smash-up, so long as no one is seriously hurt, serves chiefly to justify our large annual payment for a protective policy. A scale of premiums, sliding both up and down from an established norm, would be both more just to the driver and more provocative of caution than any other.

Such a system of insurance would be possible only through active co-operation between the State and local police and the insurance companies, and that co-operation can be expected only if its results would be clearly advantageous to all. To the State, which should be considered as comprising all of us, there would be the prime advantages of fewer accidents and of a resulting decrease in costs of traffic patrol and court proceedings. Figures are repetitiously available to show what stupendous sums of money are lost annually as a result of accidents (and they of course cannot evaluate the thousands of dead bodies). But mere statistics such as are pasted on our subway windows, placarded in our streets, and printed in our magazines can do little to curtail the hideous facts which they represent. By the deadening force of repetition the annual slaughter of 36,000 people in automobile accidents has become as soothingly unimportant and remote to

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us as the drowning of 500,000 Chinese by flood. It is disappointingly true that some immediate evidence is necessary to convince us that careful driving is worth the trouble. A threatened loss to the pocket-book would have a more salutary effect on us than bushels of statistics. Only thus may the State hope to eliminate much of the loss which it annually suffers through accidents. In addition to this saving there might be an increase in State revenue if a plan were devised whereby the premiums for bad drivers increased so rapidly that a percentage of them might accrue to the State.

The insurance companies would be faced with certain problems of reorganization, but the advantages to them seem indisputable. The number of their policy holders would be greatly increased; the system would make it impossible for a guiltless policy holder to take the blame for an accident caused by someone without insurance in order to profit at the company's expense; and it would otherwise circumvent many fraudulent claims which are at present a recognized drain on company resources.

To each individual insured under this plan there would be two great advantages. First, by exercising care at the wheel he could substantially reduce a large item of his budget; and second, he would no longer run the present risk of being damaged by an uninsured operator from whom no reparation can be collected.

If, from this brief summary, it is clear that everyone concerned would profit by universal personal liability and property-damage insurance with premiums on a sliding scale, we may go on to consider some aspects of the organization which would be required.

Co-operation between police and companies would be necessary. Perhaps it would be possible to arrange the matter so that no license to drive would be issued by the State until an insurance card were presented. Having passed a driving test and presented an insurance card, a candidate might then receive a license certificate with his policy number stamped on

it. His license number should then be sent to the company. Whenever the holder of that license is convicted of any violation of a traffic ordinance or of responsibility for an accident the court might simply send a certified statement of the decision, countersigned by the driver, to the company, which would thereupon automatically raise the premium on that policy according to a fixed ratio based either on the amount of the fine imposed or the amount of damage done. Such an arrangement would ultimately involve a standardization of traffic regulations and penalties, the desirability of which has been clear to automobile associations and to intelligent people everywhere for a long time. If, on the other hand, the policy holder has a clear record at the end of a year, his premium for the ensuing year should be reduced.

The rates of increase should, it seems, be more rapid than those of decrease, for the latter must be governed by what the policy costs the company, while the former, being under no such limitation, may be justly used as a source of revenue for the State and also as a severe check upon those who year after year indulge in reckless driving, thereby endangering the lives and property of their neighbors. It would be salutary if those who are a persistent menace should soon find it economically impossible to meet the premiums and thus be forced to give up their licenses to drive, and it would be equally (and almost miraculously) fitting if we who are the State should profit a bit from those who have so long been a drain on the public's pocket-book. Even if it turns out that the minimum premium for a driver with a perfect record over a period of many years must be almost as high as the present average premium, with the result that the norm on the sliding scale is higher, the public would profit so greatly from the decrease in accidents that they would scarcely prefer the old scheme.

The details required by such a plan can be adjusted only by representatives of the

insurance companies and of the various government departments. That such co-operation is possible is clearly demonstrated by the Massachusetts laws requiring public liability insurance for every car owner. The present suggestion is merely a further step in that same direction.

Insuring individual drivers instead of cars would avoid the sort of mix-up which occurs after an accident now, when, for instance, a car owner protests he did not know that such-and-such uninsured driver had taken the car, thereby frequently leaving a damaged person without chance for indemnification. More important, it would make each individual driver responsible to himself alone for the increase or decrease of his compulsory premium, and would, therefore, substantially contribute to the safety of our highways. There are, however, certain difficulties in a plan of individual policies which might be met by making special provision for families, whereby children and other dependents—including perhaps employees—could be included in a policy by subsidiary clauses. There need not necessarily be any great increase in the premium for these additions, but the sliding scale would operate just as in an individual policy. It would simply mean, for example, that if a boy, included on his father's policy, were convicted of a traffic law violation the father would assume the responsibility for paying the increased premium. Perhaps, after a few accidents, a pinched purse might prod the paternal sense of responsibility and thereby free the roads of a dangerous driver.

The major objections to a sliding-scale premium under the existing system, as expressed by the insurance companies, are three in number and seem all to be met by the plan here sketched in outline. It is said that the high rates which would necessarily be charged to bad drivers would force them to abandon insurance, and thus the public would be unprotected from them. According to the proposed plan, when they abandon insurance

they will abandon their licenses to drive, so that the public will be efficiently protected. Second, it is objected that the expense of investigating and keeping track of individual motorists would be excessive. But under the co-operative system outlined above the relatively simple process of routine police and court reports to the companies would certainly not be either exorbitantly expensive or complicated. Finally it is pointed out that a merit-rating reduction has been tried in a few companies and has failed because other companies did not co-operate. The suggestions in this article assume that co-operation will exist. The scheme is clearly impossible without it.

Isn't it worth trying?

THE SOCIAL STATUS OF A VEGETABLE

BY M. F. K. FISHER

ALTHOUGH we had walked into the little Swiss village restaurant without warning, an almost too elaborate meal appeared for us in the warm empty room, hardly giving us time to finish our small glasses of thick piny bitters.

We were hungry. The climb had been steep, through bare vineyards and meadows yellow with late primroses. We ate the plate of sliced sausages, and then the tureen of thick potato soup, without much speaking. We hardly blinked at the platter of fried eggs—ten of them for only three people!—with dark pink ham curling all round like little clouds.

We reached for more bread, sighed, and pulled off coats. The wine was light and appetizing.

Mrs. Davidson's old face looked fresher now. She straightened her shoulders, and settled her hat with a slightly coquettish movement of gnarled arms. For a wonder, she had eaten without mention of her self-styled "birdlike" appetite, with no apology for the natural hunger which she usually felt to be coarse and carnal. (Or so at least we had gathered from her many bored, sad smiles at any admission on our part that we did like to eat.)

Now, when I realized that she was at last on the point of recognizing the existence of such low lust in herself, I rushed to forestall her with instinctive perversity.

"That was good," I said. "But I'm still hungry."

At once I was sorry, ashamed of myself. Mrs. Davidson looked cut into, and then settled her small handsome old face in its usual lines of refined disapproval. I had destroyed a rare human moment in her stiff life.

"So far, the meal, if you could really call such an impromptu thing a meal, has been quite passable," she admitted. "This inn, for such a small and unattractive village, seems respectable enough."

My nephew pulled the cork from another bottle, filled her glass, and quietly put more bread by her plate.

"I think it's awfully decent of you to come here while we eat," he told her, his face smooth and innocent.

She looked flattered and finished the bread without noticing it.

The waitress, fat and silent, staggered in under a tray, her knees bending slightly outward with its weight. She put down a great plate of steaks, with potatoes heaped like swollen hay at each end. We looked feebly at it, feeling appetite sag out of us suddenly.

Another platter thumped down at the other side of the table, a platter mounded high with purple-red ringed with dark green.

"What—*what* is that beautiful food?" Mrs. Davidson demanded, and then quickly mended her enthusiasm, with her eyes still sparkling hungrily. "I mean, beautiful as far as food could be."

My own appetite revived a little as I answered: "That's a ring of spinach round chopped red cabbage, probably cooked with ham juice."

At the word spinach her face clouded, but when I mentioned cabbage a look of complete and horrified disgust settled like a cloud.

"Cabbage!" Her tone was incredulous.

"Why not?" James asked, mildly. "Cabbage is the staff of life in many coun-

tries. You ought to know, Mrs. Davidson. Weren't you raised on a farm?"

Her mouth settled grimly.

"As you know," she remarked in an icy voice, with her face gradually looking very old and discontented again, "there are many kinds of farms. My home was *not* a collection of peasants. Nor did we eat such things as this."

"But haven't you ever tasted cabbage then, Mrs. Davidson?" I asked.

"Never!" she answered proudly, emphatically.

"This is delicious steak." It was a diplomatic interruption. I looked gratefully at James. He grinned almost imperceptibly and went on, "Just let me slide a little sliver on your plate, Mrs. Davidson, and you try to nibble at it while we eat. It will do you good."

He cut off the better portion of a generous slice of beef and put it on her well-emptied plate. She looked pleased, as she always did when reference was made to her delicacy, and only shuddered perfunctorily when we served ourselves with the vegetable.

As the steak disappeared I watched her long old ear-lobes pinken. I remembered what an endocrinologist had told me once, that after rare beef and wine, when the lobes turned red, was the time to ask favors or tell bad news. I led the conversation back to the table, and then plunged brusquely.

"Why do you really dislike cabbage, Mrs. Davidson?"

She looked surprised and put down the last bite from her bowl of brandied plums.

"Why does anyone dislike it? Surely you don't believe that I think your eating it is anything more than a pose?" She smiled knowingly at my nephew and me. He laughed.

"But we *do* like it really. In our homes we cook it, and eat it too, not for health, not for pretense. We like it."

"Yes, I remember my husband used to say that same sort of thing. But he never got it. No fear! It was the night I finally accepted him that I understood

why my family never had it in the house."

We waited silently. James filled her glass again.

"We missed the last train and couldn't find a cab, and of course Mr. Davidson, who thought he knew everything, wandered down the wrong street. And there, in that dark wet town, lost, cold, we were suddenly almost overcome by a ghastly odor. It was so terrible that I was almost swooning. I pressed my muff against my face, and we stumbled on, gasping.

"When finally I could control myself enough to speak, I murmured, 'What was it? What was that gas?' My husband hurried me along, and I will say he did his best to apologize for what he had done—and well he should have!—by saying, 'It was cabbage, cooking.'

"'Oh!' I cried. 'Oh, we're in the slums!'

"So you see what a terrible memory of it all I have kept. Is it any wonder that I shudder when I see it or have it near me? Those horrible slums! Its odor!"

We looked blankly at her. Then I asked, "But do you smell it now? Did it bother you on the table?"

Mrs. Davidson stared peevishly at me, and said to James, "Well, if you two have finished your food, I should like to go."

Then as we walked down the stairs to the crooked narrow street I thanked her for the pleasant meal. She almost smiled and said, grudgingly, "It was, I admit, not bad—for the slums."

It is constantly surprising, this vegetable snobbism. It is almost universal.

My mother, who was raised in a country too crowded with Swedish immigrants, shudders at turnips, which they seem to have lived on. And yet there she ate, week in and week out, corn meal mush and molasses, a dish synonymous to many Americans with poor trash of the South.

And my grandmother—I remember hearing her dismiss some unfortunate person as a vulgar climber by saying, quietly, "Oh, Mrs. Zubzub is the kind of woman who serves artichokes!"

Of course, to a child reared within smelling distance, almost, of the fog-green fields of those thistly flowers, such damnation was quite meaningless; but I suppose that to a Mid-Western woman of the last century it meant much.

Just a few years ago, the same class-consciousness was apparent in a small college in Illinois, where students whispered and drew away from me after I had innocently introduced a box of avocados from my father's ranch into a dormitory feast. From that unfortunate night I was labelled a stuck-up snob.

The first time though that I ever felt surprise at the social position of a vegetable, was when I was a lower-classman in a boarding-school. Like most Western private schools, it was filled largely with out-of-state children whose families wintered in California, and the daughters of local newly rich.

Pretension and snobbishness flourished among these oddly segregated adolescents, and nowhere could such stiff cautious conventionality be found as in their classrooms, their teas, their sternly pro-British hockey matches.

One girl, from Englewood in New Jersey or maybe Tuxedo Park, was the recognized leader of the Easterners, the "bloods." She was more dashing than the rest; she used with impressive imitation her mother's high whinnying gush of poise and good-breeding. She set the pace, and with a sureness too for such an unsure age as sixteen. She was daring.

The reason I know she was daring, even so long ago, is that I can still hear her making a stupendous statement. That takes courage at any time, but when you are young, and bewildered behind your affectation of poise, and surrounded by other puzzled children who watch avidly for one wrong move, it is as impressive as a parade with trumpets.

We were waiting for the lunch bell. Probably we were grumbling about the food, which was unusually good for such an institution, but, like all food cooked *en masse*, dull. Our bodies clamored for it, our tongues rebelled.

The girl from Englewood or Tuxedo Park spoke out, her hard voice clear, affectedly drawling to hide her own consciousness of daring. She must have known that what she said, even while aping her mother's social sureness, was very radical to the children about her, the children fed from kitchens of the *haute bourgeoisie* and in luxurious hotels. It was rather like announcing, at a small débutante ball in Georgia, "Of course, I prefer to dance with Negroes."

"I know it's terribly, terribly silly of me," she said, with all she could summon of maternally gracious veneer, "but of course I was brought up near Pennsylvania, and the customs there are so quaint, and I know you'll all be terribly, terribly shocked, but—I love, I adore wieners and sauerkraut!"

Yes, it was surprising then and still is. All round are signs of it, everywhere little trickles of snobbish judgment, always changing, ever present.

In France old Crainquebille sold leeks from a cart, leeks called "the asparagus of the poor." Now asparagus sells for the asking almost in California markets; and broccoli, that strong age-old green, leaps from its lowly pot to the Ritz's copper saucepan.

Who determines, and for what strange reasons, the social status of a vegetable?

IN A MINUTE

BY JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

THERE are in America to-day approximately eight million hermits who inhabit the inner private offices of business concerns and are entirely unapproachable by other human beings. During the past decade we have spent approximately seven years, eight months, and twenty-nine days in business reception rooms waiting to see executives who never see anyone. We have had, therefore, an excellent opportunity to study these rooms. We find that they may be roughly divided into two or three distinct classes, as follows:

There is, first of all, the Compulsory Reading Room, filled with huge piles of magazines neatly arranged on a large table in the center. While this type of reception room is perhaps the most usual, it is also by all odds the most educational. In the hundreds of such rooms where we have waited, we have seen practically every popular magazine in America: the *Steel and Iron Gazette*, *Olive Oil Salesman*, *Aluminum Age*, *Poultry Breeder and Raiser*, *Imports and Exports*, *Missouri Canner and Packer*, *Furniture Polisher and Finisher*, *Clearing House Recorder*, *Cleaning Powder Sentinel*, *Domestic and Foreign Statistics*, *Window Shade Manufacturer*, and many others. And naturally, having had plenty of time, we have read them all from cover to cover. As a result we believe we can say with due modesty that we have become a thoroughly educated man. In fact, we are a repository of information which the average man can never even hope to acquire. We know that the per capita use of steel ingots in the United States (not including Alaska and Porto Rico) is 2.01004 lbs. and not 1.48375, as is popularly believed; that China is rapidly opening up as a market for cotton doorknobs; that if the coop is artificially lighted both Chippendales and Sheratons will increase their egg output by 43 per cent; that an excellent grade of synthetic rosin is being manufactured from old hats soaked in vinegar; and that if an Italian lyre bird is mated with a Japanese yen (during the fiscal year, that is) an excellent brood of clearing-house certificates will be obtained, although they will not be able to produce offspring.

So fascinating and interesting is this type of reception room that many business houses have found it necessary to employ bouncers to keep out the general public. This has occasionally resulted in serious complications such as occurred recently when an irritatingly persistent visitor, ejected by the bouncer, turned out to be the president of the company. Finding his private office lonesome and dull, he had been spending many happy

hours reading in his own reception room while ostensibly waiting to get in to see himself. The bouncer of course did not recognize him, as he was such an important executive that no one had seen him for years. His private secretary, however, who had once got a glimpse of him through the letter slot in his door, finally established his identity. Although this has never happened to us, we once had a very disagreeable experience when, while in the midst of an absorbing graph showing the decreased consumption of succotash and tin plate in Scotland, we were interrupted by the man on whom we were calling asking that we be brought in. Naturally we did not want to be interrupted at that moment. Quick thinking extricated us from this difficulty. We said authoritatively to the reception clerk: "Tell him to wait; I'll see him in a minute." Believing we were another executive, she did not bother us any further, so we continued following the fascinating black line until we had reached the end.

The traffic reception room is still another very popular type, usually affected by the larger corporations. In order to obtain the proper site for this room a careful survey is made by efficiency experts to locate the busiest center of the business. The reception room is then located at this point. Into it open six or eight doors, leading, we assume, to the offices of the most important officials. From these doors catapult a constant stream of executives, secretaries, private secretaries, confidential secretaries, personal secretaries, clerks, and messengers who jerk the door open with a frightening yank, tear rapidly across a few feet of

reception room and disappear through another door before the echo of the first slam has died down. So intent are they on getting into one another's rooms, looking neither to right nor left, that we have seen an executive in 805 rush to 809 for a conference while the executive in 809 was rushing to 805 for the same purpose and with equal speed. Finding each other out, they returned to their own offices, trying again a few moments later. In this way they passed each other in the reception room seven times before one finally caught the other in. Many other unexplainable and eerie things happen in this type of reception room. We have, for instance, seen the same man coming out of a particular office eight or nine times without ever going back in again. We do not know how this is done, but assume that he returned by some underground passage or that, for some good business reason, he came back in disguise. At first we were very much frightened and upset by all of this. Now, however, we have got so used to it that we simply select some snug corner away from the traffic and curl up for a quiet hour or two with the *Lamp Oil Age* or *Mucilage Importer*.

There remains but one type of reception room to be considered. It is small but pleasingly furnished. The chairs are comfortable and good to look at. On the table are five or six excellent magazines, but one gets very little time to read, as an efficient girl appears almost immediately and ushers the caller into the office of the man he wants to see.

We wish we could describe this room more in detail. But we can't. We've never seen one.

Announcement

THE AMERICAN WAY

A \$1000 Prize Contest

OUR American traditions and ideals need to be restated and reinterpreted in the light of new economic and social conditions. They are often misinterpreted by people who have axes to grind, political or otherwise. Words and phrases like "democracy," "liberty," "the pioneer spirit," "equality of opportunity," "self-reliance," "local self-rule," and "constitutional government" mean different things to different people, as do words and phrases more newly adopted, like "abundance," "security," etc. We should like to see the essential American traditions and ideals separated from the unessential and the outdated, so as to form a credo adapted to present and future needs. We should like to see this credo presented simply and freshly and explicitly, and if possible so as to rally enthusiasm.

The doctrines loosely known as communism and fascism have to-day virtually the emotional force of religions. It might be a good thing if those American ideas and ideals which many of us take for granted, or are cool to because they are couched in outworn terms, could be formulated anew so that men and women of diverse political and economic views might join in accepting them with a will, feeling that they offer not only a link with the past but a guide to action.

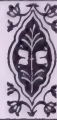
We, therefore, offer a prize of \$1000 for the best contribution on "The American Way" received by *Harper's Magazine* before September 15, 1937. We impose no set limits of length or treatment, but hope that the manuscripts submitted will be of average magazine dimensions. The judges will be the editors of the *Magazine*. The *Magazine* will also pay \$250 each for any non-prize-winning manuscripts considered by the editors to be worthy of publication in *Harper's*.

Publication of the prize-winning manuscript in book form, irrespective of length, will be made by Harper & Brothers, subject to the author's consent.

Instructions for contestants: Please submit your manuscript when you complete it; do not wait for the closing date. As soon as possible after September 15th the editors will make their selections, return the unsuccessful manuscripts, and announce the results of the contest. Address your manuscript to The American Way Contest, Harper's Magazine, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City. Enclose an addressed envelope with postage for the return of the manuscript.



The Easy Chair



NOT A PERSONAL ESSAY

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THE ironies of journalism show their sharpest barbs when one comes to write a piece for the issue that will be labeled "April." It is April in the printer's shop, but in the study and in Westchester County it is the first week of a singularly morose February. February—with rivers to the westward flooding far out of bounds and, hereabout, the worst influenza epidemic since 1918 over the peak at last and sliding down the far side of the curve. The influenza makes all the difference to these columns. Such fevers as usually engage the attention of the Easy Chair are those of the mind; when its temperature climbs above 98.6° the conclusion usually to be drawn is that the domestic situation is alarming, international affairs have gone quite to pot, and at the stroke of a bell (courtesy of your local watchmaker) Judgment Day will begin. Editorial perspective gets violently readjusted when the thermogenic reaction is shifted to the bloodstream. There is nothing like micro-organisms to produce a judicious calm about politics. For if there was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently, no one can grieve about the decline of the Western world while the influenza virus is rioting in his veins. Which shows how wisely nature works: too intemperate an absorption in doomsday is a disease which nature, anticipating the physicians, may counteract with a fever. The rapt mind is directed to relax: anyway, HARPER'S will be out six weeks from now.

This piece is about influenza. . . . In

the gracious days when George William Curtis wrote this page that would have needed no justification. A writer had privileges which his audience could not challenge. If Mr. Curtis had been prevented by a bad head cold from going to and fro in the world he merely set a glass of hot lemonade at his elbow and wrote about the head cold. That was a "personal essay," and as such was received with considerable respect. But nowadays not even retired English professors in Southern denominational colleges write personal essays, and the appearance of one here would distress the circulation office with cancellations. Mr. Curtis was also free to refer to himself as "Mr. Easy Chair" and to play whimsical variations on that theme. Journalism has moved past such sentimental quaintness. No writer is permitted to be sentimental nowadays: our contemporary forthrightness requires him to go whole hog and be maudlin (see the periodicals discussed here last month). And quaintness is restricted to conductors of gossip columns, financial reporters, and literary revolutionists who have to swallow the Russian trials and make sense of them.

It was the epizootic in our fathers' time. The term showed the layman's fondness, so annoying to the practitioner, of accepting the evidence of his senses. In the 'Nineties and for a decade thereafter horses suffered from an epidemic disease which produced symptoms that looked like those their owners had. So laymen spoke of influenza as epizootic

and physicians roundly denounced them. Science is always rebuking the lay observation. Since several thousand years before Rameses' time, for instance, the race has noticed that a storm accompanies the spring and fall equinoxes. Nothing so distresses science as the crude belief that there is, therefore, such a thing as an equinoctial storm. There are, please understand, only storms that come at the time of the equinoxes. Similarly the horses were not suffering from influenza, or at least human beings were not suffering from epizootic; they merely sniffled, wheezed, had inflamed throats, ran high temperatures, and tended to go off into pneumonia as their horses did. Denied its diagnosis, popular medicine achieved one consolation. Within the Easy Chair's memory is a row of blanketed horses in the Red Front Livery Stable being given hot drenches into each of which a quart of gin had been poured. The public found that medication reasonable and adopted it. In this winter of 1936-37 the press widely published the opinion of the faculty that alcohol must not be invoked. No correlation of the sales of liquor stores has yet appeared.

But this ancient disease (it was described by Calenus of Griefswald in 1579) came as a war pestilence when it first established itself as a powerful factor in modern life, created a new specialty, and lifted the otorhinolaryngologist to a position of power and affluence. The epidemic of 1918 embarrassed the science of epidemiology by upsetting some theories founded on earlier waves and the art of medicine by frustrating some accepted courses of treatment. It was a pandemic but it didn't behave according to the forecasts—it appeared in the American South for instance before it did in Spain, though Spain provided the name by which it was known, as Siberia had done at the time of the epizootic. Following 1918, the problems presented by the disease were attacked by a host of bacteriologists, serologists, epidemiologists, and others, well subsidized by the foundations and backed up by innumerable statisticians, chemists,

public health officials, and insurance company actuaries. With what success you are happily aware if, like the Easy Chair, you were caught by the current epidemic and most of the others in between.

The Easy Chair has many memories of 1918, when the pestilence walked by noonday and the nation experienced the most widespread terror that any disease has ever inflicted on it. A headline in a Boston paper, in August, that twenty cases of Spanish influenza had been landed at Charlestown. Word coming three weeks later to Camp Perry, Ohio, that trainloads of nurses were being moved to Camp Devens, Massachusetts, to combat the Spanish influenza. A trip southward with the streets of cities curiously forsaken, gauze squares over the windows of ticket offices, the lovely Red Cross debutantes in the railroad stations wearing masks and looking like characters in an H. G. Wells fantasy. Camp Lee, Virginia, stunned and all but paralyzed, the base hospital swamped, cots for five thousand sufferers set up in rows of tents, the decimated Medical Corps working under a shortage of medicines and unconfident of what it had. Colonels talked vaguely of the "spotted fever" of their youth, another shape the disease had once taken, and did what they could to keep up morale. Corpses were evacuated at night; for the truckloads of pine coffins were dispiriting by day, and the military bands played lively tunes all day long. Even so there were disturbing flare-ups of pure panic. Civilians were experiencing the same impulses of mass terror throughout the country and all cities had that strange, expectant numbness. Old books you had read once grew live in your mind: this was the feel life had had in the plague years, when black-hooded figures carried bell and torch about the streets by night and the death carts rumbled, when Boccaccio's company fled to the hills above Florence and created a literature, when the court of Charles II left London to be bored at Oxford, and a whim of the king's mistress shaped the destiny of the American continent. There was the storied

hush even in crowded streets, the same preoccupation, the same strain and suspended thought.

There has been nothing like that since 1918. This year's virus, if the faculty will permit a doubtful term, though the worst so far, has been comparatively mild. In the mysterious plague spots of Persia, western China, or Asia Minor, where theory locates their origin, another such pandemic may be preparing to sweep westward along the familiar highways; but the episodic and attenuated forms of the last twenty years, though they have killed their thousands, have had no such terror in them. The faculty have hopes of circumventing the next pandemic by one means or another. One hopes they may but must ask for long odds before risking a bet. The faculty have not looked any too prosperous so far. Their hypotheses have a vagrancy not suggestive of serene self-confidence, their conclusions lack the fine stability that would reassure the public. And the treatments they prescribe, when they abandon the laboratory for the ward, are as empirical and *ad hoc* as those that grandmother used.

Horses suffered from epizootic in 1898 and, we were told, not influenza or, as the public alternatively called it, "the la grippe." It is now established that if horses can't be infected, ferrets can be; but those unpleasantly shaped beasts have so far contributed very little to the knowledge of the faculty or the comfort of the public. Popular medicine received a pleasant vindication just at the start of this year's epidemic when a laboratory at Harvard announced some experiments which indicated that the infection could be air-borne. Laymen who have believed as much for generations, on the unscientific basis of visits to an invalid's house, have always been dealt with pretty sternly in the medical press and may now expect a formal apology. The faculty are also employing the concept of resistance to assert what it has always derided in the public assumptions. If you phrase it in terms of linkages between the dehydration of mucous surfaces

on the one hand and the vaso-motor system on the other you remain scientifically impeccable; but it is mere vulgarity to speak of increased liability to infection as a result of getting your feet wet. The common citizen must pursue that superstition in his blindness, but when it comes to treatment the faculty are quite willing to agree with him. The layman tells you coarsely to take a good physic and some buttered rum and go to bed. Science, stripped of its vocabulary, tells you to increase elimination, increase your intake of fluids, and go to bed. There, in 1937, is where we stand, the heirs of the ages. That is where we have got to since Galen's day.

So one accepts Galen's advice, doubles the rum allowance, goes to bed, and lets Galen's representative pump into one's arm some globulins of ox-blood instead of the theriaca composed of seventy-odd pulverized condiments that the master might have prescribed. With influenza you may expect none of the ease and release that make some ailments an enjoyable period of coddling your ego, dodging your lightest obligations, and catching up with your reading. Your ego is sunk beyond the power of any coddling to revive it and you can't read. (Another lay observation is that, from year to year, the virus or the *Hemophilus influenzae* varies enough to localize discomfort in different parts of the body, and this year the eyes notably suffered.) There is nothing to do but endure and persist, as with an income-tax report.

Some days of concentration on the radio follow, horribly disenchanting. In all the years you have owned it you have used it for no more than occasional concerts, political speeches, and football games. Now, after the numbness induced by the first whole evening of listening to it, you get into a compulsive frame of mind, supported by habits of sociological inquiry, and resolve to try every program on the air. You come away with two conclusions leading all others: that when business agrees to pay astronomical sums to comedians it might in simple fair-

ness require them to be funny, and that a command to buy something spoken by a gelatinous voice quivering with an epicene and bargain-counter gentility is surely the least effective advertising ever developed in the history of the world. So, unable to read and unwilling to expose your native optimism to more comics or more ads, you serve out the rest of your sentence in an immobilized and stuporous rebellion—till at last you find yourself thinking again of the snowless winter and the extraneous fevers of society and the Easy Chair that is past due.

Medical men may still be permitted their research into such diseases as leprosy and elephantiasis, which afflict only a comparatively few people; the conquest of any human ill is a pious work and under our present haphazard democracy researchers enjoy freedom of action. It is arresting to think what might happen, however, if the intelligent and humane dictatorship contemplated by our more generous thinkers ever got going. Leprosy would have to go over till the classless society was attained and medicine had worked through the state of the dictatorship of influenza and the common cold. Millions of people suffer from both every year; hundreds of millions of man-hours are withdrawn from production; the annual cost to industry in waste and to humanity in suffering is equal to that of a fair-sized war. An intelligently directed society would devise a system for attacking it over the widest possible front, with such a plenitude of resources and such a flexibility of management that the position would be carried by storm, leaving science free to indulge itself with unimportant diseases.

But just how? It is instructive to draw up charts for such a comparatively simple social action. After all, influenza is tangible, limited, and relatively isolated. It can be studied in the laboratory. Much of its behavior can be statistically analyzed. The agencies it involves are known, relatively few, and capable of being measured. Compared to such an in-

tangible, variable, contingent, and complex problem as for instance the adjustment of cotton production or the prevention of such floods as currently afflict the Ohio valley, it is simplicity itself, a mere kindergarten problem. Yet years of study by the finest scientific intelligences working under controlled conditions in a co-ordinated effort such as even dictatorship could not secure for economics have produced very little useful knowledge about it. Science does not know even what it is caused by: whether a virus, a bacillus, various related or unrelated bacilli, or virus and bacilli working together. The behavior of the individual case is not yet predictable, and as for the mass infection of epidemics only the most generalized facts have been established, not all of them certainly. Neither satisfactory serums nor vaccines have been developed, and drug therapy knows no specific.

Bacteriology is one of the most highly developed sciences and much of its knowledge is exact. Yet it has not solved the problems of medicine in the matter of influenza. A physician who comes to treat you cannot operate on causes, for he does not know what they are; he cannot be a statesman, that is, for the etiology of this universal and relatively simple disease is not known. He must apply himself to the relief of symptoms, as Galen did before him, and leave the rest to obscure forces about which he cannot even guess, in the philosophical confidence that most diseases are self-limited and most sick men get well. He must be, that is, a politician. Exact knowledge, laboratory science, the application of all known methods of study and experiment under perfect conditions bring us so far and as yet no farther. Such a consideration makes the conception of directed social variables and unknowns seem like the phantasmal product of a fever dream. . . . But when we have arrived at that consideration, clearly the *Homophilus influenzae* has been routed, the Easy Chair has recovered, and April is on the way.



Harpers *Magazine*

QUEEN VICTORIA IS DEAD

REFLECTIONS ON THE COMING CORONATION

BY WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

ANYONE going through the West End of London now comes across strange and unusual scenes. Most of the historic public buildings of Westminster are built up with mysterious scaffoldings of iron and wood; behind them men are moving about with the quiet efficiency of English workers engaged on a big job. Westminster Abbey and the House of Commons are all but lost in this new forest of iron and wood. Beautiful green Parliament Square with its huge plane trees, pompous Victorian monuments, and cooing pigeons is blotted out. Tranquil Pall Mall from the Admiralty to Buckingham Palace is one long and ugly grandstand which conceals entirely the quiet dignity of Nash's buildings and the early crocuses in St. James' Park.

A Londoner used to the quiet retreats of his city subconsciously resents all these scaffoldings, the grandstands, the flagpoles, the hammering and knocking which go on from early morning until dusk; it all disturbs so rudely the peace

of these retreats and interferes so annoyingly with the sight of early spring in the green squares and parks of Westminster. But if he is a well-informed Londoner he will suppress his resentment with a sigh, for he knows that all this mess and litter, din and racket serve an important imperial purpose: they herald the coming of the Coronation of King George VI.

If the Londoner also reads his daily newspapers regularly he knows that this is going to be more than an ordinary Coronation. It is to be one of the most stupendous, elaborate, and gorgeous spectacles of its kind. More visitors from all over the Empire and the world are expected to attend this ceremony than any other in British history. All the wealth of the world's greatest empire, its manifold peoples, its military and naval power, its air force, its commercial strength, its intellectual and scientific world, even some of its unemployed, are going to be represented. There will be present princes of India, representatives of the

Dominions and Colonies, royalty from every court of Europe, rulers of every government in the world, and those thousands of sightseers from America and every European country upon whom every British pageant depends for its success. As the date of the Coronation approaches and the big publicity machine, working behind the scenes as efficiently as the workmen behind the scaffoldings, gets into swing, the newspapers give more and more space to the sensational proportions of the coming spectacle. In short, judging from the newspapers, England is clearly getting ready to indulge in one of those orgies of pageantry, sentimentality, and royalty-worship which always so amaze and puzzle the foreigner.

Yet anyone in England who is susceptible to social moods and to undercurrents of public feeling which are not reflected in newspaper headlines knows that, despite all the bellowing of the loud speakers of the publicity machine, the Coronation of King George VI is going to be a more sad than gorgeous affair. In fact, one strongly suspects that the ceremony is deliberately being planned on a bigger scale and keyed to a louder note than usual to hide the conspicuous absence of real glamour and jollity. The very elaborateness of the preparations seems to be a sort of whistling in the dark of a people who have caught a glimpse of the emptiness of all this pageantry, of the artificiality of the sentiments worked up by propaganda, of the insincerity of all the royalty-worship.

For the strange circumstances which have led up to the present Coronation are far from having been forgotten in England. The abdication of Edward VIII will hang like a cloud over the Coronation and all the floodlights of the ceremony will not dispel it. Those who believe in the legend of "Business as Usual" in England are mistaken in one sense. Life certainly goes on its usual routine course in England with King George in the place of King Edward, but the British Monarchy itself is no longer what it was

before December 12, 1936. That institution has received a jolt from which it will not recover soon, if ever. It is quite possible that the present Coronation is the last of its kind in England, a sort of swansong of the British Monarchy. To many hero-worshippers in England the hero of the Coronation will be a lonely exile in an Austrian castle rather than the man who will wear the purple robe. And it is possible that history, too, will judge the act of renunciation of the Crown by Edward VIII to be a greater landmark in the annals of England than the ceremony of its acceptance by George VI.

II

Strangers who come to England, particularly if they hail from republican countries, can never understand the great paradox of the British Monarchy. Here is an institution which on one hand is so thoroughly devoid of power that its ruler cannot even choose a wife without the consent of the Prime Minister; and on the other hand has an influence over the minds and social life of a great portion of the people vaster than that of any dictatorship in Europe. It is certainly no exaggeration to say that in no other monarchical country does royalty occupy so large a part in the public and private lives of the people as it does in England. In no other country in Europe is the monarch and his family such an object of adulation, adoration, and sentimentality as in democratic England. The English people themselves are hardly aware of this strange paradox. Many of them are sincerely shocked at the slavish adulation of Hitler in Nazi Germany and at the attempts to deify Stalin in Soviet Russia, but they fail to see that their own sheepish adoration of the King, Queen, Princesses, and various Duchesses surpasses that inspired by any dictator in Europe and is surely less justified.

Stranger yet is the character of the Monarchy in England. In no other Western monarchist country in Europe is royalty less democratic, so widely sepa-

rated from the people, so aloof, so profoundly snobbish socially as in this most democratic of all countries. In a Stockholm park one might come across a tall, spare gentleman who would greet one cordially and even stop to talk; later one might learn that this was King Gustav of Sweden. When he was younger King Christian of Denmark was often to be seen mingling with the crowds in the streets of Copenhagen. King Albert of Belgium was the most accessible of men and so was King Leopold before tragedy befell him. Even in Austria, the memory of old Franz Josef walking in the parks of Vienna and talking to the humblest of his subjects, still lingers in the minds of the people and is largely responsible for the strength of the monarchist movement there. In England such things are unthinkable. Not that Royalty does not make an honest effort to meet the people and even to mingle with them at the numerous layings of cornerstones, unveilings of monuments, and openings of fairs and charity bazaars. But there is always something artificial about these royal meetings with the people; there is an atmosphere of slumming about them. Royalty performs a "job" in coming among the people, and no one is allowed to forget for a moment the presence of His Royal Highness the Duke or Her Royal Highness the Duchess. There is a stiffness about the relationship between British Royalty and the people which suggests Germany, whence of course it hails direct. With the exception of ex-King Edward, who could really mingle with the people, British Royalty has been too much under the domination of the German woman who molded its character (and incidentally also that of the entire English middle class) to be able to overcome the formality and stiffness of their public relationship. It is surely one of the paradoxes of British history that the one King who was most truly democratic was so anomalous a phenomenon in democratic Britain that he was forced to abdicate after less than eleven months' rule.

The present British Monarchy is not at all the medieval institution that it appears to be. It is almost entirely a product of the middle of the nineteenth century and owes more to Queen Victoria than to all the Stuarts and Tudors put together. The energetic, strong-headed, narrowminded little hausfrau who ruled over England for more than sixty long years did more to influence the character and functions of the British Monarchy than an entire dynasty of real English Kings. A German by nature, not only by birth, with a passion for despotic rule for which she found no political outlet, she set to work, with the indomitable energy of those laboring under a repression complex, to develop a new outlet for her passion. She found it in the fulfilment of the social functions of Royalty. Royalty, it is true, performs a social function wherever it exists, but in most other monarchical countries this function is limited to leadership in fashion and dress for a small Court circle. In England under Victoria it came to embrace the whole of the social, moral, and particularly family life of the entire middle class. In compensation for the constitutional curtailment of her political powers, the thwarted woman usurped despotic powers over the lives, thoughts, manners, customs, and morals not only of her own family and Court circles, but of a great section of the people. Looking back at her reign in perspective, one seriously believes that it might have paid the English people to have granted Queen Victoria more political power in order to be spared the great conventional and spiritual bondage into which she led them.

Queen Victoria's character and the fact of her interminably long rule have raised her own private conceptions of the social functions of Royalty into a generally accepted idea of the duties of the British Monarchy. With her the Monarchy took on a new job: it served not only as an ornamental political symbol, but as a glorified model for the entire conduct of life for the people. Under the new conception the Royal Family has become not

an ordinary human family with all the frailties and shortcomings of mankind, but a social symbol even more exalted than the political symbol of the Monarchy. The British King is not an ordinary man but a *matinée* idol of respectability endowed with all the virtues of Albert raised to the *n*th degree. He is an ideal husband, a loving son, a devoted father, a perfect specimen of a Victorian demigod, at least in public. He may, to be sure, have his little affairs somewhere away from the public eye. These do not count against him so long as there is no public scandal. It is not what the King does, but what the world knows about it, that matters. This is the Victorian moral standard.

Important as is the role of the King in this elaborate Victorian system, it is the Queen who forms the center of it, and upon her falls the chief burden of Royalty's new social function. The Queen, as envisaged by Victoria, was to be the incarnation of Victorian womanliness, of faithfulness, devotion, loving-kindness, obedience, gentility, purity, and the other womanly virtues of the middle nineteenth century. The worst cant, moral hypocrisy, and sanctimoniousness of the period flowed from this fundamental conception of woman as a genteel creature, "purer" than man, with a "higher" standard of morality, who at the same time was the chattel of her lord and master, with no character, will, or even legal rights of her own. In addition to possessing all these womanly virtues, the Queen had to be of royal blood of course; preferably of good German blood, but—failing that—Danish, Greek, or Romanoff blood would do. In justice to the squires of Worcestershire, the shipbuilders of the Clyde, and the top-hatted merchants of the City of London who rule present-day England, one must record that in this particular respect they have made a certain advance on the old Queen. If a maiden of the British or even any other aristocracy possessing all the other prescribed virtues captured the heart of their King they might overlook the lack of royal blood, and accept her as

their Queen; for they are not behind the times, these worthy citizens, and they are willing to yield to the demands of a democratic age. But they cannot compromise on the conception of "purity." Without it the entire picture of the Royal Family is hopelessly ruined.

For this thoroughly German idea of the Monarchy has become deeply rooted in the mentality of the British middle class. While practically every wall of the grim citadel of Victorianism has been battered by two generations of English men and women, the Victorian ideal of Royalty has not been touched since the days of the old Queen, with the result that its hold upon the people is now even stronger than it was in the nineteenth century.

One reason is that the average upper- or middle-class Englishman has come to look upon the Royal Family as a glorification of his own family. Royalty has become the great illusion of the British Babbitt, the snobbish idealization of his own life as he thinks it ought to be—but is not, because he is human and at least a century in advance of his model. Long before Hollywood was discovered, Buckingham Palace had been the Hollywood of the British middle class, the projection screen for its ideal. The difference is that the tired American business man looks to Hollywood for beauty, sex, and entertainment, while the tired British Babbitt looks to Buckingham Palace for respectability and virtue. By glorifying the King and Queen and by endowing them with all the saccharine-sweet virtues of Victorianism, the British Babbitt feels instinctively that he is glorifying himself and his own wife; by shouting himself hoarse for the little Princesses, he really shouts for his own little daughters, very much as the ordinary movie fan identifies himself, his wife or sweetheart, and his children with Ronald Colman, Greta Garbo, and Shirley Temple.

There is, however, one important distinction between Royalty and the film stars. Whereas Hollywood is the make-believe of the great masses of humanity

without distinction seeking forgetfulness and illusion, Buckingham Palace has become the exclusive Hollywood of a specific class. The legend of the democracy of British Royalty is but one of the creations of its great publicity machine. Anyone who has lived in England knows that Royalty is the special toy of the upper middle class. The so-called "lower classes" may shout themselves hoarse at a Coronation or a Jubilee of their King, but Royalty plays little part in their lives. To the middle class, on the other hand, the Monarchy with its titles, distinctions, and exclusiveness is the very basis of social life. The British middle-class Babbitt, by identifying himself and his family with Royalty, in some mysterious manner partakes of the virtue of Royalty, which is aloofness from the mass of ordinary humanity. This is probably the deeper reason for the success of the Victorian conception of Royalty in England. The strong class distinction within British society, which became more pronounced in the nineteenth century when other people were democratizing their societies, is distinctly traceable to this Victorian conception of Royalty. It is the secret well from which the flourishing institution of British snobbery has been drawing its nourishment and freshness so late into a democratic age. It is the primary cause of the greatest contradiction in English social life: the contradiction of a society based at one and the same time on an advanced political democracy and on a retrogressive social aristocracy.

III

Edward Windsor fitted least of all members of the Royal Family into the atmosphere of empty formality and artificiality created round the British Monarchy. Of all Victoria's children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren he was least adjusted to the position which the old Queen had created for them. The maladjustment did not extend to the political portion of the Monarchy. No one can doubt the sincerity of the ex-King's fare-

well statement that he had been too well brought up in the spirit of his father's constitutionalism ever to aspire to any prerogative of Parliament or to cause a constitutional crisis. The theory that the abdication was a struggle between the Crown and Parliament is too well exploded. Edward had too little interest in politics to care to take part in a political struggle. Whatever maladjustment existed—and there was a great deal of it—had to do entirely with the social function of the Monarchy which his great-grandmother had bequeathed to his family and to England.

In character, temperament, and tastes ex-King Edward was more like his grandfather than his father. Even the heavy make-up of Court respectability could not hide an original, somewhat Bohemian nature, an artistic temperament, and a taste for unconventional living. He had elements of a definite, even picturesque personality which might have asserted itself in some social, artistic, or political movement as have thousands of other British young men and women who have revolted against philistinism during the past two generations. But Edward had the disadvantage of having been born in the royal palace. This meant not only that the shackles of convention were heavier for him, but also that from the earliest years of his life he and all his innermost struggles were exposed to the public. Edward, who is naturally not an extrovert, was raised to the position of the most popular *matinée* idol in the world, constantly moving before the eyes of his millions of admirers. If to this be added the thick air of sycophancy, flattery, humbug, and insincerity which is the very essence of the social function of the Court, it will be seen that only a miracle could save a sensitive youth in such an atmosphere from the loss of whatever character and personality he had and from becoming a mere bundle of formalities, conventionalities, bows, official smiles, and photographers' poses.

The miracle which saved ex-King Ed-

ward was the Great War. Fundamentally the ex-King is a typical product of the War generation in Great Britain. He is the living embodiment of Noel Coward's highly strung, neurotic, moody, irrational but, nevertheless, sympathetic heroes. Even those who do not like their shattered nerves, their complexes, their fast lives, and their alleged spiritual impotence cannot help sympathizing with them, because deep down it is felt that these people are not at all members of a "lost generation" as they are reputed to be. They may be disillusioned but they are not cynics. They have retained ideals of peace, justice, and equality and a strong sense of social values. Above all, they are sincere and hate sham, and when a crisis comes the best of them can stand up for their ideals, make heavy sacrifices for them, and assert themselves in quiet strength and dignity.

Edward thus asserted himself when he gave up the throne. Stripped of its political side-issues and irrelevancies, the abdication drama was an intensely personal, spiritual act on the part of a man who revolted against the hateful social environment which had suppressed him from early childhood. It is a great pity that the political and romantic elements in this particular drama have obscured the real significance of the act. For the political considerations were the least important and least interesting in the case. The abdication of Edward was not the revolt of a King against his Ministers or Parliament but something much greater—the revolt of a King against his own institution, the Monarchy. No more original revolt has been known in English history than that of the King who rebelled against himself and the symbol he stood for. If English society were not so stolidly Tory, even to its Labor Party, an act of this kind might have fired the imagination of the people and have led to many profound social and spiritual changes.

What is more, not only was the Parliamentary struggle an irrelevancy, so was also Mrs. Simpson. Like many another woman, Mrs. Simpson has inspired a man

and has given him the courage and will for a great act of self-liberation. In all probability Edward might never have been able to do what he did without her. But this in no way means that Mrs. Simpson caused the abdication. The cinders of revolt had been scattered throughout his life as youth and man when he secretly revolted against the rigid formalism, the social tyranny, and the essential insincerity of Victorian Court life. Like so many other men, he had been seeking in vain for years the strength to break his shackles and become free until a woman came along and helped him to find himself. Anyone who knows anything about these acts of self-assertion knows that they are intensely personal acts in which no one but the individual self alone can take part. Mrs. Simpson, like Parliament, was incidental to the drama of a personality finding itself.

But it so happened that this purely personal act is also of considerable social significance. Revolts such as the ex-King's are not new in England. They have been going on among British youth for the past two generations and they have found their expression in Carlyle, Samuel Butler, William Morris, Shaw, Wells, Oscar Wilde, D. H. Lawrence, Havelock Ellis, and in most moderns in British literature and art. In social life this revolt has been manifested in Fabianism, in the Woman's Suffrage movement, in the Labor movement, and in the changing temper of modern English life. Essentially this is a revolt against that system of philistinism, empty conventionalism, class divisions, and social hypocrisy which industrialism has bred the world over, but which, under the name of Victorianism, has plagued English society more than any other. Edward's act definitely belongs to the category of the revolts which English youth has been conducting in many ways for more than sixty years. What happened under such dramatic circumstances in the House of Commons on December 12th has been happening in the house of practically every English squire, of every English shipbuilder, textile

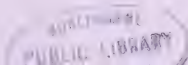
manufacturer, and City merchant for the past two generations. Edward Windsor is by no means the first in this procession of English youth who have defied the power of Victorian authority; he is nearer the last. He is not a lone King who has gone out into darkness and exile, but a King who has joined a great army of rebels.

IV

The final result of this unique onslaught of a King on his own citadel must be left to the historian to record. The present observer in England, while he cannot yet tell of the crash of Jericho, nevertheless can report that its walls have been badly cracked. The cracks are most visible in that part of the citadel which is occupied by the newer portion of the institution of Royalty, the one which has come down from the nineteenth century—the social function and power of the Monarchy as conceived and handed down by Queen Victoria. The political aspect of the British Throne has through centuries of struggle with Parliament become so harmless indeed that one can almost imagine a Republic making peace with it as a part of the national folk-lore. Not so the newer, social aspect; its power and prestige until December last were so strong that it was surprising that a people so jealous of the prerogatives of its Crown had not challenged it before. At the same time it was a definitely reactionary force out of step with modern times and democratic England. One somehow cannot find it logical that a country of the greatest political democracy, a country which is well on the road to economic democracy, can cherish an institution which is the very fount of social inequality and snobbery. One cannot imagine a real Labor Government coming into power in England and accepting the symbol of social snobbery of its opponent class, even if it be willing to accept its political symbol for the sake of national unity. A conflict of interest was bound to come in this field sooner or later, as a similar conflict came generations earlier

in the political field. It was the weakest point in the British Monarchy and it gave way badly under the shock of the unexpected onslaught.

The signs of the change are so obvious and alarming that a portion of the London Press is seriously concerned with the question whether the Monarchy can survive at all in England. It frankly admits the general disillusionment of the people with the institution which "luscious Coronation propaganda cannot dissipate," and warns against the danger of repeating the Victorian error of deifying Royalty if the Monarchy is not to collapse within the next five years. A public discussion such as this in the British daily press several months ago would have been considered the height of Etonian "bad form." More important still is the private attitude of the bulk of the people, which rarely gets into the newspapers. Several months ago it would have been unthinkable for anyone in England to talk about members of the Royal Family as they are now being talked about universally. There is of course no disrespect, but the King and Queen, and the Dukes and Duchesses and even the dear little curtsying Princesses, bless their little hearts, are actually being spoken of as human, not as deified beings. People no longer look embarrassed, as if holiness had been profaned, when one of the Family is being spoken of disparagingly. The taboo is off. Windsor Castle, Sandringham, and Buckingham Palace have come down from heaven to solid ground. The stage scenery was removed for a while, and the people caught a glimpse of what is going on behind the scenes; how idols are made and unmade at will of the rulers; how a beautiful legend of a Prince Charming on which the propaganda machine had worked for forty-two years was destroyed when the king-makers thought it necessary; and how new legends are being ordered and manufactured. Being in a cynical mood, the people no longer believe in the new legends. The gods are still standing but the halo has been removed from them and



one sees them as they are, without glamour, in spite of the tremendous and heavily advertised preparations for the approaching Coronation.

If one can gage the temper of a people, the social powers of British Royalty have passed their zenith. With the passing of the exiled King into darkness, an imperceptible twilight has settled over the Monarchy. It is in a truly saddened and chastened mood. The blow which it has sustained may be forgotten in time, but Royalty in England will no longer be socially so secure. At long last the reign of Victoria Regina is at an end in England.

The genuine modesty and reticence of the new King may help to consolidate the new, less glamorous position of the Monarchy, and make it a position as quiet and unassuming socially as it is politically; a position like that occupied by royalty in Sweden and in Denmark and in other civilized and truly democratic countries in Europe. If that is accomplished the abdication of Edward VIII will have done for England more than his reign could have done, and the Coronation of George VI will usher in a period of real constitutional monarchy in the social sphere such as England has had for generations in the political sphere.

IF HIS BE STRENGTH

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

HE IS the sun
And she the moon.
To him
She owes her light.

*In changing radiance
Not her own
She walks the paths
Of night.*

*In that pale ray
No grass turns green,
No fruit nor grain
Expands,*

*Yet tides and lions
She controls
With light
Indifferent hands.*

*If his be strength
And his be might,
If far and wide
He range,*

*It is the moon
Whose gift it is
Within herself
To change.*



RUDYARD KIPLING'S FEUD

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

BEATTY BALESTIER swung his team across the road and Rudyard Kipling fell off his bicycle. Beatty bawled: "See here, I want to speak to you," and Kipling answered, freeing himself from the overturned machine:

"If you have anything to say, say it to my lawyers."

The crest of Pine Hill was jagged black against a mild sky and on Vermont's brown uplands lay the first green hint of spring. Legends, weedy and tangled, have grown from that chance meeting. They still flourish in the region where Rudyard Kipling built his first home. That encounter with Beatty, his brother-in-law, twisted Kipling's life and drove him from America forever.

Beatty glared down from the buckboard at his sister's husband. Beatty's voice was shrill with rage and drink. His words cut into the memory of Kipling who repeated them on the witness stand thereafter:

"By Jesus, this is no case for lawyers. You've got to retract those goddamned lies you've been telling about me. You've got to do it within a week, or I'll punch the goddamned soul out of you."

Much that Kipling might have written died; much bitterness that he was to utter of America and Americans had its conception on that 6th of May, 1896, on the frost-grooved mountain road where the horses fretted and a little man on a buckboard's seat squalled insult at another swarthy little man who stood beside his bicycle and endured it.

That day and its aftermath altered the life of a resident of Vermont who, in time, might have become a citizen. It drove Kipling from the land he owned and the imposing home he had reared. He never returned. Now that both principals are dead a tale may be told that has been whispered and garbled for forty years.

It was Kipling's odd fate to find wife and friend and most vindictive foe among the members of a single family.

In the dawn of his fame he had left India. He reached London after two years' wandering, and there met Wolcott Balestier.

Wolcott was the eldest son of a gifted family that had settled in Dummerston, Vermont, north of Brattleboro. His grandfather had been financial adviser to the Emperor of Japan. His father and uncles were talented, wealthy men.

Wolcott was London representative of the American publisher, Lovell. He had full share of his family's brilliance. He also had a scapegrace brother, Beatty, who tarried for a time in London and forty years later remembered most clearly, not the great persons he had met, but the deplorable condition in which he had found himself after an afternoon spent in a port warehouse at London Docks.

Kipling and Wolcott lived and wrote together. *The Naulahka* was the fruit of that collaboration. In December, 1891, Wolcott died of typhus.

He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough
 the dross of Earth—
 E'en as he trod that day to God, so walked he
 from his birth
 In simpleness and gentleness and honour and
 clean mirth.

Caroline Balestier, Wolcott's older sister, was with him when he died. In January, 1892, Kipling married her at Langham Place, London.

Beatty Balestier, with his wife and baby daughter, was living in Dummerston. It was he who met Kipling and his bride when on a night in February, '92, they alighted at Brattleboro's railway station.

This was a strange, exciting world to the Indian-born Englishman. The bitter air, the slur of sleigh runners, the chime of bells thrilled Kipling, and he told Beatty, perched on the driver's seat, in the trailing steam of the horses' breath, that he looked "like a walrus on a woolsack."

Daylight revealed new wonders from the windows of Beatty's home. The still, bright cold, the wide, flat glare of snow, the burdened pines, the glow of brown tree trunks, the prismatic miracles wrought by sunlight, all were extolled vehemently in the first writing done by Kipling on Vermont soil.

He revelled in the austere peace of winter. He gloated over the snowy hills and smothered mowings and he stared for hours at distant Monadnock, lifting its blue cone like a blunter Fujiyama.

Across the road from Beatty's house, rose a pine-shadowed knoll. Before it the land sloped away to the Connecticut. Mount Wantastiquet was a distant mound patched with white, and on the other hand, far away, lay smoke and the shining roofs of Brattleboro.

It was a fair site for the home of a man who had been homeless since childhood. Kipling bought the pine-guarded knoll, a dozen slanting acres, and decreed a house—not a summer cottage, not a New England dwelling, but a mansion that future generations of Kiplings might occupy.

The Kiplings rented a small neighboring house and stayed in Dummerston while the mansion was building. They hired Anna Anderson, fresh from Sweden, to care for them. They bewildered Anna. They were different from other folks. They had dinner at night instead of midday, and Kipling always appeared at table in white vest and tie and tails while his wife swept into the tiny dining room in a low-necked gown with train.

The house was a year in building. Beatty was in charge of the work. Beatty was most helpful. The brothers-in-law snowshoed and tramped and drove together. The Kiplings celebrated their first Christmas in Beatty's home. There were presents on the Christmas tree for everyone, including Anna Anderson. It was in Beatty's pasture where they went to salt the horses one Sunday that Kipling conceived "The Walking Delegate." He gave Beatty one of the early *Jungle Book* manuscripts. There are verses still extant that Kipling wrote to Beatty's small daughter, Marjorie. Beatty drove for the doctor the day the Kiplings' first child, Josephine, was born.

The new house was christened "Naulahka." It was a large, expensive dwelling for that day, and by any standards, an ugly one. Arklike in outline, with shingled walls and gray-green trim, it lay along the knoll as though flood had cast it there. Kipling called it "my ship."

Four years they lived in Dummerston, and in that time made four friends—Miss Mary Cabot and her brother, William, the Rev. Charles O. Day, rector of the Episcopal Church in Brattleboro, and Dr. James Conland, the family physician.

Kipling had British consciousness of caste. His Indian background intensified it. He never seemed aware that this cool green land of short-worded, level-eyed folk was the social opposite of all he had known. He adopted Vermont. He built his home and two of his children were born there. Vermont never adopted him. He was still on probation in the eyes of his neighbors when the feud be-

tween him and Beatty burst into blaze and he fled.

In time he might have become wholly one of us. He could unbend and warm men when he pleased, with none of that patronage that freezes the Yankee's blood and dries his speech. He was more catholic in his acquaintances than his wife.

Caroline Kipling had been reared and schooled in this region. She had returned from her brief sojourn in England with a heavy Mayfair accent that flourished in the Vermont climate. She hired English house servants and an English coachman. No native Vermonter while conscious could have been dressed in the redcoat livery Matthew Howard wore. The progress of Mrs. Kipling down Main Street in her basket phaeton, drawn by horses in tandem, was one of Brattleboro's major spectacles.

Her husband was far less rigidly English. He adopted the winter costume of the region—fur cap, buffalo coat, flannel shirt, lumberman's trousers crammed into high boots. Slowly he was rooting in the soil where he had built his home. Indian hues that had dyed his work were draining from the amazing reservoir of his mind and Western colors were trickling in. A series of essays on Vermont, "The Walking Delegate," ".007," "Pan in Vermont," and *Captains Courageous*, last of his books to be written in America, showed the change.

He lent the schoolchildren his toboggan. He made friends with Joe Gilbert who was logging over Wilmington way, and for a time played with the idea of doing a book with a lumber-camp background. He was an intimate of David Carey, then baggage master of the Brattleboro station.

"He had the darnedest mind. He wanted to know about everything and he never forgot what he learned. Things he wrote years later already were in his head when I knew him. I remember his holding forth about women. He told me how much less dangerous men of any race were than their women folks. I recalled that, long after, when I read his poetry about

'The Female of the Species.' It was like hearing Kip say it all over again."

If a third person entered the baggage room, Kipling fell silent. Others might lay this to shyness. It did not fool Dave Carey.

"He would sit and listen and never say a word. I knew what he was after. He was on the look-out for queer turns of speech he could use. I never saw a man so hungry for information."

But he still dressed for dinner each night. He tarried one evening in a neighbor's cowbarn until milking was over.

"Mr. Waite," Kipling said as they crossed the backyard, pail-laden, "I envy you. Your day's work is finished. You can go in and sit right down at the table for supper. I've got to go home and put on evening clothes."

His wife was not only helpmeet and guardian of British ceremony. She was his secretary, banker, business agent, and farm superintendent as well. If a hiring asked him for instructions, Kipling replied, "Ask my wife."

Probably his lust for privacy made him shirk responsibility. He was galled by all save the most elemental ties that bind man to life. He craved that independence which, he said, "signifies the blessed state of hanging on to as few persons and things as possible and leads to the singular privilege of a man owning himself."

This longing may have brought him to Vermont. Beatty Balestier used it later to drive him away.

Caroline Kipling was final authority and sentry as well. The house had been built so that a single passage led to Kipling's study. There his wife kept vigil while he wrote. Anyone who tried to see him during working hours found a lioness in the way. Newspaper folk who strove to reach him at any time at all were routed by her.

Kipling had, or pretended to have, a horror of reporters. It was strange that one who had been a newspaperman should have dealt with them so clumsily. Or perhaps he was cannier than it seemed.

His hostility toward the press won him more publicity than friendliness and candor ever could have gained him.

"The newspapers and I," he once said, "have a perfect working arrangement. I never tell them anything about myself and they write what they please about me. That saves us all a deal of trouble."

A woman reporter came unheralded from Brattleboro by sleigh in the dead of winter. Not far from Naulahka she collapsed with cold. The Kiplings took her in, gave her tea, warmed her by their fire; but when Mrs. Kipling learned the girl's mission she hustled the intruder out again.

Kipling's fame was rocketing toward its zenith. *The Seven Seas, Many Inventions, Captains Courageous* and, his chief claim to immortality, the *First and Second Jungle Books*, were written in Vermont. He was greatly bedeviled by reporters and worshippers alike. His neighbors were less bothersome.

He had indicated that he wanted privacy, that he wished to keep aloof from the pleasant, friendly folk about him. These showed no rancor. A man had a right to live as he pleased. They let him alone.

The region regarded him as the proprietor of a small circus might look upon his single elephant. Kipling added distinction to the neighborhood; he was financially profitable. But he was not the sort one took for a close friend.

Outlanders were less tactful. Looking back across the long downward slant of his work, it is hard to imagine the blaze of glory that wrapped Kipling in the '90's. He dazzled critics and children alike. Everyone quoted him. Each story, each verse he published rang the bell, and millions caught up and cherished the echo of every bold stroke.

Wherefore he was stalked and harried, by editors and reporters, by enthusiasts and the curious and the autograph seeker. He showed Carey one letter he had received. The writer had enclosed a quarter, a blank page, and a stamped, addressed envelope. He had heard that

Kipling now got twenty-five cents a word. Would he please, for the enclosed coin, forward just one word?

"Kip did. He wrote 'Thanks' and mailed it back."

Kipling was one of the very few to whom the government ever granted a private postoffice. His mail was large and the journey to Brattleboro long. The postmaster general was pleased to set up in the home of Kipling's neighbors, the Waites, a special office for the great man's convenience, and Kipling mailed out hundreds of postcards, reading:

"Please note change from Brattleboro, Vt., to WAITE, Windham County, Vermont. Rudyard Kipling."

Vermont remembers him as a remote, rather than a hostile person. Men who were young while he lived here speak of him gratefully. Youth could reach him though he hid from adults.

Young Merton Robbins was working his way through the engineering school at Vermont's University by selling life insurance. He sought out Kipling and stammered his mission.

"He heard me through. Then he said, 'I'll have to ask my wife.' He came back smiling and told me, 'It's all right. I can take ten thousand dollars.'"

Even then Kipling would not let the dazed lad go. He questioned him at length—those avid, searching Kipling questions—and when they parted, gave him an inscribed book from his own library, Trautwein's *Handbook of Engineering*. It was the volume that had furnished background for "The Bridge Builders."

II

The pests that fame attracts were the first mild threats to the peace of Kipling's life in Vermont. To these presently was added another and graver menace. Beatty Balestier and his brother-in-law quarreled.

The source of that strife is no easier to find than the prime cause of most family rows. A dozen gaudy legends explain everything and nothing. Even the stories

of the principals in the feud do not match. There must have been many small seepages of jealousy, incompatibility, pride, and anger which the final spark of temperament exploded.

Kipling's story is a matter of record. Beatty said nothing for thirty-nine years and then told his version of the trouble to a few persons. It was the first time, he said, that he ever had revealed it to anyone. Even then, more than a generation after the event, his narrative was void of regret, filled with the old rancor. He seemed proud of the enduring scandal he had sired. Scandal never bothered Beatty. He was the word made flesh.

Even scandal, if it be durable enough, can become a matter for local pride. For fifty years, to our calm region, Beatty was permanent dissonance in a pastoral, a lurid flame against Vermont's browns, grays, and greens. Folk grew secretly proud of him for those very qualities that, in abstract, they most deplored.

Beatty was a black sheep. He gloried in the title. He was a pain to the pious, a thorn to the respectable, a challenge to the abstemious. He had a brilliant mind that he never harnessed for profitable toil, a will that mocked at scruple or stricture. He was iconoclast, spendthrift, roisterer, violent enemy, charming and generous friend. He loved horses and liquor, strife and revelry. Beatty trampled and shouldered his way through life and, when the bills at last fell due, he suffered their mounting pressure without whimper or self-pity.

One who called on him shortly before his death found the sheriff there on official and embarrassing business. The newcomer tried to back out, but Beatty bawled:

"Come right on in, Ed. Glad to see you. Goddamn it, have a drink."

He had a tongue like a skinning knife that included the Almighty in all conversations. His spirit cherished and magnified affront. His heart held in twin compartments bitter hate and great kindness. Most of the tempests that beat upon him were self-roused. He met

them all, rasping, aquiline, eager, and loved the conflict.

In pre-motor days the West River bridge bore a sign, imposing a five-dollar fine on the driver who crossed it at a faster pace than a walk. Beatty always lashed his team down the approach at a hard run. That was his biography.

His wrath toward his sister and brother-in-law never slackened, nor did his predatory zest for life fail as he aged. Wizen and half blind, with the look of an ailing eagle on his leathery face, the little man strode along Main Street as long as he could walk with the swagger of Cyrano. In the band of his hat, that hid the wen on his bald skull, there was always a feather, set jauntily. This was a symbol.

He had cast money about with both hands. Debt immersed him to the ears. Dread lest the bank take his beloved farm clouded his last months, but fear never pushed him toward compromise or reform. Once, in court, he sought to avert foreclosure by claiming the benison the New Deal had extended to distressed farmers.

"You," the bank's attorney sneered, "are just a gentleman farmer, aren't you?"

Beatty answered, as though a whole agricultural State might hear:

"I have never understood that a farmer could not also be a gentleman."

Others have his farm now, yet they cannot take it from him. His ashes are part of its soil.

His pose of farmer was one of the many enduring jests with which Beatty supplied his neighbors. Debts were the chief product of his acres, and these he raised in bumper crops. He was the region's perpetual scapegrace—always in trouble and always amusing.

Beatty had a hired man, a hired girl, a daughter, a wife, and a mighty thirst when the Kiplings first came to Vermont. One by one, in the following years, he lost them all but the last. He was well on his way through the first fortune he had inherited by the time Naulahka was finished.

His family and the Kiplings lived within eye and earshot of each other. Month by month, small trouble was added to trouble until, beneath the gathering weight, friendship withered and enmity grew. Beatty's conduct was wilful, intemperate, definitely un-English. There was trouble over that, and Caroline Kipling, the ardent Anglican, was bitter in her reproaches. Beatty had been purchasing agent for his brother-in-law. Caroline Kipling audited and paid the bills. There was further trouble over them.

And there was greater trouble over the Kiplings' effort to wean their kinsman from his erring and spendthrift ways. Beatty, they thought, needed the corrective discipline of a job. They schemed to save him from himself, overlooking the fact that he himself was the last person in the world from whom Beatty wished to be saved.

Kipling made his brother-in-law a well-meant offer. He would guarantee to support Beatty's wife and child for a year if Beatty would go away and devote himself to honest toil elsewhere. Beatty met that charitable proposal with a dazzling display of Bales-tier rage. Squabble followed squabble, each more bitter than the last. The final overt act, Beatty related thirty-nine years later, was a quarrel over property.

This grew, he said, out of a meadow he sold the Kiplings. It lay between them and the Naulahka view. They feared it might get into other hands. So, Beatty said, he transferred the property to the Kiplings with the expectation that he would always be allowed to take the hay that grew there.

"And then, by God, I heard that Caroline had had a landscape architect up and was going to turn that mowing into a formal garden. They were at dinner at my house. I asked them about it and Caroline said it was true. I said:

"'You're my guests now, but, so help me Christ, once you've left this house, I'll never speak to you again.'

"We had a quarrel then, Caroline and

I. Rud didn't say anything. He just sat there."

For a full year thereafter there was grim silence between the households. The fact that Beatty's fortunes were sinking as rapidly as his brother-in-law's soared did not soothe him. Yet if Kipling had kept his counsel, if he had not talked over the problem that was Beatty with outsiders, he might have lived and died in Vermont. He did talk, and since all rural regions are whispering galleries, his comments, not diminished by repetition, got back to Beatty's ears.

Anger, born thirty-nine years before, still shook Beatty's voice as he repeated that deadly, faintly comic insult.

"Rud stopped in the Brooks House for a drink. The proprietor asked about me. Rud said, 'Oh Beatty is his own worst enemy. I've been obliged to carry him, to hold him up by the seat of his pants.'"

Someone snickered and Beatty glared. "By God that's what he said, 'By the seat of his pants!'"

This was the precipitating affront, the spark that had set Beatty on fire when he met Kipling riding his bicycle on the Pine Hill road.

His harsh hawk's face had been younger then. The rage that unsteadied his voice more than a generation later was in full blaze that 6th of May, when he shouted defamation at his brother-in-law. When Beatty paused for breath, Kipling asked:

"Let's get this straight. Do you mean personal violence?"

For a genius, he seems to have been singularly dense at that moment.

Beatty replied: "I'll give you a week to retract, and if you don't do it I'll blow out your god-damned brains."

So Kipling testified. So it may have been, yet those who knew Beatty best doubt it. A gun would have been too impersonal, too chill a weapon for so ardent a lover of physical strife. Beatty insisted, in court and until his death, that all he had promised his brother-in-law was the licking of his life.

Mulvaney would have dragged his trducer from the buckboard and would have done his earnest best to beat his head off. Beatty would have understood and respected such a retort. But Kipling merely answered: "You will have only yourself to blame for the consequences," nor could Beatty's further insults drive him beyond this mild retort.

"In the course of the conversation," Kipling testified, "he also called me a liar, a cheat, and a coward."

Beatty at last drove on. Kipling remounted his bicycle and pedaled home. On the following Sunday, while Beatty was in Brattleboro with his own wife and baby, Sheriff Starkey arrested him on a warrant sworn out by Kipling. This charged "assault with indecent and opprobrious names and epithets and threatening to kill."

Beatty's mind ever worked most brilliantly under the drive of strong stimulants—anger, danger, alcohol. In the fell clutch of the two-hundred-pound sheriff he did not weep or cry aloud. He merely submitted. Presently, as the drama that rocked the Balestier family and thrilled the region and amused the whole English-speaking world unfolded, the outline of his purpose grew plain. Beatty did not mind scandal. He liked publicity. He had no craving for privacy. In these and many other matters he was the opposite of his brother-in-law.

Defendant and plaintiff faced each other before William S. Newtown, town clerk and justice of the peace. Kipling was ill at ease. He got no comfort from his brother-in-law's calm. Beatty's answers to Newtown's questions were quiet and malign.

Had he threatened the distinguished author, Mr. Rudyard Kipling? He had indeed. With a licking.

Had he called Mr. Kipling this and that and the other? Beatty admitted it and supplied several epithets Mr. Kipling seemed to have forgotten.

Justice Newtown would be forced to hold Mr. Balestier pending further hearing. Mr. Balestier, no doubt, was ready

to furnish bond. Mr. Balestier grinned. He was not ready to furnish any such thing.

Did Mr. Balestier understand that if bail were not forthcoming he would be committed to jail? Mr. Balestier replied that he understood that entirely. He was ready to go to jail. Might he first have an hour's freedom to take his wife and baby home?

The plaintiff was suffering now. He too had a quick and vivid mind. He could see where the course he had taken would lead. He, the rich and famous author, was about to cast his poor, obscure brother-in-law into prison. Kipling had been a newspaperman. He knew the witches' Sabbath that reporters would hold over such an incident. He discovered now what Beatty had seen already. Kipling had a bear by the tail.

Kipling flourished a check book suddenly and spoke up:

"I shall be glad to supply bail myself."

Justice Newtown did not have to weigh the legal worth of this Gilbert and Sullivan proposal. Beatty refused to accept his brother-in-law's help. At length he was released on his own recognizance to appear in court again on Tuesday.

Kipling fled. Beatty drove home in triumph. Local correspondents for Boston and New York newspapers sprinted for the telegraph office.

When the hearing was reopened Tuesday, Beatty's cup was full and Kipling's misery complete. Reporters had arrived by the dozen. The whole world was to be audience to the quarrel two men had begun on a hill road and Kipling, who loathed newspaper intrusion upon his affairs, who detested any invasion whatever of his privacy, had brought this on himself.

Meanwhile in the Balestier clan there had been turmoil and anguish. Beatty alone remained calm and obstinate. He was having a fine time. Elder members of the family were summoned from New York, when all local efforts had failed to get the lid back on the scandal. Joseph Balestier, Beatty's favorite uncle, begged

him to apologize to Kipling and let the ghastly affair blow over. Beatty declined.

"You can't go on with this," his elder pleaded. "You mustn't."

"No?" his nephew grinned. "What else can I do? Who's arrested?"

The hearing was all Kipling had feared and Beatty had hoped. Colonel Kitredge Haskins appeared for the plaintiff; George B. Hitt for the defendant. A crowd packed the chamber and in its forefront were the not too neutral gentlemen of the press.

They enjoyed themselves. So did Beatty. So too did the rest of the audience that for four years had suffered thwarted curiosity concerning the reticent owner of the mansion on the Dummerston hillside. They saw reticence ripped from Kipling by Hitt's cross-examination. They saw the famous author twist and writhe and squirm on the witness stand. They were thrilled by the intimate details of the family row that Hitt dragged forth and by the sufferer's occasionally savage retorts.

Kipling's direct examination was dry and brief. He admitted that he and Beatty had not spoken for a year before the preceding Wednesday. He insisted he genuinely believed himself in danger of his life.

"I honestly think he will kill me sometime," he told the court, "if he loses his head again."

He added that, at the time of the quarrel, he believed Beatty insane. He "was shaking all over, raving mad."

Under cross-examination, Kipling revealed himself as Beatty's benefactor and best friend. He conceded that he had not supported him for the past year but insisted that he had carried him for two years before that. Was it out of his charity that he had brought his action?

"No. I have a distinct aversion to being shot at."

Did he actually believe that Beatty intended to shoot him?

"I am not sure of the etiquette of being shot at."

Hitt delved into the more distant past. Under his goading questions, the witness found himself assuming an implausibly great-hearted pose. He claimed that he had promised Wolcott Balestier to watch over and guide his friend's younger brother. He spoke of Beatty, who was four years his junior, as "this poor boy" and alleged that the prime reason that had moved him to settle in America had been concern for Beatty's welfare.

"Then," Hitt asked, "taking care of Mr. Balestier has been your chief occupation?"

"I have also," the witness answered, "written a thing or two."

When the hearing ended, Beatty was held in four hundred dollars bail for the September grand jury and was bound over in four hundred dollars more to keep the peace.

Thereafter the semi-comic feud brightened the front pages of the American press. The newspapermen were not merciful. One reported the hearing as though through the mouth of Private Mulvaney. Even *The Brattleboro Reformer* carried an inept parody, beginning:

"What's that a-lop-ing down the lane?" said the copper-ready-made.

"It's Rudyard running for his life," the First Selectman said.

"Who's pawing up the dust behind?" said the copper-ready-made.

"It's Beatty, seeking Brother-in-Law," the First Selectman said.

Heretofore Kipling had been pestered. The seclusion he wished had been marred. But most of the earlier intruders had been pilgrims, awed and worshipful. Now the spotlight was on him and everyone was laughing. It was no comfort to feel that he had turned it on himself.

Even in his study at Naulahka, more fiercely guarded than ever before, he could hear the distant, derisive, galling mirth. Where once an occasional reporter had tried to see him, a dozen now haunted his gates. People assured him that he had the sympathy of all the best

elements in Brattleboro, but he thought they stifled mirth when they said it.

Beatty and the newspapermen liked each other. He drank and yarned with them. He took them fishing. He and they enjoyed themselves. He knew that, actually, he had won.

His diabolical mind had grasped at once a plan of vengeance more blighting than any possible physical assault. And the end of his triumph was still a long way off. The case was to be presented to the grand jury. There might be a trial as well. Kipling, still raw and suffering from the torment Beatty's attorney had dealt him, would have to appear as a witness once, perhaps twice, again. Beatty had ground for his vindictive glee.

The grand jury was to meet in September. In August Kipling left suddenly for Europe with his wife and children. So headlong was their flight that they took only their most personal belongings. They sailed from Hoboken, September 2nd, on the *Lahn*.

"I expect to come back," Kipling told reporters coldly, "when I get ready. I haven't the slightest idea when that will be."

Vermont never saw him again.

"He never will come back, while I'm alive," Beatty snarled, almost forty years later, and carried this, the most ancient of his many grudges, with him to the end.

III

The Kiplings returned to New York in February, 1899. Beatty believed it was he who drove them away again, forever. A plan for his counter-attack came to him in the barroom of the Hotel Weldon at Greenfield, Mass. When he had perfected it he sought the Brattleboro correspondents of the New York papers.

The eminent and reputable of Brattleboro and Dummerston were preparing a round robin to Kipling. It urged him to come back and live again at Naulahka. It promised him a procession of welcome, a reception, a dinner. It is a question whether the recluse author or his venge-

ful brother-in-law regarded this prospect with the greater horror.

"By God, he wasn't coming back into my country again. It would have blackened my face. I'd have had to get out myself. I knew Rud's weakness. He'd had a hell of a time on the witness stand once before. I knew he'd run if he thought he'd ever have to appear in court again."

New York papers for February 12th, 1899, announced that Beatty Balestier was suing Rudyard Kipling for fifty thousand dollars damages, alleging "malicious persecution, false arrest, and defamation of character."

The World announced that Beatty had gone to New York to start the suit. *The Times* said he would leave for Manhattan in a few days. Actually, no suit ever was brought. It was bluff, but it worked. The Kiplings stayed away from Vermont. After the death of the little girl, Josephine, and the author's own illness, they went back to England.

Kipling visited Canada in 1907. That was his closest subsequent approach to his first home. For a few years after his flight, Naulahka was kept ready for Kipling's return. Then it was sold to Miss Mary Cabot.

Indian draperies that Caroline Kipling first hung, adorn the windows of Naulahka. The drab, stranded ark still watches the distant roofs of Brattleboro and the Connecticut valley down which its unhappy builder and first owner fled.

In the once guarded study, still stands the desk on which Kipling scratched the sentence his Greek galley slave cut on his oar: "Oft was I weary as I toiled at thee." Over the fireplace is a text that Lockwood Kipling carved for his son:

"For the night cometh when no man can work."

The ashes of Rudyard Kipling rest in Westminster Abbey's Poets' Corner. Beatty Balestier's were scattered over his farm. This was his wish when a few months after Kipling's death he followed his foe and kinsman up a straiter and steeper way than the Pine Hill Road.



THE HIDDEN FLOWER

A STORY

BY GRACE ZARING STONE

AFTER I'd been in the house a week Doña Marta let me have my meals there. She thought the food I got in restaurants was expensive and not good for me, and she said I was apt to spend too much time in the cantinas. She didn't ask me to eat with her. I never saw her eat, but the Indian maid served me on a little table in the corner of the *sala*. And such food—fillets cooked with almonds and tomatoes, hams baked and pressed in caramelized sugar, *albondigas* stuffed with mint and hard-boiled eggs, *guacamole*, and rich soups; even her *frijoles* came in a little loaf sprinkled with cheese and *nata*. After my meals Doña Marta would come and talk to me while I had my coffee and ask if the food was good enough for a young man who spent all his days painting in the streets.

Doña Marta looked as though she'd had good food all her life. She was somewhere between forty and fifty—one could hardly make an exact guess—and she was very large and handsome with a fine shrewd, rather severe face banded with thick coarse hair that fitted her cheeks so closely it might have been a wig. She had the clearest skin I've ever seen, brown but with a clear icy pallor, almost greenish, underneath. Her voice was deep, manly with an air of authority, good-humored but inflexible.

In her house everything was immaculate, the red tiled floors, the bed linen, the pots hanging in the kitchen. The kitchen was the nicest room in the house:

there were patches of old tiles showing on the walls, an old tiled charcoal stove, and all the pots were beautiful. It was always filled with the sugary, caramel odors of Doña Marta's cookery, for here she superintended the making of those candies that were packed into frail little wooden boxes and sold, so she told me, at a very good profit. She said they were shipped to all parts of the Republic, and while she hadn't been making them long she was already getting a name for herself. Every morning she went to market to buy the fruits for them, followed by two of her maids carrying great baskets. These came back loaded with quinces, guavas, yams, slices of coconut, and even cactus fruit. From the expression of her face I knew she had been driving triumphant bargains. Her maids were all very small and brown and wore blackish-blue rebozos. They spoke in such delicate voices they always sounded like a concourse of insects or birds. Doña Marta said none of them knew much about cookery. It was a lost art in Mexico she said, and then she would begin to describe to me dishes made in her mother's kitchen in Sinaloa that would make my mouth water, old-fashioned Mexican dishes that took hours, sometimes even days to prepare. Never made now she said. What a pity! And then in this city the cooking never had amounted to much.

She didn't think much of this city. She hadn't lived here long and her house

was a rented house. As soon as she told me this I realized that almost nothing in it, except in the kitchen, would have been put there by Doña Marta herself. In the *sala* the white starched curtains at the long windows, the palms on tall stands, the rosewood Victorian furniture, upholstered in red velvet, were all the remains of the former occupant and left there by Doña Marta as a concession of some sort. Who, for instance, could imagine her hanging the portière of beads which trembled before the door of my bedroom and was supposed to shield me, when the door was left open, from the formality of the *sala*? What intimate part of the house was Doña Marta's own, I never saw and couldn't imagine it. When I got up she was always dressed and in her kitchen and no matter how late I got in she was still up and moving about the house.

Once or twice I asked people I met in the town about her but no one seemed to have much to say. They all said she hadn't been there long, but it was easy to see she was a respectable, capable woman, the kind that Mexicans, and all peoples for that matter, admire. The lawyer Ramirez when I once asked him a question about her looked at me very steadily and said that Doña Marta was a remarkable woman and that I was lucky to have persuaded her to take me in. I agreed with him heartily. He used to come to the house every now and then and he and Doña Marta would sit in a corner of the *sala* on two stiff chairs, talking earnestly in low voices. She had other visitors too, mostly women like herself, middle-aged, in comfortable circumstances, widows perhaps or women who had outgrown the more pressing cares of their families. One or two seemed very poor and these Doña Marta took out to her kitchen where I suppose she filled them with rice and *mole* and her good strong chocolate.

After a few more weeks Doña Marta and I became even more friendly. Our talks over the coffee grew longer and sometimes she asked me to go to market with her. She criticized my pictures

freely and gave me advice on what to see and do and what periodicals to subscribe to for improving my Spanish. I could see she was a woman who instinctively dominated everyone she came in contact with, but she did it with a great reserve. She never asked me those teasing, intimate questions which women, whether motherly or amorous, usually can't resist. Her own life she kept quite separate from mine and it was a vigorous, full life whose sources remained always secret. Sometimes I imagined that her greatest concession of all was taking a young man to board in her house.

One day I was walking with her round the market when she stopped to speak to a man and his daughter. The man I'd seen several times before. He was a Spaniard about sixty or more. I had been told he was the manager of a mine in the neighborhood and was very well off. His name was Don Oscar Linares. It was strange to see him now on foot, for he was always on horseback, and even now he wore riding breeches and silver spurs and carried a whip as though he had just got off his horse. He wore a large hat and round his big paunch a stamped leather belt, and his great gray mustachios and beard were brushed out like a Sikh's. Yes he was really magnificent, with all the masculine dandyism and swagger of an accomplished horseman. The daughter was well dressed too in some thin dark stuff, and I noticed she wore French-looking patent-leather slippers with high heels; but instead of a hat, a black lace shawl covered her head. She had probably just come from the Cathedral across the plaza. When Doña Marta presented me she bent her head forward and then turned slightly and her shyness seemed so painful it embarrassed me a little and I looked quickly away from her. Her name was Doña Azucena.

Don Oscar began to talk to us in a harsh voice that was full of badly suppressed anger. I could feel at once that he had known Doña Marta for some time and that he disliked her enough to be rude to her, perhaps even to do her an

injury. He complimented her first very flowerily on her appearance of good health and activity and then said, "I see your charm has drawn still another fly into your net." And when she did not answer he said to me, "I've seen you, sir, several times about the city. You're a painter I believe."

"I am," I said.

"You're fortunate to have this beautiful country at your disposal," he said. "It should be a painter's dream, for I notice they always prefer what is most backward and ruinous and lacking in every convenience that man has made for himself."

I said, "That's an old-fashioned notion, quite out of date now with painters. Still I see a great deal to paint here quite different from what you suggest. And," I added, partly to tease him and partly because I meant it, "I should like to paint you."

His vanity couldn't resist this. He smiled a little. "I see you have an eye for character," he said, "perhaps even for the grotesque. But you don't see me at my best." He twirled his long mustache. "I haven't always worn this beard," he said, "you mustn't take it seriously. It's just a caprice of mine."

"I admire it," I assured him.

"So does he," said Doña Marta smiling. "But the one you should paint is Azucena here."

As she spoke I knew from the tone of her last words that she regretted it almost instantly and Don Oscar knew it too. He snapped it up. "Yes," he said, "I must commission you to paint my daughter. I've been wanting her portrait for a long time."

The girl looked up at Doña Marta with an expression of pained surprise and I really saw her for the first time. Her face was so luminous, even under a thick coat of powder, that it was bluish in all the shadows and the edges were so white they distracted the eye like the edges of a pearl. It was a long oval, perhaps too narrow, but the bones were sensitively and exquisitely modelled. The mouth,

unpainted, was hardly visible but the immense dark eyes controlled the face and above her high forehead rolls of black hair lifted her veil like wings. Don Oscar enjoyed my astonishment for I could not at first even speak.

"Yes," he said, looking from me to Doña Marta. "I must certainly have her portrait. You wouldn't object to undertaking it I suppose?"

"I'd be very honored indeed, sir."

"I'll send you a note," he said. "To-morrow probably, for I imagine your time with our delightful friend here is limited. Yes, to-morrow." He slashed his boots with his whip immensely pleased with himself. "To-morrow," he repeated. Then he shook my hand and said, "At your disposition sir," and he and his daughter walked away.

I started to question Doña Marta about him, but her face was severe with such dislike of him and chagrin at having given him an opening to become friendly with me that I quickly refrained.

Later over my coffee she began to talk of him of her own accord.

"He is a Spaniard by birth," she said, "but he has lived here since he was a young lad, so long that he has taken citizenship papers and for years now he has been a Mexican subject."

"He seems a violent sort of fellow," I said. "I don't know why I should think so, but I have the distinct feeling that he would stop at nothing. Is that so?"

"It is. And he is most violent against order and tradition. He is a communist, a member of the P.N.R.—the *Partido Nacional Revolucionario*—and he is the best-known anti-clerical of these parts. He agitates most strongly against the Church. He says the Church has been the curse of Mexico and his own country. I have heard of several priests executed at his insistence not long ago, although," she added honestly, "that may not be true. It was a rumor however at the time."

"Well, he seems quite a boy," I said.

She looked puzzled at my translation and I returned to more orthodox Span-

ish. "How does he manage to be rich," I asked, "if he's such a communist?"

She shrugged her broad shoulders. "You must ask him that. He is in favor of dividing the profits of the mine among the workers. Or so he says. But as to politics, who should understand them? He is a strong man and the strong have it all their own way till the finger of God touches them."

"He has a beautiful daughter."

Doña Marta looked at me somberly. "She has a beautiful soul," she said.

The next morning a note was brought from Don Oscar asking me to come that afternoon to paint the portrait of his daughter. I found his house to be a very fine old one but he had made it as modern as he could with modernistic furniture from Mexico City. In one corner of the patio which had an eighteenth-century fountain of bright Puebla tiles, he had installed a large electric refrigerator. I could see no traces of the daughter's hand about the place. Even the plants in the patio seemed dried and unwatered and long feathery weeds sprouted from the neglected pots.

I painted her in the patio on the shady side, and I found it from the very beginning an almost impossible task. In spite of her extraordinary beauty there seemed to be nothing of her to paint. Just as the edges of her delicate face seemed to melt away, so her whole personality was unearthly and uncapturable. If I turned my head away I half expected to find her vanished when I looked back. She spoke to me in as few words as possible.

"Are you fond of pictures, Señorita?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "sometimes."

"What artists do you prefer?"

She hesitated, then said vaguely, "But I don't remember."

"Do you ride, Señorita?"

"I used to ride," she said. "Not now."

"Have you been to the United States?"

"No."

"To Spain?"

"No."

And so it went. An old brown woman in a rebozo sat and watched us and servants from the kitchen end of the patio came and peered now and then at the canvas. Don Oscar came in and out of a sort of office at the entrance to the patio. There was a sign on his door—*Mina Santa Espiritu Pagos—Sábado 3-6 P.M.* He seemed quite satisfied with my work, but I felt that what satisfied him most was my presence in the house. He talked a great deal as though to make up for his daughter's silence. Once he brought me a newspaper opened at a certain article.

"Read that," he said, "when you have time. It is very strongly put. An article on the confiscation of church property. Ah, that was the best thing we ever tried to do. But would you believe it, there are still those ready to defend them, the leeches, the bloodsuckers! Why in the State of Vera Cruz do you know how many priests there are? One to each two hundred and fifty thousand. And here in this town how many? Five—imagine it, five. For a wedding their bottom price is ten pesos, for a christening two fifty. Ah, they still line their nests well in spite of us. But read this," he repeated, "it will show you what we've been able to do. There are thousands of them in exile now, priests and nuns too, and their property distributed where it will do most good."

Later he came back to be sure I would read it, telling me again how pungently, how strongly written it was. "You must hear other points of view," he said, "than those of a bigoted old woman."

"If you mean Doña Marta," I said, "we don't talk of religion."

"Perhaps not," he replied, "but the atmosphere created by old women is inimical to free thought."

I struggled on with my picture. "Your daughter is very difficult to paint," I said despairingly.

His voice suddenly echoed my despair. "Yes, she is difficult, she is difficult," he said. In spite of myself I couldn't help liking the old fellow.

I was to come next day. As soon as I

had left the house I wanted to go right back and begin again. I felt all the exasperation of unsuccessful work, but more than that. Once away from the girl, her image, that had been so vaporous, took on at once a precise and terrifying clarity. I felt I could easily complete the portrait in a few strokes. And yet I did not, when the image at last became clear, feel I possessed it fully and finally. On the contrary its sharp lucidity I knew was transitory, was the sort of vision that would at any moment elude me again. By the time I reached Doña Marta's house it had eluded me and I was consumed by a restless, desperate thirst to recapture it. Every other desire seemed to me wiped from my imagination.

Doña Marta met me coming in. "Well how did it go?" she asked. She gave me a hard, questioning look.

"Badly, very badly," I said.

I thought this answer satisfied her.

That night I scarcely slept and the next day before it was time to go to Don Oscar's house I sat drinking my coffee in the *sala*. Doña Marta for the first time did not join me. From the kitchen came the rich, sugary odor of her cooking. Just as I was leaving she came to the door.

"Excuse my absence," she said. "I have a large consignment of candy which has been ordered. I must get it ready on short notice and I am very busy."

This time it went as badly as before. I tried to talk to Azucena with as little success, and Don Oscar walked in and out, prodding me with questions about myself, where I lived, who my family were, what I did with my life. I answered him, aware that they were almost the questions put to an aspiring suitor or to a possible one who is already looked on with some consideration by the family. But I did not resent it—unless it were for the sake of Azucena, who listened with remote distaste. Her whole personality drew farther and farther from me. It seemed that we both, her father and I, in some manner hopelessly pursued her.

That evening Doña Marta met me coming in.

"How's the candy?" I said.

"Done and off," she answered briskly. Her face was flushed. I could tell she had been over the stove most of the day. "I count myself fifty pesos to the good," she said.

"Congratulations."

"And you," she asked, "how did it go to-day?"

"Badly again. It seems I can't paint her."

She looked so smug I felt suddenly angry.

"I don't know why you can't," she said affably. "You're a very able painter I should say, though of course I'm no judge."

"I know why," I said; "for two reasons. First, she's beautiful, and beauty of all sorts has been painted to death. And besides that, I think I've fallen in love with her."

In her clear brown skin the icy undertone suddenly showed through. The blood had rushed from her face. "That's not true," she cried. "It can't be true."

"But it is," I said. "Why not? Why shouldn't it be true?"

"She's not for you," she said.

Her dominating sureness made me insolent. "Maybe she is," I said. "How should you know?"

She turned and went out.

After that we never spoke of her. Doña Marta joined me at coffee as before and was kind to me as before. Sometimes I went to market with her but she never spoke of Azucena or Don Oscar or the portrait. I went about the town in the mornings and tried to paint other things. But I only lived until afternoon when I sat with Azucena in the patio. Even Don Oscar knew the portrait was bad, but he was always encouraging me. "Go on," he said, "it begins to look like her round the eyes."

He left me alone with her now and the old brown mummy of a nurse disappeared. I could have said anything I wanted to her and no one would have stopped me. I had every opportunity but I couldn't say a word. When we

were alone I painted furiously in silence. What should I say? "Do you like dancing? Are you fond of flowers?" And hear her foolish answers. No that had nothing to do with us. None of that was between us. And what was between us? It seemed to me that it could only be expressed in some mysterious manner, some new unheard-of word, some gesture never before attempted by man. At times when I left the house my sense of having left a special world was so intense that I would walk for blocks without knowing where I was until I found myself suddenly in some strange quarter far from Doña Marta's house.

This went on for over a week. Don Oscar wasn't displeased that the portrait went no faster. He kept telling me to take my time. "We have the summer before us," he would exclaim almost jovially. He invited me into his office for a *copita* one day just as I was leaving. Sitting behind his desk, he poured two glasses of *Habanero* and then he took out a little pink celluloid comb and combed his beard with two or three agitated strokes.

"In the matter of progress," he said, "the human race is discouraging, but I suppose that is to be expected. What we say in effect to a man is this, 'Take this new idea, take this stick of dynamite, it will explode, it will tear you to pieces, but in the end it will do you good.' That is, of course, hard for him to believe, eh? And as for the women . . ." He put the little comb away in his vest pocket. "For women! Try to make them believe that destruction is the life force of the human race." He went on talking of politics in Mexico and then came back abruptly to the subject of women. "I would as soon explain life to my horse Palomino as to my daughter. But there exactly is my mistake. For women there is no explaining. It must be lived, that is all they can understand. And it is for us to see they live."

I agreed and we had another *copita*. As I left he put his arm for a moment affectionately across my shoulders.

It was the day after this that I went to the Cathedral early in the morning. I hadn't been able to sleep. It was a fiesta day, and bands and fireworks and church bells had begun long before daybreak. I got up about six-thirty and walked down the cool streets, streaming with white-clad Indians. I followed them unconsciously toward the plaza where they were opening their little booths and stalls and setting out their mats on the cobbles. I walked about for awhile, looking at their pots and baskets, their bright cottons and brighter fruits and vegetables and then, seeing a few people go in the Cathedral, I went in myself. It was very dusky there. Before a haze of candles at a side altar a low mass was being said. I wandered around, looking up at the dense jungles of the gold Baroque altars, examining some pictures by Cabral. A confessional with a very charming scroll design along the top took my eye.

The confessionals are now required to be open so that anyone may see the priest and the penitent. I had no wish to take advantage of this by staring, but suddenly I saw the penitent was Azucena. I walked quickly by but sat down on a bench where I could still see her back. The whiteness of her neck in the dark church disturbed me terribly. I could see it gleaming between her black hair and her black dress. Her neck drooped forward like a woman who has fainted. The murmur of her voice and the priest's just reached me, and I knew at once that the sick thumping of my heart was jealousy. What was she saying to that priest that she could never say to me? What had she done that I should never know? Why should there be some communication, some mystery between them?

When she got up she passed me, her eyes down, and I don't believe she saw me. I followed her as far as the front door where I stood in the portico and watched her cross the plaza. It was still so early that only Indians and a few household servants were about. She threaded her way quickly among the crouching Indians, and her feet seemed to



have a strange lightness as though they carried her toward a happiness she could scarcely wait for. I couldn't endure this swiftness, this apparent joy that took her still farther from me. I was about to run across the plaza after her when just at the little blue band kiosk she suddenly stopped. A woman who had been waiting there on a bench, in the shadow of the trees, got up and held out both hands to her. They looked at each other a moment and then quickly embraced, so quickly that before I realized it they were walking away decorously side by side. The woman was Doña Marta.

I went home and sat alone in the little *sala* drinking my morning coffee, picking at my roll of sweet bread.

"Is Doña Marta here?" I asked the little Indian maid.

"Horita" (immediately), she told me. And before I had finished Doña Marta came in. She was fresh and handsome and full of life. As she walked across the room toward me her step too was swift and light and carried her not toward me but toward some unknown delight.

"It is Sunday," she told me, "and also it is a fiesta. The poor souls will be permitted to celebrate. The bishop has come from Mexico to say a high mass and in the afternoon there will be *castillos* in the plaza. You have never seen a *castillo*? You will enjoy it."

She smiled at me benignly and I hated her. Her house was horrible to me and the secret she filled it with, had filled it with all along, was poisonous and fateful. She saw I hated her and her face changed slowly. She stood looking down at me.

"Will you be here much longer?" she asked.

"Why do you ask?" I said. "Do you want to get rid of me?"

"No, no," she answered, "but I have a feeling you are not happy here."

"I'm not happy. Anyone can see that. But unless you send me away, I'm not going."

She looked at me a long time. Then she shook her head gravely. "Don't go," she said. "All things will come at their

appointed time. No, stay." And she suddenly laid her hand gently on my shoulder. For a moment my hatred of her lifted and I could almost have leaned against her strong arm.

"Will you come on an errand with me?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, and I got up and went out with her.

She gave me her basket to carry. It held some of her little candy boxes. "I am taking these to the Ramirez children," she said. "It's the feast day of the eldest."

By this time the plaza was crowded with people. The band in the kiosk was tuning up. We could scarcely, with many *con permisos*, elbow our way through. I went ahead to make way for her. At the edge of the curb the crowd suddenly scattered and Don Oscar rode by on his horse Palomino, a gray, spotted Arab-looking creature, round-barreled, high-crested, with a strong sprouting tail. He saw me and reined back suddenly. The horse reared, pranced delicately backward. The crowd murmured its admiration. Yes, he was magnificent. Old, with his grotesque fan of beard, his paunch reaching to the high pommel, he still managed to be elegant, masculine, violent.

"Aha," he called down to me. "I have just sent a note to you. No portrait today, as a covey of relatives has come to town. Do us the honor, however, to join us this evening in a little celebration. At nine-thirty."

He was in the best of good humor, but suddenly his face darkened. He had seen Doña Marta just behind me. He held his horse dancing there before us, looking us both over, appraising us. Then he leaned down to look in the basket I carried and picked up one of the frail little wooden boxes. He cracked it with a finger and thumb, examined it, and then cleaned it suddenly with his tongue. He threw the box aside and sucked in his lips violently.

"H'm," he said. "H'm, not bad really. I've never sampled your candies before, Doña Marta. As a matter of fact it has a

reminiscent taste. It is like a certain sweet I used to get from Celaya, from a convent there. Those nuns we drove out, but when I taste this it almost seems a pity." And to me he said, "The nuns of Celaya were famous for their sweets."

Doña Marta said nothing. She stood smiling quietly, though I thought she must have known that in comparing her candy to that made by nuns he gave her one of the greatest insults in his power.

With a flourish of his great hat he rode off, and we went on our way to the house of the lawyer Ramirez and delivered the candy to the oldest child.

That afternoon her house was very still in the midst of the noise of the fiesta. Where Doña Marta had gone I didn't know, but as I couldn't paint, I lay on the bed in my room and listened to the bands playing in the distance, to rockets tearing the air like a great rent of silk, to church bells breaking into sudden clangors. In the silences between, flies buzzed in the still air of my room. The plate beside my bed was heaped with cigarette ends. I lay for a long time in a state between sleep and waking, almost between life and death, with only one thought in my consciousness. Whatever she is, no matter what this woman tries to put between us, to-night I'll see her again. And then I must have slept out of very exhaustion at the barriers that lay ahead, for I knew in some way that what Doña Marta had opposed to me was very nearly insuperable.

I must have slept heavily because even when I heard my door opening gently I couldn't make the effort to open my eyes. For a moment I had forgotten everything, where I was and all that had happened; for a blessed, white moment I returned to my former innocence and I knew neither Doña Marta nor Azucena. Then I opened my eyes and the room was sunk in late afternoon twilight. My hat with the red cord hung on the wall, my stacks of canvas were in the corner, I had flung my coat across a chair. The room was empty but the portière before the door still trembled slightly from the hand that

had touched it. Then consciousness came back like a slow, growing pain.

I heard voices very low and, turning on my side, I saw through the rainlike curtain of beads the two women sitting in the *sala* on a rosewood sofa. Their heads were close and their voices low. It seemed to me that Azucena's hands were clasped in Doña Marta's lap. I watched them for a time, hearing their voices but catching no word. Then I saw Doña Marta lift her head and look past Azucena toward my door and her voice grew much louder. Unconsciously Azucena also spoke more loudly, and I began to understand what they said; as whoever had opened my door had meant I should. Yes, I could see Doña Marta stealthily opening it, then seeing me asleep, making just enough noise to wake me, just enough so that I should hear what she wanted me to hear. And what she wanted me to hear would be horrible to me.

They talked, as I had perhaps known they would, of love. But it was Azucena who talked and Doña Marta who listened. Her voice was quite strange to me, the hurried, rapt, bold voice of a lover.

"I have no words to tell you," she said. "Because it is another life, and my understanding is a stranger to it. All of the body of this life seems blind, deaf, and my soul suspended, outside of it."

"Yes, yes," said Doña Marta, "and to me sometimes too it comes like this."

"Then there is a light, slow at first but gradually stronger, greater. It inundates this poor soul, drowns it, so that this soul blooms first like a bud, then like a flower. Ah, I can say no more. Perhaps it is only pride. Can it be pride? . . ."

Her words showered like fiery sparks in the dusk. I thought my heart would burst with sudden agony.

"Last night," she said, "I think my body was lifted from the ground and I fell into a sort of faint from joy. I thought: so was my soul also lifted up—into another life, out of this husk, this shell. So will it bloom in its true life, the life of spirit and of love. Ah, tell me is

this true? Is it not pride? Sent by Satan to try me. Ah, no that can't be true. It is from Him I know. Tell me it is from Him."

"Be sure it is from Him," said Doña Marta.

And then I knew the love they talked of was the love of God. I lay then in a sort of dream, a mystery, while I saw Doña Marta get up and light two long wax candles in the dim room. I saw her come back and sit down again in the light. She wore a long black robe and a cord round her waist; on her head hung a black veil, and from her neck a silver cross. Azucena

slipped to the floor before her and leaned her head on her knee. Doña Marta put her hand gently on her head.

"The bishop will come at eight to-night," she said. "All you have told me you must tell him. Then before us two you may pronounce your vows. My beloved child."

I lay there hearing nothing more. And presently they got up and went into another room.

When they were gone I repeated aloud Don Oscar's words, his foolish, helpless words: "The nuns of Celaya were famous for their sweets."

SUPPLICATION

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

HERE where no increase is,
 Blossom, nor bud, nor fruit—
 Scattered the pregnant seed,
 Withered the sturdy root—
 Lord, for my desperate need,
 Help me to compass this:

*Out of the twisted heart,
 Out of the bleeding side,
 Out of each empty hand
 Fashion me something for pride—
 Something enduring, to stand
 Living, vital, apart!*

*Something that is not I,
 But born of my dearth and pain—
 By the suns I never knew
 Made strong for the lashing rain.
 Holding both honey and dew
 Up to a tenderer sky—*

Holding them not in vain!



FUNDAMENTALISM AND THE HIGHER LEARNING

BY JOHN A. RICE

THE American is now where the Greek was when he began to be something; the president of the University of Chicago, in a recent encyclical in *HARPER'S*, would have us begin with Aristotle, when the Greek began to be nothing. The sure sign of beginning decay was his preoccupation with grammar and rhetoric, and the final pouring of the mold of logic. Before Aristotle's time the young Greek was encouraged in his education to become a man of action as well as of forethought and reflection; afterward action and forethought—what was the use of forethought now?—were left out and he became a man of reflection, of reflection not on his own actions and thoughts, but on the actions and thoughts of others; and in the end he was concerned mainly with reflection upon the reflections of others. He was now acquainted with the best that had been said and thought and was ready for the grave. The great man then was to be found in the library at Alexandria, getting his education entirely from books, or so he thought, the perfect grammarian. Irreverence called him buzzer-in-the-corner.

The education which President Hutchins proposes consists in the acquisition of a common stock of fundamental ideas from "those books which have through the centuries attained to the dimensions of classics. Many such books, I am afraid, are in the ancient and medieval period," and will have to be read in translation. He adds grammar, rhetoric, and

logic—in order to know how to read the classics—and mathematics. A general education based on these, the permanent studies, should be given, or communicated to—his words—everyone between the ages of sixteen and twenty. (At the present moment about one-third of them cannot learn from books; but we are to "have faith that the technological genius of America will solve the problem of communication.") As a beginning, the curriculum is proposed for Americans; but we are assured that it is the best for all young people between sixteen and twenty in all the world, under whatever political, social, or economic conditions, or wherever they happen to be living, now and forever. . . . I wonder.

One begins to get a whiff of the Middle Ages. The trivium is there—grammar, rhetoric, logic—and the quadrivium too, lumped together under mathematics. But it is not proposed to revive the medieval university, specifically not; for the education a student in the Middle Ages got was intimately bound up with his experience, with the life that he was living, whereas this new education, universal and everlasting, is explicitly to be removed from experience. "I shall not be attentive," says President Hutchins, "when you tell me that the plan of general education that I am about to present is remote from real life." And again, "To-day as yesterday [by yesterday he must mean the time when the classical curriculum was the only one offered, until

science came along and relieved us of that burden] we may leave experience to other institutions and influences, and emphasize in education the contribution that it is supremely fitted to make, the intellectual training of the young. The life they lead when they are out of our hands will give them experience enough. . . . In general education, therefore, we may wisely leave experience to life and set about our job of intellectual training."

Behind these statements lies the assumption that one knows what experience is and that there is such a thing as isolated experience. There seems to be no suspicion that to separate intellectual training from the locker-room and the fraternity house is merely logical, not real; and we ought to remind ourselves that logic, particularly if we are to make it one of the permanent studies, does not necessarily have anything to do with truth nor, for that matter, with the truth. Experience in college is in general different from experience afterward, if by the word you mean what as an onlooker you see happening to a person; but if you think of experience as the response that a person makes to these things that happen, then the case may be quite otherwise. Listening to the music of Beethoven, reading a play of Sophocles, and seeing the same play, may be, to the one who is doing the listening, reading, and seeing, essentially the same experience, while to his observer they are quite different. It is the quality of the experience that counts, and the same quality may be got in different ways. Why then exclude from a general education all but one means of getting experience? Why include what can be printed and leave out what must be seen or heard? To some, Æschylus and the sculpture of Chichen-Itza are in quality very near together. But we are to exclude one because it cannot be got from a book.

Experiences also sometimes affect one another. To read a play is good, to see a play is better, but to act in a play however awkwardly is to realize a subtle relationship between sound and movement. But there may be experience that de-

pends upon one medium, at least for its fullest realization. There are certain works of artists that stand out alone, almost detached from other things, final and complete, beyond the reach of language. But Blake's drawings are to be regarded as unnecessary for a general education, while his poems may be included if they have reached the antiquity required of classics.

II

It comes down to this: with all experience excluded except the experience of reading and thinking, with observation and experiment left out, the proposed education is to be got through spoken—or what is more remote—printed language. True, mathematics is included, to insure correctness in thinking, not as a poetic pursuit. The assumption seems to be that there is a one-to-one correspondence between language and thought. But is there, and do we know what language is, or thought? When we know more about thought we may find that it is a sort of running commentary on feeling, at times determined as to its direction by feeling; we may find that language is a running commentary on thought but not always, by any means, determined by thought. Or one might say, instead of commentary, selection. In fact, it looks as if thinking were a perpetual choosing of direction, and language, when consciously used, which doesn't happen too often, a kind of report of this choice. Anyone who says what he thinks, if at the same time he thinks what he is saying, is constantly aware of making a choice, and what he finally says is a selection from what he has been thinking. But what determines the choice? Is it thought or is it language or is it something else? If by any chance you ever say what you think without thinking what you say, it is obviously often language that makes the choice, and there may be no thought discoverable in it anywhere. Here language calls for language as one tune calls for another. As a matter of fact, that is just what it is, one tune calling for an-

other; for conventional language, which is what we mostly use, is made up of recollected speech-tunes or segments of sound. Listen to any tea-table conversation, it is one ditty after another; or to most lectures and commencement addresses, and all oratory. The printed scores of these tunes can be seen in the kind of journalism that is contracted for by newspapers and magazines. The only thing that the writer has to decide is the direction in which he is going to squirt. That having been determined, he can squirt easily along for as many pages as he is paid for without thought or meaning. To break through the crust of language to the consciousness of the reader requires not only consciousness on the part of the writer but is expensive of time and thought. It is cheaper and more remunerative to do it the other way.

What I am saying here is that much language has no meaning, and the acquisition of a large vocabulary, a more complicated set of tunes, is no sign that its possessor is better off than the ditch-digger. He may be worse off. The ditch-digger is not likely to be found in a psychiatric ward as the result of the tension between his words and his meanings. Go to any university and ask to meet the best students. You will frequently find them nervous, unstrung, maladjusted within themselves and to others—but able to talk. Brilliant, and wretched. Why? I suggest that one reason is that they are being torn to pieces between their magnificent vocabulary and their own puny meanings. But sometimes they can only write and may be worse off still; for writing is in peril of being two steps removed from meaning.

Even when language is a fair approximation to the thought that is in the writer or speaker's mind, we still do not know whether there are "laws of thought" nor, if so, what they are. And we do not know what starts thought nor what stops it, nor how to account for the direction it takes. Take mathematics, which is pure in the sense of being farthest removed from experience, and even here you will

find its practitioner stumped, unable to go on. Why? How does it come about that one single mathematician has not thought all mathematics for all time? It looks as if feeling may come in somewhere. We see people with good intellectual habits suddenly begin to think in the strangest ways. Bacon had good intellectual habits, and we know to what uses he put them. Lord Bryce had good intellectual habits, and he left as his epitaph the report on Belgian atrocities. Is it possible that we think what we want to think?

If we do not think as we want to think, if "truth is equally known by all," it is difficult to account for the acrimony of scientific meetings or the discord we find among philosophers. When does the scientist or philosopher form an emotional attachment to a theory; before he has proved it or after? For a long time the Darwinians would give no quarter to the followers of Lamarck, and the two sides are still jockeying for position on the distant borders of the academic world. Most professors of science are teaching what they learned in college and don't know that anything has happened since. They live happily in the omniscience of the nineteenth century and are as dogmatic as their brother divines of a century earlier. It is no better among the purveyors of philosophy in the colleges and universities. The Hegelian tips his nose at the upstart Pragmatist and the Platonist covers them both with inclusive scorn. One begins to wonder what these "first principles" are that we hear so much about. Is it possible that they are myths? We ought to be closing in on certainty after this long time.

If we do think as we want to think, it looks as if we ought to begin to consider education as a thing concerned at least in part with how people feel. If we do not, somebody else will, and all our structure of thought will disappear as quickly as it has in Nazi Germany. There was a country where the universities were concerned with pure thought, where the keenest thinking of the modern world was being

done. And yet not a word was heard from the seats of learning when the house-painter appeared and roused the Germans to feeling. While intellection was being sharpened and polished, savagery was going its way, waiting for a chance. If we think this cannot happen here we are fools.

III

To nothing has reverence been paid more stupidly than to the classics. We do not read them as tracts for the times, which is what most of them were, but as distillations of pure reason, and we play the game of matching one abstraction against another until all meaning is drowned in a sea of words. Or we do worse, we worship ourselves in them. I have never known a Platonist who did not hold Plato up as a mirror of himself, nor an Aristotelian who did not think his own dry and brittle mind a duplicate of the master's. We choose our philosophies as we do our clothes, to set us off. What poses as cosmic in its nature turns out to be merely cosmetic.

This is clearly to be seen in the translations of the classics—and remember, many are to be read in translation. There are few good translations. By a good translation I mean one that says what the author would have said as he would have said it if he had been writing English, not one in which the translator translates himself into the author. Jowett makes Plato out a liberal, rather low church, almost evangelical; Shorey presents him as a Tory. Which is Plato? Or take Homer. To Butcher and Lange Odysseus was an Arthurian knight albeit slightly tarnished; to Lawrence a very shady character. Murray's Euripides might be living at Hull House.

Some of the classics would be as forgotten as they are dead if they were not used as professional sign-boards. There are scholars who find justification for their existence in the ability to tell you all about some ancient grammarian or orator or some medieval saint.

If students could learn from the classics

the folly of trusting to intellection alone, and see that we must include experience, not leaving experience to the future, to "life," but experience here and now, this very moment, I should be all for it. When the classics are great, what makes them great is that they dignify the stuff of their own times. If their writers could hear our adulation slopping about their feet they would be puzzled. They would wonder why we distrust our contemporaries; they would find it strange that we in turn do not write for our age and about our age and leave it to future bumbleres to discover whether the things we write are great. They might add to our discomfort by reminding us that if their contemporaries had thought the way we do they would have had no hearing in their day but would have had to wait until they were well pickled by time. And they would be amazed to hear that we are obliged to learn grammar and the rules of speaking and writing before we can hope to understand them. But then of course many of the authors of the classics were not educated men.

The classics did not come out of nothing; they were not immaculately conceived. Every one is muddy with the muck of its own day. Part of the stuff of the ancient classics is slavery, fatalism, and the permanent inequality of men and women, and back of the classics of the Middle Ages lies medieval Catholicism. If we see life through antique eyes no wonder our vision is astigmatic.

But even if education is to be entirely from books we do not need to retreat to antiquity or the Middle Ages. English literature offers a store as rich and more intelligible. Whatever one's judgment otherwise, Homer, in translation, is inferior to Chaucer; Sophocles and Terence to Shakespeare; Horace and Catullus to Keats; Vergil to Milton. No writer of closely packed prose has ever equalled Sir Thomas Browne, nor any pen cut deeper than Swift's. There is no ancient Boswell. These are fairly well seasoned. If you can stand a little bootleg stuff, Gertrude Stein's *Lectures in America* is

headier than Aristotle's *Poetics* or Horace's *Ars Poetica*. And, if that will make it more palatable, harder reading.

But I should never be willing to make even these books required reading as a part of general education, for I am attentive to the ancient saying that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." If you are unwilling to wait until the moment comes when a book can have meaning for a student, until the author can speak directly to him through the text, you create a necessity for interpretation; the student will be told what the teacher thinks the author means, and ultimately the requirement will be that the student regurgitate another's interpretation. This will bring us back to the old game of studying the teacher.

But this is not the only objection to making the classics required reading. Out of regard for the classics as well as the students, it makes one unhappy to think of some books dragged through the muddy ruts of required courses. To millions of Americans Shakespeare is a hateful name. It is also well to remember that when any subject or set of subjects is set up as required we tend by our choice to drive the student away from what is merely optional, however useful and necessary the optional subject may be to him. It is a notorious fact that a subject that is not included in the schools at Oxford gets little attention from the undergraduate. Colonial history, for instance, met with indifference there; but who would be so rash as to say that colonial history is unimportant to the Britisher?

This is not all the injury that is proposed to do the student and the classics. The offense is completed by setting up a system of examinations. Sir Walter Raleigh used to say that when Plato said "the unexamined life is no life" he was not referring to the examinations in the final honor schools at Oxford. And those who are insistent upon setting up an educational system on examination alone would be wise to have a look at Oxford, where another slow decline is now setting

in, caused in part by its examination system. Every don is a tired coach or examiner or both, with little chance to move outside a narrow range. And it will be the same with us when we have set up our curriculum of the permanent studies. Teachers and students alike will become slaves to the past. It will be vastly more important to know what Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas have to say about a thing than to know what is being done about the same kind of thing in Washington.

The question is whether we are to say that a man who is good can pass examinations or that a man who can pass examinations is good. Educational institutions incline to the latter view and set up elaborate systems to guard themselves against giving a wrong opinion, whereas the world outside finds that insignia conferred by universities and colleges are like actuarial tables: they have no meaning as applied to individuals. We may as well give up the idea that we can confer on anyone degrees that will certainly have significance ten years later. There is many an ass now walking the earth whose wish to be called an educated man has been gratified by Oxford or Harvard. There is no academic filter against asininity.

IV

The objection is raised that if there is no required curriculum there is no content in education. This is a foolish saying. No two people can go through any curriculum and come out with the same content. Would anyone seriously maintain that the poet and the beef-eater put through four years of the permanent studies will have the same education, or any two poets or any two beef-eaters? All that you will be able to say, if your test is by examination, is that they have about the same vocabulary.

By the time an American is sixteen years of age his mind is gravid with vocabulary. During the preceding years he has been unconsciously hearing words, which may carry ideas to others, but to him are

only sounds. As a rule he is incapable of using them, that is, he cannot set them into the patterns in which they came to him. If he is precocious, particularly if he has a distaste for the technological interests of his age-fellows, he will yield to the temptation to impress with his stock of words his teachers who are not themselves able always to distinguish the difference between words and meanings. Many parents of college students will bear me out when I record the painful suffering caused by listening to the wise young man or woman home for vacation singing tunes of abstractions, and will share my dismay at the prospect of their disillusionment when later they will be faced with the necessity of giving some account of their meanings.

This explains why the straight A student in college frequently makes a hash of things afterward. He has lived for years in an essentially unreal world and is shocked into unconsciousness by contact with reality; and no system of metaphysics, however well drilled into him, can save him from this shock; for the philosopher himself is usually a victim of the same kind of logic and the desire to complete the circle. Nothing can do greater disservice to a student than to send him out from college provided with a systematic philosophy, for it cannot possibly be his own and has probably never been anybody's. It is to send him out with a false sense of security, whereas the only fair thing is to say to him while he is in college and when he leaves, that security, if it comes to him at all, will come only when he is old. To impose a system of philosophy on even the most brilliant young mind is to leave a ragged fringe of things that have no meaning, and it is on this fringe that the world will strike him hard. We sometimes forget that systems of philosophy are the products of old age; and we have failed to follow the Socratic direction to teach the young how to become, not how to be, philosophers, and to show them that in their quest for certainty the only thing on which they can rely with assurance is the

experience of the quest. We should realize that there is a wisdom of youth as well as wisdom of old age.

It has been said that the difference between the freshman and the sophomore is that the freshman expects something to happen. If you meet him at the gate and tell him that he is to get his education from books, offering to let him share a common stock of fundamental ideas and admonishing him to take up his intellectual inheritance, he may sink down into the boredom that oppresses him now; and I would never give any man, dead or alive, in a book or out, a prescriptive right to bore his fellows. The American has shown his native wisdom in not being too eager to take up his intellectual inheritance. He is inclined to look askance at the European who has, and be cautious about making the same kind of world for himself. He suspects that there may be something wrong with the estate and, never given to the vice of abstraction, knows that no education that leaves action out is education for him. We should by now begin to learn that the American student's stubborn resistance to our impositions of what we are pleased to think of as pure thought shows his essential health. He knows, as we no longer know—if we ever knew it—that what he thinks must be tested by what he does and what he does must be tested by what he thinks. Action is still an essential part of the American character. When an American says, "Don't tell me what you think, show me what you do," we should not alienate him with cultured inattention and the offer of a book.

V

Not that I want to keep students away from books, at least not for ever. I want them to come to books, not slavishly, but in an honorable state; and to read complete books at that. I agree that textbooks are an abomination, but so is Thomas Aquinas if you haven't got your wits about you.

The artist, whether painter, poet, author, of whatever kind, takes the material

at hand and with it creates something which others find satisfactory. He shows us what he himself has seen, expressed in form. Then along comes some critic, some analyzer, and discovers this form which the artist has invented, and, comparing it with other things in the same field, he finds a number of likenesses in the way in which artists express themselves. Out of this comparison he then constructs, not forms—for forms are an integral part of the creative act—but formulæ. Now he is quite happy, for he can tell you and me how to write a novel or paint a picture or set up a perfect state or even how to think. He comes feet-first out of the water, rises gracefully into the air and lands on the diving board. He says in effect, "If you see how it is done you can do it yourself," which is an error in every field except the scientific. This accounts for the belief that there are rules for speaking, writing, and thinking, the belief that you can reverse creation. But in revealed education these "rules" are added to the permanent studies.

Nothing has been more productive of a misunderstanding of the English language, particularly for the American, than the study of English grammar, sired out of Latin by logic. Until recently the compiler of a book on English grammar has attempted to squeeze English into the forms of Latin; but English and Latin are different languages, and while it is true that the study of the Latin language may help one to know the English language, this is the case for the most part when, as sometimes happens in translating, one gets the meaning of the original and finds a way to express this meaning in English. The teaching of grammar also tends to reinforce the suspicion that printed English is unreliable as to sense except where there is some conversation or adventure. This deeply laid distrust of the printed word is driven still deeper when we are told that there are rules for writing as well as rules for speaking; but this ancient error still persists even among those whose delight it is to

call themselves educated. There might be some good to be got from the study of a real English grammar, if thereby this error were laid once for all; but even then the fact would remain that grammar is a record of how the language has been used in the past. Grammar is no complete guide to the future except for pigs.

As for rhetoric, if you take it in its used meaning, the very word has an unpleasant smell. It is one of the tricks of an unsavory trade. If you say that it contains the rules for writing and speaking then you say what is untrue. Rhetoric, taken in its least obnoxious sense, is a record of the formulæ for persuasion that have been used in the past.

Logic, like rhetoric, is the tool alike of the wise man and the ignoramus, of the good man and the fool. As in the case of rhetoric, there is no criterion or admonition within the discipline itself as to how it shall be used, and it is apt to be particularly vicious when unchecked by science and experience. William Jennings Bryan was rigorously logical, and so was Dr. Machen; so also are Communism and Fascism and Catholicism. It is not with their logic but with their premises that one may not agree. It is always about the premises that we quarrel; once they are accepted, the rest inexorably follows. If you begin with, "If there are permanent studies which every person who wishes to call himself educated should master," we know what comes next; if you add, "If those studies constitute our intellectual inheritance," the teeth of logic close down with, "Then those studies should be the center of a general education." There is no trouble with the logic; the trouble is with the *if's*. If I begin my reply with, "If I am dubious as to whether I wish to be called educated"—I might prefer to be educated—or if, persistently recalcitrant, I demur with, "If I am suspicious of my intellectual inheritance," or if, stubborn to to the point of facing whatever bonfire, I allow to escape the barrier of my teeth the utmost heresy, "If I, rather than the curriculum, am the center of a general

education," where do we go from there? It depends upon the meaning of the *if*, whether it is really conditional or a mere rhetorical trick. If *if* is *if*, I may yet escape, though perhaps not unscorched. If *if* is *is*, I invite the ominous words of excommunication.

Next comes Euclidean mathematics, completing the list of verbal studies. It is included in the belief that it will induce the intellectual habit of universal correctness in thinking. If this were its virtue we should expect to find that the most correct thinkers on every faculty are the professors of mathematics. I will leave it to those who know them to say whether this is true. But geometry is of course also non-verbal and might be used to induce correctness in seeing. There is a geometry underlying all art, completely non-verbal. But if it is used only as verbal science the prejudice thereby set up may totally obscure its other aspect. (It is a rare thing to find a Southerner who can see beauty in a Negro.)

This then is the education proposed for all Americans between the ages of sixteen and twenty—abstracted from action and experiment and all experience except the experience of thinking about thought, wandering round in the realm of pure reason and talking about it. If we are to exclude experience from education it is perhaps logical to refuse to learn from the experience of the past. But we might be sensible and recall the case-histories of members of the human race who have thought they were guided by pure reason alone. We are told that this kind of education will give irrelevant satisfaction to the student because it is coherent, comprehensible, and free from triviality. To be perversely logical: are we to recommend to the student everything that meets this test? If so, geocentric astronomy will do very well—the Middle Ages found it satisfactory—or, seriously, one of the religions that are struggling for the mastery of Europe, Roman Catholicism or Russian Catholicism which is Communism.

If we were willing to include a little

history we should realize that much of the literature of the past is a literature of protest. Isn't it pretty important to know what it was the authors didn't like? Lucretius hated the oppression of the religion of his day and pleads passionately for another equally malignant. Plato hated Athenian democracy and gently, persuasively leads us to Sparta, a better Sparta of course, but nevertheless Sparta. And we Americans had better look sharp or we too in our turn shall be led to Sparta. A fixed curriculum based on the eternal truths is a good beginning.

Aristotle is father of it all, although the great man would be amazed at the sight of his offspring. He is the one philosopher easiest to imitate. His mind is the bin from which we can draw our common stock of fundamental ideas. Every little philosopher wishing to implement his private stock needs only go to the community store, where he will find everything from wisdom to folly. Whether any idea is called fundamental is a matter of taste. The devil may quote scripture, but if he wants to make up a set of lecture notes Aristotle is his man.

Logic is Aristotle's child, and has littered the world with the either-or mind, which is all very well in its place, but its place is not everywhere. The trouble with it, as distinguished from the both-and mind, is that once having taken its stand, it is blind to any possibility of good in what it has rejected. Such expressions as "Please do not tell me," "I insist," "I shall not be attentive," show what I mean. The case is closed, the judgment final and infallible. There is nothing more to be said. Pax Romana for the mind. (This is not the voice of Athens.)

VI

An artist once told me of the torture of his school days when the teacher pinned his sleeves to the desk to keep him from drawing. The student whose medium was to be science suffered the same way under the classical curriculum. Unless it is desirable to make learning ex-

cept for the few as disagreeable as possible, we might let the student use his eyes on something more than print and his ears on something more than the sound of words. There are things to be learned through observation that cannot be learned any other way. Whatever cannot be expressed in words cannot be learned through words. You can only think thoughts, and thinking, along with everything else, has its limitations—whether your thought or another's. One of the most amusing things in the history of philosophy—a history in comparison with which Alice in Wonderland is a railway time-table—is the repeated building up of metaphysical systems on pure thought alone, only to have the tough-minded come along and kick the stone, or the philosopher. This leaving out of observation is what makes much of the science that we find in the classics, and especially medieval science, just plain funny.

But even observation is not enough. Science was made to serve the ulterior ends of theology until it resorted to experiment. The scientists, as soon as their sleeves were unpinned, went into action and put theology in its place. Pleased with their success, they threatened us with a dogmatism as baleful. Forgetful of their obscure origin, they became almost as arrogant as the manufacturer or advocate of pure reason. They failed to see that as you cannot learn all you might learn through thinking alone, so you cannot through observation and experiment alone. The danger to the world is now no longer from the old theology but from the scientist who gets beyond his depth and turns theologian. One of the most distressing sights of modern times is the scientist who becomes afraid in the presence of his own ignorance, the breakdown of the speculative way, the loss of the spirit of free inquiry.

Meanwhile the poets have the best of it. But even though the poets have told us nearly all we need to know about life, we cannot understand what they mean except by living. Æschylus says, "The

words of truth are simple." He is not inviting us to be simpletons. He is inviting us to see for ourselves whether this is true. We may read and say "That is so," or we may read and say "I must find out if that is so"; but whether it is "so" or not depends ultimately upon experience. The language of thought, to the conscious, is either confirmatory or suggestive.

A scientist shows you what you might have seen if you had been as good a scientist as he. An artist shows you what he and he alone can see. The one is concerned with discovering order in the world about him, the other with creating order; and this creation of order has as much to do with advancing the thinking of the race as the discoveries of the scientist. They are both, as well as the thinker, concerned with meaning, and once having become aware of meaning, they are then ready to find a medium for its expression. Frequently bunglers with language, they have expressed their meaning all the same, and I would not close their ways of discovery and creation to students by insisting on their relative unimportance, any more than I would be willing to close them to myself.

Education, instead of being the acquisition of a common stock of fundamental ideas, may well be a learning of a common way of doing things, a way of approach, a method of dealing with ideas or anything else. What you do with what you know is the important thing. To know is not enough.

The either-or mind will say that truth is the test experience or that experience is the test of truth. It will be unable to see that both statements may hold good. At any moment one's experience may be inadequate to comprise truth, or truth may be insufficiently comprehended to explain one's experience. If experience is disintegrated or narrow, or if truth is hard to get at, the wise man will try again for both. But if the student has it drummed into him that truth and experience are separate and distinct

he will be forced to make his choice, and we know what that choice will be. He, being young and foolhardy and not having reached that time of life when the fires begin to burn low and he can comfortably retire to the solitude of the cloister, will choose his own reality, which is experience. He will go away from college with amused and resentful contempt for the foetal creature that calls itself teacher. But if you begin by saying to him, "Of course experience is the important thing, but what is the meaning of your experience, what is its quality?" his birth into the world outside, which is also the world inside the college walls, may be less violent. He will not be faced with the choice of parting with his academic past or holding on to his alma mater by the umbilical cord of athletics, fraternity, friendship, or the ambition to be a writer. If you inquire into the grounds of his discontent or childishness you will find his resentment not so much against the books that were given him to read as against

the gap that lies between them and his own life.

Nor will the case be improved if you offer him in place of information a set of first principles, if you offer him a monkish education based on what you are pleased to call a common stock of fundamental ideas. He will turn away in healthy disgust and find such contentment as he can in extracurricular action. Not that he does not want ideas: his greatest longing is for them, but he wants ideas in use, to see them in action. His life is full of meanings, and he is looking for a way to express them, through language, through art, through science. But he will refuse to allow his active mind to be suffocated by a transparent glaze of meaningless abstractions. When every day offers the adventure of seeking the word for the meaning rather than the meaning for the word, when action and word merge and become one, then shall we have the higher learning in America, and not before.





CONSUMING EDUCATION

BY EDWARD A. RICHARDS

THIS article is about the education of people who have left school. Such articles generally begin or end with the statement: "After all, isn't everything in life educational, isn't all life education, if you look at it in the right way?" I shan't come near that rhetorical question, because it has almost nothing to do with the main facts about the education of grown-up Americans.

What are those facts? There is hardly any other question the answer to which is so shifting and confused. I am not talking about the millions of people who are educated through the radio, the movies, public lectures, and books. I am thinking rather about those people who actually turn to some other person—some more or less official person—to be taught, in the professional sense of that term.

These people are not looking for professional degrees. They are not specialists. Who are they? They are people, citizens. How many of them are there? Mr. Harry Hopkins reports that at the close of 1936 something more than 1,300,000 people were attending WPA classes throughout the country. Close to two million were taking correspondence courses from the proprietary correspondence schools. A few hundred thousand were taking extension work from universities. How many millions were at work in courses given by special schools and by corporation training departments, I do not know; but probably ten million adult Americans are being taught at least one subject every year. I am thinking now not of those who are studying by them-

selves, nor of those others who wish to be taught and are not. I am thinking merely of those who are taught. They are mechanics and doctors and clerks; they are housewives and sales-girls and nurses. They may, like one man I know, have gone from newsboy to clerk, to salesman, to lawyer; they may have worked at one job and in one place all their lives. But they not only want to learn; they want to be taught.

Think what the teaching of ten million people a year means in terms of organization, of personnel, of money, leaving out for the moment the matters of books and other materials, of teacher-training, and all the others. Would you suppose that the teaching of that many people would be done in a haphazard, opportunistic way? Would you not suppose that the direct teaching of so large a body of adult people implied as much in theory and in organization as the teaching of the same number of children? Yet if you look for any such condition to-day in the education of adults you will not find it. Organized, semi-official, and widespread adult education is a pretty recent affair in this country so far as teaching goes, and adult education that involves teaching is the only kind I am discussing. But the activities of the WPA have split the question wide open, and high time too.

To quote Mr. Hopkins, "The Federal Government has intentionally sought to avoid a separate system of education." Setting aside the question of how one can seek a thing unintentionally, we must no-

tice that it is not certain that such a separate system is not already a fact. We know that the educational program of the WPA is chiefly a relief measure; but it is relief in relation to some 34,000 teachers. In relation to the million and more learners it is, or ought to be, education. Nevertheless, some people think that it is not education.

"In the very beginning," according to Mrs. L. O. Anderson, State Supervisor of Adult Education in the State of Washington, "we learned that education and relief would not mix; next we learned that relief and politics make a diabolical combination; and finally we learned that adult education plus relief, plus politics, equals exactly no education at all." That has a familiar ring. But what does Mrs. Anderson want? "We want an adult education program sponsored by the educators; built into the schools as an integral part of them; financed and administered through the regular channels. . . . The emergency program has focused attention upon this need."

I am not sure that Mrs. Anderson's solution is right, but one implication of her words is inescapable: educators have not been sponsoring, or if sponsoring, have not been administering, adult education. Had they really attended to the matter the emergency could not have arisen. Whether Mr. Hopkins' program is excellent either in relief or in education with respect to the amount of money involved is beside the point. I am saying that the depression left the educators exactly where it left the business men and industrialists—flat-footed. Why did not the powerful educational world employ the 34,000 teachers and welcome these more than a million students now under Federal care—or Federal neglect? Well, why did not the more powerful commercial and industrial world welcome and care for the workers who eventually came under Federal care—or subsidy? Students and teachers were in the same case as steel-men and bonnet-trimmers. And when the government took a hand—however clumsy and blind you may think that

hand was—education, like industry, was inclined to use almost any terms of suspicion and condemnation.

II

Education, like industry, had grown out of touch with large areas of the population. Why did it happen? Several main forces contributed to it; first, the urgent need to expand elementary and secondary education; second, the erroneous notion that a person out of high school can learn, but doesn't need to be taught—a notion disproved a hundred thousand times a day; and third, the local, parochial, and institutional attitudes of most educators when they are faced with problems of public education. Educators may be more intellectual than other men of affairs, but I am sure that they are much less co-operative. Almost every force in American schools and colleges is focused on those particular groups rather than on the educational needs of the greater society outside them. President Conant of Harvard has indeed said recently that universities should give reports of their stewardship to the country at large, and should pay attention to the education of alumni. He is undoubtedly right. But a system of adult education that is chiefly concerned with college graduates is too narrow, too special. Such a system would deal with the rim of the problem, not the center of it.

Whatever caused the separation between the teachers and those who would be taught, the separation took place and has been partly patched up since. But only in part. What are the chances for a reasonable and clearly understood relationship in the future? What is going to be the decisive force in the teaching of adult Americans? Who is going to control that teaching? Who is going to pay for it? Who will use it? Who is going to organize it?

My first conviction is that American educators abdicated as far as adult education was concerned and should blame no one but themselves if they do not like

the Federal sheep in wolf's clothing. University administrations, in abdicating, stepped down lower than the governors of States and the State boards of education, simply because universities have a social and an intellectual mandate higher than any political compulsion or duty. To put the thing another way, I believe that the American university ought in the future to be the source and the center, the arbiter if you like, of the non-professional education of adults in America.

The reason? Teaching man-power, material resources, and intellectual *esprit de corps*.

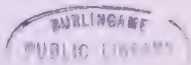
There is no space to explore the excellences of other kinds of educational machinery which might be used for this purpose. The position of the American university with respect to public education should be examined. Many people feel that the University has no direct connection with public education, and that it cannot properly have any such connection. They feel that the university is of necessity an organization apart from other educational bodies and from the mass of men and women. They feel that the university is and ought to be impersonal and remote; that if it is not so it cannot do distinguished work; that even graduate students of fair ability are a necessary evil; and that the less heard from other classes of the population the better.

And it is easy to see why such an attitude should develop and should fortify itself in every possible way. Universities have a hard time paying for the work of their advanced scholars; and any administrator may readily become impatient of other demands made on his funds—demands that have nothing to do with pure research or advanced study. Again, the natural impulse of any special group is to limit and define itself—whether that group be a labor union, the Elks, or the members of one of the intellectual trades—doctors, scholars, or lawyers. And the smaller the group in proportion to the size of the whole society the stronger the

impulse toward limitation. Specifically, there is a considerable tendency in the American university toward strengthening the walls, or widening the ditch, between higher and lower education. And this is often done not on the basis of the proven ability of those already "highly" educated, but on the assumed inability of those who are more "lowly" educated.

Such a tendency is not hard to explain. Many forces turn the university scholar inward upon himself, his profession, his institution. Competition is keen, money is not plentiful, his field of investigation is broad, his interest in it is great, and the actual teaching that he does drains his strength. The scholar comes to feel that he will do very well if he can get himself on the road to education and keep himself there. Those on the outside are none of his immediate concern. He often feels that he can do no more for them than he can for Siberian exiles or for the underprivileged in Timbuktu. His attitude can be understood and defended. Nevertheless, this tendency toward intellectual and social remoteness is one of the main reasons why the American university has abdicated in the field of general education or, rather, why it has never mounted the throne which it ought to occupy. I beg my friends who have worked so hard and so long in "extending" the universities throughout the country not to be incensed at this remark. It is true that by hard work and economy the universities have done an amazing amount of general education in the past thirty or forty years. But I think no one will pretend that they have played a decisive or preponderant part in the education of adult Americans.

But what is one of the most significant things about a university? It is the concentration there of a certain kind of man-power—presumably the best of its kind. Also, the significant thing about students is that they are another kind of man-power. They are scattered throughout the population or brought together in a center for educational purposes. And the major defect in the administration of



education thus far has been the proven inability of our system to bring together the teachers and those who would be taught. The educational machinery of the country broke down, as I have said, in the same place at which the financial and industrial machinery broke—at the point of distribution.

When distribution according to traditional principles ceased to function properly, the university, according to those same principles, could do nothing but retrench. And thereby the university increased the number of unemployed teachers and unemployed students just as the reduction of activity in industry increased the number of unemployed workers. In the face of emergency, the government then attempted in education what it attempted also in commerce and industry. It constructed a new educational system as a relief measure, just as it constructed another industrial system for the same purpose. And the educators, like the industrialists, began to complain that money was being wasted, that American tradition was being violated, that here was an ill-organized, non-institutional, but wide competition in the field.

But in both cases the antecedent fact was the same: management had broken down or had not functioned in proportion to its responsibilities. (I once read a solemn article on "The Rights of Management." When had management any rights, and why should management have rights? The sad and sober fact is that managers have no rights at all; they have responsibilities.) Because of that antecedent fact of failure, and chiefly because of it, the feeling of disgruntlement and resentment has been bitter in educational as in industrial society. I do not remember any convention or conference of industrialists or of educators that proposed and implemented a program which would take care of distributing our material or our intellectual wealth in the name of the common weal. Yet the resentment of both classes is easy to understand; nobody likes to be convicted of preventable error.

III

And before I go any farther, I should like to make my own position perfectly clear, so that no one will unjustly suspect me of hankering after a system of education both Federal and Fascist. The fact is that I smart as much as any, no doubt more than most, over the trend which affairs have taken. I deny that teaching should be done as a relief measure with Federal funds without institutional responsibility. For lack of initiative and for lack of co-operative spirit, American universities find themselves in a position unenviable, indefensible, and (I hope) ultimately untenable. Because I believe our universities to be paradoxically both the center and the circumference, both the basis and the top, of our entire educational system, I do not wish to see them draw in their horns, or pull away the hem of their garments, from active and vital and direct participation in our entire educational enterprise. And let it be said plainly, it makes no difference, in relation to this total problem, whether a university is supported by private funds, public funds, or some of each. For as we have been constantly reminded in the past six years, certain problems have to be met, regardless of how we feel about the methods used in meeting them.

I have the possibly naïve conviction that the chief problems of depression and unemployment in learning as in industry can be solved by private practitioners with the aid of government, *provided* that there is a clear realization of the problems involved on the part of the responsible men. I cannot speak for industry; but it seems to me true that the spirit of the universities has been generally defensive, almost defiant, with respect to general education. And such an attitude must be a mistake, for universities are in fact only relatively Olympian.

Whatever they may be in a relative sense, I believe that they are—in spite of any and all defects—the centers of a peculiarly American hope and belief. Here are a few lines to show what I mean.

They came from a restaurant manager, a man twenty-five years old, a high school graduate, an ex-newsboy, chauffeur, reporter, sparring partner: "I seem to be all confused in my ambitions and desires. . . . I sincerely thank you for your letter. It was one of the few decent answers I have ever received." He had turned to the university for advice, and he got it in this instance, anyway, in digestible and usable form. That is why he was grateful. The statistics from my own organization are I believe significant—nearly 800,000 inquiries from separate individuals over a period of ten years. And remember that those represented well over a million and a half inquiries for separate *subjects*; and that those subjects represented only a small fraction of the possible subjects in which normal people are normally interested. And remember again that these inquiries came in to one small department of only one of the many institutions of university rank in the country.

Such facts as these lead me to believe that if the American university is confused, if it is inadequate to its purpose, this is not because it has touched the problem of American education, but because it has touched that problem with a ten-foot pole. The university has sidled up to the problem; it has approached it partially and on the bias—not head-on. That is why the problem has been—and is—inordinately full of headaches. That is why the real problem has never been truly seen. That is why the adult "consumer" of education has rarely been met face to face. To most university professors and administrators, I hazard the guess that the consumer has appeared not even like a figure on a movie screen, but like such a figure seen at an angle from a side seat in a wide auditorium. The administrator has received not only an image but a distorted image on account of his angle of vision.

As a matter of every-day fact, education is not like that at all. It is very much a face-to-face, man-to-man affair. And now I have to justify the title of this arti-

cle. The readers of this article who are in the world of professional education already, know education as a consuming thing. It consumes their time, their money, their energies, often their family life and domestic comfort. But education is consuming in quite another sense. Education literally consumes the energies of those who seek it—and millions seek it. And they seek it in terms which the American university is best suited to understand and meet—if it will only think so.

It is apparent that the university has always been concerned with the education of adults; the insistence has traditionally been on the education of adults for professional or generally learned purposes; I hope it may appear that the university is the natural source and home of the education of adults for almost any purpose one can name. The reasons for this hope will be detailed later in this article.

For just here I need to say why the definition of university responsibility has been set down here in such broad and general strokes. One reason is that the recent criticisms of our universities have been conducted in that very manner. I have specially in mind the criticisms of President Hutchins of Chicago, and I shall refer to them alone, because they were not only spoken but written and because they reached circulation not only in article form but in book form, and because Dr. Hutchins heads one of our great and significant universities. Also, let me add, the disparity between the facts faced by Dr. Hutchins and those faced by Relief-Administrator Hopkins is too woefully great to pass unnoticed.

President Hutchins believes that the American university is confused partly because it has let itself in for the education of non-professional adults. From my own experience, admittedly much narrower than that of President Hutchins, I doubt that the American university is confused and I do not believe that it is confused on account of the attention it has paid to the non-professional adult. If the small amount of attention paid to that class of student has confused the

American university, that institution is confused beyond all the fears of its most avid critics. The statement of the alternatives is paralyzingly simple. The university can say, "I am devoted to the education of the professional adult," or it can say, "I am devoted to the education of the adult, professional and non-professional." If it should make the latter statement in a forthright way (if it had made that statement ten years, even five years ago) all would be well, relatively speaking.

If it ever comes to the point of making the former statement, a great many things in American education will be amiss.

Clearly, a decision of some kind ought to be made soon. If the university is not going to contribute in some decisive way to the organization and invigoration of adult education it ought to withdraw from the field altogether. If it is interested solely in the professional adult, let that be understood, and let the public be widely informed as to what the responsible agency for adult education is. Once the educators themselves have made up their minds, the public can be more sure of what to expect and from whom.

President Hutchins believes that great harm has already been done to the American university through the intrusion of vocationalism, university extension, and public education in its various forms. He believes that these matters are confusing, that they give a non-intellectual cast to a society which ought to be primarily intellectual. I do not believe that the intellect is as tender as all that. I am afraid, furthermore, that a university trained down to such medieval muscularity as Dr. Hutchins recommends would in the long run be no better for the life of the intellect than it would be for American society. To quote from *The Higher Learning in America*:

We see, then, that we may get order in the higher learning by removing from it the elements which disorder it to-day, and these are vocationalism and unqualified empiricism. If when these elements are removed we pursue the truth for its own sake in the light of some principle of order, such as metaphysics,

we shall have a rational plan for a university. We shall be able to make a university a true center of learning; we shall be able to make it the home of creative thought.

It is true of course that order could be brought about in the university, though I should rather say concentration or simplification than order. But who could guarantee either the life of reason or the welling-up of creative thought after the job of house-cleaning was done? Besides, at the risk of sounding too easily pleased and too little rigorous, I have not observed any unexpected lack of creative thought and rationality in the university men whom I know, or in the books that they write. I grant readily that not all ridiculous practices exist outside the universities, but I feel sure that the universities are now genuinely creative. The trouble is that they break down not at the point of production, but at the point of distribution. They tend to dwell too much within themselves and not enough outside themselves.

If this is true, the answer to the problem is not to be found in further withdrawal, nor in creating a class of professional intellectuals, such as Dr. Hutchins' proposal implies. Nor can the answer be found, either for the university or for society, by treating non-professional education as an unfortunate but necessary side-issue. The fact is that the education of non-professionals must be carried on in the same spirit in which the education of professionals is carried on. This is not to squander the intellectual resources of the university, no matter how rich they may be. There can be no contamination, no loss of dignity, no sacrifice of prestige in honest teaching, no matter who receives it. If the universities should actually agree to take hold of teaching the adult non-professional student their social prestige would take care of itself.

Fundamentally the spirit of teaching is the same whether the recipient is a professional or not. Theoretically and traditionally the universities are full of that spirit. That is why, in the interests of social health and educational efficiency,

the responsibility for training the non-professional adult ought to rest on the university. Administrative contact, pedagogical contact with the army of citizens who want and need to be taught, means administrative and pedagogical health in the long run. This contact will not confuse or hinder a true university. Nothing is ever thought that cannot be stated; nothing is stated that cannot in some terms be brought home to the mind of any man. That, it seems to me, is one of the basic assumptions of society. If the habit of and desire for intellectual communication break down, or if that intercourse is noticeably and unnecessarily narrowed, something happens that is neither lovely nor safe. The university is a center of energy-intellectual and administrative. Hence it should be the driving and refreshing force in the education of adult society. And that force must in large measure be used in direct teaching; it may not indefinitely be piped off into books or dammed back upon itself. But such direct service is of no advantage to the health of the university if it is done with a sense of furtiveness, or of prostitution, or of expediency. It must be regarded as a natural and essential outlet of energy.

Thus far the training of the non-professional adult has been a secondary and subsidiary university activity, instead of a parallel activity. Therefore it has been a confusing, sometimes an embarrassing, activity. But it need not be so.

Furthermore, the university is not the only force to be considered. The question is not what shall the university do to preserve its own life. The question is, what can the university do, what must it do, to be of the greatest use in the education of society. What stake does society have in university policy? What is the attitude of the "consumers" of education toward that policy?

IV

The answer to these questions is one which I do not see how the university can

ignore or fail to act upon. Rightly or wrongly, but I think rightly, those Americans who are aware of universities at all look upon them and turn to them with confidence for help in all sorts of dilemmas, but especially and significantly in those personal dilemmas that involve teaching. They look for a response that will be sympathetic, authoritative, objective, intellectually honest. They sense too that universities have deep roots, wide branches, and a continuous discipline. They want to be taught through an organization in which institutional and human qualities have reached their most effective blend. And they feel too that university men and women ought to be those to whom they should turn, because the university teacher habitually teaches students of adult years. This sense of confidence among people at large, in many cases their tone of appeal to the university, are hard to illustrate in any representative way. But in my own university we know that confidence and that appeal warmly and well. We could not have read our thousands of letters without knowing them. And the main impression I have is that hundreds of thousands of Americans every year feel the need of being taught. To put the thing more exactly, they need, and sometimes desperately need, to discuss their own purposes in education with someone whom they think they can trust. They are looking, in short, for professional advice. They say, "Please tell me frankly," "I'll appreciate your candid opinion," and they mean it. Giving an opinion would be a much simpler process if one could believe the charming and cultivated educator who assured me that the university has nothing to do with the "psychological situation" of its adult students. Unfortunately, it is true that little good teaching and no good advising can be done without a working notion about the "psychological situation." And, I may add, of the economic situation as well.

Precisely in this area the universities and all other organizations more or less

interested in adult education have been most remiss. We have been saying blithely that education is a lifelong affair, but we have not gone very deeply into the professional implications of that saying. If education is like that it must carry its own doubts and problems along with it. Now, the boy or girl in college is relatively well off in regard to the choice and direction of his activities. If he becomes confused there are many persons to whom he can go for help. He knows who and where they are. They are in his own social and geographical neighborhood. When he has been out of college for ten years those conditions no longer exist. I am not thinking so much about the problems of the college alumnus, however, as I am of those people who have not been to college or whose connection with colleges is very slim. Quite plainly, the educational world is not organized for them. If you live in a small town in New Mexico or New York, if you are about thirty years old, and if you want to talk with someone about your unprofessional, but vital, educational problems, to whom do you go naturally, almost instinctively? It is a situation in which every citizen has to do the best he can and grope round until he has got hold of something. With the best will in the world, he may have to spend ten times as long in finding someone who can answer his questions as he will spend in getting them answered.

This lack of clarity in the organization of adult education is a defect that cannot be met by being hard-boiled about it, and by saying "Well, if they want something, let 'em hunt. It's good for them." Neither can the seriousness of it be mitigated by assuming that educational problems, when they are faced by an adult, are not important. In fact the importance and the urgency of them tends to increase with the age of the individual. A man or woman of thirty or thirty-five carries more varied psychological freight, has, on the whole, a keener sense of time and more complicated responsibilities than the

youngster in college. Clarity and decisiveness in his education mean a great deal more to him, whether his aims are intellectual, vocational, or, as is generally the case, a mixture of the two.

For him the very variety of opportunity in American education is likely to defeat its own purpose—and the purpose of the student at the same time. For the field is so full that not even educators themselves know what it contains. And if they do not know how can the layman know? Some valiant efforts at clarification have been made, such as the Council of Adult Education in New York City—a fact-finding organization. But there the problem repeats itself in another form. Educators have built scores of good mousetraps, but the world has not always beaten clear broad paths to the door of the factory. Adult education is weak at the point of distribution.

And it is weak partly on account of official attitudes and partly on account of the administrative technics employed. It is time for adult educators to say that the teaching of non-professional adults is just as important, socially and intellectually, as the teaching of professional adults. Having made that declaration, they must organize their teaching efforts on some basis that will be intelligible and immediately available to the public. Adult education so far as teaching is concerned cannot be carried forward by writing articles and reports or by making speeches; it has got to be done by teaching. And teaching cannot be done—teacher and student cannot be brought together—until the administrators of adult education have agreed on what they are about, what the nature and extent of the problem is, and what measures must be financed and carried out to the point of social satisfaction. No such concert of authorities has thus far been reached so far as I know; but it ought to be reached in the name of our citizens, and in the name of common sense and of social efficiency. My own candidate for seeing the job through is the American university.



GHOSTLY PROCESSIONS IN HAWAII

BY ANTOINETTE WITHINGTON

“OLD GEORGE is the one to talk with.” Geneva had lived in the Islands for many years and knew the Hawaiians. She said that if George Nawoakoa was in the right mood he could tell us many things about the ancient worship of his people.

Taking our luncheon with us, we left Honolulu early in the day. Driving out King Street, we passed the fort with its orderly impressiveness, went through the beautiful Moanalua Gardens, and then on, over the ravines and the passes, through the little plantation villages with their shops, schools, and churches, until at last we turned off from the main road into what appeared to be a country lane. It led to the home of old George.

I fairly held my breath, so great was the beauty everywhere. As far as we could see in one direction stretched the rice fields of vivid green, shimmering like mirrors in the sunlight. Water buffalo stood knee-deep in the paddies, and bits of bright color bobbed up here and there as the rice workers lifted their turbaned heads to watch us go by. In the distance, against the skyline, azure and opalescent with rainbow lights, were the purpled ranges of the Waianae Mountains, with Barbers Point dipping to the sea. The great naval base at Pearl Harbor stood out against the blue, and the road ahead of us ran like a painted ribbon, until we found ourselves shut in on either side by the tall, tasseled sugar cane.

A turn here and a twist there, and we came into a tiny clearing in a cane field. Under spreading mango trees stood an

old Hawaiian house, and it was here that we found old George. His wife was there too and several grandchildren were playing in the yard. When the family learned that we had brought our luncheon they came out with a large *lauhala* mat for us to sit on, insisting meanwhile that we share their hospitality.

From where we sat I could reach out and touch the sugar cane, and from its soft, shadowy greens blending with gold, lavender, and bronze, we lifted our eyes to the deep, deep blue of the sea. Old George's wife had brought out to us a dish of red bananas, the true symbol of hospitality.

Soon a shower sprang up and the entire family hurried to help us carry our things to shelter. Then the children disappeared and we were left alone with George and his wife, in the big living room of the house. I was impressed with the reserve and dignity of the old couple.

We talked of the weather, of the last airplane flight, of the great new liner in port, and we finally got round to the newspaper talk of the healing stones at Wahiawa, to which great numbers of the Hawaiian people come to be cured of illness. Geneva now said to George that we had come to ask him to tell us what he could about the oldtime Hawaiian religion. “Is it true,” she asked him, “that the old Hawaiians were in touch with spiritual things in a way that we *haoles* know nothing about?”

George filled his pipe. I could hear the clock in the room beyond ticking

back and forth, and the mynah birds screeching in the mangoes outside. Mrs. George shifted in her chair and drew her feet a little closer under her *holoku*. Still George said nothing. I ventured another question about the healing stones, but he remained silent. I watched the tobacco in his pipe glow and fade. It was his wife who finally broke the stillness.

"Perhaps it is true about people being cured at those stones. You know it used to be so, George."

He looked at her, searchingly, I felt. I thought she trembled. Then his face softened and he replied in what was almost a whisper, "Yes, it used to be so, but things were different then." He left his chair and went and stood in the open doorway looking out across the cane. Slowly he came back and sat down again. It was with hesitation that he said:

"I sometimes think that our people were better Christians before the missionaries came."

I was startled but, trying to be comprehending, I said something complimentary about the Hawaiian people. He gave me a rare smile and I felt that the way had opened. But then Geneva, realizing the tenseness of the old couple, changed the subject. "George," said she, "tell us about the old chants." To this both George and his wife responded with interest and, I thought, with relief. We had been treading on sacred ground. George told his wife to call in a friend who was visiting them.

A most remarkable-appearing elderly Hawaiian woman came in from the kitchen. Her hair was white and her skin was smooth and clear. She wore a pure white *holoku* which spread gracefully about her feet as she sat down. She wore sandals but no stockings. For a moment the two women talked together in Hawaiian. Then they talked with old George, and he, with a look of pleased satisfaction, tilted back his chair and waited. If I had closed my eyes I should have thought that I heard the trill of a bird, but it was the first notes of a *mele*.

On and on, in a strange thrilling tone, the chant continued. As it grew in volume, old George leaned forward, every thought concentrated on the music. His wife seemed to forget that we were there; her body swayed back and forth, forward and backward, her hands keeping time with graceful, rounded gestures. When the chant was finished the three old people looked into one another's faces and smiled their secret understanding. Then it was that George put down his pipe and, waving his hand toward their guest, said:

"She once saw a procession."

"A procession?" I repeated.

"Yes," he answered. "In the old days they came quite often." Getting up again, he pointed through the open door. "Over there is the old *heiau*. That is where the processions used to end. I sometimes think I hear them now; the spirits of the dead, singing and dancing. I saw them once too. I was only a boy. A person has to be right in here"—laying his hand upon his heart—"to see a procession."

The two women glanced at each other, apparently surprised that George was speaking so freely about himself.

"The time that I saw it," he continued, "I was coming home alone along the road. I had been to a neighbor's. It was getting toward dark. There was a little new moon but it did not affect the darkness. As I said, I was walking alone when suddenly I saw something strange ahead of me, coming toward me. It seemed like a cloud of dust, but it shone like silver. It was then that I looked at the moon and knew that it was not that which made the shining. When I looked longer it seemed to me it was smoke—and just then I saw the people, and I knew it must be a procession. I had heard that if the people in the procession caught sight of a living person that person might drop dead or the procession would disappear instantly. I crouched down by a big stone along the side of the road and they did not see me. There were old people and young ones

and all sorts. Some of them were singing in a sort of way—it didn't sound just like singing—I couldn't tell. . . .”

The guest nodded her head in affirmation. “They were quite a time going by,” George continued. “My young cousin had died a year before and I looked to see if she might not be with them, but I didn't see any one I knew. They were all so white and strange. But they went right on to the old *heiau* and I heard the drums beating.”

“The drums?” I ventured.

“Yes, and we sometimes hear them now. You see,” George explained, again seating himself in his chair and relighting his pipe, “the old people believed that the spirits of the dead sometimes came back to the *heiau* and had a celebration. I told my father about what I had seen and he said to me: ‘Always remember that, George, always remember that.’”

He stopped again and walked over to the door. We were all silent. I felt that we were listening with George for the beating of the drums. He came back to his chair.

“No, I never saw it but once.”

II

After our visit to old George, I searched the public library and the archives for information about this ancient Hawaiian belief in the processions. I found bits here and there, but what I wanted most of all was to talk with still living people who had actually seen, or thought they had seen, these processions and had heard the drums which accompany them. I sought out a man well versed in both the past and the present of the Hawaiian people.

It was at the little Hawaiian Village in Waikiki that I found him. He led me through the open gates, past the grass houses, and round to a large, open *lanai* which was made of coconut palms with a most intricate design made from braided leaves covering the entire interior of the building. I could hear the low strum-

ming of a ukulele, and the chanting of Hawaiian voices.

As we stepped into the *lanai* two fine-appearing young Hawaiian men passed us. They wore only a *malo* and the large square of brilliant orange cloth which falls from the waist halfway to the knees both front and back. The effect was startlingly picturesque, in contrast to the rich brown of the bodies of the men. They carried steel guitars on which they softly played as they went along. I thought that they were probably on their way to a rehearsal. Very near to us was another young Hawaiian tightening the cords to a hula drum.

“The processions are a sacred thing to our Hawaiian people,” my host explained. “When very young we were taught that the spirits return to this earth during the nights of Kane, Lono, and Ku—the ancient gods. The nights of Kane are at a certain time of the moon, usually between the twenty-seventh and the twenty-ninth of the month. It is then that the ‘spirits walk,’ as the phrase is. They are supposed to return to celebrate some national festival which was celebrated when they were alive, or in memory of some event which took place in their lives or in the community where they lived—a sort of memorial celebration. And if the drums are heard in the *heiau* one knows that a temple celebration is being held—and that is especially sacred in its meaning.”

He then told me that the winds were very closely connected with the returning spirits. “If one is facing the wind and he suddenly sees a procession of spirits approaching, he must quickly place himself where the wind will strike the walking spirits before it reaches him; in other words, he must be sure that the spirits pass between himself and the direction from which the wind is blowing, or the odor of his own body—a living person's—will be detected by the spirits and they will know that he is there and he may hear the awful call: ‘*Oia*’ (Kill him!).

“But,” my host continued, “if the living person should happen to have a rel-

ative among the spirits, and he is seen by him, the relative will call out: '*Alia*' (Wait). Then someone else in the procession will exclaim: '*Aohe*' (hidden) and still others may say: '*Auhea aku nei*' (Where has he gone?) and '*Aohe la*' (Not here). This will mean that the spirit relative has cast a spell over the other spirits so that they cannot see the living person and his life is saved."

That evening in reading some old reports of the Hawaiian Historical Society I ran across the following story which was said to be the actual experience of a very trustworthy Hawaiian on the Island of Hawaii:

As he was walking along Mahikiwaina road, the solemn procession was seen to approach. Kamehameha the Great, attended by his officers and warriors in imposing array, marched along the ancient highway. Near to the king marched his *ilamuku*, or master of ceremonies, club in hand. Our traveler, knowing it was death to be discovered by this officer, dropped to the ground and crawled to a place of concealment in the woods which lined the road. From this point he saw the procession go by. Overcome by terror he was glad to escape unhurt, a living witness to this exhibition of the supernatural.

I found that there are many people living in Honolulu to-day and on the other islands who have had similar mystic experiences.

I have one Hawaiian friend of the old school. I wish I could describe how lovely she looked to me the other day when I talked with her about all these things. She wore a beautiful lavender silk *holoku* which trailed behind her in soft ripples as she walked. Her white hair was beautifully dressed and, as always, her manner was both reserved and queenly.

"It is on the nights of Kane, and Lono, and Ku, the old gods, when the spirits come," she said. "We sometimes call these nights the 'ghost nights.' No," she continued, "I have never seen a procession, but I was brought up not to see them. I lived with my aunt when I was a little girl. She was one who could see the spirits and hear the drums. Some people see them and others don't. Well,

we children were trained to obey. We might be outdoors playing and my aunt would call: '*Kapu moe! Kapu moe!*' which meant that we were to prostrate ourselves—that a royal procession was coming; and we would lie flat upon our faces, not daring to lift our heads until she called again for us to come in, after the spirits had gone by and she could hear the drums beating up in the old *heiau*."

We sat in silence for a while and then she went on with her story. "Yes," she continued, "I think that my aunt's training prevented me from seeing a procession. But only the other evening I walked out on our lawn after everyone else had gone to bed. As I stood looking up at the sky I suddenly heard the drums beating in the old *heiau* up beyond our place. I stood still and listened until the sounds died away, but I did not see the procession."

Another story out of childhood was told to me by a prominent Hawaiian official. When a young boy he lived on the Island of Molokai. One night—as he remembered, it was the night before the Fourth of July—he had gone to bed very early. There was at that time on the island a fife and drum corps and these men went about serenading people. After he had been asleep he was waked by the loud beating of drums. It kept up so long that he finally got out of bed and went and told his grandmother. She said that probably it was the men going around serenading; but he said the drums which he heard were not that kind of drums. However, it was not long before the serenaders did come and stop to play. His grandmother asked them where else they had been playing and they said that they had not been playing anywhere; that this house was the first house where they had played that evening. His grandmother then believed that he had heard the drums in the *heiau*. "I have never forgotten the sound of those drums," he said, "and they are often heard on the Island of Molokai."

A well-known physician, a Caucasian, who practiced for many years throughout

a country district not far from Honolulu, used often to tell of having seen the processions of the walking ghosts, and also the mysterious spirit lights upon the water. He is now dead, but his wife told me recently that her husband had been much concerned about his experiences. He had geologists and other scientists carefully examine the shore line and the water of that part of the district where these apparitions appeared, to see if there were some phosphorescent or other substance which might account for the shimmering lights and the moving figures; but nothing of that nature was ever discovered. And as the doctor said, even had some such matter been found it would not explain the chanting voices or the beating of the drums.

A young woman, part Hawaiian, told me that this same physician, who was a great friend of her family, had often talked with her about the processions. She had laughed at his stories. "You know," she said to me, "I was educated on the mainland and I did not believe many things which our Hawaiian people believe." However the doctor persuaded her to go with him on one of the nights of Kane, when he thought the spirits might be walking. He took her to a hillside not far from an old *heiau* and there they waited. Hours passed and midnight came but no spirits. They were about to get into the car and go home when suddenly the doctor said, "Wait! Be still! They are coming!"

"I was amazed," she said, "to see a long line of people slowly moving up from the water and steadily climbing the hill. They appeared strange, and as though touched with a shimmering radiance. Each figure carried a light. I could almost see their faces through the darkness. They were chanting in old Hawaiian as they moved on up to the *heiau*—and then we heard the drums. I was never so terrified in my life. My knees shook under me and I had to sit down on the ground and pull myself together. Never again will I say that I do

not believe what I have been told about these sacred things."

A teacher in the public schools of this same district verified these experiences and told me that she, herself, had often seen the lights upon the water. She said the impression was weird and uncanny. She told also of a certain celebrated night when the spirits appear in what is considered a memorial celebration in memory of a young Hawaiian princess, and said that many people had seen the procession and the lights on that night.

There are various accounts of the lights appearing upon the water. One was given me a short time ago by a tourist who was spending only a week in Honolulu. We were riding round the island and admiring the beautiful turquoise ocean, when she said:

"I wonder if you can tell me about a peculiar thing I have seen out from our hotel. Two different nights I have gone out by the ocean before retiring to look at the water, and on both nights I have seen strange lights along the shore. At first I thought they were canoes or small fishing boats. There seemed to be a light in each little boat, but they were not like the lights which the fishermen use. The first night I saw only the moving lights, but the next night they seemed to leave the water and I saw that they were figures, like people, each one carrying a light, and like a procession they walked along the beach and on toward Diamond Head."

This friend had never heard of the procession of spirits; and when I told her about them she replied: "Well, I have never believed in ghosts, but I certainly saw a procession of some kind there by the sea."

I told this story to a Hawaiian scholar who lives in Waikiki. He is versed in historical matters as well as in modern Hawaiian life, and he said: "It is very interesting that a *haole* woman should have had this experience. There is an old and renowned *heiau* on the slopes of Diamond Head, and probably the spirits which your friend saw were on their way

to a temple celebration. She was fortunate."

III

Once more I persuaded Genevra to go with me to the country to try to get still further light upon the strange tales of returning spirits. This time we took with us a young Hawaiian woman who had informed us that her aunt might be able to tell us something about the processions. We turned our car toward the mountains. It seemed to me that we drove miles over the narrow, dirt road which twisted around through the foothills, but we finally came out to a small clearing where flowers were blossoming and birds were singing. It was so still that I could hear the leaves as they trembled in the soft wind.

Back of the small farm rose the majestic mountains, dark and foreboding. These mountains were worn into deep ridges, and the top of the long range, with its seeming citadels, castles, and plateaus, black against the sky, appeared to be a part of another world than our own.

We were invited into the house, where our young companion's aunt had been busy making leis. Pushing aside the flowers on the long table where we sat, she talked with us. "Spirits?" she asked, in a gentle voice, "Of course I know about them. They are our friends." Her niece drew the flowers to herself and went on finishing the lei which her aunt had begun. Genevra took out her knitting and I brought my own chair a little nearer to the table to listen.

"The first time that I remember hearing the drums," she said, "was when I was a young girl. Some friends were spending the night with me and along toward midnight I was awakened by an unusual sound—drums, beating out in our front yard. I sat up listening, and then I woke

up the girls; but they said they could hear nothing and went back to sleep. Now I had been told about the spirits and how they came on the nights of Kane, and I knew that what I heard was the beating of their drums."

"Did you see the spirits?" I asked.

"No, not that night but another time. When I heard the drums again I got up and went out in the yard and there they were, walking along and chanting. I had always been told that my ancestors were high-ranking people, so I spoke to the spirits and I told them who my ancestors were. I thought perhaps some of them might be in the procession. After I spoke I just stood still. I could feel the spirits gathering around me and a man's voice said: 'She is one of us. I am her ancestor.' His voice was small and strange but I understood what he said, but no one else said anything. I walked along with them a little way and then, all at once, they just disappeared."

We all sat in silence. I could hear the click of Genevra's knitting needles. The niece had laid her flowers aside and seemed to be lost in her thoughts. Finally she said: "My aunt has told me of these things before, but I have never paid much attention to them. I ought to try to understand."

"I don't often tell these things to strangers," the aunt replied. "They are sacred things."

Whether we believe these strange tales or do not believe them, it is certainly true that they are a living part of the unrolling tapestry of the daily life which we have in Hawaii. The processions pass, the drums beat, for those who have ears to hear and eyes to see, and those of us who cannot see and hear can only wonder and not explain. Perhaps we are not *pololei*—"right" inside.



RUSSIA GROWS UP

BY MAURICE HINDUS

LAST summer while strolling along the main street of the city of Rostov my attention was captured by a young man in a uniform which I had not seen in all the years I have been visiting the land of the Soviets. Indeed, I had long ago concluded that never again except on the stage would this uniform grace the appearance of any man in Russia. Yet here it was on parade on the main avenue of one of the most revolutionary cities in the country. Black sheepskin cap with purple top, flowing black cloak with purple shirt front, purple hood gleaming in the sun like a sheaf of fire, and at the belt a sword and a dagger. The uniform of a Cossack in all its ancient splendor as in the days of the Tzar. An astounding sight!

"Handsome, isn't he?" I heard a voice near me. The speaker was a man of middle age in a greasy cap and Russian overalls, obviously a worker. He too was captivated by the sight of the Cossack. "Two years ago," he went on breezily, "had I seen the like of him on this here street I'd have wanted to spit into his face, and now, on my word, citizen, I shouldn't mind sitting down for a round of drinks with him."

The words of the worker were no less astounding than the Cossack himself in his ornate garb. Worker and Cossack, symbols of forces that had for ages been seeking each other's annihilation, with the Cossack ever triumphant! When the workers finally conquered they wreaked brutal vengeance on their ancient and merciless enemy. They stripped him of

privilege and glory, took away from him his weapons, his uniform, his riding horse, and reduced him to the level of a soil-grubbing muzhik—the very muzhik whom the Cossack in his inflated vain-glory had always despised. What wails and curses one could hear in the Cossack country in the early years of the Revolution! It seemed incredible that this once doughty warrior, who had defied kings and emperors and had conquered continents and seemed as invincible as the stars over his fat and endless steppes, had been made to grovel with impotence.

Then came collectivization, and with a fresh gush of wrath the Cossack lifted himself for a final thrust at the Revolution. In 1930 Molotov, the Prime Minister, went down to the Kuban, and in one settlement the Cossacks were so enraged they at first refused to talk to him and then threatened to beat him up. From five in the afternoon until two in the morning Russia's Premier argued and pleaded but to no avail. In those awesome days in the Kuban, on the Don, on the Terek, Cossacks waylaid Bolshevik organizers and officials and shot or stabbed them to death. The Soviets struck back with fierce vengeance. From several settlements almost the entire population was banished to faraway parts, and two American newspapermen who went down to report the mass exile of Cossacks were threatened with expulsion from the country. Bleak and hopeless was the very atmosphere of the Cossack settlements.

Now, less than four years later, what a

stupendous change! A worker in Rostov glorying in the reappearance of the Cossack on the Russian scene!

I went down to the Kuban, ancient seat of one of the most redoubtable Cossack tribes. I had not been there in five years and, though the cottages were as whitewashed and the orchards as laden with dust and fruit and the dogs as surly and as ready to tear off their chains and pounce on passing strangers, the mood and the posture of the people had altered beyond recognition. In the very village, now rechristened Krasny Tamanetz, where the Cossacks had threatened to beat up Molotov, there was a booming collective farm with its own electric plant which lighted up every house and every barn. So well had the land been worked with tractors, gang plows, steel disks, cultivators that in spite of drought the wheat crop was one of the best in years. The gardens were thick with honeydew melons, watermelons, turnips, beets, onions, cabbages, and other vegetables. With their own hands, from the making of bricks to the carving of window sills, the members were building seventy new houses, larger, more sanitary and more decorative than any they had ever seen in the whole countryside. The store which four years ago boasted chiefly cosmetics and cobwebs, now sold sugar, tobacco, canned fish, and meats, tea, cereals, kerosene, lamps, and other everyday commodities. Thirty members had already bought bicycles and others were hoping that a fresh shipment would arrive in the autumn. Most revealing was the presence among these Cossacks of two Armenians, one Gypsy, and two Jewish families. Cossacks actually living and working together with Gypsies and Jews!

In another settlement, Slavenskaya, with a population of twenty-four thousand, there was only one militiaman, and he a thin-faced Jew from another part of the country. It seemed fantastic that a Jew who in the old days was not even allowed to live in the Kuban should be the guardian of peace in one of its largest communities. I walked up and down

the streets of this settlement. The rows of stores were as well supplied with goods as the best shops in Moscow. The open-air cinema was packed with people, and so were the billiard hall and the library, and in the house of socialist culture a young man from the city of Krasnodar was demonstrating to a crowd of more than one hundred Cossack youths how to dance the Boston (American waltz) and the modern fox trot!

In still another community a group of Cossack girls had walked off with first honors in a rifle shooting match with the boys. Asked why they were preparing for war when it was not likely that they would be allowed to go to the front, they answered: "Against Fascists we may all have to fight." Strange, most strange, that Cossack girls should be preparing to defend the Revolution against a possible attack of Fascists.

And so the Cossack, age-old symbol of reaction and barbarity, whom the Revolution had beaten into impotence and who, it seemed, had forever been driven from the Russian scene, is now again enlivening it with his dashing presence. He has been given back his uniform, his weapons, the sword and the dagger, though not the whip; he is getting back his horse and saddle and, to the tune of ancient and spirited melodies, he is again galloping along the vast steppes, preparing as of old for war against enemies of his native land.

I do not know of anything more dramatically significant in the whole Russian scheme of things than the rehabilitation of the Cossack. It speaks more eloquently than any other fact or volumes of figures of the inner tranquillity and stability of the Russian countryside, which only a few years ago was riven with turmoil and conflict and often enough with hunger. There is only one reason for the amazing change, and that is collectivization of the land.

I realize of course that in some sections the collective farms are still in the throes of disorganization, and that even the best of them have crucial hardships and diffi-

culties to overcome. After all the movement is still young, very young, and Russia is vast and the 246,000 collective farms cover an area of nearly a billion acres. Diversity of soil and climate alone would make for disparity of results. In parts of the Volga districts, owing to crop failures in 1936, the Government had to send grain to save the populace from starvation. Nor must one forget the inordinate price that the peasantry and all Russia paid for collectivization. One million kulak families were liquidated; that is, deliberately ruined. They were stripped of all but a small portion of their personal property and either cast out on a sandy or swampy allotment of land and left to shift for themselves as best they could, or were banished north to work on roads, in lumber camps, on construction enterprises, and to settle new territories. At least three million peasants perished from the famine of 1932-33, which was exclusively an incident of collectivization.

In terms of human sacrifice no other enterprise of the Revolution was so costly or so demonstrative of its two contradictory qualities, far-reaching aim and utter ruthlessness of method. Had Germany and Japan attacked Russia in the early years of collectivization it would have gone badly with the Revolution. The enraged peasantry might have been glad of a chance to square accounts with the Soviets and to welcome a foreign army, if only temporarily. Now the peasantry have an infinitely greater stake in the collective farms than they ever had in the land for which they had fought and bled for 300 years. The application of the modern machine and science to large-scale co-operative farming, which is the essence of collectivization, has wrought such a change in the Russian countryside and its people that an attack by an outside enemy would be regarded as the worst possible calamity and would rouse most desperate resistance. Consider this fact, that except for the regions that were hit by severe drought in the past summer there will hardly be a family on the col-

lective farms by the end of 1937 without at least one cow and one sow and a flock of fowl—a condition of average material welfare which the Russian village has never known in all its history. In the more advanced sections of the country like the Ukraine, the Kuban, the Don, Armenia, in another year there will hardly be a collective farm without a maternity home of its own. Gone now are almost all of the 12,000,000 wooden plows and the 40,000,000 wooden flails, which until a few years ago were as distinctive a mark of the Russian countryside as the thatch roof and the bark shoes. The 445,000 tractors, the 90,000 combines, the 2,600,000 other modern agricultural implements—nearly all incidentally the invention of American capitalism—have given the Revolution the greatest victory it has achieved. Little does the outside world know what a formidable weapon Russia has forged in her new scheme of farming, not only for the eventual realization of her ambitious social program but for military defense.

Indeed, unless war comes and upsets the machinery of production in the village, Russia will within a few years be insured against the ghastliest evil from which she has for centuries been suffering—periodic famine.

Nor is the peasant any longer the person that he once was. The muzhik of whom Tolstoy and Turgenev and Bunin and Uspensky wrote with such love and despair, sometimes with acrimony, is fast disappearing from the Russian land. He is discarding his *lapti*, his homespun garments; he is even shaving his beard. He is taking to the radio—alas too uncritically—to the bicycle, the gramophone, and now and then on holidays to the collar and tie. Often as I wandered through Russian villages and observed the changes in the people I felt like exclaiming: "Good-by muzhik! Long, very long have you lingered on the Russian scene—an enigma, a jest, a disgrace, a torment to yourself and to others. Neither Tzar nor landlord nor foreign invader has been able to change or annihi-

late you. Now the machine which at first frightened and incensed you and whose advance you sought to stop with your bare hands is, with the help of the Revolution, whirling you off the stage of history more pitilessly and far more speedily than it ever did any other peasantry. Good-by muzhik!"

II

If in its economic purposes and methods the Revolution has shown no evidence of compromise with original principle, in its sociology it has evinced marked deviations. At one time it seemed that in her sex morality Russia had gone abreast of the most advanced reformers in the world. The principle of free sexual selection was in full sway. If a man and woman wished to go off by themselves for a love life of short or long duration it was their affair. Promiscuity and vulgarization of sex were frowned upon, but the principle of liberty of choice was rigorously upheld. Birth control was encouraged and abortions were legal and were performed at low fees or none at all. A German playwright had written a comedy on the ban of abortions in his native land and Russian audiences roared with amusement at the author's quips on the German attitude toward the operation. Divorce was quite free. A man or woman wishing to break up a union needed only to step into a registration office and, in less time than it takes to buy a handkerchief in a Moscow department store and at no more expense, could have the wish fulfilled. The clerk was ever ready to oblige the applicant by sending a post card to the divorced party informing him or her of the separation. If there were children in the family, invariably the mother kept them and the father paid toward their support.

Now the very expression free love is almost anathema. Sex for the sake of sex is no more welcome than art for the sake of art. The principle of free sexual selection exists only in theory. "What,"

I asked the secretary of a regional Komsomol organization, "would happen to a member if he went off with a mate for a love life of short or long duration?" "We'd throw him out" was the instant and emphatic reply. In the days of my early visits to Russia he would have laughed and perhaps dismissed my question as of no serious importance. Now abortions are more rigorously under ban than in this country; for there are few, very few, physicians in Russia who would dare violate the law. The play ridiculing the German attitude toward abortions is also under ban. The physician who performs the operation except when the health of the mother absolutely demands it is liable to two years' imprisonment, the person encouraging a woman to submit to it may get a sentence up to two years, and the woman herself is subject after a first offense to public reprimand, and after a second to a fine of three hundred roubles.

Birth control is legal and the information may be readily obtained from a physician or in a clinic, but the available equipment is faulty and unsafe, and what is more, the practice is not encouraged. A few years ago in bookstores and on newsstands at railroad stations and in parks one could easily pick up pamphlets and books on birth control. No longer now. In city after city which I visited last summer I made inquiries and not a bookshop had anything on the subject for sale. At the All Union Congress of the Komsomol in the summer of 1936 speaker after speaker waxed eloquent over work among young women and methods of lifting them to higher cultural attainments, but not a word was said about birth control. Indeed, a certain Vasilyeva, one of the national secretaries, declared that young women must regard it their duty to the state to have children! One can now see posters in Russia exalting the happy family, the large family, the stable family. Again and again newspapers print the photographs of women who have given birth to eight, ten, or more children, and from

their broad smiles you would imagine that they were the happiest women in the world. Indeed, in interviews with reporters they often say so. Nor are mothers of large families left without recognition by the state. A woman with 6 living children who gives birth to a 7th draws 2000 roubles annually for 5 years and for every additional child up to the 11th a similar amount. On the arrival of the 11th baby the gratuity is raised to 5000 roubles for the first and to 3000 for each of the following 4 years. Bolsheviks assure you that the purpose of these payments is not to encourage women to have large families but to endow childhood and motherhood. But, they often add, if some women should make capital of the new law and have more children than they had intended merely for the sake of receiving the subsidies, well—more power to them! As for divorce—it is still easy but more expensive than formerly, and more and more official opinion is arraying itself against it.

What has caused this amazing change of attitude? The official explanation is lengthy, varied, and sounds logical enough. Too many women were ruining their health with frequent abortions, which is true, but mainly in cities, where there were women who had come to regard abortions as a kind of sport and even boasted when they had undergone eight or ten or them, as if this were a notable achievement. Too many men were abandoning their wives and children and were running off to faraway places where the law could not easily lay its hands on them, thus causing hardship on women and children, which is also true, but not too true. Too many children were without proper parental care and were swelling the wave of juvenile delinquency, which was more true two years ago than now. *In other words, the system of easy divorce and legalized abortions was under existing conditions working to the decided disadvantage of women and children.*

This, however, is only part of the story, and not even the most important part.

The fact is that Russia wants a rapid increase in her population. Again and again Bolsheviks assure you that the country needs millions and millions of new people to develop the newly uncovered resources and to populate the immense territories that are being opened to settlement. True enough. The shortage of labor, all manner of labor, is widespread. Not a city or a village you visit but you are told that they need armies and armies of new workers, from carpenters and masons to musicians and actors. For decades and decades to come, Bolsheviks and others in Russia inform you, they will need more and more population. Had they had faith in the inevitability of world revolution some time in the near future, they would have counted on an influx of proletarians from other lands to help them in the solution of their problems. Nothing in my judgment testifies so completely to this utter lack of faith as the passage of the new law and the present emphasis on large families.

Yet for the chief reason of the new attitude toward sex and the family one must search in the outside dangers that beset the Revolution, and that is why it may eventually be modified or abrogated. Long ago Lenin spoke of these dangers with unmitigated frankness. "As long," he said, "as we live under a state and in a system of states, the existence of a Soviet Republic side by side with imperialist governments for a very long time is unthinkable. In the end the one or the other will conquer. Meanwhile before this end comes a series of most terrible clashes of the Soviet republic and bourgeois governments is inescapable." The spread of Fascism and the desperate search of Fascist countries for allies to fight communism, have made Bolsheviks and other Russians take Lenin's warnings close to their hearts. To them it is clear that pacts with France and Czechoslovakia and the neutrality of England and other countries do not necessarily mean that, in spite of disagreements and conflicts with one another,

these countries ten, twenty, fifty, eighty years hence, especially as fresh economic crises sweep over them and radicalism and rebellion spread in their midst, will not ally themselves in a crusade against the Soviet Revolution, whose very existence is a defiance and a threat to capitalist civilization. Cautious and far-seeing as they are and as tense with apprehension, they cannot help thinking of such an eventuality, however fantastic it may sound to the reader of this magazine, and they will not allow themselves to be caught unprepared for the worst possible emergency. It was most significant that when Professor Burdenko, in a speech before the last Soviet Congress, prophesied that within twenty-five years Russia would have a population of more than three hundred millions, the hall shook with tempestuous applause. To the audience, which included outstanding leaders not only of the Kremlin but of the whole country, this was most welcome news. With such a large population and with a modernized industrial machine and collectivized agriculture, the Revolution and the country can fight off all outside attacks. Therefore, the Russian rulers do not mind the mockery and denunciation to which they have been subjected by radicals, and even Communists in the outside world, since the passage of the new abortion law. Anything, they feel, is justified if it is intended for the defense of the Revolution to-morrow or one hundred years hence.

III

In tastes and manners Russia is likewise undergoing enormous changes. More and more women are turning to Western fashions in clothes, in hairdressing, in facial makeup. Gone is the day when as a symbol of deliverance from bourgeois thralldom Soviet textile factories turned out fabrics with the prints of tractors and turbines. "If you had brought me an American fashion magazine," said a woman in Moscow, "I could give it to my dressmaker and she would make me a new dress free and I'd save

at least two hundred roubles." That is how highly they prize a foreign fashion magazine in Moscow, and not only the intelligentsia and the new elite, but factory girls also. In the hairdressing parlor of the Metropole Hotel there is a sign announcing that women can have their faces made up for "theater, for the street, for an evening at home." Three or four years ago such a sign would have been denounced as the height of bourgeois vulgarity.

With childish eagerness Russia is taking to a host of foreign practices, diversions, even nuisances. The crossword puzzle is finding an increasing number of devotees. The fox trot is conquering the villages more completely than Genghis Khan ever conquered the Russian steppes. The Russian love of noise is another surprise that awaits the foreigner. I defy any man to walk across the Rustavelli Square in Tiflis at the time work ends in offices and the sidewalks swarm with people without being blown off the pavements by the blasts of noise that come out of the loud-speakers. In Moscow, in the Park of Rest and Culture, there is no escaping from their deafening roars—they almost tear open the eardrums of a sensitive person. The provinces are rapidly catching up with the capital and are even surpassing it. In Poltava, a picturesque and booming little town in the Ukraine, every morning at half-past five, somewhere in the yard the radio would begin its daily job of bringing culture to the people. It did not matter that some of the guests wanted to keep on sleeping. In the restaurant of the hotel the radio never stopped functioning, and three-fourths of the time not a soul could understand a word of what was coming over the air. The mere reproduction of nature's wild noises must have been uplifting to the guests because, with the exception of this writer, no one protested.

Meanwhile Russia's Commissary of Foods, the genial and energetic Mikoyan, is determined to re-educate the Russian palate. He began with catsup, and the

Russians heartily refused to be inveigled into its use. He followed up with corn flakes and canned corn, which met with equally stupendous disapproval of the populace. One obliging clerk in a grocery store outside of Moscow told a crowd of American picnickers who saw canned corn on the shelf and wanted to buy it that they must not eat it, for no one ever asked for it, and therefore it could not be any good! But Mikoyan has not given up the fight for the re-education of the Russian palate. He is promising an advertising campaign in the American manner that will shatter the sales resistance of the Russian public to catsup and corn flakes and canned corn. Experience with the "hot dog" and with esquimo pie is no doubt making him confident of ultimate success in his battle against the existing food prejudices of his countrymen. How Russia loves the lowly and puffy hot dog! On hot days, on cold days, at work or at rest, the Russian is never too tired, too excited, too civil, too sullen to try one more *wurst*. They are even proud of the fact that they love their *würstchen* as much and even more than the Germans. In one motion picture house I saw on the screen a parade of strings and strings of sausages, all kinds and sizes, all supposedly on the march from Germany to Russia under the slogan: "We have decided to change our fatherland." Even more energetic is the zest with which Russia has pounced on esquimo pie. On the coldest days in winter there are squads of neatly uniformed young women in the street, in the theaters, at railroad stations, in the Moscow subway, everywhere, with boxes, buckets, and little barrels of esquimo pie. One is not in the swim of things in Russia if one does not at every possible occasion refresh oneself with a slab of this American importation.

In many other ways Russia is following foreign and especially American social patterns. For example, lectures and lecturers. Every factory and every collective farm has series and series of both. There are lecture bureaus in Russia and lecture committees and lecture managers

and even prima donna lecturers who, when the audience is small, refuse to mount the platforms unless they are paid in advance. Russia is also beginning to develop women's clubs. Wives of writers, engineers, army commanders have already organized and are doing an astonishing amount of social work in camps, in factories, in schools, and in the residence sections of workers. Most surprising is Russia's unabashed fervor for the bathing suit. Only a few years ago, when walking along the Moscow river in the heart of the capital one saw men and women bathing without an inch of covering and without a trace of embarrassment. Now only children, and not all of them, venture into the water in the nude. The village which but a few years ago went into spasms of laughter at the mere mention of a bathing suit is accepting it now as a precious token of the new culture of the country. Were a Will Rogers to visit Russia now he could no longer say that, while he did not see all of Russia, he managed to see all of some Russians! Chivalry in the old-fashioned sense is likewise beginning to get a foothold in some quarters. One Communist told an American, a student from Kansas, that he cannot call himself a cultured man because he never helps women with their overcoats!

No less astounding is Russia's violent plunge into patriotism. Hardly a speaker anywhere but deems it as much his revolutionary duty to speak of the great and wondrous and happy fatherland as of the great and wondrous and glorious Stalin. The most popular song in Russia now is called "The Fatherland," quite new, and written originally for a motion picture. From one end of Russia to the other young people and old people sing it, orchestras play it, concert artists include it in their programs, and audiences applaud it with frenzied enthusiasm. The melody is captivating and the words fairly sizzle with self-adulation. "I know no place where man breathes so freely . . . no one in the world can laugh and love as we can. . . . We love our

country as a man loves his sweetheart."

And what shall one say of Russia's capitulation to the smile? Whether you are Stalin or a milkmaid, if you have your picture taken for a publication you must smile. If you are decorated you smile, if you are the mother of twelve children you smile, if you don't believe in abortions you smile; you may even smile when you pronounce a curse on Fascists! From the window of my hotel in Moscow I see over the children's theater a huge portrait of Stalin with a little girl in his arms, and both are smiling. "See the pictures of our leaders," said a factory director as he was pointing to the portraits of Lenin and Stalin in the auditorium of a newly opened engineers' clubhouse; "they are smiling. That's the way we want them to look. Life has become better and more cheerful and people should smile." Hail, therefore, to the Soviet smile!

Endless indeed are the imitations, importations, and restorations of so-called middle-class manners, tastes, nuisances.

No wonder that journalists and businessmen and radicals, and now and then even Communists, have of late been propounding the belief that socialism is in collapse in Russia and that, given enough time, the country will swing back to the same kind of civilization that the capitalist world is espousing. To me, however, the more Russia is like other countries, the more unlike them she really is. Some day Russia may become more formidably formal in her manners than Great Britain. Workers may deem it their cultural duty to wear swallowtails when going to a meeting to discuss the increase of their production program. But in the basic principle that motivates the whole Revolution, the destruction of all forms of private enterprise, there has been no compromise, and there can be none, unless it is forced on the country at the point of the sword by an outside power. Private trade is gone, and the very concept of individual enterprise is nowhere a part of the ideology of the entire young generation or of most of the

old one. I can no more imagine Russia turning her oil wells, her coal and iron mines, her steel and other factories and her grocery stores back to private ownership or control than I can imagine America going back to the trade and production technic of the stone age.

IV

In a sense history has played a cruel caper on Russia. Marxian doctrine holds that it is the function of the bourgeois revolution to solve the problem of modern production, and of the proletarian revolution to solve the problem of modern distribution. But the bourgeois development of Russia had only got a good start when the proletarian revolution superseded it. In other words, instead of applying themselves chiefly to the solution of the problem of distribution, the Russians first had to solve the problem of production. It is this problem that has given Russia her chief headaches and heartaches and round which the biggest battles of the revolutionary leaders have been waged. To this day, though Russia has already come to the forefront as an industrial nation in Europe, production is the one problem that never goes off the front page of the newspapers. The triumph of a coal mine in Siberia is infinitely more dramatic news than the abdication of King Edward. More than half of the space in the press is devoted to a discussion of production and it forms a major theme in current novels, plays, and motion pictures. It is indeed at the core of everything, politics, economics, sociology, art, every-day life.

The severest penalties are meted out to persons who deliberately thwart any of the country's processes of production, and the highest rewards go to those who push it beyond prescribed norms. A Ukrainian girl, Maria Demchenko, manages to grow more than half a ton of sugar beets to the hectare, and overnight she becomes a national heroine. Her picture appears on the front page of the

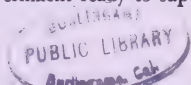
leading daily newspapers, her portrait is sold in bookshops and decorates the walls of clubhouses, offices, railroad stations, schools, and other public places, side by side with the portraits of Lenin, Stalin, Pushkin, Tolstoy, and other political and literary luminaries. Pasha Kavardack, a young Cossack girl with flaxen hair, a boyish bob and a boyish cap, operating a sixty-horse-power caterpillar tractor, manages to work out in a year the equivalent of 2520 hectares of plowed land and economizes 4020 kilograms of fuel, and she too becomes a national heroine and is invited to Moscow to meet Stalin and is decorated with an order and is hailed everywhere as one of the most distinguished women of the land. Paderina, a peasant girl on a collective farm in the Urals, raises in four years and without a single fatality 511 calves, and she too is elevated to national eminence. Krivonosov, a locomotive engineer only twenty-six years of age, attains the speed of 51 kilometers per hour with one kind of a new Soviet locomotive and 60 with another, and he is lifted to the rank of national heroes. Makar Mazai, a steel worker in Mariupol, the Ukraine, obtains in one day's work 15 tons of steel per square meter of heating surface in an open hearth oven, and instantly he is hailed as a fresh star in the national constellation of celebrities. Hardly a day but *Izvestia* or *Pravda* publishes on the front page the photograph of men and women who have attained distinction in some process of production. Maxim Litvinov, with all the fame that he enjoys abroad and at home, received a decoration only last summer, while plow-girls, milkmaids, steel workers, who have never even seen Moscow, are continually being honored with all manner of decorations.

According to Mezhlauk, chairman of the State Planning Commission, Russia has already risen to first place in Europe in the production of oil, peat, manganese, asbestos, pig iron, electric steel, copper, motor trucks, tractors, locomotives, train carriages, combines, all agricultural ma-

chinery, as well as in the equipment for catching fish and manufacturing soap and sugar. . . . Yet according to the same authority in 1935, a Russian worker averaged 420 tons of pig iron, while an American worker in 1929 averaged 1734 tons. In coal the output for these respective periods were 240 tons in Russia and 979 in America; in cement, 140 against 834 tons; in paper, 13 against 57.8; in shoes, 420 pairs against 1737. In spite then of Stakhanovism and desperate efforts to speed up productivity of labor, it is only the exceptional worker who attains or surpasses the record of American workers. The average Soviet worker in many industries is from one-fourth to one-sixth as productive as the American worker? Russia, therefore, is a long long way from catching up to, not to say surpassing, America in productivity of her labor; that is, a long way from realizing one of the chief objectives of the Revolution.

It is in the light of the problem of production that one must interpret the ebb and flow of liberalism and intolerance in the Revolution and the need for continuous shift of policy, which in the interests of engineering and output is no less necessary in Soviet than in capitalist industry. Ideals, sportsmanship, good taste have again and again had to be scrapped in order to overcome unexpected difficulties and to win a much needed position in this or that enterprise. Inequality of pay, premiums, promotions, decorations, and in the event of laxity or recalcitrance, public censure, expulsion from the Party, and the threat of death by shooting, are among the methods used to further the cause of production. It is also in the light chiefly of production that one must interpret the new Constitution.

Some of the provisions have already become everyday realities. The right to work, to education, to a vacation on full pay is now an integral part of Soviet social practice. Not only the son of a worker and intellectual, but of a former banker or a Tzarist general, finds the doors of all educational institutions open to him and the government ready to sup-



port him during his years of study. Gone is the brutal practice of visiting the sins of the fathers on children. Soviet production has reached a stage when the above rights can be amply guaranteed to the whole population.

But the provisions with regard to civil liberties are still only a paper promise. Secrecy of correspondence, free assembly, free demonstrations, free speech, the inviolateness of the individual are at best only a hope. Every word of writing, every song, every cable that a foreign correspondent sends out of Russia must first be approved by a censor. The recent experience of Demyan Bedny, the leading Bolshevik poet who wrote the libretto for a newly found operetta by Borodin, and of Tairov, the director of the Kamerny Theater who produced the work, are quite illuminating. The Art Committee, official censor of the theater, had approved of the script, the dress rehearsal, the entire production. The newspapers had paid it glowing tributes, audiences applauded it with enthusiasm. Then, with the violence of a hurricane, came an official outburst against Demyan Bedny and Tairov, and the opera was at once banned. Higher powers objected strenuously to the portrayal of Russian folk heroes as vulgar louts and of the Christianization of Russia as a drunken debauch. The theory now is that Byzantine Christianity was a step forward for the Russian people because of the contacts they made with the outside world and with superior civilizations. The official recognition by Bolsheviks of the service that religion had rendered to the Russian people is by itself an unexpected and epochal concession to liberalism. Yet the summariness with which the op-

eretta was banned and the furious attack on author and producer do not presage an abatement in the intolerance of ideas and practices of which higher authority (which does not necessarily mean Stalin) disapproves. Under such circumstances civil liberties in the Western democratic sense are a distant reality in Russia.

Meanwhile the mere recognition of the principle of civil liberties as expounded in the Constitution marks an epochal advance for the Revolution. The reader who has not been in Russia can hardly imagine how important a part the constitution is now playing in the political education of the Russian masses. Endless are the lectures and the discussions of every article, almost every word of the constitution. Millions and millions of copies of the document have been printed in sixty languages and have been distributed free or at very low cost among millions and millions of people. There is not a factory, a school, a collective farm where all the men, women, and children have not read or listened to a reading of the constitution. For the first time in Russian history the vast masses are acquiring a knowledge of the meaning of constitutionalism and of civil liberties and of their importance in modern civilization. To me, therefore, the chief function of the constitution for the present is primarily educational. Yet it stands to reason that a people cannot be deliberately and feverishly educated into advanced concepts of liberty and democratic usage without in the end getting them, in one way or another. But in my judgment this can come only when a superior industrial organization has given the ruling Party a feeling of impregnability against outside attack.



GYPSY IN A TRAILER

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

I HAVE traveled in almost every conveyance that man's ingenuity has contrived: oxcart, buggy, boat, train, car, airplane, airship, and every in-between vehicle of travel. I have lived in huts, tents, and steerage bunks, in palatial boat suites, in pullmans, in camp cabins, and in the best and the cheapest hotels. None of the means of travel, with housing while on the way, has given me the satisfaction I have had traveling some ten thousand miles with a fifteen-foot trailer behind my car. At the end of three months of travel through the country, on good and bad roads, I am as eager for the "Drom" as I was the first day. I have felt none of the annoyances one meets with even at the best hostelrys—clammy bedsheets, rude bellboys, negligent service—and I haven't ruined my digestion changing restaurants twice a day, or twice a week or twice a month. And, not being a rich man, I haven't had to worry over a dwindling bank account and an inflated budget.

With four in the family, I have traveled ten thousand miles in three months on the total expenditure of six hundred dollars, or less than seven dollars a day. Out of these six hundred dollars I have spent some sixty on repairs. The rest was spent on gas, food, bridge tolls, and occasional camping fees. With the experience I have acquired in those three months, I believe that, barring accidents to car and trailer, I could duplicate the journey at a cost of less than four dollars a day and be even better fed and housed than I have been.

There are some three hundred thou-

sand trailers rolling up and down the roads of the United States to-day. Four out of every ten trailers are home-made. There are at least a dozen companies which sell plans and instructions for making your own trailer. There are other companies who ship all the necessary materials for the buyer to assemble into a trailer. You pick the model and the size, send the money, and the material is shipped to you and delivered. Yet—most of the home-made trailers are really home-made. Six out of every ten trailers come from factories in New York, Michigan, California, Illinois, Florida, and Ohio, and range in price from four hundred to four thousand dollars apiece. Some of these factories are putting out as many as three hundred a day and are two months behind with their orders. At least one million persons are traveling with trailers behind their cars. Barring unforeseen causes, two million people will be trailing through the country in a year from now, and five million in five years. Trailer travel is no longer a fad. Most of those trailers are not temporary affairs. They are homes on wheels. It is a new way of life—a new way of life which will eventually change our architecture, our morals, our laws, our industrial system, and our system of taxation. It might even eventually come about that every kind of building would be put on wheels instead of being built upon cellars and permanent foundations. Eventually most people will own homes on wheels, in sections so built they can be moved by the owner from one place to the other.

But I am running ahead of the story.

When the autumn color in the Connecticut hills had changed from deep bronze to tarnished brass, and the maple leaves had covered my lawn, the wanderlust began to clamor in my blood. It wasn't a new song. I have heard it every year at about the same time and have annually paid the piper with a trip abroad, or a long jaunt in the car, or a two-weeks' walking trip through the country.

I was thinking what means of travel to use this time when one evening a green-painted trailer hitched to a car stopped at my gate and a bareheaded man in riding breeches came up to ask permission to stay overnight on a vacant lot of my property.

Told to do so, the man drove the trailer into the lot. A moment later the smoke was curling out from the chimney over the silvered roof of the trailer, the while two freckled, yellow-haired youngsters in overalls gathered dry leaves and twigs for a campfire. Shortly afterward the pungent odor of burning leaves mingled with the exciting odor of fried bacon and a woman's voice from the door of the trailer called the family to eat.

It was long since I had seen human beings so carefree as were those four that evening. Father, mother, and the two youngsters sat about the campfire, eating, laughing, and singing, without a thought of the rest of the world. I wanted to go and talk to them, but I felt I had no right to intrude. Right there and then I knew how I was to satisfy my wanderlust. When I awoke, an hour before sunrise, they were gone; gone as unobserved as they had come. The thanks I had received for permission to camp had also been good-by. There had been no bill to pay to the hotelkeeper, no tip to the bellboy, no key to return to the clerk. They were as free as birds, or as the very autumn leaves that rolled on the road.

II

Three days later I had convinced the rest of the family and had obtained a

small trailer complete with two beds, an inbuilt kitchen, clothes closet, ice box, a fire stove, and had loaded up the thing with clothes, linen, a few books, an easel for my daughter, a camera for myself, and we were ready. I had bought several magazines published in the interest and for the information of trailer travelers; but a glance at them was sufficient to tell me that they were little more than useless except for a list of camping places all over the country, which I cut out and put away, and which later proved just as useless as the rest of the information, and even worse than useless—misleading. There is a crying need for a real magazine devoted to the interest of the trailer traveler.

The gypsies have a severe law against gypsies who hand out road misinformation. The punishment for such a crime is as great as the punishment for murder. Of all the laws I know it is *the* law for which I have always had the greatest respect. My recent ten-thousand-mile trip has confirmed my belief that misinformation about roads, even in a civilized country and among civilized people, ought to be treated as a major crime. It is better to start out without any information at all than with false or incomplete guidance. I also discovered that half the paraphernalia one is advised to take along is useless, and that the other half could be replaced with cheaper and more serviceable utensils.

Our first stop that night was at the outskirts of Philadelphia. On the way we had seen a few trailers going southward. Though we noticed toward evening several places where trailers had stopped for the night, we continued on and stopped on a vacant lot without asking anybody's permission. We were tense and tired and hungry. The family showed a silent reluctance to go to bed in the trailer. At home each of us occupies a separate and large room, and the idea of sleeping in one room, fifteen by eight, did not appeal to my wife and daughter. We remembered some close friends on the outskirts of Philadelphia, 'phoned them,

and were invited to come over. After dinner we lingered on, talking of this and that, until we were finally asked to stay with them for the night. We accepted the invitation with glee.

We rose early, and I confess I felt like a traitor, a traitor to the plan of travel I had mapped out in my mind. We looked guiltily at one another when we entered the car. We needed no words to understand one another. As we drove on toward Washington the number of trailers increased hourly. We traveled at thirty miles an hour. Trailers passed us one after another, traveling at a speed of forty and fifty miles an hour. Cars from Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and a few with Florida and California license plates.

At noon we stopped at the side of a road beside a creek and had our first meal cooked on our camping stove. I have never eaten a better one. While we were resting another car drove up and, after a nod in our direction, a woman stepped out, three little children tumbled out of the trailer, followed by an elderly lady, and then they sat down on the grass and proceeded to picnic.

In a few minutes our camps mingled. We didn't ask their names. They didn't ask ours. We didn't inquire where they were from and they didn't ask us our origin. We looked at each other's trailers and discussed their relative merits. They didn't even ask us where we were bound. The one thing that established our road friendship was the fact that we traveled in the same manner—in trailers. When we parted (they went first) the lady called to us from the wheel, "Good-by, Connecticut" and we answered, "Good luck, Vermont."

How Walt Whitman would have liked that! How sturdy and full of bigness that greeting was! I felt a real oneness with the country for the first time. I was Connecticut. She was Vermont. We not only belonged to those States, paid taxes to them, and obeyed their laws; we *were* those States.

We had no reluctance that night to go

to bed in our trailer. And when I was in bed I suddenly wanted to sing. It wasn't eight o'clock. I wasn't tired. My tenseness of the previous day had left me. I looked up at the ceiling over my bed and dreamed, with my eyes open and fully awake, of my youthful days in peasant huts and gypsy tents and of nights under the stars, by the waters of the Danube. I remembered particularly the week I spent on a raft loaded with lumber from the Carpathian mountains. We had been a dozen youngsters on that raft, all musicians, and whenever the raft had pulled up at the shore we had played our fiddles until the girls of the village had come down to the river to dance and sing and laugh with us. I was now as lighthearted as I had been at seventeen.

The home I had left boarded up, in the hills of Connecticut, vanished from my mind. The home and its cares and its burdens and worries were left behind, and I had forgotten them so well that I should have listened to a tale of them as if they belonged to someone else. Home! The fourteen-by-eight house on wheels was the only thing I wanted to own. Whenever I have slept away from home, in hotel rooms and steamer cabins, I have thought of that big house. Was the roof leaking? Would the caretaker cut the lawn on time? Have I closed the bottom drawer of my desk? Have I taken care of the oil-burner? I have carried the burden of these worries all over the world with me. In England, France, Spain, Austria, Germany—everywhere. They have bent my back. But that night I had none of them.

My dreaming and musing were interrupted by dark thoughts. We are an excitable family. Each one is an individual who believes he has work of his own to do. My wife is a sculptor. My daughter paints. I had torn them away from their work. The novelty worn off, wouldn't they resent being compelled to idleness? And another thing. How should we stand being together twenty-four hours a day, day after day, for months, in the narrow space of a car and a trailer? Shall we bore one another

with talk and long silences? Will traveling that way offer enough excitement to keep each of us mentally occupied, or shall we begin to see one another's real and imaginary defects and shortcomings? I fell asleep concluding that I had no answer to these questions, vital though they were for our happiness; that time alone held the answers.

The following night we camped outside of Richmond, Virginia. It was early in the evening when I noticed half a dozen trailers back of a gasoline station, that also boasted a restaurant and a grocery. What made me stop, though we had yet an hour of daylight, was the fact that I noticed three huge freight vans in an adjoining lot. My ramblings in Europe have taught me that wherever teamsters stop to eat, the food is good.

I had hardly pulled up when the savory odors of the kitchen overpowered me. Three young chauffeurs in leather jackets and breeches were sitting at a table eating, eating with such gusto they made my mouth water. A buxom, blonde wench, with freckles, round arms, and laughing eyes, was serving them. Eating, they conversed with her and asked her whether Tim and Skinny Jim had already passed on their weekly run to Florida.

The camaraderie between those people was so warm, so intimate, I envied them. It wasn't at all the usual relation between waitress and customer. That restaurant was one of their homes on the road, one of the ten homes on their runs. A little later when one of the chauffeurs had dropped a few coins in the slot machine—that robber of the unwary, the real highwayman of the road—the girl put her hand on the young man's arm and said:

"Stop it, Steve. It's like throwing them away. Denton dropped four dollars yesterday. I told him not to, but he wouldn't listen." Steve listened, and she was grateful.

The food was simple and healthy. No frills, no trimmings. The girl sang as she served the tables. The three chauffeurs followed her with their eyes as she walked to and fro. When business had

slowed up she joined them at their table for a glass of beer and a cigarette, a joke and a laugh. And then one of them started the round of tales of the road. A highjacking job. A breakdown in a storm ten miles from nowhere. The tale of a friend's tough luck on four successive runs. And all these tales were told in robust and well-articulated language, so different from the slick tales of city dwellers. Mark Twain would have loved to hear them. They were like tales of land sailors. Mark Twain and Rabelais and Homer and all the fraternity of robust tellers of stories would have given their right ears for the privilege of hearing them with their left.

Later in the evening an old man carrying a carpet bag dropped in. Both his hands trembled with palsy as he began to eat. One of the young chauffeurs rose from his seat, sat by the old man and, still carrying on the conversation with his friends at their table, he proceeded to feed the old man, spoon by spoon, as a mother feeds a child. When the old man wanted to pay for his meal the boys looked at her. "It's all paid up, Pop. All paid up," the girl repeated. Then they talked some more. And again the girl stopped one of the men from dropping nickels in the slot machine. She had no objection when a passerby, after buying a package of cigarettes, dropped five or six dollars in nickels within fifteen or twenty minutes.

"The sucker," she said when he left.

A little later two men and two women dropped into the restaurant. They had just pulled up with a trailer.

"Is the Connecticut man here?" one of the men asked.

"What's up?" I inquired.

"You got a flat tire on your house car," he informed me. "Need any help?"

"Thanks. Don't think so."

While I was fixing the tire I heard a quartette singing "Sweet Adeline" in one of the trailers. But the voices were not human. It didn't sound like a phonograph and not like a radio. At the end of the song I heard a woman say

"Now, now, baby. Stay there near your brother."

When the chauffeurs came out to go to sleep in their vans and stopped to listen, they too wondered who was singing. Puzzled, we stood about the trailer, when the door opened and a well-dressed young lady stood before the entrance, with four parrots on her shoulders—four parrots she had trained to sing in chorus and with whom she had been traveling now two years from place to place, making her living as she went along.

We all spent an extra hour listening to "Nearer My God to Thee" and other such melodies sung by the parrots and accompanied by their mistress on a small, portable organ. She too had tales of the road to tell. She had been a teacher of music once. She had manners and amenities, but for the while she was no different, or better, or on a higher social plane, than her brothers of the road.

"Like it?" I asked my daughter as we retired for the night in our trailer.

"Like it!" she exclaimed. "More things have happened in a day than have happened in a year before."

III

At the next stop we met with the first incivility on our travels. I had pulled up before night had fallen (for we had vowed never to travel at night) at a cabin camp, and asked the woman who had come out whether we could spend the night there. She screamed, "I won't have any trailers on my grounds. And move on. Let's see you move on," she ordered as she showed me the way with her long finger.

I didn't stop to ask the reason for her lack of hospitality.

"I'll pay you," I assured her.

"Get off the grounds," she yelled.

We felt rather humiliated at being ordered off like tramps, but we were soon laughing and trying to discover what was back of the woman's anger, and concluded she was angry because trailers had ruined her business. Who would sleep

in one of those clapboard, clammy dog-houses when he could sleep in a trailer, in his own bed, between his own sheets, and under his own blanket?

There are more than a million of those cabins strewn along the roads of the country. Not all of them are bad and unclean, but most of them are. It is unprofitable to furnish fresh bedding and linen for one dollar per cabin, when the passengers seldom stay more than over night. The hotelkeepers have fought the cabin owners. Now both are angry with the trailer. But anger won't change the situation. Cabin camps and hotels will have to adjust themselves to the new condition. Some of them have already and have put out signs on the road inviting trailers to stop, promising them hot and cold water and rest rooms, for the price of fifty cents a night per car. Those camps are in addition to the more specialized trailer camps, with space for three, four, and six hundred trailers, dancing platforms, shuffleboards, recreation rooms, that have sprung up in some parts of the country.

A little later, on the road, we met a Mr. Thomas from Miami, who told us that, having stepped out of his car to look at a deflated tire, a man had driven up beside him, asked him to get off the road so that he could help him, and had then stuck a gun between his ribs, robbed him, tied his feet and hands, and had let all the gasoline out of the car before driving away without turning on the lights.

We renewed our vows never to travel at night. Ten thousand miles of traveling have taught me that the roads are not well patrolled and that, unless something is done in that respect, the number of holdups will increase with the number of travelers. In the meantime my advice to trailers is: Keep going. Don't stop for anybody. Take on no hitchhikers, men or women. And if you have to stop for minor repairs, stop only close to a habitation. And above all, don't drive after dark. The day is long enough.

We stopped that night at a small trailer camp, bought some food, cooked it, ate it,

and then entered in conversation with the owner of the camp, a widow in the thirties, whose son, a boy of sixteen, was in charge of the business. He had cleaned up the empty lot back of the house, rigged up a pole with electric outlets, and was now selling milk, bread, cigarettes, and canned goods to the trailer travelers.

In one trailer lived a steeplechaser and his family: a drunken wife and a poodle dog. They kept a radio going above their drunken quarrel and the howls of the dog.

"I wish they'd be gone," the boy said to me. "They have been here four days and given the place a bad name."

One trailer was occupied by a watchmaker and his family of three: wife and two girls. It was a homemade affair and the front part was occupied by a work bench. During the day the wife canvassed the neighborhood and brought the work home to her husband. They had been living in that trailer two years and had traveled over a goodly part of the country. Waterbury, Connecticut, was their home. He had been a year without work before he had sold his little home, to build a home on wheels. And they had lived well since. The children had gone to school, one week here and one week there.

Another trailer, a very luxurious affair, with two enormous loud-speaker horns protruding from the roof, belonged to a middle-aged couple from Detroit, who had invented a business for themselves.

The man had been an advertising agent in Chicago. They stopped generally in towns under twenty thousand. Then the woman, stately and well-dressed, would canvass the storekeepers, and for a few dollars an hour, they would make a wax record advertising whatever the store owners wanted to get rid of, put it on a phonograph, and go through the town, while an enormous voice from the loud speaker announced a "big sale, unprecedented, of ladies' dresses and shoes, etc." The trailer was ornate, attractive, the announcements were preceded by

(To be continued)

some music. Crowds watched and listened. The couple had been one year on the road and were worried to which State they must pay the income tax.

In another trailer lived a college professor on his sabbatical year. He followed the fishing trail of the country. He wasn't interested in anything but fishing. When someone talked politics to him he answered, "Whether Landon or Roosevelt is elected, it'll make no difference to the fish." He gave me a large mess of fish for our dinner in exchange for a magazine he had seen me reading.

A Michigan couple was spending their twenty-fifth honeymoon on the road.

"What made you buy a trailer?" I asked.

"A trailer passed our store one day. That was all. You know how it is," the man explained in his inarticulate way. "A trailer passed and I said to my wife, 'Why not?' And she said, 'Why not?' And that was all. You know, twenty-five years in a shop without a vacation. So here we are."

Another man confided to me: "I couldn't take the pauper's oath when we were left without a cent. I cashed in on my insurance and bought this trailer. I do a little upholstering here and there. I paint a house, a chicken coop. Not much. We live."

I have of course met trailer people who were on the road for their pleasure only. But they are not the majority. Most of them were people trying to make a living while on the way, people who would otherwise swell the ranks of the unemployed, courageous and enterprising people, mostly of American stock. Their ancestors also had left their homelands when life there had become impossible.

Undoubtedly, while traveling about with their homes, striking out for themselves, trailer folk have created several other problems for the States and the country, problems which will have to be dealt with in the near future, yet I would sooner see them in a long line on the road than before a breadline.



BELGIUM AND HOLLAND — ISOLATED?

BY ELMER DAVIS

AMERICANS who are not particularly proud of their country's isolation from world politics, but do not see what else can be done about it at the moment, find European travel more comfortable nowadays than it used to be. You still meet Europeans who ask you why America does not come into the League and help to do something about world peace; but most of them, after recent collapses of the system of collective security, know why, and only wish that they could do as we do. I believe that every democratic nation in Europe to-day would get out of Europe and stay out if it could, and some of the minor semi-dictatorships too. Getting out of Europe means getting away from the neighborhood of Germany; with Russia and with Italy it is possible to get along, in spite of the ambitious programs of the Comintern and the coruscant rhetoric of Mussolini's speeches; but even nations which lived on German trade so long as there was any German trade would be happier now if either they or Germany could be moved to the South Seas.

Unfortunately, both Germany and her uneasy neighbors have to stay right where they are; and isolation, as the faintest etymological reflection should make clear, is possible only on an island. A remote island, at that; some even of the English know that isolation is only a dream. What difficulties confront those who plan for their individual security, now that there no longer seems any hope of collective security, are illustrated by the recent change in the policy of Belgium and

by the different but not altogether dissimilar situation of Holland. The Belgians, tired of being the cockpit of Europe, did their best last fall to get out of Europe and stay out, and the mass of the Belgian people seems actually to believe that they have done it. (The government doubtless knows better.) The Dutch are just a little more remote from danger—after all, they did succeed in staying out of the last war; but you will find fewer illusions in the Hague than in Brussels.

Belgium, allied with France after the War, joined in 1925 in the Locarno agreement by which England, France, Belgium, Italy, and Germany all guaranteed one another against aggression; but the Belgians took the view that German re-occupation of the Rhineland had invalidated the Locarno treaty for everybody (something which the British, for instance, refuse to admit). So on October 14th last King Leopold announced in Cabinet Council that Belgium was resuming her traditional neutrality and would pursue an exclusively Belgian policy. "Alliances," he said, "could not save us," for their aid would come too late. Eleven days later the argument was elaborated in the Belgian reply to the British proposal for a conference to revise the Locarno treaty (which, thanks to German coolness, has never yet come off); Belgium could no longer bear the responsibility of guaranteeing not only France but Germany, now that the French system of alliances threatened to divide Europe into those "rigid antago-

nistic blocs" which it was the aim of the Locarno system to avoid.

That looks simple. Bismarck, I believe, said that every treaty should begin with the words *rebus sic stantibus*—so long as things are this way. Things are no longer as they were in 1925 and Belgium, which bore the first shock of the last war though she had utterly no interest in its causes, does not want the same thing to happen again. Accordingly Belgium resigns from the Western European Club and retires into her own corner, ready to fight for herself but not for anybody else. Meanwhile, that she might be able to fight for herself effectively, Premier van Zeeland's ministry brought in a new defense bill. The term of military service in most units was extended from twelve to seventeen months, a new mechanized force of professional volunteers was instituted, the fortifications on the eastern frontier were extended and deepened; and the strength of the peace-time army was raised to eighty-four thousand men, which mobilization would increase to half a million.

In this defense bill, which would cost a lot of money, London and Paris thought they could find at least a partial explanation of a change in policy which naturally was not very pleasing to France and England. Last year's elections brought a considerable increase in the Flemish Nationalist representation in the Belgian Parliament and also a considerable number of Rexists—the local brand of Fascists. As Fascists the Rexists are friendly to Germany, as aggressive Catholics they hate the anti-clerical Popular Front now governing France; and the Flemings never liked the French at all. Moreover, France is allied with Russia—only a defensive alliance, never yet implemented by general-staff conversations; still there it is, such an alliance as dragged France—and Belgium—into the War in 1914. Catholic Belgium hates Russian Communism and distrusts the French Popular Front; so to get support for an expensive defense bill M. van Zeeland had to make it clear that Belgium was no longer the

tail to the French kite, that her fortifications in the east were not a mere extension of France's impenetrable Maginot line, that the money was needed to defend Belgium, not merely to protect a French flank.

This theory found some support in the prompt assurances of the Belgian government that "no abrupt break" of old relations with England and France was in prospect, and its various later endeavors to water down, if not the new policy, at any rate its effect in London and Paris. On December 2nd, in the debate in the Chamber of Representatives preceding the passage of the defense bill, the Premier insisted that the policy was "independence, not isolation"; but he had to go on to say that "if we are not attacked we shall remain neutral," which certainly looks like isolation.

And isolation is what the Belgians want. They not only want to be out of the next war but they have a faith whose strength surprises the foreigner that they actually can be—and this not merely the man in the street, but well-informed men who ought to appreciate political and economic realities. The royal declaration of October surprised casual newspaper readers abroad, but it had been foreshadowed in the summer by a speech of Minister of Foreign Affairs Paul Spaak, who flew a kite that showed plainly enough which way the wind was blowing. This seems to have been one of those cases in which a government simply had to yield to the popular demand, even if it may secretly have doubted whether what the public demanded was a practical reality.

II

Why not a practical reality? Well, for one thing there is Eupen and Malmedy, two tiny frontier districts taken from Germany and given to Belgium by the Treaty of Versailles; of no importance in themselves, but of considerable importance to the Germans who seem bent on getting back all they lost in 1919. Eupen and Malmedy have been badly managed; in

1925 they elected to Parliament a Belgian lawyer who spoke German and understood their problems; but he was counted out, and since then irredentism has flourished. A Mr. van Werveke, honorary secretary-general of the Eupen-Malmedy government, complained last winter of the stupidity of the "*fonctionnaires paperassiers*" who had handled everything legalistically, not practically, and so eased the way for German propaganda.

What the Belgian government thinks about Eupen and Malmedy I do not know, but Belgians in private life will tell you that the French had them handed over to Belgium by the peace conference to make sure that there would always be a sore point to embitter relations between Belgium and Germany, and make Belgium dependent on France. Then why not, you ask, give them back to Germany? Ah, no. Eupen, just possibly; that is German. But Malmedy is Walloon, that is Belgian; we must keep it.

Well, it seems doubtful if Hitler would start a war in western Europe for the sake of Eupen and Malmedy; still the issue brushes a little of the bloom off this newly blossomed neutrality. And now, as in 1914, Belgium is a road to Paris and the Channel ports, which France and England must defend. "The Belgians know they will be guaranteed," said a British diplomat dryly, "so they want to get out of guaranteeing." And indeed last December both the British and the French governments solemnly pledged themselves to defend Belgium if attacked. Very good; and even better, Hitler in his January 30th speech said that Germany would guarantee the inviolability not only of Belgian but of Dutch territory. So the Locarno pact seems reestablished so far as Belgium is concerned, except that Belgium gets all the benefits and is relieved of all responsibility. . . . But also these British, French, and German declarations have reestablished something older and of more painful memory than the Locarno treaty; what Hitler has promised Belgium is exactly what the Prussian gov-

ernment promised in 1839, the promise so flagrantly broken in 1914.

Remind the Belgians of 1914 and they will tell you that the situation is different. Like a good many people in other parts of Europe, they are convinced that Germany is looking east and would like to keep out of trouble in the west, that when Hitler talks of the Ukraine and the Urals he means what he says. So what? Catholic Belgium would not lift a finger to save Communist Russia, nor even to save democratic Czechoslovakia. But if Germany attacks Russia or Czechoslovakia, France is pledged by her defensive alliances to come to their aid—alliances springing from a more realistic appraisal of the European situation than is current in Belgium. And if once more, as in 1914, France attempts to save her eastern allies from being overrun by Germany, the Germans might once more decide to attack France through Belgium rather than batter uselessly at the Maginot line. It will apparently be two or three years at least before Germany could fight on two fronts; but if or when that situation arises, Belgian neutrality in itself, or a German promise in itself, will be no more of a deterrent than it was in 1914.

But the Belgians think their army and their fortifications would be considerably more of a deterrent than they were twenty-three years ago. Against the eighty thousand men they put into the field in 1914, they will be able to put in half a million within a year or so; and the forts around Liege—which after all did hold up the Germans for a little while—are far weaker than the new fortifications in the east of the country. Just how good those fortifications are it is hard to say; certainly nowhere near so strong as the Maginot line. I believe no foreigners, except perhaps the French, have been permitted to inspect them; but Belgians with war experience assure me that they are good enough to hold—at least long enough.

For it is the universal expectation that the first land attack in the next war will be a quick thrust by a mechanized force—

tanks, armored cars, motorized artillery—to break through the enemy's defenses, penetrate deeply, and clear the way for the slow-moving masses of infantry which will come along later to occupy the land. The Belgians have fortified water barriers, rivers and canals, where tanks and cars and tractors could most easily be stopped; that first lightning thrust might be checked, perhaps held up for some days—till the mass of German infantry came up behind it? Yes, but also till a French or British army arrived to help the defenders. In 1914 the French General Staff, though it had long known of the Schlieffen plan for an invasion through Belgium, stubbornly refused to believe in it; but now, confident in the Maginot line, the French would probably be prepared to come to Belgium's aid in time.

So it looks as if Belgian isolation comes back to the point it started from—reliance on French and British help, on a local system of collective security. You can't tell the Belgians that; but it seems obvious to a foreigner that if they are any safer than they were a year ago they owe it to the new defense bill and not to the proclamation of neutrality. Till the Swiss fortify their corner round Basel, the southern flank of the French frontier is more vulnerable than the northern; when the Swiss have plugged the gap—which will probably be by the time the German army is ready for a real war—Belgium's chance of staying out of trouble depends on a practical calculation of realities, not on any declarations of neutrality.

III

The Dutch have always been in the position the Belgians are in now, but they take a more coolly realistic view of their prospects. They were lucky enough to stay out of the last war, partly because the Germans thought they could win by a drive through Belgium, but partly because they were not relying in 1914, as was Belgium, on any guaranteed neutrality, but only on themselves.

In 1911 there was appointed to the

Dutch Ministry of Defense a certain Colonel Hendrik Colijn of the colonial army, who had made a brilliant record as a soldier and administrator in Sumatra and promptly showed that he understood the European situation too. It seemed possible to him that the Schlieffen plan might have been expanded to include a possible flank march through Holland, and he set to work to stiffen the Dutch army against such a contingency. Accordingly, on the outbreak of war in 1914, Holland promptly put 200,000 men into the field, and later increased the number to 400,000; and every Dutchman believes that if Dutch frontiers remained inviolate to the end of the War that army was the principal reason.

The same Colijn, after an interval in private life, became Prime Minister in 1932 and is Prime Minister to-day. (But you call him Doctor Colijn, not Colonel. Imagine an American politician who was a Colonel—a real Colonel, a fighting Colonel—and preferred to be called Doctor.) With more optimism about the future of Europe than a good many European statesmen, he is, nevertheless, preparing for all contingencies, and is to all appearances carrying his people with him. The Dutch Socialists, for instance, long refused to vote for defense bills; they insisted that the army should be no bigger than was needed for local police work, and that the country should rely for security on the League of Nations. But the lesson of Abyssinia was plain enough; last December almost all the Socialists voted for the defense bill for the Dutch East Indies, and most of them will probably vote for the home defense bill that will be introduced in the new Parliament that is to be elected this spring. They are nominally Marxians but they are actually democrats, and they seem ready now to defend not only Dutch soil but the civic liberties of which Holland was the first home in modern Europe.

The safety of Holland depends not only on good relations with England and with Germany, but on good relations between England and Germany. (There are still

Englishmen who talk bitterly about the money Holland made on war trade, but it does not appear that on balance the War paid Holland any more than it paid anybody else.) But if it comes again to war between England and Germany very few Dutchmen have any illusions as to where their interest lies. England at the moment is no danger to Holland; but Hitler's Germany, despite this talk about guaranteeing Dutch territorial integrity, seems a danger to all its neighbors—and Germany's semi-ally Japan is a danger to Insulinde, the great East Indian Empire on which so much of Holland's livelihood depends. The German-Japanese agreement of last fall professed to provide only for joint action against missionary Communism, and the Dutch have no evidence that it covered anything else; but they cannot help wondering if there might not have been some unwritten understanding about Insulinde.

Just at the moment, to be sure, the Dutch East Indies are not in danger; Japan digs deeper and deeper into China, and while she is going west she is likely to have little energy to spare for adventures in the south. Also an attack on Insulinde would be impossible until the Philippines are completely detached from the United States, unless Japan was prepared to go in for an American war as well. None the less the Dutch are spending a lot of money on torpedo-boat and submarine flotillas and a powerful air fleet, to defend the East Indies. Against Japan, Holland could not defend the Indian Empire forever; but the Dutch islands are, as a Dutch expert described them, "a bridge between Australia and India," and an attack on them must bring England to Holland's help if the British Empire is not to be split in two.

Similarly, an attack on Holland and its North Sea ports must bring England to Holland's aid, as it always has except when Charles II was the mercenary of Louis XIV. Mr. Anthony Eden's statements of last winter about British determination to protect the narrow seas did not specifically mention Holland, but

there was semi-official assurance that Holland was included; which indeed must have been obvious without assurance. Without any alliance, England must come to Holland's rescue if she can, whether in Europe or in the Orient; Holland's traditional neutrality does not, in itself, lessen the German or the Japanese danger, nor does it affect the realities which compel Holland to rely on England, whether anybody likes it or not.

Naturally the Dutch want to stay out of the next war if they can; but like most small countries, they feel that the best chance of staying out is to be so well prepared that it would not be worth Germany's while to attack them. A merchant people who have never liked to fight unless they had to (though when they had to they fought very well), they lay outside the lines of tension in nineteenth-century Europe, and were never used to spending much money on defense. Lately they have not had much to spend; Holland has been hard hit by the depression, and the Colijn government has stuck to a deflationary policy which, however mitigated in practice, is widely believed to have retarded recovery.

But now the defense budget has been increased by 83,000,000 guilders in the last two years—a large item for Holland whose whole budget is only about ten times that; with a curious result. Deflation was so unpopular that a few months ago it was expected that the Colijn coalition would be beaten in this spring's elections to the States-General; but the defense program is so universally recognized as necessary that it will almost certainly carry him back into office. A thrifty and hard-up nation is going to reëlect him for spending more of its money because it knows he is spending the money where it needs to be spent. I can think of no better proof of the admirable Dutch sense of realities.

Fifty-three million guilders have already been spent on fortifications. After the Franco-German War of 1870 the Dutch evolved a defense policy which provided, in case of a German attack, for simply abandoning and flooding most of

the country. Then army and government would dig in round the Hague and Amsterdam in a limited area called the "Holland fortress," where in those days they might have held out indefinitely. But that plan now has been abandoned and not merely because German airplanes could blow the Hague and Amsterdam off the map. Holland is fortifying both her eastern and southern frontiers now; and the army, at present 20,000 in peace time but able to mobilize 300,000 in another crisis like that of 1914, is to be increased fifty per cent by this year's new defense bill. It will be ready by the time the Germans are ready; but it is weak in tanks and heavy artillery, and those are things you cannot easily buy over the counter in foreign countries just now. Hence the new fortifications.

Well in the east of the Netherlands, from Zwolle through Arnhem and Roermond and on down to Maastricht, there has been completed a fortified line which in effect is an extension of the Belgian line, that in turn is an extension (however much the Belgians may refuse to admit it) of the Maginot line, completing the barrier from Switzerland to the sea. Like the Belgian line, the Dutch fortifications are covered by a series of waterways—the IJssel, the Waal, the Maas; and they have the same purpose, to stop that first quick thrust of a mechanized invader. They probably could do so for some days; for Holland, cut up with canals and ditches, is a poor country for the operation of even amphibious tanks and tractors. And, as in the case of Belgium, a few days might be long enough for help to arrive.

Naturally, official Holland says nothing about help; the frontiers are being fortified so that Holland can defend herself. But Dutchmen in private life who understand the realities of their position will tell you that the business of that Zwolle-Roermond line is to hold till an English army can get there. It will come, and come in a hurry if England has any army to send, in England's own interest; and if the Zwolle-Roermond line is forced, a second line is being built southward from

Utrecht where Dutch and English might stop an invader. The "Holland fortress" plan has been abandoned not merely on account of the air danger, but because the Holland fortress did not include Rotterdam, did not protect the mouths of the Rhine and the Scheldt. And the Dutch know they are worth being helped by England only if they fight to the last to keep the Germans away from those possible submarine bases.

But the southern frontier is being fortified too; a considerable system of works has been built around Breda, facing Belgium. Why? No Dutchman expects Belgian aggression; the relations between the two countries have been very good for years past and have been improved, if anything, by the Belgian neutrality policy. But the Dutch want to make it clear that they are defending themselves against all contingencies and not merely against Germany. Beyond Belgium lies France, and the Dutch have not forgotten Louis XIV and the conquering armies of the French Revolution. No Dutchman expects a French attack now any more than he expects a Belgian attack, but those works round Breda are there to show the Germans that Holland is playing no favorites, is prepared to defend both her exposed frontiers.

But by a curious coincidence those fortifications are so situated—and, I am told, so constructed—that they would also stop a German army striking through the southern Netherlands toward the mouths of the Rhine and the Scheldt. The Dutch know that if they want English help they must have something to offer in return; and with their two fortified lines, and their preparations for flooding, in the last resort, the parts of the country they cannot hold, they have made it fairly certain that an army of tanks and tractors and armored cars would have a terrible time getting through Holland. At best, those tanks would have to do a lot of swimming.

Whether preparedness, in a great power, makes war more or less likely—and there is much to be said on both sides

of that question—I think there can be no doubt that in the present state of Europe preparedness on the part of small nations really goes a long way toward guaranteeing national safety. The European problem to-day is the German problem, nothing else—an aggressive, vigorous, hungry nation, drunk on doctrines of racial superiority, constantly threatening to raise hell right and left and then innocently surprised that its neighbors take precautions. There are people in Europe who think that Germany, or at least Hitler, is incalculable, not to be judged by what would be logic with normal men; but there are others, in quite as good a position to know, who think that even Hitler would not cut off his nose to spite his face.

If that is true—or, in plain language, if Hitler, though a gambler, is a sane gambler and not a megalomaniac—where Germany will strike, and even whether Germany will strike, becomes a question of what Germany could get that would be worth the trouble. Holland and Belgium are both doing their best to insure that a German invasion of the Low Countries would not be worth the trouble; that, even if it ultimately succeeded, it could not succeed quickly enough to strike a lightning knockout blow at France. In effect the Maginot line now runs clear to the North Sea—not so strong in Holland or in Belgium as in France, but strong enough to impose disastrous delays on a mechanized invader. And behind those Dutch-Belgian lines there can be assembled—not indeed yet, but by the time the Germans are ready for a first-class war—almost a million trained men. It seems likely that if the German General Staff has anything to say about it when the time comes, it will decide that a million extra soldiers behind fortified water barriers are too many to take on, not to speak of the British and French armies which might stiffen those barriers. Modern French strategy has greatly developed the old art of maneuvering a field army in connection with a fortress serving as a *point d'appui*; the Maginot line has made the whole eastern frontier of France

into a fortress, from which an enormous field army could maneuver in defense of either flank.

But this is two-dimensional war; modern war is three-dimensional.

IV

An American who has seen about as much of contemporary Europe as anybody has remarked that the airplane has made Europe an absurdity. Indeed it has, and is likely to make it worse than that. Almost it could be said that Holland and Belgium and even France, regarded not as nations, political entities, but as social entities, collections of people and buildings and the homes of civilization, would be better off without any fortifications at all. Then the next war could be fought on the ground and, even if the Germans won, even if the liberties of Western Europe were lost, the physical plant of Western Europe would survive. Block the frontiers and you force the Germans to seek a decision in the air; with the result that, once airplanes can be produced in sufficient quantity, nothing will be left after the next war but piles of smoldering wreckage. Aircraft production has not quite reached that point yet, but it has gone far enough to make sure that damage could be done in the next war which it might take some centuries to repair.

Both Holland and Belgium are weak in the air; neither has factories able to supply much of the deficiency; and both are having trouble in buying planes abroad, when every manufacturing nation is feverishly making them for its own use. But there is a difference in their air-defense policies, a difference which again reflects the greater realism of the Dutch. The Belgians, sticking to their resolutions of neutrality, want a purely defensive air force. Plenty of anti-aircraft batteries, plenty of planes when they can get them—but only pursuit planes that could attack and bring down enemy bombers, no bombers of their own that could be used for attack.

This is an admirable theory, but the distinction between offensive and defensive weapons on land or sea or in the air depends chiefly on the way you employ them, rather than their nature. A great deal has been done in all countries to develop instruments for the detection of enemy airplanes and machinery to improve the accuracy of anti-aircraft batteries; but how well it will work under war conditions nobody knows. Meanwhile it can be argued that retaliation is the best defense; that the way to keep the enemy from bombing your capital is not to have a fleet of scout planes that may or may not stop his bombers, but to have bombers of your own that can treat his capital as he treats yours.

A good many Dutchmen hold this view. From their frontier it is ten minutes by air to the German advanced bases and two hours to Berlin; if they had a fleet of bombers that could menace Berlin it might be the best possible defense of Amsterdam and Rotterdam. Unfortunately they have not; they mean to have a home air fleet of 400 planes some day, when they are able to get that many; but at present they have only 40 or 50 pursuit planes and no bombers at all, though 16 have been ordered. They are indeed getting bombers, but for the East Indies; 78 have been obtained or ordered for that service in the last year or two, mostly from American factories. Anybody who wonders why the Dutch can get bombers in America for the East Indies but not for home defense is permitted one guess.

Meanwhile Holland and Belgium lie fairly wide open to attack from the air—Belgium, highly industrialized, with the densest population in Europe; and Holland whose three large cities, with a fourth of the country's population, lie in a triangle not much larger than Cook County, Illinois. The one hopeful thought—and both Dutch and Belgians cling to it, pending the completion of their air programs—is that in a war with western Europe the German air force could not waste its time on the Low Countries. While it was attacking Brussels

and Amsterdam what would the British and French be doing to Cologne, Essen, even Berlin? The day is long past when Edward Gibbon could congratulate an enlightened, though by no means peaceful, Europe that its armies were "exercised in temperate and indecisive conflicts." The next European conflict will be the most intemperate since the Thirty Years' War, and is likely to be about as decisive for the victors as for the vanquished. It is a consideration that would restrain any rational government; the future of Europe seems likely to turn on the question, still undecided, whether the present rulers of Germany are rational.

V

All this discussion of political and military realities should not obscure the fact that neither the Dutch who perceive them nor the Belgians who in the main apparently overlook them do not like them; all they want is to keep out of trouble, if they can, and to have a chance to make some money again. Of the two countries, Belgium is farther on the way back to recovery than Holland; the number of unemployed in any country is hard to calculate because of different bases of computation, but in Belgium last winter it was generally set at less than one hundred thousand, while Holland still had four times as many. The Hague, beflagged and illuminated for a royal wedding, was a very gay town; but there was plenty of misery in the back streets of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, despite a dole that kept people from starving. The worst feature in the Dutch situation is that the farmers who used to live on export to Germany have lost three-quarters of that market now that the Germans spend their money on guns and airplanes, and either eat what they can raise at home or go without. Dutch attempts to break into the English market against the competition of the long-established Danish dairy industry and the tariff-favored products of the Dominions have not yet been very successful, despite the fact that Dutch

butter is sold in London below the cost of production while the Dutch consumer, to give the farmer a chance to live, has to pay an artificially high price. Sir Henri Deterding's new scheme for subsidizing Dutch agricultural exports to Germany may bring back some of that lost market, but the odds seem against it.

But the devaluation of the guilder, to which the Colijn ministry had to come at last and reluctantly last September, has already brought a perceptible improvement in the Dutch export trade, and all over the country business is picking up, even if slowly. Dr. Colijn's deflationary policy has in many ways been modified in practice; one reason the Dutch have faith in him is that they say he has "tact" in the Napoleonic sense, an instinct for doing the needed thing at the right moment whether it squares with his general principles or not. This visible beginning of the upturn is one obvious reason for the optimism you encounter in both the Low Countries; and another is the apparent recession of the local Fascist movements in both nations. In the local elections of 1935 the Dutch Nazis cast eight per cent of the vote, but they seem to have lost ground since then, and nobody but they themselves takes seriously their prediction that they will make a far better showing in this spring's elections to the Second Chamber.

In Belgium Léon Degrelle's Rexist party made a good deal of noise last year; but the sharp denunciation of its totalitarian tendencies in the Christmas pastoral letter of the Belgian episcopate was a hard blow to a party which had pretended to be more Catholic than the Church, and which had already lost much ground because of the improvement in business and because of Degrelle's vague program and irresponsible personality. Every time he made a speech throughout the fall he lost supporters. His strength in last spring's elections, however, was partly due to resentment of real abuses, which the van Zeeland ministry is now on the way to rectifying. So it looks as if Rexism will have played the part in Bel-

gian politics that lunatic fringes have so often played in America—the good in its program will be taken over and put into practice by the administration it so furiously denounced, the evil will be interred with its bones.

Relations between the two countries to-day are better than they have ever been since the sixteenth century—and this despite the activities of the Flemish Nationalists, which almost anywhere else in Europe would cause endless trouble. Some of the Flemish Nationalists are home rulers, Belgians first and Flemings afterward; but there is a radical faction that would simply abolish Belgium—let the Walloon half join France, while the Flemish provinces became part of a Greater Holland. Fortunately this proposal for the aggrandizement of Holland arouses no enthusiasm among the Dutch, and the Belgians know it. Holland is Protestant by tradition but almost half the people are Catholics, and the Catholic party is the largest in the States-General. Unable to govern alone, it forms part at present of a coalition government headed by Calvinists; but add the Flemings who are all Catholics and it would need no Calvinist aid. No Dutch Protestant who knows his country's history wants that; and as for Dutch Catholics, however they might like to become a majority, they do not want it at the price of a common frontier with France. They know their country's history too.

Different as the two nations are, their common situation makes them increasingly aware of common interests. Both are vestiges of that mediaeval Burgundian state which, if it had survived, might have formed a permanent buffer between France and Germany and prevented the rise of the most dangerous of European antagonisms; and the effect of that antagonism is throwing them closer together to-day than since political and religious differences separated them more than three centuries ago. In 1933 a Dutch-Belgian trade agreement, which might have averted the worst effects of the depression in both countries, was wrecked

by British insistence on the application of the most-favored-nation clause. But as I write negotiations are afoot for renewing it, and extending it to include the Scandinavian countries; and before you read this it will probably be apparent that the British have seen the light, and are imposing no further obstacles to better relations between the democratic nations which by both sentiment and interest are closer to England than to Hitler's Germany.

The present Dutch government has great faith in the restorative powers of international trade, but the movement for co-operation with Belgium and Scandinavia goes beyond that. When Dr. Colijn, in an interview in the London *Times* last November, spoke of the need for closer relations, not only economic but political, between the democratic countries he was speaking for the overwhelming majority of Dutchmen. Just so, when the Belgians tell you that they are tired of looking south, that they want to look north toward Holland and Scandinavia, it means that they recognize an all-round community of interest between the smaller countries of western Europe, which only want to be let alone to go about their business of being civilized Europeans.

One cannot help feeling that the best of Europe to-day is in the small nations

which do not have to waste their resources and their attention on the business of being great powers. The game of international politics—not only power-politics but the even more dangerous game of prestige-politics—as played to-day differs from all other games in that in the end, all the players lose. It is no game for anybody who can stay out of it; and most conspicuously no game for a player who is only a little brother of the rich, who has to sit in with a stack of white chips and dribble them away by anteing in every pot. The Dutch have managed to stay out of it for the last century and now the Belgians want to get out of it too.

Yet if it comes to trouble, trouble which no effort of theirs can prevent, they must rely on the great powers to save them. Obviously then there is no choice in Europe between isolationist neutrality and collective security; the only hope lies in making collective security collective enough and secure enough. The people who argue that peace must be indivisible have logic on their side; for so far as concerns Europe and its dependencies at least—possibly, even farther—the next war will be indivisible. The League of Nations does not offer much hope at present; but Europe may yet discover that it is less hopeless than anything else—if by that time there is any Europe left to discover anything.



EXPRESS TO MIAMI

A STORY

BY HELEN STANSBURY

SHE stood facing me in the bus, a skinny overdressed child at her side.

I'd have bet money she was in some floor show or movie-house chorus and that they lived in a walk-up apartment in the forties or fifties west of Broadway.

As they stood there looking for seats, something struck me as curious about their eyes. The child's were experienced, old; the woman's blank as a baby's.

Of course one look at the rest of their faces, their brows and lashes for instance, should have killed this idea. The child's were like a child's. Scant, natural, sandy, to match her hair. The woman's lashes must have been an inch long and stood out like lacquered wires. Her brows were just dark lines pointing to her hair, which was an off-white.

As I say, one look at these things should have set me straight. Only it didn't. The child still looked like a sour old woman and the woman like a soft innocent baby in masquerade clothes.

She saw the empty seat beside me, the only one in the bus, and came and sat down in it.

The little girl stood beside her sullenly. Presently she said, "I'm tired" and began climbing into the woman's lap.

The woman pushed her off. "No, ya don't," she said. "You're too damn heavy." The child scowled. "Aw, can'tcha wait? Th' driver'll letcha sit up with him if ya behave."

The child looked at the driver in his

seat and realized that the woman was lying to her. She looked back at her stonily and said, "There ain't room" and started climbing on her lap again.

"Get off, I tell ya." The woman pushed harder this time and the little girl stumbled into the aisle.

An old man seated across from us, who had been watching them too, caught the child and lifted her to his lap. "Reckon she's better off here," he said quietly to the woman.

"Okay," she said.

The old man bent forward and said gently to the child on his lap, "Going a long way?"

The little girl pulled as far away from him as she could without falling off his lap and stared out the window.

The driver came round to punch tickets. When he had finished he lowered himself in his seat, pulled the door shut, and drove west. At Eighth Avenue we turned south.

The air in the bus was beginning to warm up. I smelled something penetrating. It was on the woman next to me. I had smelled cheap perfumes before but this was the worst. There was no use raising the window. It was cold outside. I should have to wait till we got to Philadelphia. I amused myself looking round the bus, trying to decide whose seat I would grab when we got out for lunch.

She caught my eye. "How far ya goin'?" she said. Her blank eyes raked me slowly.

"I don't know," I said. I unfolded my paper.

Without actually moving she came closer to me. "You a drummer?"

"No," I said and went on trying to read.

"Feelin' low, aintcha?" I could feel her blank eyes through my paper.

I didn't answer her. She was quiet for a time and except for that awful scent I forgot about her.

The bus lurched. She fell across my knees—well, not quite. I used my arm to brace her. She was heavy though and was pushing hard against me.

The bus was riding as sedately as a hearse now. "Try sitting up," I said.

She waited a moment, probably to make sure I meant it. She was straightening herself when I heard giggles behind us. She must have heard them too, and didn't bother me any more all the way to Philadelphia.

I hurried through lunch. When I got back to the bus I found a seat with someone and opened a magazine. After we had started I was surprised to find myself looking round for the woman and child.

The child was hunched up in a seat, alone, drawing on the windowpane with her finger. A safe distance away, the woman sat talking to a man. She was making headway all right.

I decided not to stay over in Washington. I wanted to see what riding all night in a bus was like.

I had the woman's number by now and didn't expect to see her, the child, or the man again. I was sorry for the youngster.

The engine was running and the door shut when there was a rap on the glass. The driver opened the door and the woman and child got on. There wasn't the smallest trace of emotion about her as far as I could see, though she had caught the bus by a hair's-breadth. The child looked all in and was whimpering.

The bus was half empty. I was sitting alone. I couldn't conceive of a woman, even this one, leaving a child for the night under the circumstances. But she did.

I watched her stuff a coat in the corner of a seat and order the child to lie down

with her head on it. The child hesitated, dazed with sleep. The woman threatened her with her hand and, whimpering, the child obeyed her. The seat was much too short for her but she folded up with a practiced air. The woman told her to shut up or she'd crown her. Then she left her and sat down beside me.

"Goin' t' Florida?" she said, settling herself against me. Well, anyway, her perfume had died down a little.

"Yes," I said. "Now if you don't mind I'm going to sleep."

She took off her hat, tossed it on the shelf above us, and sat back again. "I ain't a bit sleepy. Be a good guy an' keep me comp'ny."

"Sorry." I pulled my hat over my eyes.

"God, I hate kids," she burst out.

"That's easy to see," I said. "Hope the kid you have with you isn't yours."

"Hell, no. I'm gettin' th' trip free f'r bringin' her down to her ma in Miami. I wish we was there now."

The driver switched off the lights inside.

"I bought me fi' bathin' suits. You c'd put 'em all in your eye an' still see good." Her mouth was very close to mine.

"Why bother with any?" I tried to sound half asleep.

Even in the dark I knew she was annoyed.

"What?"

"Nothing." I yawned.

Her mouth clamped down over mine. It felt just the way it looked—soft and sticky.

She got kissed a couple of times. Then I turned over and fell asleep.

I woke half a dozen times with a crick in my neck. She was leaning against me, dead to the world, snoring a little. Once my hand touched her face and her lashes felt like bristles. It got colder toward morning so it wasn't such a bad idea having her there. We kept each other warm.

The three of us had breakfast together.

Marie, that was the child's name, looked older than ever. There were blue rings under her eyes.

Veronica looked even softer than the day before and more like a drowsy baby. She had left off some of her make-up and I saw she had a fine skin.

When we had eaten we still had thirteen minutes before the bus left. The air was sharp but it was warmer than it had been in New York. I coaxed Marie to run round the block with me. At first she didn't seem to know what to do with her legs. But by the time we were racing back to the bus she was really covering ground. She hadn't any manners and I doubt if she'd trust you with a paper napkin, but you couldn't expect much else.

There were two single seats left. Veronica sat behind me and talked in my ear. She kept her voice low, so it didn't matter. And Marie, on my lap, was used to her.

After lunch Veronica and I sat together and Marie sat in front of us eating popcorn. I opened the window. It was beginning to feel like early spring.

Veronica was telling me the story of her life.

"It's funny," she was saying. "I didn' wanna make a livin' like ma sister was doin'. I wanted t' be a dancer. I was gettin' on swell too till th' ol' man found out Ma was payin' fr lessons. Sis woulda helped on'y she don't make much, see? She ain't so hot lookin'. An' y'gotta keep buyin' clothes, see? So I quit dancin' lessons.

"I couldn't be no typist nor nuthin' like that. I was lousy in school." She looked at me, I thought defiantly. "They said I was dumb. But I know better. I was sleepy. I used ta wait up all hours fr Sis. If she didn't bring nobody home I c'd sleep with her, see? B'what th' hell? She ain't never alone hardly.

"I slep' on a lousy ol' sofa in th' parlor. You know." She showed me with her hands. "One a them sofas about so wide with a hump down th' middle. A cat couldn't a stuck on.

"One night I meet a guy at a dance, see? He says t' me, 'Baby, waddaya want? Th' sky's th' limit.' I don't give

him time t' change his mind, see? 'Big Boy,' I says, 'gimme a bed. Th' swellest bed in N' York.'"

"How long ago was that?"

"Four years. I was fifteen. I look old fr my age, see? I walked out on him in a coupla weeks. He was a rat."

The bus stopped for ten minutes. Marie, her hands and face smeared with popcorn, asked Veronica to take her out.

Veronica told her she was old enough to find the ladies' room herself. The child screwed up her dirty face.

"If you don't take her, I will," I said.

About the time it was getting dark I saw we were coming to Jacksonville.

"We'll be in Jacksonville in half an hour," I said to Veronica. I caught sight of Marie's face. "You're not going to take that kid to Miami to-night, are you? She's all in."

"Say, th' sooner she's off my hands, th' better I'll like it, see? She's tough, ain'tcha, kid?" She looked at the child.

"Listen," I said. "One night on a bus is enough for me. I'm staying over in Jacksonville. But if I know that kid's on this bus to-night—well, she's not going to be. If you haven't enough money I'll get you a room at my motel. How's that?" I asked Marie.

The child was too tired to know what I was saying. She looked at me vacantly. "I gotta bellyache," she said.

"You should have. Well, what'll it be?" I said to Veronica.

"Okay. We'll go with you," she said.

We were crossing the lobby of the hotel when Veronica said: "It'd be cheaper if we was all t'bunk t'gether."

I wanted to laugh. Then it occurred to me I might be wrong. I stood still to look at her, trying to read her thoughts. It was a waste of time. "I guess I can afford two rooms. Here, you hold up Marie while I register."

In the elevator I wondered how often Veronica had stayed at a hotel with a man. More times than she could remember probably.

They had given us connecting rooms, though we weren't registered as man and

wife. I was sorry but was too tired to do anything about it.

"Can you two be ready in fifteen minutes for dinner?"

They said they could.

In about fifteen minutes she walked into my room. She had changed her dress. This one was sleeveless and cut very low in front. Voluptuous described her as well as anything. "Where's Marie?" I said.

"Asleep. I can't get her up."

"She's better off where she is. We'll bring her back some crackers and milk."

We ate downstairs. Everything we ordered was good. After a few drinks I began to wake up. I lectured Veronica for being so rotten to Marie. I felt like talking and she pretended to listen. So everything was all right.

At last I said, "Let's get out of here. We can go to a movie or see the town."

We walked around and sat in the square that was strung with colored lights. We stopped at a delicatessen on the way home for milk and crackers.

Marie was still asleep, so we undressed her and put her to bed.

Then I said good-night to Veronica and started for my room. She followed me. In the doorway I turned round. She stood there like a passive little animal.

"Look here, Veronica, I didn't ask you to stay over because I wanted you with me to-night. Maybe I'm goofy but I meant what I said about Marie. You better hit the hay yourself. The bus leaves at 9:30."

Then Veronica said good-night to me. She was holding the door open. She'd got round to saying there must be something wrong with me or did I work for the Salvation Army or something, when I pried her fingers off the door.

When I took a seat opposite them in the bus the next morning I saw that Marie was sitting with Veronica. Well, that's something, I thought.

Marie said, "Hi. C'mon over here."

Veronica pretended not to see me.

The bus stopped to take on a passenger.

He sat with me. Inside of ten minutes

I knew his name, where he was from, his business, how much he generally made a month, and that he was divorced. We were talking about Florida when he interrupted himself. "Say, that kid over there's signalin' to ya."

I looked over. Veronica was staring straight ahead. Marie was forming words across her with her lips. "I want to sit with you and she won't let me."

I was motioning to her to stay where she was when Veronica turned and saw me. She drew Marie to her and put her arm round her. The child certainly looked startled. But she kept her poise at that!

Higgins, beside me, was watching them. "Say, that's one swell looker with that kid," he said. "Know her?"

"Oh, the way you get to know everybody on a long trip," I said.

"Y'know," he said, "it gives me a kick t' see a girl with a kid. My mother had me when she was sixteen. We was real pals till she died. She'd play catch in th' yard with me an' make candy an' take me t' shows. A girl's better off with a kid any day. Keeps her happy an' outa trouble."

"Now you take th' girl I married. She wouldn't have no kid. Hell, no. She had to be steppin' out ev'ry minute. She got so she'd do it while I was away. First thing you know she's in trouble. I forgave her but she didn't change. No more'n I turned my back she was steppin' out again. If she'd had a kid t' do things for we'd be married right now."

I agreed with him. I didn't disillusion him about Veronica.

He divided his time until lunch between talking to me and watching Veronica.

I had a sandwich at the drugstore and a walk along the beach.

On my way back I met Higgins coming out of a lunchroom with Veronica and Marie. He was holding the door open for them with a great show of deference.

Marie saw me and ran over and took my hand.

Veronica's smile wobbled, recovered it-

self, came out again in full force. She even waved to me as Higgins waited to help her on the bus.

Higgins and Marie automatically and gratefully changed places.

I gave Marie my seat by the window and occasionally, when I wasn't answering her questions, I stole a look at Veronica and Higgins.

At first Veronica's voice was shrill and there were spots of red in her cheeks. But gradually she quieted down. She wasn't leaning against him either. Her face had a little expression in it.

We made our last stop.

Higgins caught up with me outside the men's room. "Say, man," he exclaimed. "I know how t' pick 'em now. She's a

hunnerd per cent. That ain't her kid, but she says she's wanted 'em ever since she played with dolls. She's one sweet little woman, all right. Guys don't get fresh with her kind. She's right up my alley."

When the bus was emptying at Miami I watched Veronica take Marie's coat from Higgins and put it on her herself. When she was sure he was looking she stooped and kissed the child.

Higgins' fat face beamed.

He wouldn't let the porter lift down her bags. He took them down himself. And as he helped her on with her coat I saw him squeeze her hand.

Then he herded his little family off the bus.

MIST IN AIR

BY MILDRED BOIE

THE immigrant fog pushed on,
 Sliding over the hills
 And stippling the valleys leading from the sea.
 A moving hand of white,
 It washed its earthlings in unearthliness;
 Even the ugly school across the street
 It wreathed in mist and veils;
 Even the children ran in beauty there—
 The dark white shapes of children blunting through
 the mist;
 Even the black-robed sisters, standing at the door
 With drums and faces stern
 It wreathed in gentleness;
 Even the shouldering truth:
 The Irish rule the Commonwealth: everywhere
 A Celtic mist blurs the cold New England air.



LABOR ON THE MARCH

BY EDWARD LEVINSON

THE defiant sit-down strikers who held captive a mile-square Fisher Body Plant in Flint, Michigan, read in their official, mimeographed newspaper late in February that there were atmospheric disturbances of serious proportions. "A tornado burst on Detroit at eight o'clock this morning," the paper announced. "John L. Lewis arrived after traveling all night on the Ambassador express." Mr. Lewis had come, said the strikers' paper with complete assurance, "to see that the union men are given their full civil and legal rights." Mr. Lewis himself appeared to have no illusions concerning the portentous nature of his mission.

"Let there be no moaning at the bar when I put out to sea," said the miners' leader as he boarded the Ambassador Express.

The tornado discerned by the sit-down strikers' editor had been gathering for something more than a year. The experts saw it coming in the declaration of war which Mr. Lewis delivered in November, 1935, to the elders of the American Federation of Labor and, through them, to the masters of steel and automobiles and other open-shop domains of American industry. The storm was to break first, by schedule, over the steel-smoked skies of Pittsburgh, Gary, and South Chicago. But, as if to prove the authentic social and economic compulsions behind the new labor movement, it manifested itself first where mass pressure was strongest—in the automobile industry. Mr. Lewis and his Committee for Industrial Organization

moved, with substantial gains, from the General Motors strike to a sensational peace agreement with the United States Steel Corporation. The agreement was sensational not only for the reversal of "big steel's" half a century of anti-unionism, represented by its signing of a contract with an independent union, but also because it came in the place of a universally predicted bitter and long strike.

Penetration by the C.I.O. of the major fortresses of anti-unionism will come to rank, with the attack on the prerogatives of the Supreme Court, among the most significant events of this decade. From its formation in 1901 to March 2, 1937, United States Steel set the labor-relations pattern of American heavy industry. It was a pattern of the open shop and of no recognition of "outside unions," trimmed since 1919 with the window dressing of company unionism. Since 1901 labor has several times made futile attempts to break this industrial mold. There was no labor movement modern and bold enough to be equal to the task until Mr. Lewis took up the gage of battle. His method of attack included one new technic—the "sit-down" strike—and one older, if untried, policy, the industrial unionism idea which has been driven from the door of the American Federation of Labor every year since Samuel Gompers launched his craft union group in 1881. The casualties in the train of the C.I.O. tornado, which is now gathering for a new blow in the textile industry and the Rockefeller-dominated oil kingdom, include this Federation which was so

blind and deaf to the logic of industrial development that had made industrial unionism the only possible form of unionism for the mass-production industries.

The C.I.O. is to-day the major of the two labor federations, and it enjoys this distinction by two somewhat contradictory accomplishments. It is the more militant of the two: witness its sit-down strikes and its matching of strength with the automobile industry and the steel and oil industries; and it is the more respectable and acceptable of the two by virtue of its signed agreements with the nation's largest corporations—United States Steel and General Motors. The Lewis following has outstripped the fifty-six-year-old Federation numerically as well as in the conquest of public respect and political influence. The larger significance of the growth and victories of the C.I.O. lies in these fields. For all its justifiable claims, American trade unionism has never been one of the popularly accepted national assets. The C.I.O. is changing this. Trade unionism never possessed so much prestige or such a wide public influence as to-day.

II

Since it was the Flint sit-downs which broke the back of General Motors' resistance to unionism and, incidentally, held the fate of the steel unionization drive in their grasp, this departure in labor technic deserves a leading position in any inventory of the events of the "tornado." More so since the sit-downs of which they are the outstanding examples are not historic facts but current realities. A news service recently counted up the twenty-four strikes of a single day and found that sixteen of them were of the sit-down variety. After Flint there was an epidemic of sit-downs, bringing with them a furor of discussion about their significance, their origin, and their economic and social morality.

Attempts to trace the origin of labor's most effective weapon of guerilla warfare thus far devised must first take into account the passive resistance of Mahatma

Gandhi. "Just sitting on our jobs," which is the way the strikers describe their process, has much in common with the immobile squatter who gave pause to the force and arms of an empire. The sit-down striker, like Gandhi, has a righteous feeling—the idea that he is the most peaceful of all strikers. He makes no overt move. He does not picket nor does he demonstrate to the call of strident union oratory. He merely sits at his machine and says, "If there is going to be any violence it will be by the boss when he tries to throw me out." Meanwhile he demonstrates his good will and his responsibility by keeping the plant spotless, by guarding machinery from harm, and by generally demonstrating that his appeal is one for simple justice upon receipt of which he is ready, nay, anxious, to return the factory to its owner and resume industrious labor.

Historic precedent for the sit-down goes back to the occupation of the Italian steel mills and fabrication plants in 1919. But the objective of the Italian workers was revolutionary. They wanted to appropriate the mills and inaugurate a co-operative socialist system of ownership and production. This idea is unusual, almost rare, among American sitters, though now and then a more radical rank-and-filer will carefully insinuate the suggestion. "We learned we can take the plant," one sitter told a group of Detroit strikers. "We already knew how to run them. If General Motors isn't careful we'll put two and two together."

But the example of the Italian steel workers was not a factor in bringing about the current American sit-downs. The "suicide strike" of the Hungarian miners in Pecs in 1934 provided some of the initial inspiration. At about the same time a group of Welsh miners declared they would not come to the top until their wage pittance had been increased. The seizure of the French factories by more than a million workers, soon after Premier Blum came to power in the summer of 1936, followed a series of American sit-downs, and probably gained its inspira-

tion from them. When the French workers took over the factories in 1936, the Akron truck-tire builders in the employ of the Goodyear Corporation had already undertaken their first stay-in strike. It lasted only an hour, but succeeded in winning the restoration of some part of a wage cut. That was in November of 1935. In January and February of 1936 two more Akron plants were stilled by sitters. Since then the Goodyear, Goodrich, and General Tire corporations have been visited by almost 150 sit-down strikes, each lasting from half an hour to three and four days. Detroit's automobile factories have had no less than 300 short and long sit-downs. The men in the Hercules Motor Corporation Plant in Canton sat for 57 days and nights—a record—until the company signed an agreement with the United Automobile Workers. The automobile industry had several short sit-downs as early as 1934, but no over-night stay-ins until late in 1936.

The story of a typical sit-down—so easy to organize and usually so speedy in its results—will explain the popularity of the method which has been used in a score of industries. The example is drawn from Flint, the perfecter of sit-downs, as Akron is its inventor. Friday the 13th (of November, 1936) was an ominous day for the General Motors Corporation. The auto union had been ploddingly building its membership in Fisher Body plant number one. On the evening of the 12th three hundred and fifty workers came to the store which the union had rented across from the plant. Most of them signed membership applications. The next morning three union welders in the plant came to work to find their time-cards missing from the rack. That meant, as they would be told upon inquiry, that they had been fired. A fourth union man protested the discharges to the foreman. He too was fired. As he was being paraded through the plant to the gates he passed Berdine Arlington (Bud) Simon, a torch solderer and the leading union man in the plant.

"Where you going, Sam?" Bud inquired, knowing well the man was being escorted out of the plant and his job.

"You come along too, Bud," the foreman said.

Simon complied, but as he walked the length of the line his glance communicated a message. Each worker wiped his hands on his overalls, turned from the moving Chevrolet bodies with bolts waiting to be tightened, and joined in a sit-down strike. The news flew through the plant. By the time Simon had reached the end of his "last mile," as the auto workers call the trip out when one is fired, seven hundred men were sitting, figuratively. (There is actually very little sitting in a sit-down strike.) Soon a committee of ten strikers had hastened after Bud Simon and the foreman. They met in the administrative offices. Simon noted the arrival of the committee and turned to his foreman.

"Mr. Parker," he said, "you are now talking to a union."

While the plant manager was recovering from his surprise, the sitters were formally voting that they would not return to work until the discharged men had been restored to their jobs. And they insisted also that they be paid for the time they had been sitting, since, they maintained, they had been made idle through no fault of their own. After slight deliberation, both demands of the men were met and work was resumed—but not until the lesson of the power of the auto union and the sit-down strike had been driven home by convincing union oratory.

That was the meat which made the Fisher Body workers so daring in the sit-down strikes which turned out to be plant seizures. Not every sit-down sees the workers taking over plants, ejecting foreman and plant police, barricading doors, and setting up crude, martial defenses. Sitings of short duration are marked frequently by a friendly spirit between owners and strikers. On occasion owners, despairing of starting up production, play cards and checkers with their sitters.

While the strikes are not always so idyllic, owners are not usually denied the privilege of visiting their plants. In some sit-down strikes the workers have gone home each evening to return to their determined idleness the next day.

It is only where there appear to be threats to introduce strikebreakers and discharge the sitters that sit-down strikes have turned into plant seizures. That is what happened in the Fisher Body and Chevrolet Motor assembly plants in Flint, General Motors' "queen city." Military strategy occupied the minds of these strikers during their waking hours, which included most of the hours of the day and night. Nozzles and hoses were placed at a dozen windows and entrances to the plant. Many windows were barricaded with armor plate pierced both for nozzles and for "lockouts." Kegs of two- and three-pound automobile hinges were moved to the windows ready to be hurled at invaders. A picket shanty was constructed round the street valve which controlled the water supply of Plant Number One, and inside the shanty were stored gallons of gasoline, material for a wall of fire that would have made the valve unapproachable in the event of an attempt by General Motors forcibly to recapture its plant.

Inside the plants, for all the warlike paraphernalia, the peacefulness and good spirit of the strikers was such as would have touched the heart of a settlement worker. Both Fisher plants, like many others which have housed sit-down strikers in long-drawn-out strikes, had their own bands which made hill-billy music. While the vigilantes were recruiting their forces downtown, the strikers' women danced square dances on the lawn outside Plant One to the music of the Fisher Body Stay-In Band. The leisure hours of a long sit-down strike show fine creativeness. There was more substantial and original humor in a single session of the Fisher strikers' Kangaroo courts than in a season of Broadway musical comedies. Each sit-down strike inspires lyricists who sing the beauties of solidarity and the

union, and the mean spitefulness of the bosses. The unbiased visitor comes away impressed with the resourcefulness, discipline, and courage with which men and women take hold of a million-dollar plant and, claiming the right of their families' need, defy ousting by force. The Flint sit-downers were talking business when they told the harassed Governor Frank Murphy that they would not give up the plants without a battle. They had decided, in their democratic daily general assemblies, that they would resist sheriffs' deputies or the police to the end, and that if the military turned machine guns on them they would not surrender until they had, by some sacrifice, conveyed to the nation the earnestness of their cause.

Union lawyers are hard put to it, under the existing state of law, to make a legal defense of the sit-downs. They hammer away on the contention that corporations which deny collective bargaining rights do not come into court with clean hands when they request injunctions. Affirmatively, some labor lawyers insist that the sit-down is no more an illegal interference with the right to own or use property than orthodox strikes and picketing, which were themselves illegal less than a century ago. The sit-down, like the strike and picketing, is being used, they argue, to equalize the bargaining powers of capital and labor. Many employers, as the La Follette committee has shown, use spies, strikebreakers, mercenary armed guards, tear and vomiting gases, not to mention arbitrary discharges and blacklisting. The sit-down is the only adequate weapon with which to resist these methods, it is held. The defenders of the sit-down also point to its peaceful nature. Thus in Flint, aside from the one attempt by police forcibly to evict the strikers, there was no violence in forty-three days' occupation of two huge plants. The C.I.O. lawyers also advance another argument, which is stated most succinctly by the strikers themselves. Invariably they say, "We are just sitting on our jobs. Our jobs are all we've got. We have worked

at them, and improved them. We don't want strikebreakers taking them away from us. So we're sitting on them."

This is the old argument of the worker's property interest in his job. The U. S. Industrial Commission in 1915 called attention to it as a concept worthy of sympathetic consideration.

To the owners of industry the sit-downs are pure and simple trespass, except when the exigencies of an application to courts makes it necessary to paint in the elements of a conspiracy engineered by a minority to strangle a business enterprise. It is true that a minority of employees can stage a sit-down strike tying up an entire factory. But a small minority could not do so unless it had the passive or active sympathy of the majority. An unpopular minority could be replaced with ease. The number of sitters does not indicate the size of a sit-down strike. Strategy calls for keeping as many strikers outside as are in the plant. There are funds to be collected, food to be bought, cooked, and brought to the plants; sympathy to be drummed up by public meetings and publicity; and outside picket lines to be staged to keep up the morale of the sitters and help protect them, if need be, from attempts at forcible ejection.

Granted that present legal conceptions and the letter of the law are on the side of the owners and against those who are unwelcome visitors in their plants and that a body of public opinion condemns sit-down strikes as trespass, it is, nevertheless, obvious that an appeal to the law will not solve the problem of the sit-downs. There have been at least 900 sit-down strikes since the one-hour sitting in Akron back in 1935. But at this writing there have not been a score of efforts to oust sitters by force. Only part of the explanation for this is in the fact that ousting by force is a difficult procedure which endangers the plant as well as the lives of the strikers. The real strength of the sit-down strike, aside from the practical effect of tying up production, is the sympathy the man in the street holds for the strikers' demands.

The Gallup poll on the General Motors strike is a case in point. Despite the fact that only 34 per cent of those who voted felt that sit-downs were justified, fully 48 per cent said their sympathies on the economic issues of the dispute were with the strikers. It would be simple to make a case against the sit-down as a disruptive and wasteful method of solving industrial disputes. But an attack on sit-downs would not go to the core of the problem.

For the sit-down is largely an instinctive, elemental revolt. It occurs only in industries which reject genuine collective bargaining. It is labor's reaction to the frustration of the hopes it placed in the New Deal, and specifically in the New Deal's Wagner Act, now for a year enmeshed in legal red tape. Union men cannot be expected to see their leaders picked off, their wages held down, the machines speeded up to inhuman pace, and meanwhile await patiently the outcome of court processes by which a law already enacted and signed is being balked on advice of conservative lawyers to their ready clients. The sit-down is perhaps only a temporary tactic of guerrilla warfare, a method used by the workers to air their grievances until they have won orderly collective bargaining with responsible and responsive joint grievance committees. At any rate acceptance of such a procedure will be the best solution of the sit-down problem.

III

Those who will not grant any justice in the use of the sit-down should conversely have nothing but admiration for the method of the Committee for Industrial Organization in other directions. While the easily perturbed Governor Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey—who writes letters of recommendation for strike-breaking detective agencies—was branding the C.I.O. and its leaders as apostles of violence, Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers was peacefully negotiating a substantial wage increase

for 135,000 men's clothing workers; and John L. Lewis had already convinced United States Steel of the force of his demand that they sign an agreement with his Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. This settlement, like the final agreement ending the General Motors strike, was a triumph of constructive and realistic negotiating skill on the part of Mr. Lewis. He could, in both cases, have insisted on contracts naming the United Automobile Workers and the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers as the sole bargaining agencies for the General Motors and United States Steel employees. The pragmatic Mr. Lewis, however, is not one to fight for formulæ unless they coincide with reality. His contract with United States Steel makes the C.I.O. and its affiliated steel organizations the only bargaining agency of any standing and validity. The company unions have apparently been completely abandoned by the Steel Corporation and have had to resort to setting up a "defense committee." The "employee representation plan" has proven a costly boomerang and its protagonist, the official in charge of industrial relations, had no part in the largest piece of employee adjustment his corporation has yet undertaken.

The settlement with United States Steel has made the Committee for Industrial Organization the foremost spokesman of organized labor. Its sixteen affiliates have meanwhile advanced in an almost solid phalanx. The United Automobile Workers have grown from 40,000 members in eighteen months to 250,000. This organization has captured wholesale the Chrysler company union. Each week records new successes, by sit-downs and by negotiation, for the auto union which the American Federation of Labor less than two years ago insisted was not ripe for autonomous leadership.

The conversion of the Steel Corporation is only the most spectacular of the accomplishments of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, whose 10,000 member-

ship of two years ago has also now passed 200,000. Forty smaller companies have signed union contracts, and to the strength of the steel drive must go credit for the introduction of steel's 40-hour week and its wage increases of almost 10 per cent. The rubber union has grown in three years from 3,500 to 36,000 members, and now matches its strength with Goodyear and Goodrich. The fledgling United Electrical and Radio Workers, which spurned a class "C" non-voting membership in the A.F. of L., now bargains on equal terms with General Electric, R.C.A.-Victor, and Westinghouse. It has a closed shop and a 36-hour-week agreement with the huge Philco plant in Philadelphia. The Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers has made advances in Camden, New York, San Pedro, Chester, and Newport News shipyards. A new industrial union of shoe and leather workers is bringing a unified front to a field divided for years by a moribund A.F. of L. group. The Federation of Flat Glass Workers has won substantial wage increases and recognition from the Libbey-Owens-Ford and Pittsburgh glass corporations. The United Textile Workers has been given the leadership and the funds to embark on the unprecedented effort of unionizing 1,250,000 mill hands. And Standard Oil's company union is facing the test of still another C.I.O. drive, of which the new Oil Field Workers' Union is the core.

IV

Under the impetus of the C.I.O. leaders' enthusiasm, the devotion of their rank and file, and Mr. Lewis's strategy, there has been built in less than two years a new labor grouping which would take precedence over the A.F. of L. numerically if a referendum of the trade-union membership of the nation were possible. The sixteen unions under the wing of the C.I.O. in mid-March had a total of 1,804,000 members. Within the American Federation of Labor 12 international unions, with a total membership of 220,-

000, were ready to bolt the Federation and join with the C.I.O. when a new federation of labor is formally set up. Without taking in account the drift into the C.I.O. unions at the rate of 10,000 a week, the strength on March 15th was for the C.I.O., 2,035,000 workers; for the A.F. of L., 2,385,000.

There is not, however, a single organization of the A.F. of L. whose membership is included in this last figure which would not be forced to give up some of its membership to the C.I.O. The longshoremen's 40,000 would be divided almost equally; the entire membership of the seamen would go C.I.O.; the same would probably be true of the 73,000 members suffering under the questionable leadership of the hotel and restaurant workers' union; and so on down the line.

The story of organized labor in the past twelve months is one of continuous loss of prestige by the old-line American Federation of Labor. In the General Motors strike it assumed a strikebreaking role, as it had some months previous in the strike of the Atlantic and Gulf coast seamen, and in shipbuilders' and radio workers' strikes. The Federation's strategy in the automobile strike was a compound of stupidity and betrayal. When the strike started, and later, in the course of the peace negotiations, the Federation publicly informed General Motors that it was opposed to the United Automobile Workers' demand for recognition as the sole collective bargaining agency for all General Motors employees. When Mr. Lewis won an agreement providing for exclusive recognition in 17 plants for a period of six months, William Green attacked him for not having won complete exclusive recognition. The suddenness of the steel settlement found Mr. Green somewhat incoherent, saying, "I always like to see them [the steel workers] win exclusive recognition." Whereupon he announced a campaign (doomed before it started) to organize the workers in steel fabrication plants into a union which would be a rival to the C.I.O. or-

ganization. A few days later, Col. John P. Frey, beadle of the American Federation of Labor church, rushed off to Pittsburgh to rally a company union as a buffer organization against the C.I.O. The upshot of this effort gave indications that the A.F. of L. has fallen behind the company unions in at least one respect. The latter announced that they could not do business with Colonel Frey because he was for craft unionism and they insisted on industrial unionism!

Mr. Green, who undertakes to tell the unions affiliated with the C.I.O. that they may not join together to further trade unionism in unorganized industries, finds himself without the power to "interfere" with unions against which racketeering is charged. Recently the case of Mr. Joseph Fay, eastern representative of the International Union of Operating Engineers, received a new airing. Mr. Fay manages to combine "labor leadership" with the renting of hoisting equipment to employers. Some anti-Fay engineers asked Mr. Green to investigate this unusual situation; whereupon the president of the American Federation of Labor replied that he had not the power to investigate the affairs of an autonomous international union. He suggested that the complaint be sent to the engineers' international union, in other words, to Mr. Fay. Mr. Green actually has specific authority to probe into charges of racketeering by an affiliate of the Federation. The Atlantic City convention, in 1935, directed him to do just that. Mr. Green feels he has complied with that instruction by the sending of a letter to each international union informing it of the adoption of the resolution. Mr. Green's lack of sensitiveness to charges involving the integrity of his Federation is perhaps what it should be considering the state of trade-union ethics among those who have placed him in office and keep him there.

The minor American Federation of Labor leaders, for the most part, offer a none too attractive spectacle. The hod carriers' international is a mys-

V

terious organization which holds no conventions and is run by its President, Joseph V. Moreschi, on the padrone system. The murder of Norman Redwood, leader of an A.F. of L. sand-hogs union whose alliance with a group of C.I.O. hoisting engineers threatened the status quo in New York, gave the hod carriers' union and the International Union of Hoisting Engineers a thick coat of mud. Edward Flore, a vice-president of the A.F. of L., has been pictured in sworn testimony as deserting his local restaurant unions to the prey of racketeers. The laundry workers', leather workers', and retail clerks' unions are museum pieces, puny organizations in industries employing hundreds of thousands of underpaid workers. They are memorials to the dogged rapacity of job-holding officials, and to the lack of interest of the hard-boiled building-trades unionists who dominate the A.F. of L. executive council.

The International Seamen's Union has been revealed as an annex to the shipping interests on the Atlantic coast, a purveyor of virtual company unions with A.F. of L. charters. The powerful machinists' union clings defiantly to its Jim Crow law (in common with several other large Federation crafts). The carpenters' brotherhood has accorded its members a convention, after eight years of rule-of-thumb, but still rates 130,000 of its 400,000 members as "non-beneficial," *i.e.*, non-voting. The United Garment Workers, deprived of its business of selling labels at a substantial profit to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, has had the product of that organization declared "unfair." Since most of men's clothing is produced in Amalgamated shops, this raises a nice question for the craft unionists who profess strict compliance with union ethics. And Joseph P. Ryan, president of the International Longshoremen's Union, announces that he prefers a company union to one with communists, which, in the Ryan vocabulary, means any longshoreman who opposes Mr. Ryan's policies.

Fortunately for the prestige of organized labor, these peculiar manifestations of labor "leadership" have been dwarfed in the public mind by the giant strides of the C.I.O. The Lewis accomplishments are themselves a reflex of the more friendly atmosphere in which trade unionism moves these days. The change is manifest in many directions. In his dealings with United States Steel Mr. Lewis drew heavily for support on labor's new status in the legislative halls of the nation. There was the Walsh-Healey bill, with its imposition of a 40-hour week on all steel companies who would sell steel for naval construction to the government. The La Follette committee sniped away at General Motors, as well as Steel, with its exposures of espionage systems. Mr. Lewis was able also to threaten the steel interests with two new clubs: the proposal by Congressman Henry Ellenbogen for a Federal investigation of steel prices and profits, and the Pennsylvania State labor relations act which provided jail terms for employers who violated its collective bargaining features.

In all these legislative moves the influence of Mr. Lewis and the C.I.O. was apparent; but he could not have wielded this influence were it not for the receptive attitude of the men and women who elect the nation's legislators. Mr. Lewis's appeal to the President during the General Motors strike, for all the storm of abuse it brought on the head of the C.I.O. leader, was essentially sound strategy. Within a week Mr. Lewis got the Presidential intervention he sought, and he was no less popular with the rank and file for his "affront" to the President.

Big business is less inclined to use a club on labor unions these days because the buying public shows clear signs of being increasingly sympathetic with trade unionism. The use of professional strikebreakers has been the exception, not the rule, in the past year. During the General Motors strike the corporation's

publicity department reiterated daily its refusal to stoop to the importation of outsiders, either as guards or finks. The stage and the screen have recently used strike-breaker types as villains. Once the late Charles W. Eliot called them "the heroes of American industry." Deference to a growing public intelligence on labor matters has also caused in the past year a sharp drop in the use of red-scares such as have been conjured up to stigmatize all major labor-organizing efforts since 1919.

The consumers' demand for union labor products has taken some labor leaders by surprise. Thus when the Amalgamated Clothing Workers decided it would not purchase any more union labels from the United Garment Workers, it considered dropping entirely the use of a label. Instantly there came demands from large department and clothing stores for some insignia to designate the manufacture of garments under union standards. One of the most effective unused weapons in the arsenal of the United Automobile Workers in the General Motors strike was its threat that if the sit-downers were violently ejected and men were killed or hurt in the fight, there would be a publicity campaign featuring "the blood on General Motors cars." A similar threat, said to have been made directly by Mr. Lewis when a violent attempt to break the Goodyear rubber strike early in 1936 was being considered, helped wind up that strike with a victory for the union.

Organized labor draws support from new sources each month. Recently Pennsylvania hosiery workers took their appeal to the consumers through movie

stars. Genevieve Tobin, Helen Hayes, and others gave new-style testimonials. They said they did not wear non-union hosiery. And with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's joining of the American Newspaper Guild, the first family of the land now has a union card holder.

The trend of public opinion toward sympathy with the unions is one of the most remarkable features of the industrial upheaval of 1936-37. Time was, and not long ago, when the biggest obstacle which labor confronted was an indifferent public which was more likely to turn unfriendly than sympathetic toward the strikers. Strikes of long duration would interrupt production and services, and inconvenience the public. Violence might result, and though this was usually the result of the introduction of strike-breakers and other mercenaries, strikers would be blamed. Paradoxically, the use of the sit-down has changed this situation; for although it frequently involves forcible seizure of the plant, the seizure is so undertaken that the temptation to use violence and the responsibility for avoiding violence are lodged with the employer rather than with the strikers. But even this paradox explains only a little of the change in public feeling. More important is the fact that there is a very widespread belief in this country that the worker deserves a larger share of the fruits of industry, that he has a right to join with his fellows—unimpeded by company unions—to bargain for it, and that if denied this right he is justified in taking strong measures. To whatever the growth of this belief may be ascribed, it is a present fact and one which employers will do wisely to take into account.



IS A FARMER-LABOR ALLIANCE POSSIBLE?

BY R. G. TUGWELL

ONE of the oldest of progressive dreams is that, some time in some way, there may come about a peaceful unity of purpose in American life in which all future-centered citizens can join. The substance of this dream lies in our vast material resources, our technical development, and our demonstrated abilities once we are agreed on aims. We remain a nation of underprivileged people. This is at least partly because progressive leadership has never accepted the discipline necessary for agreement and organization. It is certainly the fatal curse of progressivism that its leaders never will agree and never will organize. What it takes to arouse resentment and revolt they have; what it takes to go forward on a line of action they have not.

During the years just past all the ugly facts of American life have been brought to light along with its possibilities of better things. Not only the leaders have come to understand, but the millions who work have learned through suffering and sorrow that much is unnecessarily wrong with our arrangements. There exists now as never before the consent in men's hearts which could sustain an enlightened effort for change. This attitude is expectant but unfocused. We have heard the magic of a voice offering a leadership which in the event was frustrated, even though it gave us back a temporary prosperity.

President Roosevelt has taken us that far. He has sensitized every one of us to the contrast between what we are and what we might become. But working

largely in the dark because of the uncertainties he faced, he has been able to complete only a little of the task there is to do; and he has finally been forced to turn toward the unspectacular tasks of clarification.

However his ordeal may end, our worst problems will remain largely unsolved when he is through. At best he will have evidenced the functions of government and furnished it with more adequate processes and tools. He will not have solved the paradoxes of capitalism nor have carried through the work of making industry safe for its workers. That is the work of years to come; even though its beginning must come soon. This long and sustained task so obviously depends on the enlightened support of those to whom its benefits would go that it becomes enormously important just now to inquire into the possibilities for the present of that farmer-labor alliance which has been so much talked of, and which alone could give us the power and unity to achieve what we all believe to be our national destiny. Are the materials available for such a union; and if they are, is there leadership to be had which can lift the old curse of progressive futility?

Those journalists who know the terror which overcomes their employers when a farmer-labor grouping is suggested as a likely development in American politics are accustomed to say soothingly that it cannot happen because the farmers are capitalists who employ labor and that,

therefore, the natural affiliation of farmers is with business men. This is a formula so obviously designed for a purpose and so often repeated without supporting analysis that examination before acceptance is justifiable. Are farmers capitalists? Do they feel an affinity with business men?

One source of confusion here is the assumption that everyone who carries on an enterprise, that is, who borrows, buys, produces goods and sells them, becomes, psychologically, a business man. He is, it is true, interested in wages, price movements, surpluses, interest rates, and the like, all phenomena of trade. The worker, in contrast, is most interested in what he can get out of his employer, regardless of these matters. A farmer's affiliation with his fellows would naturally be for such purposes as getting wages down if he pays wages, interest rates modified if he pays interest, selling prices raised and buying prices lowered for what he sells and buys. The worker's affiliation with his fellows would naturally be centered on higher wages or modified conditions, and these, very likely, would increase his employer's costs. It is an admissible assumption that farmers who have employees would have in all this a serious point of conflict with labor. But how many farmers are there who pay wages and, therefore, may for that reason oppose labor? How considerable a proportion is this of their outlays? Are there other outlays which are more significant, such as those for interest, for production goods and the like? And are there other conflicts which should be taken into account?

On these and related questions estimates made by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics furnish considerable information. In the years between 1929 and 1935 total farm outlays for commodities used in production ranged from 50 to nearly 70 per cent of all expenditures; outlays for interest on debts ranged from 12.3 per cent to 20.5 per cent; outlays for taxes ranged from 10.9 per cent to 16.4 per cent; and outlays for hired labor fluctuated between 12.1 per cent and 17.3 per cent.

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The farmer had, therefore, more at issue in the struggle to reduce other costs than those for labor. His bill for feed, seed, fertilizer, containers, spray material, and the like was more than twice his payments to labor. In all these years except 1929 and 1930 his bill for interest was more than his outlays for labor; and even his taxes were often more. These percentage figures, moreover, take no account of his expenditures for consumption goods; but it is obvious that his debt to village merchants for food, clothing, and the like, in spite of any effort he may have made to make his family self-sufficient in these respects, must have been several times his wage payments.

The inference is obvious. The farmer had a more serious quarrel with his banker, his furnish-merchant, and his feed, seed, and fertilizer dealers than he had with workers.

There are no wholly adequate figures to show how many farmers there are who employ no labor at all. But a compilation made for the Social Security Board showed fewer than a million farms with hired help in 1935. Allowing the widest margin of error, this would indicate that not more than 20 to 25 per cent of farmers are employers at all. Furthermore, that compilation showed that of the 967,593 farms with workers, 722,645 had only one. When five was reached the number fell to 12,000; and only 11,410 employed ten or more. This is a very low percentage of the whole. It is in fact almost negligible. It may not require as many as ten workers, but it would certainly require as many as five to create the worker-boss conflict which is characteristic of industry. There are—or there were in 1935—a total of 41,323 farms in the United States which employed five or more men. There is no support whatever in these figures for inferring like-mindedness between the farmer and the usual factory owner.

Our knowledge of industry—any single industry, or industry taken as a whole—is much less complete than is our knowl-

edge of farming. If the figures existed it might be possible to show that many manufacturers had far more reason to quarrel with their bankers, the furnishers of their raw materials, or their landlords than with their workers on a sheer basis of economic reasonableness. But there are few industries whose groupings of labor in characteristic units are as few as ten. Even a tiny factory assembles a number many times this; and there follows the feeling of antagonism which reaches the periodic crises with which we are so familiar. A farmer may argue with his one or two hired men, if he has them, over wages; but a bargain is made for a long period, and he works alongside them afterward, and often they eat at his table. There is far more customary stability in these arrangements than exists in modern industry. Labor troubles in agriculture are mostly confined to seasonal workers, cotton, fruit, and hop pickers, cotton choppers, harvest hands, and the like, large numbers of whom are migratory folk. This is a different matter altogether and confined largely to one-crop areas. In these instances disturbances are peculiarly bitter and the methods of settlement primitive. But this is not characteristic of agriculture as a whole.

One more relevant fact ought to be added to those already cited: there was a net reduction of 32 per cent in the number of hired workers employed in agriculture during the eight-year period 1929-36. This amounted in numbers to nearly 1,300,000. How much of this was technological displacement and how much was temporary unemployment no one can say. There was a gain of 225,000 from 1934 to 1936, which would seem to point to a neglected group of unemployed; but it is well known that machinery and improved processes were stimulated by the depression in agriculture as well as in industry. To the extent to which this is true farmers have become more independent of hired labor and, therefore, are themselves less employers and more workers. Their quarrel with workers, such as they had, was

transferred to the maker of machines and the sellers of gasoline and other production goods. Of equal importance is the psychological point already referred to. The farmer does buy and sell commodities; he borrows funds; he sometimes hires labor; and all this would seem to classify him with business men. But he also labors in the fields and stables; he cares for horses; he drives and repairs tractors and trucks; and these activities would seem to classify him with workers. In the countryman's year there is little buying and selling, and there is much labor. The rhythm of country life is established by seasonal tasks, and this the farmer shares with the hired man who works beside him, not with the banker or the merchant in the town. Indeed, there is a traditional quarrel with townsmen which is easily understood. But the farmer has not, up to now, felt any solidarity with city labor either; it is just on this point that exploration of the economic basis for affiliation or antagonism is important. A feeling which does not exist may yet be created if there is a reasonable foundation to begin with.

II

To show that the least important conflict in their economic operations is that with labor does not go a long way toward proving that farmers have reasons for affiliating with workers. The most it can do is to clear away a myth. There immediately arises the question of common interests. This is easily answered for one group, the agricultural laborers, of whom there are in this country some one and a half to two millions on a permanent basis and more than two million others who work seasonally. But perhaps these are not farmers. They would certainly be a formidable political force if they were organized; and their interests are clearly on one side rather than the other. But for the purpose here perhaps they ought not to be included. There are, however, six and a half million farm operators of one sort or

another. If we also leave out of account a few hundred thousand of these, the largest, the most highly capitalized, and also the absentee owners who like to think of themselves as farmers when benefits are being distributed but who do not live on the land, what about the millions who are left? Do they have any reason for affiliating with labor?

Suppose a leader with the appropriate qualifications should arise who seriously proposed a program of higher wages and better conditions for workers, permanent stabilization of agricultural output and prices, control of capital allocations, and, where necessary, of basic commodity prices, nationalization—or at least mutualization—of much of the marketing trades and most banking, public ownership of utilities, a reformed system of land tenure, with public ownership of large land areas but thoroughly secure possession to families occupying it, public insurance for all the usual risks of life, socialized care for sickness with stress on preventive measures, the rigorous suppression of gambling and fraud in private dealing, a policy of enlarged and peaceful trade among nations with an effort to equalize natural resources, the constructive conservation of soil, animal, mineral, timber, and wild-life resources, an attempt to gain real freedom of speech and opinion for everyone, with regulation of avenues to the public mind to insure it, and such changes in our laws and constitutions as are necessary to the modernization and control of economic life—suppose a leader should arise with such a general program, what groups are there in the nation who would find more interest in supporting than in opposing it? Why, farmers and workers; and only farmers and workers, as a group. Others might join in because of conviction; but on the whole the rest of our citizens would be opposed just as they have been to the New Deal, only of course more bitterly, simply because it would be viewed as more of the same.

This is of course hypothetical. No such program has been articulated by any

leader, nor is it suggested here as an immediate national program. It has been set down as a kind of rounding up of progressive, even radical, aspirations—not that any progressive believes in all of it, or even perhaps much of it as an attainable program, but that some responsible progressive has advocated each part. Merely stating it goes far to show, however, that there are many proposals of a national sort the carrying out of which so far transcends any local differences between farmers and workers, that their uniting for the purpose is thinkable. On some such program, far-reaching but reasonably advocated for the long run, a leader might make a mighty appeal. All of us have heard farmers complain of wages paid to railway men or carpenters; all of us have heard workers complain of benefits paid to farmers by the Roosevelt Administration. It may be that these differences arise when everyone is poor, when farmers have low incomes and workers are insecurely employed. With some gains on both sides, both might well be willing to work for further common gains and to forget, concerning each item, who is likely to get most benefit.

Really great leadership might achieve this. The usual sequence of course from our present position in history would suggest that what happened after the first Roosevelt and after Wilson is likely to be repeated. Progressive forces may become so disorganized that only national calamity will give them another chance. That has always occurred before. But Wilson's program, our latest and most relevant instance, was repudiated on very narrow and rather extraneous grounds. A progressive leader who now proposed a scheme of reform going far beyond the New Deal would have much more background to count on, both of national fright and of renewed hope. He would, however, need to have vast stores of energy, unquestioned integrity, indifference to calumny, and access to organizing resources; for there would be opposition of a peculiarly bitter sort.

What has to be kept in mind is that

national affairs rather than local ones are in question. The reciprocal effect of politics and economics is the frame of reference. Farmer-labor alliances for log-rolling have been tried often enough. They are temporary and apt to fall apart at the touch of jealousy or the intrusion of venality. This is not under discussion here, but something of a different sort—a matter for the years and generations to come, something country-wide, to be suggested in the grand manner of true statesmanship.

III

Groups of farmers have their own struggles at home just as workers do. But both, as things are, evidently have a stake in national policy since both maintain national offices, lobbies, and paying organizations to support them. And they might have much more if they had less exclusive aims. It is not enough perhaps to say that jealousy and venality between them account for past failures. Something more basic may very well have been wrong, for the purpose, with the objectives or the leadership or both. The formidable efforts in the Northwest in recent years cannot exactly be said to have failed. They moved the whole region off its base and established some politico-economic institutions which still persist. Yet again it is possible that the strategy employed was inappropriate. The results which were sought there were ones which could never have been achieved by State action, but that was where the fight was centered. A good many battles were won, but the campaign was lost. Those struggles never moved into the field of national politics. It is true that some national representatives were sent to Washington, but not in force and not with any coherent mandate for national action.

The closest we ever came to anything of this sort was under the leadership of the elder LaFollette. His appeal was to both farmers and workers. He turned out to have a considerable national following. Furthermore, the LaFollette movement has never died. His program

has been carried on in amplified and modernized forms by two able sons and successors. It has to be said, however, that they have influenced policy outside their State only as they could carry weight with leaders of the old parties. True, they have broken formally with the old parties and set up their own standard. But they have no national organization, nor have they the support of farm or labor groups except for State action. The LaFollette following is enough to prove, however, that farmers and workers will unite when a coherent program which appeals to both groups is presented and when the leadership is adequate.

This is the point which is perhaps the most significant in the whole discussion. There have been movements which had so secure an economic base in common interests that they grew from the bottom up without notable leadership. The co-operative movement in several European countries illustrates this possibility. The co-operative movement had no Karl Marx, nor even a LaFollette. It was hammered out in thousands of folk-meetings. It came to have coherence because only one way of acting would work. But it was and is a narrow movement, pretty much divorced from politics, usually consciously, for good reason, it has been thought; the scorn of politics is not exclusive to the United States. It is suffering now for this in many places, having ceased in non-democratic countries to have any life of its own. It was a ready tool for dictators because it had useful economic strength but no political protection.

What happens to an indigenous movement of this kind is interesting for the lessons it teaches. Our disposition as liberals is prejudiced in favor of whatever grows up "naturally," as we say. We distrust created situations because we always feel that they are being established for some purpose which may turn out to be dangerous. Yet it is incontestable that the successive progressive movements in this country which are associated with certain names such as Bryan, LaFollette,

Wilson, and Roosevelt have been ones which, however much they owed to the reactionary policies to which they offered contrast, were utterly different in nature from such a thing as the co-operative movement and depended more than we like to admit on the personal leadership of the historic figure we link them to.

There are in this country existing organizations of farmers and of workers. Since President Roosevelt has been in office the aims which both have professed have come closer to realization than ever before. What more then is necessary, for a farmer-worker alliance, than simple joining at the top? It is here that discussion becomes difficult. For purposes of the last election we had the most powerful union that ever existed. It would not be true to say that none of the 16½ millions who voted against the President was a farmer or worker; but everyone knows what the line-up was. It was a farmer-labor alliance which gave him such an overwhelming victory. But it was not an organization. It was a mass demonstration.

Nevertheless, it is not being capitalized. It has no program other than trust in him; it has no voice which is recognized other than his. But he is at the head of the Democratic party. And no one believes that a majority of the elected representatives of that party have any feeling of responsibility to a farmer-labor group. On the contrary, most of them fear and repudiate it. They believe themselves to represent the "better element" in their communities. They will respond to a labor or a farmer lobby if it has power back home and provided its demands are not dangerous to their friends. But the struggle of the President to hold his majority to a reasonably progressive line of policy has been notorious in the past and will be more so in the future because his punishment will be less feared as the months and years of his last term pass.

No one can doubt who will review carefully the years just past that the President has moved persistently toward a re-orientation of his party. No one real-

izes this more clearly than the reactionary democrats. They expect, moreover, to be on hand after Mr. Roosevelt has disappeared. His commitments are, in their secret view, his own. They have had sometimes to remain silent when that was scarcely honorable; but their bitterness has intensified with their stultification. The policy they will pursue may be extremely effective from now on. They will be fighting for control of the party organization which all their lives they have felt to be their own. The President has never been to them more than an astonishingly clever novice, an amateur politician with luck. And what has been made a matter of Democratic principle is by no means fatal as yet. The Democratic party has not been made a progressive one; even the President did not try for a mandate of that sort in a national referendum. The reactionaries are very happy about that. They stayed within the fold during the primaries and supported the President because they dared do nothing else. They waited shudderingly to see what he might commit them to in the campaign. They found it was not so much that they could not swallow it. Now they can come out of hiding again, still inside, still determined, still reactionary.

Farmers and workers will have difficulty, as things are, in finding the leadership in President Roosevelt which seems to have been sought in the election. There is no more that he can do now than he could do before. Very possibly he can do less. There is only one reservation to be made to this. He might do more if there were enough thunder on the left to drown the publishers on the right. But that brings us back to where we were before. He cannot create the organization to do this. He cannot even recognize it.

IV

A farmer-labor alliance to be effective must be politically minded because it must be able to push the Democrats around. At the same time there is good

reason for believing that it cannot itself be a rival party.

This may not at once be self-evident; it cannot be, since even the LaFollette brothers created a party of their own. In politics they are almost but not quite infallible. It may just be that they were mistaken. Perhaps they had Wisconsin too exclusively in view. They certainly took that State away from the old parties and maybe they could do that with the country. But not so easily now that the Democratic party has a certain traditional liberality owing to the Wilson-Roosevelt succession in two national crises within memory. Wisconsin Republicans could become Progressives easier than they could become Democrats; that is understandable. And what had to be done was to make something else of midwest Republicans. But could a Progressive party making its appeal on a farmer-labor program take enough votes from both parties? A LaFollette in the Democratic party might be as magical as a Wilson or a Roosevelt, just as horrifying to the reactionaries, just as attractive to the farmers and workers. But the reactionaries do not leave parties because they are scared; they merely lay low, and their votes have been in the recent past a nucleus which the independent volunteers merely amplified sufficiently to win.

If a farmer-labor alliance cannot be expected to come about as an indigenous movement, where and how is the leadership to arise? The orthodoxy, and paradoxically enough, the opportunism of leadership in the older farm organizations will prevent them from having any part in such a movement. They were founded for other reasons and, although they fish energetically enough in muddy political waters, their discipline does not run beyond getting what they want at the moment. They cannot be counted on to stand and fight for anything which is not of immediate advantage.

There are a good many reasons for this. Their membership is limited to the better-to-do. And this sort of farmer throughout the North and Midwest is

traditionally a Republican, and a conservative one at that. The New Deal has not made a Democrat of him, even if he may have conceded his vote on one or two occasions. The far larger rural population which is less well-off does not belong to farm organizations. The poor farmer is not the belonging kind. For one thing he could not pay dues; for another he could not join in the social activities because he and his family have not the clothes, the means of transportation, the minimum social graces, or perhaps the desire; for still another reason he is not in a position to take advantage of the skilled advice the County Agents give or to join in insurance or co-operative buying schemes. Rural communities are like urban ones in this: measured by property, income, status, respect, there is a narrow top and a broad base. There are many more outside the farm organizations than there are inside; those who are inside are the narrow top layer; and these are the ones who are catered to.

The farm organizations are headed often by very able men, but their abilities are of a special kind. They must have a facility in "reasoning" with Congressmen; they must be persuasive in convincing their membership that their services are invaluable; they must be successful in extending, or anyway in holding, their numbers; they must keep closely to a conservative or a narrowly self-interested line of policy. Sometimes they appear to be stooges for the farmer's natural enemies. They too have a human weakness for power and money.

One of the ways in which our democracy works is through such mechanisms as this and with leaders of this special type. These farm organizations, like the labor groups, are a supplement to the political process. In the political structure we have sought to do away with property qualifications, though we have by no means attained our full objective; many of the lowest-income group of farm people are for various reasons disenfranchised, especially in the South; but our theory and effort are all against this.

Presumably a Senator or a Congressman represents his whole constituency. The propertied maintain, by the side of this political structure, parallel organizations of their own with representatives wherever legislatures meet. These are expensive and, therefore, exclusive. Only the well-to-do farmer and the comparatively well-to-do worker are members and, therefore, only these are represented. It is as difficult to think of Washington without "legislative representatives" as it is to think of it without Congress. One is about as important as the other. And certainly the lobbies are more numerous and even in many ways more generously supported. They work in the background, unacknowledged and, therefore, unregulated and unwatched. The fierce light of publicity which beats on other public officials mostly misses them. Their activities are private and they take pains to keep them so. They do not have legislative votes; but often they might as well have and, furthermore, they are unceasing in their efforts to influence not only law-making but the execution of laws as well. Any administrator can testify to this. It is a regular practice of executive officers to maintain good relations with the legislative representatives of the organized groups which function in the area of their responsibility—for self-protection if nothing else. A regular system of favors on both sides is most carefully fostered and maintained.

But there are millions of citizens and their families who are left out of this important adjunct to the formal making and administration of law. These are, in general, the poor who cannot pay for it. And this is as true of farm organizations as of the others. Their lobbyists represent those farmers who would be least likely to recognize any common interest with workers. A large proportion of their members would, in fact, be employers themselves. This is the reason why no alliance of the sort suggested can come about through the leadership to be found in farm organizations. Any leader of existing groups who tried to

foster it would be repudiated. All of them know this in advance and none will try.

Much the same situation exists in workers' organizations. As has often been said, they are the aristocracy of labor. Neither the farmers who are organized nor the old unions of labor have any desire to offer statesmanlike leadership. It would be foreign to their purpose. They have a stake in maintaining the system of economic affairs as it is now; their whole effort is to weight the arrangements so that they favor a little more their own constituents and a little less the others. Both have a common interest in getting something at the expense of someone else; and the only someone else who is not powerfully represented at Washington is the man whose status is already so low that he cannot belong either to a labor union or to a farmers' association. They often make suggestions for inroads on the groups with levels of income higher than that of their members; and so we get such a thing as the progressive income tax; but usually they meet a strength superior to their own in this effort. And often they can make headway only by log-rolling with special interests—in which case the many suffer seriously for the benefit of the few.

Parenthetically it may be remarked that this sub-rosa lobby machinery has served to worsen the growing class distinctions in American life. One of the objections to rural rehabilitation and resettlement has been that it worked below the level of farm organization members—which accounted largely for its lack of support in Congress. Recently at a press conference in Little Rock in the midst of the share-cropper country a rather unfriendly reporter asked Secretary Wallace whether there would not be resentment from other farmers at what was being done for their poorer neighbors. The Secretary answered that, whatever this resentment might turn out to be, it could not possibly be as significant as the resentment among the poorer farmers at the growing contrast between their lot

and that of the richer members of the community. It was because of the danger in this, he said, that this work must continue and be enlarged. This was a genuinely foresighted reply. The reporter's embarrassment betrayed his personal feeling that he had had one glimpse at least of real statesmanship. But the Secretary's attitude has found small support up to now among the farm organizations with which he must necessarily work.

So far as labor is concerned, it is divided just now also in another way. Reactionary policies have loosened the hold of labor leaders on their constituencies. Exclusive craft unionism, along with the growth of new industries, has opened the way for new leaders. Mr. John L. Lewis has taken full advantage of this situation. It must be said for his effort that it possesses the first practical possibility of drawing on the potential strength of the masses of workers. Its organization is vertical, not horizontal. It goes down through the class pyramid, not across it to exclude vast numbers at the bottom. It has been suggested that he and his movement may work out also an alliance with farmers. There are some reasons why this seems unlikely.

The most cogent of these is this: an alliance of farmers and workers would, as has been pointed out, be feasible only for great and statesmanlike objectives, for matters of national policy in which all common people have a stake quite different from the defense of special privilege, or even of the general interests of the high-income group. No labor leader, including even Mr. Lewis, though he may have these larger policies worked out in his mind and very much in his heart, can afford to devote himself to them. The objectives for which he must work are very narrow ones at present; and unless he is to fail in everything, he must succeed in these. He has set out to organize steel, automobiles—and then other industries—as he has organized mining. He will be judged by his success in this. It will take all his energy for a long time

to accomplish it; and he will be too wise to divide his energies.

The alliance, if it comes, must be worked out with him; he might in time turn out to be its leader, for he is a strong man. But it is not his job. If a farmer's movement should arise and come to him for alliance he would doubtless welcome it. But he has gone farther in organizing those masses who were with the President in the last election than any corresponding farm leader has done. The effort to reach the real dirt farmer can hardly be said to have begun. Nor is the leader for it in sight. On the whole it is unlikely that an equal alliance may arise in this way at any time soon.

The farm organizations, though they are nominally national, and though they are not so tormented as labor is now by internal struggles, have sharply class interests. The exception here is the Farmers' Union, whose leadership is closer to its people and whose people are less rigidly confined to the upper income strata. Its strength too is greatest in the most traditionally radical agrarian territory. This is of course the Great Plains, where nature is alternately kind and cruel, where settlement has been most precarious, where no one is rich and nearly everyone is poor at least part of the time. This has been the breeding place of farmers' protest movements since farmers have been there at all. They hate middlemen and they have the strongest consumer and marketing co-operatives in the country. They hate bankers and they have fought them in Congress, and with State institutions. They hate—or used to hate—the railroads and big business in general; and they have been vigorously behind anti-trust laws, railway regulation, and like measures since the seventies and eighties of the past century; and they have shown evidences from time to time of a sympathy for urban labor which is most significant. It is possible that the C.I.O. and the Farmers' Union between them might in time work out that "natural" co-operation which many liberals have talked of. But so far, the strength of the

Farmers' Union is regional rather than national, even though its interests are broad. So that an alliance of this sort seems a long way off—possibly beyond the next war, probably beyond the next depression, certainly beyond the next election. If it is politics and a national program which are to be centered on, that would be too late. Progressives will be forced to admit, if they are realistic, that the created alliance is the only possible one. The other is altogether too unlikely.

No, the alliance must come, not from the extra-governmental side of our society, but out of the political machinery itself. It must if it comes, but of course it need not come at all. Much will evidently depend on the accident of leadership.

V

We have a curious situation just now. The farmer-labor alliance took place, for the moment, at the last election. It chose the President as its leader. But its party is not the Democratic party. Its principles are not the Democratic platform either. They are the dimly seen tendency of the President's manifold effort. This makes practical difficulties for any new leader. We have an incorrigible tendency to go forward while we are looking back. If we are to change our Constitution in any respect it will doubtless be done obliquely and with obeisance to the tradition of protection to property. If we are to give up anti-trust regulations for recognition of the need for large administrative controls in industry, it is likely to be done by talking largely of liberty and independence. Any leader who sharpens and defines issues will risk becoming not President but a public enemy. He will find himself in continuous combat. His usefulness would be greater if he could have a disciplined organization to work with such as Mr. Lewis' miners are. But no farm leader has this, and none, therefore, is in a position to join with him even if the objectives of the two groups were not yet so limited as to pre-

clude agreement on the larger issues which we must face. No aspiring leader from outside the Administration, who was part of the farmer or the labor movement, could count on such a loyal and disciplined backing as comes from long organization and battles fought together; and that he would need if he were to attempt the extra-political organization of a bloc.

Nor can any sort of farmer-labor organization be built up readily. Indeed, the difficulties seem almost insuperable. All but the poorer of our people now belong to some association which is pushing their interests with legislatures. These interests are narrow but real. They seem to most sufficient, since we, all of us, when we are well off are likely to identify our own prosperity with the nation's welfare. To think of a leader with the ability to cross our traditional method of making law with defined instead of blurred issues, and to develop an organization on the basis of a program which must seem to most hard-headed folk theoretical, somewhat fancy, and always, in some of its unfamiliar references, downright dangerous, is to think almost of super-powers. Besides, where would the money come from? The pockets are now empty which such a program might fill. And reform has no credit to borrow on.

Yet the opportunity is clearly there. What the President must do in the remaining years of his Administration will hardly be the sort of things which can be dramatized as real achievements for the people. His recovery has come. He has brought us through depression and despair to a new plateau of prosperity; but his reform efforts, aside from some conservative measures of a regulatory sort, have largely failed. He was balked by the courts, by an uneducated employer group, by an unregenerate speculative class, and by the sheer unreadiness of the government to handle large administrative tasks successfully. He cannot break through to modern progressive objectives without a vast amount of work and struggle over the institutional changes which, when they are made, will

be only permissive. Constitutional reform and governmental reorganization alone will be immense and trying tasks, and throughout his efforts of this sort he will be tormented by internal strife and foreign dangers. If he carries out the fundamental changes he has foreshadowed, the historian of the future is likely to credit him with the salvation of freedom on our continent. But it is not possible that he can do more than prepare the way for the completed achievements his work will make possible.

Another, following him, who understands the new Constitution and the new governmental responsibilities, can find advantage in what he will have gained. This one will have new and more suitable instruments to work with. If he knows what needs to be done and can focus the people's will to do it, he will be known as no less great than Roosevelt himself.

He will have a dangerous path to follow because he will make powerful enemies. Yet he will have advantages which no popular leader ever had before in this country. Assuming that he comes not

from outside but from within the New Deal, as distinct from the Democratic party, he will have behind him all the prestige of a powerful progressive tradition; he might even have the machinery of the party; for its leaders, however reluctant, can after all be influenced by the President when it comes to choosing an official successor; he will have a reactionary opposition but with a badly damaged reputation; he will have farmers with a taste for governmental intervention in their behalf; he will have a labor movement at once more militant, more inclusive, and with more statesmanlike leadership.

He will, in other words, if he is man enough, really have the possibility of achieving those ambitions for security and well being which lie so deep in workers' and farmers' minds. Knowing that, and going out to marshal the support he must have to rework our national policy with new instruments of power, he can create a farmer-labor alliance. This is the only sense in which such an alliance is possible now.





The Lion's Mouth



HOW TO SAVE EUROPE

BY STANTON BROWNE

TO THE citizen who never feels reassembled into one piece in the morning till he has had his coffee, a diagnosis of the present sad state of Europe offers no perplexities. Let him travel a little in that unhappy continent and he will perceive that what ails Europe is not the Treaty of Versailles, or the Communist menace, or Hitler, or the predestined running down of a capitalist economy; the trouble is that most of Europe starts the day wrong. No wonder there are continual war scares everywhere; the wonder is that the Europeans have not flown at one another's throats long ago, maddened to homicidal and suicidal desperation by the sort of stuff they drink at breakfast.

The exceptions prove the rule, the most conspicuous exception being the Dutch. Traditionally they are called phlegmatic; but that is hardly the word for a race which preserves that even temper in hard times and good which Horace recommended. The Dutch would never start a war, not merely because they are a small nation and could not win it without a lot of help, but because they do not like war and see no sense in it. They are ready to fight if they must, however, because they can see and coolly estimate the danger of attack; at the moment they are about the most realistic of European peoples. Yet despite their habit of looking at facts, in a time when most of the facts round them are no fun to look at, they remain good-humored and cheerful; for which a good deal of the credit must go to their excellent coffee. Drink what the Dutch drink for breakfast, and you can look reality in the face and still smile.

French coffee would be better if it had coffee in it; and so perhaps would the French character. If a great and cultured nation likes to drink stewed chicory it is exercising one of the inalienable privileges of a free people; but that bitter brew may go far to account for the mistakes of French foreign policy since the War. Any nation that starts the day on chicory is bound to become sour and suspicious; you need seek no farther for an explanation of the French passion for security. To a man with that stuff sloshing round in his stomach everybody looks like a potential enemy. Whereas the English . . .

The universal badness of English coffee is as much a myth as the universal excellence of American coffee. There are plenty of places in London—clubs, hotels, restaurants, private houses—where you can get first-rate coffee after lunch or after dinner; there may even be places where you can get good coffee at breakfast, but I have never had the luck (or perhaps the money) to find them. Hotels that will give you good coffee after dinner, when it only keeps you awake, let you down in the morning, when you really need it, sending up a foul brew of nondescript ancestry that is fit for nothing but to be flung back in the chef's face. Clearly then it is not a question of English inability to make coffee, but of the firm English conviction that coffee is something which should not appear till later in the day, which nobody but an alien barbarian would want at breakfast. So if you follow the custom of the country you will begin to understand some things that have puzzled you about English foreign policy. This fuzzy inability to perceive realities, this conviction that what suits the English must suit anybody else, is

what might be expected of a nation that starts the day on tea.

Farther east, in Prague and Vienna, you get a coffee that is all right if you take it for what it is, something to be mixed with whipped cream but not to be drunk alone. This strange blend may be suited to the Viennese temperament, but I am surprised that it still finds favor with the harder-headed Czechs. They are a tough race, able to start the day on a frothy compound that the genuine coffee addict finds painfully inadequate. The Balkans, I believe, still drink Turkish coffee—excellent in its time and place, but not what you want when you need coffee most—while German coffee tastes as if it were made by pouring hot water over the ashes of last night's fire.

This of course is an effect of German policies of self-sufficiency, of the reduction of imports to the minimum possible; but it may be a cause of some policies too. If Hitler and Goering are patriotic enough to drink at the breakfast table what their subjects have to drink, the violence of Nazi methods at home and abroad is intelligible.

Diet too may be a factor in the deplorable situation of Europe. It was a German who thought up the doctrine that one is what one eats, and his people begin to exemplify it. Now that other items of the food supply are running short because the money available for the purchase of imports has to be spent for the raw materials of war munitions, the Germans fill their bellies with the east wind, so copiously blown up by Dr. Goebbels, and seem to like it.

Meanwhile around the borders of Germany there is eating not only of the first quality but of prodigious quantity, though you do not always get both in the same place. Here again the traveler cannot withhold his respect from the Dutch. Doubtless the French still lead the world in the quality of cooking, but the Dutch have no competitors in Europe except the Czechs for second place. The Swedes hold the championship, without

dispute, in volume of food consumption; their *hors d'œuvres* alone make a square meal for the foreigner, but after that is all over the Swedes are just ready to begin eating dinner. Yet the Dutch are not far behind them, again unchallenged for runner-up honors unless by the English—and it seems doubtful whether English food consumption is really eating, in any proper sense.

Again, a legend popular in this country has small basis in fact; there is plenty of good food in England. One remembers Mr. André Maurois' advice to the young Frenchman about to visit England for the first time—to eat so much breakfast that he would need no lunch, so much tea that he would need no dinner. An admirable program, but the middle-aged stomach will not always so readjust its habits. Nevertheless, you can do very well in England, at lunch and at dinner too, if you stick to a few items—sole, roast beef, that pudding which under a hundred different names is always the same pudding, and always satisfying. But the English despise such selectivity; they spread themselves all over the bill of fare, going after good items and bad with such indiscriminate avidity that the only possible explanation seems to be that food is not food to them at all, merely the fuel that the organism needs to keep functioning in the English climate. And its fuel requirements are high; of the Englishman's five daily meals two are often (though by no means always) light; but compare his tremendous breakfast with ours and you will find that his daily consumption averages up to at least four square meals, against our two and a half.

The Dutch have substantially the same climate and take the same measures to counteract it. That they regard quantity consumption of food as mere self-preservation is indicated by their solicitude for the stranger within their gates; a Dutch hostess—or a Czech hostess, for that matter—is apt to be worried if you refuse a second helping of roast or a third of cake, fearing that you may be feeling ill. Last winter on my first morning in a hotel at

the Hague I ordered orange juice, coffee, and rolls. In due time they arrived, and with them seven slices of bread of assorted colors, two huge slabs of cheese, and a hard-boiled egg. I explained to the waiter that all I ever wanted was orange juice, coffee, and rolls, and thereafter I got them every morning—but with them, every morning, came the seven slices of bread, the two slabs of cheese, and the hard-boiled egg. Clearly if I chose to commit suicide by starvation the hotel management did not propose to be guilty of any contributory negligence.

But eating in Holland is not merely a duty but a high and serious pleasure; the index number expressing the combination of quality and quantity must be higher there than anywhere else on earth, unless perhaps in my native state of Indiana. In my first days in Holland I used to wish that I had with me some of the really sublime and stupendous Hoosier eaters whom I know, men who could eat a whole beefsteak with accessories after half a gallon of soup and then look round for more; but presently I perceived that against the competition of the Dutch they would only be exposed to humiliation. There are men in Indiana who can probably eat more at one meal than any Dutchman, but in between meals they rest; the Dutch, so far as I can discover, keep steadily at it; indeed, the thing that perplexes me about the economic life of Holland is when they ever get any work done. Perhaps in the early morning; I used to come downstairs about eleven o'clock, by which time the hotel café was full of people drinking coffee and eating cookies while they read the newspapers. When they had caught up to date on the news it was time for lunch—a good long satisfying meal; and after lunch they did disappear for a while, perhaps going back to the office to sign the letters they had dictated in the early morning hours. But by four o'clock they were back again for tea; tea lasted till it was time for dinner; and after dinner they sat all evening drinking beer and smoking cigars (both excellent) till it was time to

go home and get some sleep so that they would have an appetite for breakfast.

These habits of the Dutch—and of the Czechs, who indeed eat somewhat less but provide food fully as appetizing—may have important consequences in the next war. Times have been hard in Germany for some years past, indeed, hard for many people ever since 1914; a considerable percentage of the present population of Germany may never have eaten as much, or as well, as it could have wished, and may accordingly find it easy to stand the privations imposed by the policy of national self-sufficiency. But pre-war Germans were used to good food and plenty of it, and atavistic appetites may be implanted in their descendants. If the next world war begins, as it well may, with a German invasion of Holland and Czechoslovakia, it is not inconceivable that young German soldiers confronting really first-rate food for the first time in their lives might eat themselves into a stupor, thus enabling the Dutch and the Czechs to capture their invaders *en masse*.

But war is a matter in which an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; and I believe that this research into the breakfast habits of the European nations suggests a technic of prevention which offers more hope than most of the programs of pacifism. Europe would be a different continent if it started the day right; if England, France, and Germany were all populated by refreshed and integrated personalities, able to look facts dispassionately in the face and still to feel a calm benevolence toward their fellow-men, the specific problems of Europe would all be susceptible of solution. What we need then is a means for changing the hearts and dispositions of the human race; and it is with no disrespect for other formulas which still fail to produce much effect that one suggests an alternative which may be more fruitful.

This last winter various eminent Englishmen visited New York and Washington spreading a new gospel, or rather an old one in a new guise. America could

save the world, we were told, if it chose—by lending England a billion dollars which England would then lend to Germany. Thus the Germans would get the money, the English would get the credit for benevolence, and we should take the rap. To this ingenious scheme several objections might be offered, aside from the highly probable unwillingness of the American investor to put up the money; but it does remind us of the fact that there is a lot of easy money, or at least easy credit, in this country which is looking for investment; and if we could save the world for a billion dollars it would be cheap at the price. So let us lend a billion dollars, not to England but to Brazil. Then the Brazilians could ship a billion dollars' worth of coffee to Europe; and it might be well if they sent some missionaries along with it to teach the Europeans (always excepting the Dutch) what to do with it—how to make real coffee, aromatic and vigorous, strong enough to stand alone with the cup removed.

A continent which began the day with that stimulating yet soothing brew would soon find old animosities fading out, would experience a new benediction of understanding. Thus at last would the New World have redressed the balance of the Old.

MY OTTER

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

ONE morning a stranger called at my cottage and said that there was a dead otter hung up outside a farmhouse door in his village. The otter had been shot the evening before. A farmer while rabbiting just before twilight had seen it crossing his pasture, near a stream. Why had he shot it? I cried hotly. "Well," replied the stranger, "when I asked the farmer the same question, he merely replied, 'What good be it anyway?'" He told me that the otter had been an object of interest in the Ebrington Arms the previous night, and also of considerable argument about it being able, or unable,

to breathe under water. It was of course, added my visitor, a land beast that got its living in the water, chiefly at night.

"But here's the point," he said: "the otter was a bitch otter and there's a litter of cubs somewhere by the riverside." He believed he knew where they were: in a drain running down from a marsh. He himself was a crock, he said, having been badly hit in the War, and couldn't dig; but would I care to lend a hand, in the hope of saving the cubs?

About two hours later, my spaniel was wagging his tail-stump and whining anxiously to know what it was I was holding in my hands. The dog had never seen or smelled such a creature. When it was put on the ground he didn't know what to do about it. He gurgled, he yowled, he barked with puzzled excitement, he licked it, he pushed it with his lips, he licked it again. It was about the size of a rat and yet it had not bitten him, as a rat recently had, on his nose. It was like a small rabbit yet it did not run away. Indeed, it could scarcely crawl. And it made slight, snuffling, mewling noises as it sought round it blindly with its wide, flat head and minute, blunt nose. "Good boy, Biell!" I said to the spaniel, "good boy!" as I put it in my pocket. We had opened the earthenware drain—which was choked higher up the marsh field—with careful blows of a pick where we had heard the mewling cries, and found within two cubs, one of them lukewarm just dead. It had died of starvation.

The immediate thing was how to feed this small, soft animal, pushing so languidly against my hands. We took it to my friend's house, and gave it cow's milk, diluted with warm water, in a fountain-pen filler, through a hole nipped in the rubber squeezer. The cub sucked several fills and then fell asleep in some cotton wool. My friend was pleased with his new pet.

The next morning I was sitting at the table and went on writing my book while the cat nursed her kitten and our tame

chaffinch hopped about the floor for crumbs. The chaffinch came every morning, but the cat knew the bird and never tried to catch it. Suddenly as I was writing, the dog sprang up and rushed barking into the passage-way outside: the chaffinch flew away, the cat, all fluffed up, fled to the dog's help. "*Biell!*" I shouted to him, "*will you shut up!*" He slunk back, following my friend of the day before, carrying the otter cub.

"I'm afraid it's going to die," he said. "The cow's milk is obviously no good. Forgive my butting in like this, but I thought you might know what to do." We looked at the cub feebly moving on the table. The spaniel stood up on his hindlegs and whined, glancing at it and then at our faces. Then the cat leaped lightly on the table. She arched her back and growled. We watched. She swore undecidedly at it. Its mouth opened but no sound came. She moved slowly toward it and after much hesitation got near enough to sniff it. She drew back and made as if to stroke it with her paw, but altered her mind just before touching it, and merely tapped it, and held her head on one side when its mouth opened and uttered an inaudible mew. It was inaudible to me; but the cat must have heard it, for she put her head on one side and quizzed it with a new interest. I noticed that the pupils of her eyes were round and very black. Then she glanced furtively about her, as though thinking of escape; then she cocked her head sideways again and suddenly swore at it, and jumped off the table and padded up the wooden stairs to the bedroom above, where her kitten was lying in the dog's basket. I followed her up, and she mewed pathetically at me. Her eyes were still very dark and round. She was less than a year old, little more than a kitten herself.

I took the kitten downstairs and put it on the table beside the otter cub. I rubbed their noses together, and then their tummies. I put them on the stone floor, side by side, and immediately the kitten began to cry out, feeling the cold.

Chirruping anxiously, the cat came patting down the stairs and, giving a cry of reassurance, went straight to it. She made several attempts to pick it up by the scruff, but she was too small, and, looking up at my face, asked me with the faintest mew to carry it for her. I picked up cub and kitten together and sat on the edge of the table, and she sprang up lightly beside me, rubbed her ear on my hand, and then lay down on my lap and purred happily while both snuggled into her. And thereafter the otter cub was fed and washed and enjoyed equally with her own kitten until it was strong and well enough to go back to its owner. For there was no question that my friend wanted the cub for himself: he had even made me swear to secrecy while it was in my care.

He brought it up on a bottle, and by midsummer it had grown bigger than the little cat which had undoubtedly saved its life. Let me describe its appearance. It had short, thick fur, brown as a bulrush; a long, low body which seemed to glide over the ground, so short were its legs. It had a long tail, thick and strong, tapering to the end. Its head was wide and flatter than a cat's head, with small ears almost hidden in its fur, and a wide mouth set with whiskers. Its feet were like a dog's feet, but sturdier, more splayed, and there was a web of skin between each of its toes. How it loved a watering can! Or better, a hose-pipe turned into a zinc washing bath on the lawn under the apple trees! It would roll on its back in the water and try to clutch and bite the jet of water. The water smoothed its hair and gave it resemblance to a small seal. And it was as faithful to its human friends as it was playful to water. Of myself and its master it knew no fear, indeed, it would run to either one of us when it saw us in the garden; but of strangers it was suspicious, gliding away on its almost invisible legs and returning and stopping again, perhaps to open its mouth and utter a sort of growling hiss. It had two call sounds to its master—one like fingers drawn down

a wet pane of glass, and the other a greeting cry of *tuckatuck*. It was fed on milk, on fish, on part-cooked rabbit flesh mixed with dog-biscuit and vegetables. All that summer it ran in the garden or followed its master on his slow hobbling walks by the river and down the sunken lanes. It came to know my spaniel, and the two would play together. And during the following autumn, while its master was away in hospital, it came to live in my cottage, a secret and hidden guest during the day and a rover with us at night. Usually at twilight we went for a walk down the valley, hunting in the little runner or stream for eels and trout.

One night, when it had gone farther from me than usual, I heard a sudden hissing and chattering coming from a distant dark hedge with the excited and dismayed yelping of the spaniel. I ran over to the noises. The otter was in a rabbit gin. It rolled and twisted as it bit the iron, and then its paw, rolling and blowing in fear, and snapping at the spaniel, whose sudden agonized howling told that the sharp, incurved teeth had met in its body somewhere. I took off my coat and threw it over the otter, whose frenzy of strength was amazing. It was quite five minutes before I managed to hold it between my knees and then with my hands, depress the steel spring of the trap. Feeling the wounded paw, it seemed to me that three of the toes were almost severed. I was bracing myself to hold it firmly in the coat, when suddenly the coat was empty.

For an hour, two hours, three hours, I searched down the valley, calling and listening, while the idiot spaniel thought we were after rabbits. I never saw it again.

But wait, did I ever see it again? I can never be certain.

Once I found the imprint of an otter's feet by the lonely bog of Cranmere forty miles south of my village, where five rivers have their beginnings, and one seal, or impression, appeared to be marred. Could it be? On that vast silence of

peat and water and heather only the startled chirrup of a solitary pipit, that small sprite of the wilderness, answered my thought.

The otter is a wanderer, a gipsy of the waters. Sometimes it crosses from one watershed to another in its roving, traveling and feeding by night and usually lying up by day in a holt under the roots of riverside trees, on rocky ledges, in tussocks of rushes, or on the mossy boughs of great old oaks overhanging streams basking in sunlight, or in rainy weather sleeping curled within their hollow trunks. The otter hunters with their hounds know these places, which are used again and again, season after season, and maybe century after century, by wandering otters. I saw many otters killed after long hunts during the summer days, when the rivers were low and at last the hunted beasts could swim no more; but in their last desperate fatigue turned to face their enemies, and were crushed and pulled and broken in the deep-growling worry. I saw many killed thus—but never one with a maimed paw.

Once a friend told me of an otter found drowned in a crabpot on the coast of the Severn Sea, and thither I went and found the fisherman; but it was not my otter.

And one winter night I heard a cry as of curlews' whistles, soft and oft repeated, in the darkness outside the cottage, and the cat heard it too, and her fur fluffed out before the fire and her eyes were suddenly large and dark, and the spaniel sprang up and ran whining to the small round cat-hole near the bottom of the door. Outside the churchyard elms were seething black, the Atlantic rain lashing down, the streamlet was thick and noisy—and in the feeble rays of the electric torch I saw a twin glint, and then—nothing. Had the otter chanced this way, following the stream down from the hill, and coming to the waterfall where so often we had played in the darkness—remembered—and been anguished with memory? Only the rain from the Atlantic, beating down on tree and thatch and gravestone, knew the answer.

Two days later an otter was caught in a rabbit trap on the high ground overlooking the sandhills and the estuary of the Two Rivers, and when I heard of it I went down to the village near the sea, and spoke to the trapper who had beaten it to death with a stick. But the "girt mousey-colored fitch," he said, had no scar on either of its forepaws; it was a "girt broad-headed dog-fitch" whose skin was worth ten shillings. A bit of luck, they agreed with him in the inn.

The stationmaster of one of the little West Country stations which still have oil lamps and rambler roses was trouting one evening when he noticed he was being followed by an otter. For more than ten minutes as he went slowly upstream, casting his line, the otter followed him. It "snorted at him like a seal" he declared afterward, saying that it must have been after the fish in his creel. Had the otter cubs "laid-up" in some drain or holt by the river? Could it have been my otter—once so faithful and affectionate—disturbed again by a feeling within itself which it did not understand?

And the otter I saw once near the cave of seals below the headland—the otter which ran toward me over the big gray boulders at the edge of the sea, and hesitated and stared and was so perturbed by apparent curiosity, even as I was . . .

And another morning, just before sun-

rise, as I was walking by the dawn-silvery stream, I heard a great splashing and furrowing in the gravel shallows above the Viaduct Pool, accompanied by growling and "hurring" noises—and there was an otter dragging a salmon by one of the fish's pectoral fins. It had hunted the fish about the pool and driven it upstream to the shallows where in its terror it had beached itself. I watched the otter tearing at the flesh of the shoulder—and then the otter saw me. It seemed to flatten and spread itself into the water, like brown oil, and went down with the current. I waded across to the twitching fish, and was about to bang it on the head with a stone when the otter returned, pattering up the shallow. I also stood still, staring. Wasn't that brown, flat head, back-sloping, familiar . . . surely the off front paw was maimed . . . and those small eyes staring at me . . . "*tuckatuck—tuckatuck*," I called. . . .

Was there an answering cry, or was it the sound of the river, the eternal cry of water striking rock and stone and gravel-bed, which it utters in all its valleys from the moor to the sea—wherein it forgets itself and all its wandering life?

That lower half of a skull found on the shore by the estuary, half buried in the shingle, with most of the teeth fallen out . . . an otter's jaw. I wonder . . . I wonder.



The Easy Chair



"LIBERAL" EQUALS N^{∞}

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

WILL the average man be happier in the year 2000 than he was in 1936? Answer "yes" or "no."

Were the masses happier a hundred years ago than they are now? "Yes" or "no," please.

Will genuine individual liberty flourish under socialism as it never did before? Again, please answer "yes" or "no."

The definition of liberalism is about to be brought out of the uncontrolled speculation in which it usually pulsates into the scientific domain of quantitative measurement. These are only three of 106 questions, and it will be possible for you to give an illiberal answer to all of them and still come out predominantly liberal at the end. Nevertheless, each has a correct liberal answer, and the "perfect" liberal will return it in each instance, whereas the "perfect" conservative will return its exact opposite.

Well, what is the average man? What is happy? How happy was he in 1936? How do you know how happy he was and how do you measure happiness? How happy will he be in the year 2000? How do you know? If such questions restrain you from returning a "yes" to the first question, you are 1/106 illiberal in your "social attitude."

Define the masses. How happy were they a hundred years ago, and how do you know? How happy are they now, and how do you know? You have got to know that they are happier now than they were then or your attitude is another 1/106 illiberal.

You will see by the third question that we are going to have socialism—kind not specified. The verb is not the conditional "would" but the future indicative "will." That being settled, can you say in what degree "genuine individual liberty" has "flourished" up to now and do you divine how it is going to flourish under socialism? Does the adjective "genuine" bother you? Do you detect a theorem that some of the rights which you take to be liberty now are not "genuine" and so may be curtailed by socialism? Do you find "socialism" a pretty vague word? No matter. Assert that genuine individual liberty (three terms undefined) will (not would or might) flourish (whatever that means) under socialism (undefined) as it never did before (all variations compared, corrected, and adjusted)—or you will lose another 1/106. A liberal will confidently answer "yes."

This is by no means all the prophecy and divination you must subscribe to in order to be a liberal; but let us go on to other tests. Could an average family income of approximately \$4,000 be obtained if the productive equipment of the nation were operated at full capacity? (The sum arbitrarily chosen corresponds to that mentioned by one speculative survey. Other surveys have estimated it as from forty to four hundred per cent as great.) What does "obtained" mean or imply? Have you an opinion on the question? Is it anything but a random guess? Would you stake your judgment and integrity on that opinion? Are you

sure you know just what productive equipment is or just what full capacity would be? Do not hesitate or qualify: you must answer "yes" or be illiberal.

Or try what is known in mechanics as a virtual movement. Would our national health suffer if physicians were made civil servants like the public-school teachers and placed on the government payroll? You may say that you have no way of knowing, that anyone's answer to the question is worthless, and that a question so stated is meaningless. But that won't do. In order to be liberal you must utter a firm "no."

Or let us try the hortatory. Should all foreign trade be a monopoly of the Federal government? If you are a liberal, it certainly should.

Should the Federal government provide to all classes of people opportunity for complete insurance against accident, sickness, unemployment, premature death, and old age? Yes; and if you switch governments or drop any kind of insurance from that list, or if you find the word "opportunity" open at both ends, or if you boggle at "complete" you are not a liberal.

Exercise in locating tacit assumptions and concealed theorems. Should all banks and insurance companies be run on a non-profit basis like the schools? Liberals say "yes."

That one is easy. Analyze this one: Is the behavior of the capitalists doing more to discredit and undermine capitalism than all the activities of anti-capitalistic groups? Say "yes" and do not ask who the capitalists are, whether it is certain that capitalism is being undermined, whom it is being discredited with, what the unit and method of measurement are, or what values we are to assign the variables in the mixed terms.

Even that one is not so celestial a marriage of *petitio principii* and the indeterminate term as this: Does indoctrination by conservatives play a smaller part in American schools to-day than radical propaganda? Do not wonder how anyone can tell, do not wait on definitions,

do not let the shrieking fallacy trouble you. Liberals say "no."

Comic relief. Do most of the undesirable features of the newspapers, the movies, and the radio come from their being controlled by profit-making corporations? Yes, indeed.

Let us close with miscellaneous specimens from absurdity's stratosphere. Should all farm mortgages be assumed by the Federal Treasury at an interest rate not in excess of 1 per cent? "Yes." Would the regular calling of conventions for the revision of State and national constitutions at ten-year intervals eliminate some of the evils of social lag? "Yes." Does the smooth functioning of a profit economy depend upon either natural or artificial scarcity? "Yes." For most people would the opportunity to exercise beneficial personal initiative be increased by life in a socialist State? "Yes." As soon as we create a high level of economic security for all, will the finer arts and graces of living blossom everywhere? "Yes." If you reach for calipers or litmus paper you are no liberal.

The Easy Chair assures you that it did not invent these questions, and that they are not meant, here or in their native place, to be either a libel on liberalism or a joke. They are fifteen per cent of a serious questionnaire, and these specimens are not unfairly chosen for asininity of question or inconceivability of answer. The questionnaire was composed by the John Dewey Society and was sent to ninety-three hundred "junior and senior high school teachers throughout the nation." The Easy Chair encountered it while studying the ideal world envisioned by the philosophers of education who tell us that they are going to remake society by means of Longfellow School. There is much in that vision that will curdle your blood, but it must be postponed for a time while we stand, hushed and uncovered, in the presence of this Everest of pure nonsense. This is no bush-league idiocy; it belongs to a select company of the most preposterous documents since the invention of paper.

What the purposes of the Society were, what the teachers answered, and what conclusions the Society drew are all matters of great interest. But such considerations are insignificant compared with the state of mind and the ways of thinking revealed by the phrasing of the questions, the establishment of the "norm" for its answers, and the Society's belief that the answers supply data of a factual and rational kind.

Mind you, this is scientific, as the philosophy of pedagogy understands science. In establishing its test for liberalism the Society might unthinkingly have used its own answers to the pregnant questions as a norm. But it saw that danger that way lay. Instead, it drew up a "liberalism-conservatism key" by calling upon "more than a dozen figures in American life, including a former President of the United States, three presidential candidates, Congressmen, publicists, etc." Who the group were or how they were divided between liberals and conservatives does not appear—science does things anonymously. But the liberals agreed unanimously about all but thirty-four of the one hundred and six questions and there was only one dissenting voice in half of the thirty-four reservations. So "all items on which a pronounced majority of the prominent liberals agree were considered to be symptomatic of liberalism." Liberals, it appears, are those who can answer questions.

The Society tells us that these questions call for "judgments of value" rather than "judgments of fact," and so warns us that we must deal grandly with great ideas and wonderful conceptions not to be crabbedly challenged by statistics. Nevertheless, the word is "judgment," and both the answers to the questions and the conclusions which the Society bases on them obviously involve the process of judicious analysis and logical thought. The "attitude" appraised by this method is presented to us not as a misty creed but as a body of reasoned ideas susceptible to investigation and verification, a structure of propositions on the basis of which in-

telligent action is to be ordered. So the Society believes and asserts, and on that basis it analyzes and acts. Yet anyone who applies to the questionnaire either the simple realism known as common sense or the process of controlled thinking known as logical analysis must see at once that it exists altogether outside the domain of intelligence. It is not illogical, it is nonlogical: it has nothing whatever to do with logic. It is pure belief, pure wish, pure emotion. Far from defining "liberalism" as a certain body of ideas, which is what the Society thinks it does, it defines it as a set of sentiments quite unconnected with reality.

In the total of 106 questions there are hardly a dozen to which an intelligent man thinking carefully would care to give any answer at all. To the sixteen quoted here no answer which has meaning is possible: a "conservative" answer would be quite as nonlogical as a "liberal" one, and the "yes" and "no" asked for are equally nonsensical. Take the last one quoted: As soon as we create a high level of economic security for all, will the finer arts and graces of living blossom everywhere? Passing up the assumption that we are going to create a "high level" (try solving that for x) for "all," and granting that you and I and the girl next door can agree on what the finer arts and graces of living are, is our assertion that they are or are not going to blossom everywhere worth a single, solitary damn? Obviously, in a world of careful thinking it is not. We don't know, no one can tell us, there is no way of finding out; and so our answer can have no meaning whatever. But now let us abandon clarity and assign a value to pure wish—let us say that we earnestly hope and passionately believe that there is going to be a high level of economic security for all. We welcome that great dawn but we, nevertheless, recall the vulgarities of the radio and conclude that we may have to put up with an average lowering of the arts and graces. That also is pure guess, valueless as thought, devoid of meaning except as sentiment. But the test-key shows that it is "conserva-

tive." That is, in order to be liberal you must not only hold an opinion that is pure wish and can be neither analyzed nor verified, but, of a good many opinions possible in that uncontrolled ether, you must have a particular one. . . . Clearly the test operates outside the domain of logical thought. Clearly the questionnaire is nonlogical, an exercise in sentiment.

So throughout. A few questions could in part be answered by people in possession of much factual information. Thus, "Could cheaper electric light and power be had if the industry were owned and operated by governmental units?" could be more or less satisfactorily answered. One would need vast information about costs, specific details about the kinds of units, the policies of management, the terms of funding and taxation, and many other variables and unknowns. But your answer or mine or a high school teacher's, or a conservative's, or the Society's, is obviously worth nothing whatever as thought: it must be considered sheer sentiment. And "Is a classless society possible?", or "Should any person be permitted to have an income of more than \$25,000 a year until such a time as the average wage earner receives at least \$2,000 a year?" or "For most people would the opportunity to exercise beneficial personal initiative be increased by life in a socialist state?"—no one is capable of giving any intelligent answer to them, "yes," "no," "perhaps," or "I think so." And more than ninety of the 106 questions are of that kind—nonsense impermeable to logic or meaning.

Taken as it stands, the questionnaire reveals a good deal about the sentiments of those who made it up, those who were selected as the norm, and those who answered it. As such it is a laboratory specimen of great interest, and if it were studied as a report on sentiments—which, very likely, are more powerful than ideas in social actions—it might yield valuable

results. But the John Dewey Society does not accept it and study it for what it is, a document in the sentiments, but accepts it and proposes to act on it for what it is not, a document in ideas, a test which reveals the social opinion of those who took it, a factual exhibit in social thinking. This, says the Society, indicates the structure of ideas by which our teachers are governed. It does nothing of the kind. This, says the Society, gives us factual data about social thinking. It does not.

As for liberalism, let us not make a fetish of a word. If the Society cares to call "liberals" people whose sentiments about these unanswerable questions, unconscious assumptions, sleeping theorems, and meaningless propositions roughly agree with the "key" to this questionnaire, it is certainly entitled to. Those who think of liberals as people who try to apply logical and experimental knowledge to social problems may easily see that such people are not even approached by the test. Let us designate them by some other term. But let us make it evident that the two words are unrelated and are applied to separate groups.

And let us remember the John Dewey Society's complete self-deception in this enterprise. Our philosophers of education promise us that they are going to remake society by means of the schools, on the basis of their vision and scientific knowledge. Well, here is a specimen of their equipment and method—a monstrous experiment in complete meaninglessness, believed by its authors to produce experimental knowledge, and incorporated as such knowledge into their program of regeneration.

God help the Republic! It still lives—but for how long? Is there not some way of compelling Teachers College to paste labels on the enterprises of its stepchildren? Suggestion for one label: Not To Be Transported Across State Lines. Or, more simply: Perishable.

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